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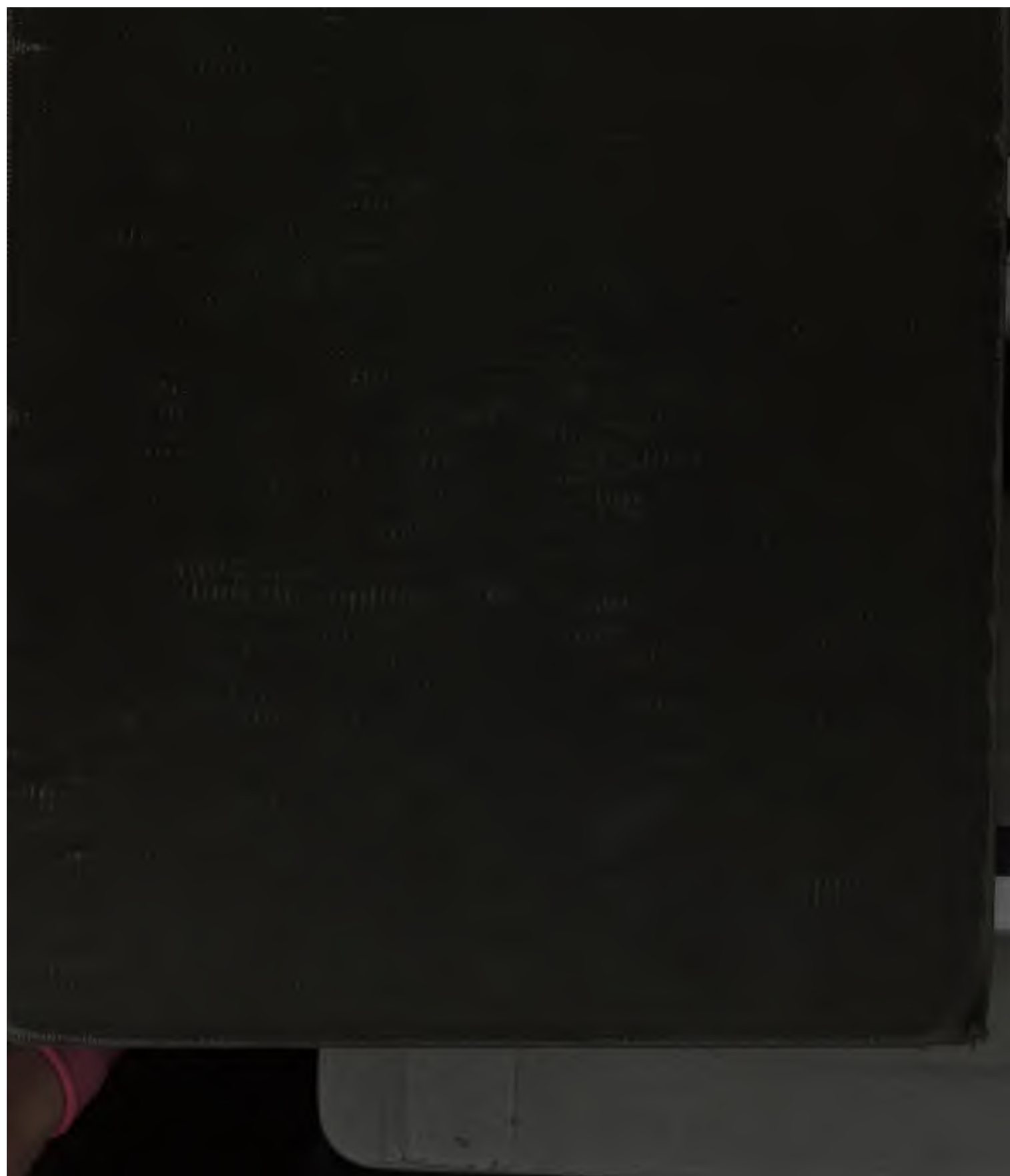
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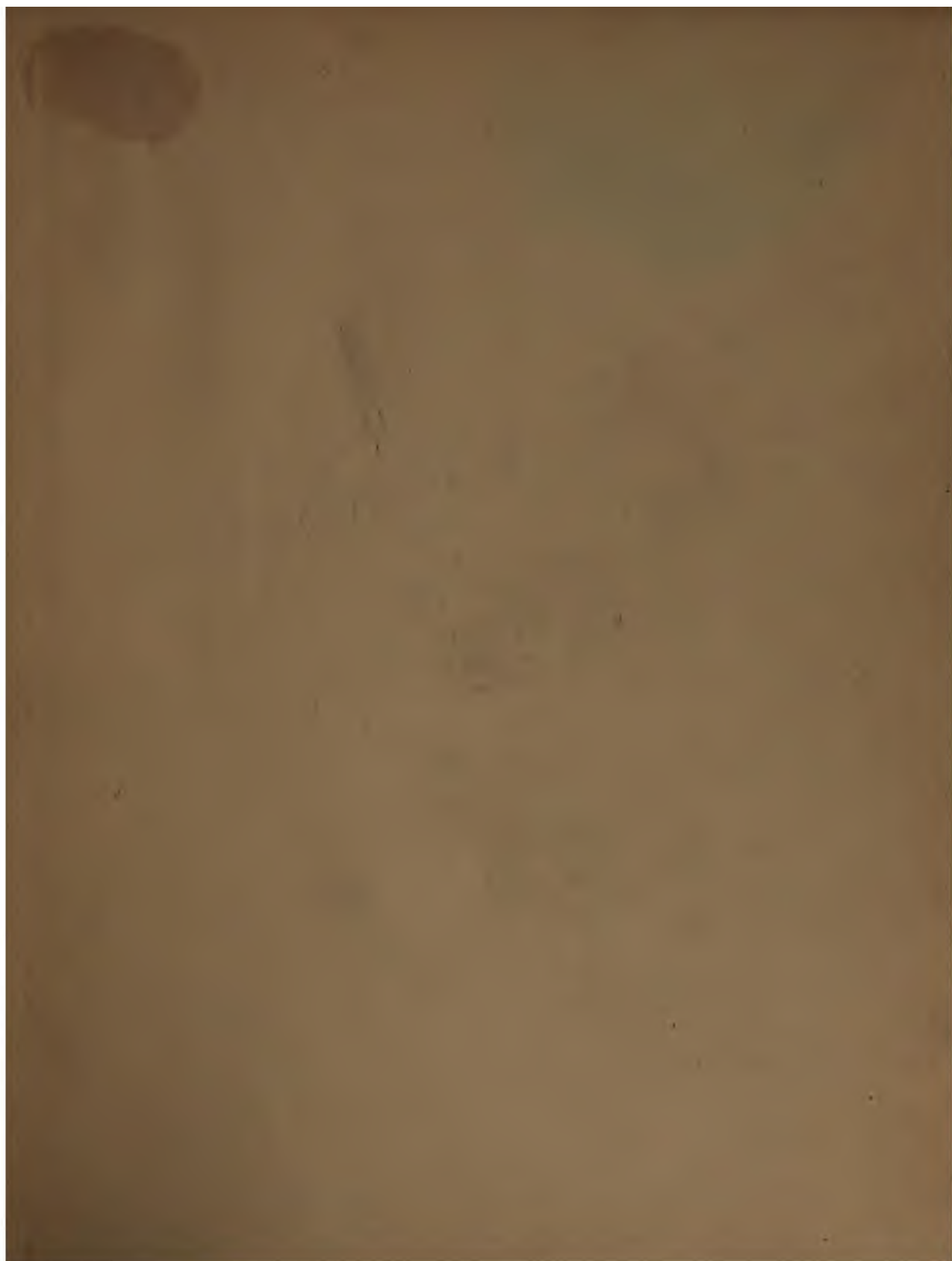
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THE  
COMPLETE WORKS  
OF  
**John Davies of Hereford**  
(15...-1618)

*FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED:  
WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,  
GLOSSARIAL INDEX, AND PORTRAIT AND FACSIMILE, &c.*

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.



*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

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*Fac-simile of engraved title-page to SCOURGE OF FOLLY to face its printed title-page.*

\*.\* On this title-page Mr. J. Payne Collier writes:—'It has been said, that the person represented undergoing flagellation on the title-page of Davies's "Scourge of Folly" (printed about 1610) was meant for [Henry] Parrot; but this conjecture seems sufficiently contradicted by the fact that Parrot, in the work before us (Epigr. 107, Book I. [= Laquei Ridiculosi] pays Davies a high compliment for his wit. At all events, therefore, Parrot in 1613 could not have been sensible of the intention of Davies about 1610, and there is nothing in the engraving itself to support the statement' (Bibliogr. Account, II. 113). This 'flagellation' picture-caricature is found in long preceding MSS. (French). The Scourge of Folly must have been after 1610, as in it is an Epitaph on Sir Thomas Gorges, who died in March 1610; and yet must have been printed before January 1, 1612, the date of Mrs. Davies's death—she being celebrated as 'living.' Hence 1611 may be fixed as the year of publication.—G.







# *Wittes Pilgrimage*

etc.

N. D.

*Wittes Pilgrimage*  
*Wittes Pilgrimage*



## NOTE.

The date of 'Wittes Pilgrimage' is nowhere recorded ; but see our Memorial-Introduction on this and other undated books of the Author. Our text is from the unique exemplar in the King's Library, British Museum. 83 leaves 4°. There are a good many misprints in the original, *e.g.* spirts for spirits, ln for in, solues for selues, woulest for wouldest, muh for much, and the like. These I have of course corrected.—G.

[1612? (1611)]



*W I T T E S*  
P I L G R I M A G E,

*(by Poeticall Essaies)*

Through a World of amorous Sonnets,

*Soule-passions, and other Passages,*

Diuine, Philosophicall, Morall,

*Poeticall, and Politicall*

*By*

IOHN DAVIES.

---

---

*Iucundia vicissitudo rerum*

---

---

AT LONDON

Printed for *John Browne*, and are to be sold at his shop in

*Saint Dunstones Churchyard in Fleetstreete.*

To the Right noble, and Highly honored  
*Lord Phillip Herbert, Earle of Mount-*  
*gomery and Baron of Shurland, etc.*



*NOT* for thou hadst a Prince vnto thy Sire,  
 Nor, for thou hast a Monarch to thy Friend,  
 Nor for thou dost to Honors height aspire,  
 Nor, for thou shouldst my Booke, or me de-  
 fend,

*Do I appropriate the same to Thee:*  
*But, to this end, that while it liues, it may*  
*Diunlge how deere thou wert to worthlesse mee,*  
*That tasted to thee this lou'd-lothd Essay.*

*Yet, if therein be ought that stirrs thy bloud*  
*To boile with heat for thy wisht health vnfit,*  
*I haue it mixt I hope with so much good*  
*As thou shalt haue no hurt by tasting it:*

*For, I would taste a great part of my Bane*  
*Ere thou shouldst taste what thee least deprauē:*  
*Sith thou helpst all (thy nature's so humane)*  
*That (sick in mind) seeks what they ought to haue.*

*And where some Spirits, that rise from Holes obscure,*  
*To Glories height, as proude, as scornfull prone,*  
*(Till hate of all (Prides hire) their falles procure)*  
*Thou GREATNESSE bearest as thee it could not moue,*

*Shewing the difference twixt the highlie borne*  
*(As noblie bredd) and those, in either, base:*  
*For, HONORS Children do hir grace adorne:*  
*But, Basenesse Brattes Hir glorie quite disgrace.*

*Well knew that King, and great Philosopher*  
*(Whose Armes of Loue, and Pow'r uphold thee will)*  
*That Hee, on Thee did Honor well conferre,*  
*Sith, with his grace, thou dost him honor still.*

*Long may (much hono'rd Earle) that Grace to Thee*  
*Attaine increase, till the extremity*  
*With vnremou'd fauoure staied bee,*  
*The surest Staie of Earthes felicitie:*  
*That after Ages may report, and see,*  
*Kinge lames made One, that God made greates to bee.*

The Booke to his Patrone.

*If I thy Bloud do kindly warme, or moue,*  
*Warme my Sires Bloud with comfort of thy loue.*

The most free, bounden, and vnalterable  
 humble louer of your Honor,  
*Name, and Family, Iohn Danies,*  
*of Hereford.*

Againe,

To the same trulie-noble Earle, and his most hono-  
 rable other halfe Sir *Iames Haies* Knight, &c.



*WITH* God and King, and your mindes sympa-  
 thie  
 Haue made you Two, an vndeuided One,  
 (One, as of two, loue makes an Vnity)

*I cannot giue a Guift to one alone:*  
*For (will I, nill I) if to one I send*  
*A token of my loue, or loues desire,*  
*That sending to the other must extend,*  
*Sith loue doth make your Vnion so intire.*  
*Your Soueraigne (that with Iudgments Sharpest Eye*  
*Transperceth all that is oppos'd to it)*  
*Saw ye were made for loue of Maiestie,*  
*Sith carelesse yee were of more<sup>1</sup> benefit.*  
*O they are worthie to be Minions*  
*To God, and King, that loue but for their loue:*  
*Who to them both and their dominions,*  
*Yield fruites of sweete Affects for bothes behoue.*  
*No Sunne ere saw two Fau'rites of a King*  
*(For, for the most part, such hurt great, and small)*  
*More deere to al, for their Place manning,*

*Then your (deere Paire) prest to do good to all!*  
*In loue contending who, for Vertues sake,*  
*(O blessed strife excelleng Vnity!)*  
*Shall do most good, and most<sup>2</sup> men bounden make*  
*To you, to whom the World it selfe would tye:*  
*Hold on rare Spirites; this emulation*  
*Is such as, with fine force, your fames aduance*  
*Beyond the compasse of Confusion,*  
*And reach of Enuy, Sclander, and Mischance.*  
*O strue to show the World yee scorne*  
*To turne such publicke grace to priuate<sup>3</sup> gaine:*  
*(As if you were for your<sup>4</sup> selues onely borne)*  
*Sith all, but Vertue, is as vile as vayne:*  
*As if I liue, you, liuing thus, I may*  
*Legend your liues in Liues that scorne decay:*  
*And, Skill shall faile me but Ile place yee neere*  
*Castor, and Pollux in the Heau'nly Spheare.*

The sinceare loue of your he-  
 rociall vertues *Iohn Danies.*

<sup>1</sup> Hee is truly liberrall and magnanimous which delights more in good renoune then money.—Seneca.

<sup>2</sup> That bounty and beneficence that stands in trauaile and diligence is both more honest and also spreades further, and is able to profit more.—Cicero.

<sup>3</sup> As the touch stone trieth gold: so gold trieth men.—Plato.

<sup>4</sup> He is a vicious person saith S. Augustine that attendeth only his owne profit.

## The Booke to Grautie.

**T**How that dost knitte the Brow to austere looks,  
At what but seemes, or else is leude or light;  
And lookst for wisdom e oft in witlesse bookes,  
(Sterne Grauity) auert from me thy sight;  
I am the Issue of a Labring braine,  
Wherein all kind of Fancies, breeding bee:  
Good, bad, indifferent, all, of either Straine,  
Some as unfitte, as some are fitte for thee.  
I probablie presume thou canst not loue,  
Sith Saturne sits aboue faire Venus swaie;  
Then I am not for thee, for I do moue  
But in her Spheare that beares the world awaie.  
Yet if (vnlike thy selfe) thou long'st to see  
What, who, and whence I am, then smooth thy front  
And looke on That which I haue good in mee  
And for that good hold me in good account:  
For, if (but like a flesh-flie) thou wilt light  
On nought but Sores, and shun the soundest parts,  
Then nought subltunarie can thee delight:  
For all haue faults though som haue perfect parts:  
I grant my Lines reache not to those Respects  
That touch Religion, State, or Policy,  
I meddle not with Causes of Effects  
Farre greater then Lones large capacity:  
But in round rimes (with Reason Biac'd) I  
Do runne those Points that point at Lones delight:  
And if some Rubbes do make me run awry  
Yet may I, on this Ground well runne aright:  
But, howsoere I runne, stoppe not my Race,  
That tends but to the Mistris full of grace.

## The Author to his Muse.

**M**Y makst (fond Muse) a mixture so vnmeet  
Of good, and bad, in this thou hast composd:  
Sith good and bad do marre all where they  
meete,  
If they, in one by armes of Art be clos'd?  
Is it because thou so wouldst Symbolize  
The nature of the *All*, in nature bred,  
Whose good doth bad, and bad doth good comprize  
So as they scarce can be distinguish'd?  
Or ist sith thou wouldst please the good and bad,  
And so (like Sinne) a people-pleaser bee?  
Elce ist because that vice and Vertues trade  
Is measurd by the rule of Vanity?  
What ere it be it is farre out of Square,  
If it be tride by true Decorums Squire;  
Yet skills it not: sith out so all things are  
That made are of Earth, Water, Aire, and Fire!  
Then these, of Wits fire made, for Aire of Fame,  
(Yet some are Earthly, or with folly flow)  
The fire is faultie, and the Aire too blame:  
Yet heat and moisture maks young things to grow,  
But yet if these grow great, and swell with praise  
More then with numbers, or inuention,  
Then good and badd, conioyn'd in these *Essaies*,  
Doth please the World, best pleasd with both in one.  
Yet what is got by pleasing one so base  
But high'st displeasure of the High'st of all,  
Abuse of Nature, *Arte*, Witt, Time, and Grace,  
Abusd to please *ABVSES* Generall:

Then take this for a Vantage, World, for I  
Will please thee so no more, but liue and dy  
Thy faim'd frend, or open Enemy.

## Of my selfe.



HAT meane I miscreant my Braines to beate  
To forge these Fancies light as *Leuity*.  
To set the World on fire with amorous heate  
That now lies drown'd in such vanity?

I know I should not do it, and I know  
This knowledge much exaggerates my blame:  
Why do I then my science herein show,  
Where greatest skill doth merit greater shame?  
And who doth loue this vaine of fancy vaine  
But vainest men? then, ô how vaine am I  
That thus the powers of my wit doe strayne,  
To please vaine Skums with skumme of vanity?  
Here Wit it self (though wit it selfe I had)  
Wants skill to coyne excuse, the faults so fowle:  
Then Reason run right, whether dost thou gad?  
Wilt thou misleade the blind, thy Queen, my Soule?  
To please base Earth wilt thou the Heauens displease.  
That knowest so well the Earth yeeldes nought but dust?  
Seekst thou for fame with my whole mannes disease,  
That worst all fame, but vertues is vnist?  
Or yet (by Faith instructed) knowst thou not  
(For, *Faith*, in Truth, knows more then thou canst know)  
That names of famous men away shall rot,  
If from such gracelesse Grounds theyr fames do growe?  
Art thou my guide, and yet dost me direct  
To labyrinths of loue, where we are lost?  
Dost thou (most wise) cause this most fond effect?  
Or crossest me, sith thee I oft haue crost?  
Ah *Reason* wilt thou now to *Passion* turne,  
That wast the Prince predominating it?  
Shal thy Slaue (fraile *Affection*) thee oreturne?  
And, mad to make me, wilt thou straine thy wit?  
Wilt thou instruct mee so to please the *Sence*  
That none but Sensuall men shall like my Lines?  
And misinforme the best *Intelligence*,  
That paises beliefe to thee, and thine assignes?  
O *Reason* weigh thy selfe in thine owne Scales,  
Ponder thy power which is as good, as strong:  
Be thou thy selfe, though thou art wronged by Fools,  
And right that wrong with Iustice, not with wrong.  
I see thou hearst me, for thou teachest me,  
To teach thee what we both should learne and doe:  
Thou promptst me now, wherein I erd through thee;  
And bidst me those light Lines againe vndoe;  
And tye them to the lasting Lord of Loue,  
With such a knot as nere shall be vndone:  
Those Lines will draw, and hold, and stay, and moue,  
Sith they are by the hand of *Vertue* spunne.  
Then *Reason* I acquite thee from disgrace,  
Sith thus thou promptst me what I ought to write:  
Lett *Tyrant* shame with bloud still fil my face,  
For so abusing thy right ruling might.  
My frinds (though fraile as I am) pres me stil  
To press these lines (more fraile) to publike view:  
If I should saie it is againste my will  
I shoulde speake truly, and yet most vntrue:  
For my wills fixt my fast friends stil to please:  
But yet still wauers thus, to publish these,  
Yet sith, in wauering wise, thus fixt, it stands,  
*Fumes* wind, *Wits* weather-cocke, my will, com-  
mands.

# Wittes Pilgrimage.

(1)

ORE those faire Alpes, thy Brests, (that naked lie  
Towards the blushing heau'n of thy bright face)  
When as I trauell with my wandring Eye,  
The Snowes twixt Them, and *That*, do let her pace :  
For, passing through the Valley of thy Neck  
Mine Eie there sticks, as drown'd in those snowes,  
Yet, thy kinde heate the same doth countercheck :  
So, to thy Chins faire Cliffe, on Milk, she flowes !  
Where being come she breathes, and looketh back,  
Dazled to see those passed-*Beauties Deeper* !  
So, there she rests, as on the rock of Wrack :  
With sense thereof twixt Feare, and *Hope* she weepes :  
And, dares not higher looke, sith thine Eyes Beames  
Draw clouds thereto, and turne those clouds to  
Streames.

(2)

WEarie of Rest, thus resting in the Clift  
Of this faire Cliffe (thine Alabaster chinne.)  
She now begins hir selfe aloft to lift,  
But ends hir course, soone as shee doth beginne :  
For hauing scal'd, the neigh'ring hill, thy Lipp,  
There soundly sleeps she, drunke with Cherry-wine :  
From it (being moist, and slippie) she doth slipp,  
To thy faire Teeth, which whitest white refine.  
From whence (awakt by thy words siluer sound)  
She steals through the sweete Rose-banks of thy face ;  
Where shee is caught, and at their pleasure bound,  
Til thine Eye-beames the Bond breake through their  
grace :  
To which cleare Sunnes (thus drawne,) therein she  
spies  
Loues heau'n : and still there, drown'd in blisse, she  
lies !

(3)

YET by the accidentall rising fall  
Of one Haires glitt'ring Sunne-beames, on thine  
Eyes  
Mine Eye lookt ouer Heau'ns Christall wall  
To see from whence that bright Beame should arise :  
And, as shee lookt beyond the milky Waie  
That leads to Ioues high Court, she might descrie  
Ten-thousand Sunne-beames, rang'd in faire array,  
With Loue, and Wonder to surprize the Eye :

To which being drawne by those pure Threddes of Gold,  
Shee, (as the Flie is by the Spider wrapt)  
Stirring to go, the more *They* hir infold  
So, where she restes, with *Loue* and *Wonder* rapt :  
Where being blinded with those radiant *Raies*,  
I could not see the Rest, the rest to praise.

(4)

GRace of that *Goodnesse* which it selfe doth grace  
*Vertues* rare beauty, in thick Darknesse bright,  
Life of those *Lines* that meate the loueliest Face,  
And perfect *Period* of true *Loues* delight :  
The Tearmes that bound thy vnualueable *price*  
Are Words of Wonder, wondring at thy *Worth* !  
*Archtype* of *Beauty* ! *Antitype* of *Vice* !  
*LOVES Holy-Land*, that brings His *Manna* forth !  
Whose *Mouth* breathes forth such Vapor, in such  
*Cloudes*,  
As strait dissolues to *Nectar* fluentlie !  
Whose Brest the *Treasure* of hidd Wisedome shrouds :  
Which makes Thee most resemble the *most Hie* !  
Then, highest Loue bounding to the *Highest* of all  
In the rebound, on Thee, his *Forme*, must fall !

(5)

DRead *Maiestie* ! that shin'st through *Beauties Skies*  
Regard me, cold *Glasse*, burning with thy *Beames* ;  
Which lighting on the *Christall* of mine Eyes,  
Do burne my Hart, through Them, with *Heates* ex-  
treames !  
To whose amazing *Light* when I draw neere  
I freeze, with *Feare*, and flame in *Loues* desire :  
Then, lett thy *Fauours* glaunces thawe this *Feare* :  
And, quench, with deereest Dropps of *Grace*, this *fire*...  
Yet in these sacred *Flames* Ile sacrifice  
The harte of my poore *Harte*, to grace thy pow'r ;  
So thou, with Loue, wilt grace that exercise,  
And giue me hart, when *flames* my Hart deuoure :  
I gaue thee *mine*, & then give *thine* to me  
That *Mine*, and *Thine*, bee *One* twixt *Me*, and *Thee* !

(6)

EVEN as the *Persians* anciently were v'nd  
With reu'rence to salute the rising *Sunne*,  
And as his *Beames* were more in't them infus'd,  
The more Deuotion did their *Soules* ouerrunne :

So, when Thou risest in *Loues Hemisphere*  
*Desire* saluts Thee with a mild aspect :  
 But, to his *Zenith*, when Thou drawest neere,  
 Thou Him enragest with *Beames* more direct !  
*I* do desire Thou should'st looke right on me,  
 Although those Lookes doo but enrage *Desire* :  
 Yet if that *rage* may rest it selfe in Thee,  
 Let all thy *Beames* sett all myne *All* on fire :  
 Where, if I burne to Sinders, yet *I* shall  
 Burne in thy loue, more deare then all that *All*.

(7)

W<sup>I</sup>thin thine eyes (the Mirrors of my minde)  
 Mine eies behold themselves, wherein they see  
 (As through a Glasse) what in my Soule I find ;  
 And so my Soules right shape I see in thee.  
 This makes me loue thee, (for our like we loue)  
 Which makes me loue in thine Eies still to prie ;  
 Because I see, in Thine, how mine do mooue,  
 And mine do mooue (as thine doe) louingly.  
 Then, looke in mine, and thou shalt see thine Eyes  
 Attest, for thee, what mine for me protest :  
 Then, let thie tongue no longer subtilize,  
 But, saie thou lou'st me (as I loue thee) best ;  
 For, if we see the Hart-Roote in the eyne  
 Thy eies are false or It is truly mine.

(8)

S<sup>O</sup>me say they wonder how so well I write,  
 (Although my lines to no greate wonders stretch)  
 Sith Art, my skill, of Theft cannot indite ;  
 Yet, I endite with skill about my reache !  
 Loue learnes me Art, which *Art* inspires my Muse :  
 For *Grammer*, *Logicke*, *Rhetoric* : and the rest :  
 (*Musicke* especially) Loues arte doth vse :  
 For, loue, vntun'd, in Tune, is best exprest !  
 Loue, most diuine, makes men do miracles :  
 And, most humane loue, Woonders doth produce :  
 But, *Beauties* loue, in vertues Spectacles,  
 Makes men do woonders most miraculous :  
 Then, they a woonder do not vnderstand  
 That woonder, sith an *Angell* guides my hand.

(9)

W<sup>H</sup>en first I learned the *A, B, C*, of loue,  
*I* was vnapt to learne : and sith, a Crosse  
 Crost my way to them, I was loth to prooue  
 That learning that might tend but to my losse.  
 The Vowels (Looks) that speld mute Consonants,  
 I hardly could distinguish what they were,  
 And, sith the rest to them were Disonantes  
 To make them loyne with Vowels, cost me deere !  
 The Mutes, and Consonants, being Deedes, and Words,  
 Were harsh without sweet vowels, (sweetest Looks)  
 My youth was spent (for age such skill affords)  
 Ere them I knew with, and without, my bookes :  
 But (Teares) the Liquides, still being in my Eyes,  
 I saw, through them at last, Loues misteries.

17

(10)

T<sup>H</sup>E Partes of all Loues speeche, are eighty eight,  
 (A fatall number, but more fatall speeche)  
 And, long it is ere we men learne the sleight ;  
 But Women strait do learne and we men teache.  
 If eight, to eighty eight be multiplide,  
 Loues language doth more Verbes then Nownes embrace :  
 Then full of *Aduerbes* is the same beside,  
 Of *Swearing*, *Flattring*, *Choosing*, *Time*, and *Place* :  
 Why eighty eight Parts iust : no more, nor lesse ?  
 This speeche is figuratiue, *A few, for more* :  
 For all the parts, Speeche neuer can expresse,  
 Sith euer they increase in strength, and Store !  
 Then, if Time raise his armes about his bounds,  
 Loues speech will Towre, til Error it confounds.

(11)

F<sup>O</sup>rbidden Hopes, O why were yee forbid,  
 Since yee direct your aime at Blisse of Bliss :  
 Which is most euident, yet most is hid,  
 Apparant on hir lips, hid in hir kisses ?  
 Can labour of the lips deserue such meede ?  
 Or bodies trauell earne such recompence ?  
 That with but scarce a view, each sence doth feede  
 And with a touch reuiues the buried sence ?  
 Is Sence made capable of such high grace ?  
 And yet forbid to hope the same to haue ?  
 Is Heauen most conspicuous in her Face ?  
 Yet must not Sense there hope it selfe to saue ?  
 Ah what is this, but sense to Sense to giue  
 To make it feele in death, what tis to liue ?

(12)

F<sup>O</sup>rbidden hopes ? (the comforts of my Care,  
 Yet Care that kills all comforts cheering me)  
 I am no more my selfe the whiles you *are* :  
 And, yet much more then so, the whiles you *be*.  
 If ye stay with me, from my selfe I runne :  
 If you part from me, past my selfe I fly ;  
 Stay, or part from me, death I cannot shun :  
 With, or without your helpe, I needs must dy.  
 I needs must dy, for life inspiring you :  
 And dy, if dy you do by whom I liue :  
*I* do decay when *I* do yee renew ;  
*I* grieve with you, but more without you grieve :  
 O then what choise remaines to wretched me  
 But to be nought, or not at all to Be.

(13)

F<sup>O</sup>rbidden-Hopes, the *Heauens* of my Hell,  
 O cease your Heau'nly-Hellish Regiment :  
 My Hart (the Hellish Heau'n wherein you dwell)  
 You rule at once with ioy, and Dryrment !  
 Sith Contradictions ye do then maintaine  
 And that they Reas'n resist that suche defend :  
 Then O part not my single Hart in twayne,  
 To make it double, for this double end.  
 The loyes you yeeld, are forg'd but by *Conceite*  
 The griefes you giue haue euer reall byn :

B



Your pleasures are accomplisht by *Deccite* ;  
Which, with their ending, endlesse Woes begin :  
Sith endlesse Woes your ending, pleasures giue,  
Dy, dy (damn'd *Hopes*) and let me die to liue.

(14)

*F*orbidden-*Hopes*, why flutter you in *Airs*,  
About the *Cômpasse* of your *Sphære* assign'd ?  
More Fitt (how ere vnfit) were deepe dispaire,  
Then *Hopes forbidden* to the mounting *Minde*.  
*Forbidden-Hopes* why gaze ye on the *Sunne*,  
(Like Bastard *Egletti*) that quite blind your Eyes ?  
For *Iustice* Sonne such hopes hath oft oerune,  
And molt those *Hopes forbidden* in their rise.  
*Forbidden-Hopes*, whie do yee impe your Wings  
With Feathers culld from the Birdes of *Loue* ?  
Sith *Doves* are harmlesse without Gall, or Stings :  
But both at once you make your Subiect proue :  
Then, ô from whence haue such strange *Hopes* their  
being,  
That see by blindnesse, and are blinde by seeing !

(15)

*I*f those translucent Lampes, thine beaunly eyes,  
Shall stretche their beames of comfort to my passion,  
I still will gaze on thy Cheekes (Beauties Skyes)  
With, eyes of Wonder, Loue, and Adoration !  
For, if the Gods their Heaun's haue made in Starrs,  
Thine Eyes, bright Starres, containe right Deities ;  
Who are the Presidents of Peace, or warra,  
And either cause, as either fall, or rise.  
Then may I (with no Godlesse Nations) take  
Those Starrs for Deities, and them adore,  
They hauing pow'r or Peace or Warre to make,  
To make my peace, sith warr hath made me poore :  
For, loues hott wares Lifes Store haue wasted quite,  
Then grace the Foile, thus sold to grace the might.

(16)

*W*hen well I weigh thy Fassions and the Forme,  
(Both being of Celestiall temp'rature,  
Which no Change can endamage, or deforme)  
My loue becomes, like Them, as firme, as pure !  
Thy Soule vpon so sweet an Organ plaies  
As makes the Parts, she plaies, as sound as sweete ;  
Which sounds the beaunly Setters, and thy praise ;  
The Close whereof with groundlesse blisse doth meet !  
This make desire, in me, (vnlike Desire)  
Like Christall, cold, and cleare, through heat and colde,  
This makes me flame, like Sol, with beaunly fire,  
Which fructifies mine Earth, as vertue would :  
Then, what I am, at best, I am of Thee,  
Vertues best Instrument to fashion mee.

(17)

*T*hy nere too much pris'd Person (dearest *Derr*)  
The, past most pretious, sacred Temple is,  
Wherein pure Chastity, and *Beauty* cleere,  
Espoused are to Loue, and Louers blisse :

Thy mildnesse make *Pride* poore, and *Meeknesse* rich :  
Thy looks raise Hope, yet staidly keep it downe  
Within the compasse of a modest pitch :  
Where thy highest *grace*, with grace, is shoune.  
Thou art a Pearle which nothing can relent  
But *Viniger* made of *Deuotions* Teares :  
If it be counterfet, or euill bent,  
For it thou hast, nor Hart, nor Eyes, nor Eares :  
But, Hart, and Eyes, and Eares thou hast for myne,  
Whose Hart, and Eyes and Eares, are ruld by Thine.

(18)

*T*O touch on *Sylla*, yet to scape the same,  
And yet be drown'd in the Hauens mouth,  
Is of all griefes the great'st, and greatest blame  
To *Fortune*, or *Discretion*, *Paines*, or *Slouth*.  
But I, that scapt the Gulphe and Rock of Wrack,  
(Which in the Ocean of my boundlesse loue  
I found to draw me on, and put me back)  
Am like, in my *Hopes* Haun, the like to proue ;  
For when I hopt I had Thee as myne owne  
(O too too credulous ! ) am like t' lose  
That loue, by which for mine, thou long wast knowne,  
Through winds of misreport, which Enue bloes :—  
But, if these bitter blasts thee from me beare,  
My *Hopes* sink, causelesse, where there was no feare.

(19)

*T*HE Stoicks, in their strange Philosophie,  
Make *All*, and *Nothing*, nothing but all one :  
Who say that this World Is : but yet deny  
That it hath any Essence of the owne.  
But, in our loues (deere Loue) the same is true :  
For, Thou, being *All*, art mine, that *Nothing* am,  
I *Nothing* am that is not *All* thy due,  
So, *All* and *Nothing's* nothing but the same !  
Then sith my *Nothing* and thy *All* all's one,  
Thou, *All*, I, *Nothing*, make an Vnky :  
For, *All* to *Nothing* hath conuersion ;  
And, *Nothing*, vnto *All*, by sympathie :  
Then, neede I (*Nothing*) Thee (*All*) nothing feare  
But *All*, and *Nothing* still shall One appeare.

(20)

*W*ho cannot loue without to lust it runne  
Or els to Passions that as wild appeare,  
Are like ill Eyes, that cannot brooke the Sunne :  
Or most weake Braines, that strong wine cannot beare.  
But, in high Loue (whose Base on vertue rests)  
Ther's no distemperature of Flesh, or Sprite :  
The Mouth of True Loue sucks true Pleasures Breasts :  
Which it augments with pure (not grosse) delight.  
Hence flow all Nectard Sweets into the Soule  
That Heaun, on Earth, (in highest height) can yeeld,  
As sweete and faire, as Lust is sowre, and fowle,  
And doth (at pleasure) Pleasures Passions weld :  
But, he that is impatient in desire,  
(As Clogd with flesh) cannot this Heaun aspire.

(21)

O That I could (as willingly / would  
By breathing on thy lips) my Soule infuse  
Into thy beauteous Body; then, it should  
Make Thee (as still it doth) on It still muse?  
For muse I do, and nought but muse alone,  
Because it makes my Muse to make my Loue  
Vnto such only Beauty only knowne  
(By waight and measure) so, thy Soule to mooue:  
Moue Soule (sweet Soule) Soule of my sweetest Sweet!  
With equal motion moue, as moues my Soule:  
Which moues to Thine, then let Thine with It meet  
To embrace, in loue, not It controule:  
But yet if so thou moue, thou shalt (Deere Sweete)  
Controule it still when it moues ought vnmeet.

(22)

SO looks an Angell on Heauns Christall Wall  
As looks my saint, or Angell in her Glase:  
Each see in each, they are Celestiall;  
Hir flesh then, being Heaunly, is not Grasse:  
Grasse! no! o no, though Grasse doth glad the Ele  
With Ey-delighting Greenesse, its too darke  
To be like her diuine *Serenity*  
That of highest GLORY, is a flaming Spark!  
Which sets the World on fire, and al therein,  
Like *Phaetons* Pride (the Proude should know that Story)  
No Eye sees it but would lose sight to win  
That Light, by which Eles see, Sight dimd with glory!  
O might mine Eles be dimd stil, with that Light,  
I would be nought but Eles, yet blinded quite.

(23)

STir'st thou me vp to loue? yet me restrain'st  
From that thy stronge *perfections* stirr me to?  
Frown'st thou in earnest? or els frowning fain'st,  
Sith thee, in earnest, earnestly I woo?  
If thou canst be thine owne true *Antitype*  
(That's most deform'd, sith most well form'd Thou art!)  
If thou can'st rotten be, now, thou art ripe,  
Then, can I cease to sue, but not to smart:  
For, smart I should no lesse for thy disgrace  
Then I do smart for loue of (gracefull) Thee,  
Then, let me loue thee, in thy better case,  
That in thy worst, so much should greeued be:  
But, if thou wilt not haue me woo, nor loue,  
Then, either cease to *Be*, or cease to moue.

(24)

SO, art thou (*Cruell!*) like a *Ballance-Scale*  
For, when I sink with *Bale*, thou mount'st with  
*Blisse*;  
And when I rise with *Blisse*, thou sink'st with *Bale*:  
So, stil thou art myne *Opposite* by This.  
And While all this? (o froward Faire!) o while  
In myne annoy dost thou so much delight?  
Can I not lue, but thou fourthwith must die?  
Or doth my death giue thy life, life, and spright?

Ther's no *necessity* herein at all,  
Vnlesse Thou be the same: Who, (*Parchas*-like)  
Doth neuer rise, but by anothers fall:  
That is, their Threede of life quite off to strike:  
For while / waighe them wounded by thy Beames  
Their *number*, rising, falls into *Extremes*!

(25)

LOUE, like a Center, in a *Circle* standes  
As neere to *Beggars* as Hee doth to Kings:  
And like a *Kinge* them both, alike, Commands,  
As Hee commands, likewise all other Things!  
What *Hart* is of such steely temprament  
(Or much more hard :) (for, *Steele* the *Magnet* loues)  
But gently bowes, when it by Loue is bent?  
Only thy Heart (hard *Heart!*) Hee nothing moues!  
*Nature* nere made what hath no grace in it;  
Then, thee she made not, that art so vnkinde:  
So, thou art *nothing*, sith all *Beings* fitt  
The *Endes*, to which, as *Meanes*, they were assign'd:  
*Women*, are *Meanes* that *Men* *Be*, bee not then  
As *Nothing* but with *Something*, bring some *Men*.

(26)

THE sweetnesse (*Sweete*) which in thy loue / feele,  
Sweetens the sorrow which, through it, I tast:  
It mee vpholds, as It doth make me reele;  
And, doth enlarge my Heart, which It doth wast.  
*LOVE*, though Thou kill me, yet, I must confesse  
Thou hast disbur'sd my Loue where it is due:  
And though it boundlesse be, yet is it lesse  
Then to my *Loues* worth doth, of right, accrue!  
And though thou be a *Spectacle*, through which  
Each *grace* seemes greater then, in deede, it is:  
Yet, settled *Iudgment* mounts hir *prices* Pitch:  
For, *Heaun* and *Earth* do offer faire for This!  
Then, sith Thou art more Faire then Eyes can see,  
He offer Thee as faire (my Soule) for Thee.

(27) 27

BY *Nature*, when wee are most cold without  
(As in the Winter) wee are hott'st within:  
And, hott'st without, when cold'st the Hart about:  
Thus, *in*, and *out* this *Hott*, and *cold* do ryn:  
The truth hereof / know, too well, you know  
To question it; Then, why do you suppose  
My Loue is cold within, sith so in show,  
When that *Show* showes you how within it glowes?  
Wilt thou distrust *Affections* Miracle,  
(I per se I) so raulisht with thy Loue  
As now I am *Loues* *Forces* Spectacle,  
Which Cold and Heate (yet cleere in both) do proue?  
Then o looke through my cold-cleere Eyes and see,  
My Hart still sacrific'd in flames to Thee.

(28) 28

LET not (deere *Sweete*) the wheeling of the *Sphaeres*  
(That spight thy Christaline translucencie)  
Winde vp thy lifes-Threed on the *Spowle* of yeares  
Ere thou dost as thy Mother did for Thee:

Least that thy *Glasse* thy *beautie* doo accuse  
 Before the soueraign'st *Sence*, for being desflour'd  
 By *Time*; which Thee, as thou did'st, Him, abuse:  
 Which by thy *Beautie* will be ill endur'd.  
 Why mak'st an *Idoll* of *Diuinitie*  
 (Thy *Beautie*!) and with It the Pagan play,  
 By off'ring vp thy selfe, to It, and dy  
 In Flames, but of *Selfe-loue*, condemn'd eache waie?  
 Then, better thou hadst nere bin borne, sith birth  
 Thy diuine *Beauty* so condemnes to *Earth*.

IF (as the Pithagoreans do beleeeue)  
 The Sea be nought but one of *Saturnes* Teares,  
 Its not vnlike, sith still I, weeping grieue  
 That myne Eyes, Seas should shed, in many years.  
 This is the seauth Sunne hath seen my loue  
 As firm, as flaming towards thy Beauties Heaun  
 Yet ouerthwartly that Heauns Sunnes do moue  
 Through euil Signes, that to no *grace* are giun:  
 Nere did they shine on me but to exhale,  
 A Sea of Teares from my stil-springing Eyes,  
 Or els to parche my Bloud and make me pale:  
 So, fall my Teares, that still do falling rise:  
 And, if those Sunnes thou Cloude still with disdaine,  
 Myne eyes shall end the World with endlesse Raine!

SOME say the Weezel-masculine doth gender  
 With the Shee-Weezel only at the Eare  
 And she her Burden at hir Mouth doth render;  
 Then like (sweet Loue) doth in our loue appeare:  
 For I (as Masculine) beget in Thee  
 Loue, at the Eare, which thou bearest at the Mouth,  
 And though It came from Hart, and Reynes of me,  
 From the Teeth outward It in thee hath growth.  
 My Mouth, thine Eares, doth euer chastly vse  
 With putting in hot Seed of actiue Loue;  
 Which, streight thine Ear conueyeth (like a Sluce)  
 Into thy Mouth; and, there but Aire doth proue:  
 Yet Aire is actiue, but, not like the fire:  
 Then o how should the Sonne be like the Sire?

IF *Fire* hath oft *Barbarian* Honors done it,  
 By reason it resembles so the *Sunne*  
 Yet scarce is seene when his *Raies* ouer-runne it)  
 What would *Barbarians* to thine *Haire* haue donne?  
 Which (o faire *Sweete*!) oreshines *Fire*, *Sunne* and all;  
 Whose rare resplendence no Eyes can behold  
 That are not (like it) most *Angellicall*,  
 And being so, will them, in wonder hold.  
 Then sith that *Nature* Crown'd Thee with such *Light*  
 As makes all Eyes, adoring, wonder at,  
 Bee not, o bee not then, in loue, so light  
 As makes the darke by being This, to That:  
 My speech is darke; yet what by light I meane  
 Is more vnconstant, then it is vnchange.

IT is as true, as strange (els *Triall* faines)  
 That whosoeuer in the *Moone-shine* sleepest,  
 Are hardly wak't, the *Moone* so rules the Braines;  
 For Shee is *Soueraigne* of the *Braines*, and *Deepest*:  
 So thou (faire *Cynthia*) with thy borrowed *Beames*,  
 (Borrow'd of *Glories* Sunne, great Lord of *Light*!)  
 Makst me still sleepe, in Loue, Whose golden Dreames  
 Giue *Loue* right Currant, sith well-Coyn'd, Delight.  
 I cannot wake, while thou, on me, dost shine,  
 Thy shyning so, makes me so sweetly Dreame:  
 For, still me thinks I kisse those lippes of thine:  
 And, - - - nothing els, for, I will not blasphem: *But*  
 But thought is free, and Dreames, are Dreames, and so  
 I dreame, and dreame, and dreame, but let That go.

L VST is a Tyrant, *Loue* a Seruant Is:  
 This is the *Sentence* of *Proofes* euidence:  
 For, I nere see you (Sweete!) but feel by This  
 Both *Cold* and *Heate*, through *Loue*, and *reuerence*,  
 What Eye can look, through cleere *Loues* Spectacle,  
 On *Vertues* *Maiestie*, that shines in *Beauty*,  
 But (as to *Natures* diuin'st *Miracle*!)  
 Performes not to It all subiecture dutie?  
 BEAVTIES *Diuinitie* none dare prophane  
 That are of *Humane*, or of *Brutish* kinde,  
 But when Its full, where *Vertue's* in the wane:  
 Where a faire *Body* hids a filthie *Minde*:  
 But were thy *Mind* and *Bodies* beauty one,  
 Twere *Natures* *Maiesties* diuine'st *Throne*!

YNough (fell *Faire*!) for, thou hast donne the Deede  
 That thou hast longe bin doing, which doth make  
 Thy mercy lesse, for that, to kill with speede  
 Shewes more remorse then they that leasure take.  
 How? and how longe hast thou bin mart'ring mee  
 To make my Deathe beyond my death to stand?  
 Who haue bin so Anatomiz'd by Thee  
 That eu'ry *Nerve* hath felt thy Rigors hand!  
 Out of my *Hart*, and *Braines* that Hand hath squiz'd  
 The *Spirits* that either *Life*, or *Sence* maintaine:  
 For, I am all as dead, as vnadmir'd:  
 Only, for Thee, I *Life*, in show, retaine:  
 And if thou wilt haue That, sith That's for Thee  
 Then take Thou All, and leaue the rest for mee.

O *Memorie* (the Relicke of my *Sence*)  
 While yet remainst, to make me yet remaine  
 A Relike of my *Fancies* fowle offence,  
 That lov'd for hate, and woo'd, but for disdaine?  
 Carowse of *Loethe*, make this Cuppe, my *Scull*,  
 Vntill thou bee dead-drunke; then, like the Elest,  
 I shall be full of rest, as thou art full  
 Of that forgetfulness which myndes but rest.  
 And thou relentlesse *Diamond*, too deere,  
 (Too deere for mee, that offer'd mee, for thee)

Shal, to the World, in woorth the lesse appeare  
 Sith thou proust nothing woorth to wronged mee :  
 Then, sith thou art nought woorth, but in th' *Exchange*,  
*I will not mee, for thee, now, interchange.*

(35) 36

NOW plaies my *Mind* vpon hir *Instrument*,  
 (Thought-wasted *Body*, Organ of my *Minde*)  
 No *Parts* but such as wholly discontent,  
 My *Parts* are so vtun'd, by Thee, *Vnkinde* !  
 My *Longues* (the *Belloues*) draw in nought but *Aire*,  
 That *fills* my Wind-pipes but with harshe *Complaints*  
 Tending to *Diapasons* of *Dispaire*,  
 Which often die, for, that Winde often faints,  
 My *Hart*, and *Braines* (the *Stoppes*, that cause the  
 Moode)  
 Do often stopp : sith oft such *Moodes* they cause  
 As by the *Pangs* of *Death* are oft with-stood,  
 Through which the *Organs* Voice doth, sinking, pause :  
 But if thou (SWEET) wilt haue It sweetly rise,  
 Then, breathe sweet *Aire* into It as It dies.

(36) 37

I N th' *Abstract Nature* is immutable ;  
 But, in the *Subject* it doth varie still :  
 My *Loue*, each way, is to It sutable ;  
 In th' *Abstract* firme, the *Subject* varie will.  
 Whie wilt thou varie (*Subject* of my *Loue*,  
 More sweete then *Sweetnesse* !) whie wilt alter *Sweete* ?  
 Is it because thou wilt a Tyrant proue ?  
 Or scornst *Subiection* ? or, thy *Match* to meete ?  
 If so it bee (o fayrest *Faire* ! ) then, know  
 I am thy *Subject*, though thou subject bee  
 To my high *Loue*, that makes me subject so :  
 Then, thy *Subiection* giues thee Sou'raigntie :  
 Sith so it is : then, firme to me remaine,  
 Whose *Loue* doth make thee *Subject* : so, to Raigñ.

(37) 38

I F two *Sunnes* should, at once, adorne the Skies  
 All, in Combustion, would bee soone beneath :  
 Then, tis no wonder though thy *Sunne*-bright Eyes  
 (O most faire-*Faire* ! ) make all to burne that breath !  
 For, in thy *Faces* midd-heau'n so they shine  
 As comforts *Nature* in her workes of grace :  
 Yet makes It flame, with furie (oft) Diuine,  
 While it as Heau'nly doth adorne thy Face :  
 Then, sith I am great Mother *Natures* Sonne,  
 Let thine Eyes comfort mee, with grace, to moue,  
 (As if I were all flaming, in the *Sunne*)  
 Vnto the endlesse Orbe of thy bright loue :  
 Wherein, if quite thou melt me, I shalbe  
 That which I wishe : that is *A parte of Thee* :

(38) 39

A S great paines are not durable, at most :  
 So, long Griefes are supportable, at least :  
 For, nought is violent but ends in post :  
 And that which dureth Nature may digest.

This is most true, els lies Philosophy ;  
 And I would say she lyes, in mine owne prooffe,  
 Were she not Hand-maide to Diuinity :  
 Which makes the Ly to keep the more aloofe.  
 But ah, the smart I haue endured through loue  
 Hath (like that *Loue*) bin long, and extreame great,  
 And all for the (too Sweet) which sowre I proue,  
 Which woundst me while thou dost me well intreate :  
 If *Isab* o had plaid that part alone,  
 Thou shouldst in Deed and Show, haue bin mine owne.

(39) 40

W HEN I assaie to blaze my louely *Loue*  
 And to expresse Hir al in Colors quaint  
 I rob *Earth*, *Sea*, *Aire*, *Fire*, and all aboute  
 Of their best Parts, but her worst parts to paint :  
 Staidnesse from *Earth*, from *Sea* the clearest part,  
 From *Aire* her subtilty, from *Fire* her light,  
 From *Sonne*, *Moone*, *Stars* the glory they impart :  
 So, rob and wrong I All to do her right.  
 But if the beauty of her *Mind* I touch  
 (Sith that before toucht, touch but parts externe)  
 I ransack Heaun a thousand times as much  
 Sith in that mind we may that *Mind* discern  
 That all in All that are or faire, or good ;  
 And so shees most diuine in *Flesh*, and bloud.

(40) 41

N OW Taper-pointed Night began to pierce  
 The bending forehead of our Horizon,  
 When as I tooke my Pen in blackest verse,  
 To shadow forth my blacker Passion.  
 I told thee then, in Words as dark as Hell,  
 The Torments (Sweet) I for thy *Loue* abide ;  
 And gaue the light to see their Substance well  
 By Lynes that were al flame thy Sence to guide.  
 Yet canst thou not, or rather wilt not see  
 The white whereat, in this dark-light I drue :  
 Then know (dear Sweet) directly it is thee :  
 Lo, knowst thou now ? no no thou stil wilt strue  
 Against thy knowledge not to know the same,  
 Yet know thy Fashion puts me out of Frame.

(41) 42

T Here was a Time when the most sacred Saint  
 That euer wedded was, his Wife did woo,  
 And with loue-passions did his Eares acquaint,  
 To moue hir *Mind* to *Loue* and marriage too :  
 When he would not haue thought it mortal sin,  
 (If so he could) to haue lynd out his loue  
 In mouing measures so her loue to win :  
 For, all that measure well of force must moue.  
 He did, or would haue told her his desires  
 (And measurd them in Numbers) were alone  
 Those, Edens out-casts left vnto their Heirs  
 By marriage Rights for Generation.  
 Then sith that Church, and Common weale encrease  
 By This, should Lynes that lead to this, surcease ?

(42) 43

**I**F Speech the noblest action of the wil,  
 Be turnd to Silence (Loues best speech) in me,  
 If wit be quickened, or made good, of ill  
 By that good will which I do beare to thee:  
 Then what auails good Wit if it be mute  
 More then good Will, that want good words to show it:  
 Suters speed not, that cannot shew their sute:  
 So, sue I to Thee but thou wilt not know it.  
 Yet Dumb-men do, and may, wed lawfully;  
 But wed they do not without first they woo:  
 Then, let me (dumb through Loue, that speaks thereby)  
 Do as, by Lawes of Heaun and earth they do:  
 They woo, then Wiue, I woo, then let me Wed;  
 For, Words in Deede, best fit the marriage bed.

(43) 44

**M**Y Mind to me a mighty Kingdom is;  
 Which I possesse, but not enioy in peace;  
 For if I did, I were a King of This,  
 But Loue, my right, doth force me to release  
 If Thou (great Loue) vsurpe anothers Right  
 Thou art a Tyrant; and thou must resolve  
 By fight to keep, what Thou has got by fight;  
 If so of force, Thou must thy force dissolve:  
 For with Thy force thou canst not winne from me  
 My Mind, vnlesse Her force Thou quite defeate;  
 Which, if Thou do, it is the worse for thee:  
 For, thou defeatest That, that makes thee Great:  
 Then, ô be not too fell, but let that Shee  
 For, and by whom I liue, raigun there with Thee.

(44) 45

**C**annot that fire that burns me warm thy Hart:  
 Art thou turnd salamander in desire  
 To liue in my Harts flames and feel no fire?  
 But rather takst thou pleasure in my smart?  
 My hart is little, and the flames are great:  
 Its litle made by thy great cruelty:  
 The Fuel spent (as now the same is ny)  
 The fier needs must lose both hold, and heat.  
 My Hart (the fuel) is not Adamant,  
 That can indure the fury of this flame:  
 But it is Flesh, and soon melts in the same,  
 Whereof I wot, thou art not ignorant:  
 Then if thy knowledge wil not help my Hart,  
 I wil condemn thy Wil, and curse thyne Art.

(45) 46

**S**ome say they loue, because their Loues are faire;  
 And other some, sith they are wise and kind:  
 The first, loue but the hue of Flesh, or Haire:  
 But the last, loue the beauty of the Mind.  
 But, my loue kindled is at both those fires:  
 For Witt and Beauty in my Loue doth flame  
 Without al noisom Smoake of dark Desires:  
 So, bright she is in Beauty, Wit, and Fame.  
 If all these do concur to cause my loue,  
 That loue, so caus'd, should bring forth rare effects:

And so it doth, for me it so doth moue  
 As I do rest in restlesse rare Affects.  
 Then, sith (deer Sweet) thy Graces and my Loue  
 Are like, alike let our Affections moue.

(46) 47

**T**hey write, and speak wel, that can wel expresse,  
 (In either kind) what Fancy doth suggest:  
 But I the more I fancy, speake the lesse:  
 So, in my Hart, my hartlesse Tongue doth rest.  
 But, ô deere Hart, sith thou art Lord of life,  
 On paine of death, command my Pen to make  
 Ynk of thy bloud, to Chronicle the strife  
 Which thou endurest for thy true loues sake.  
 And, thou my Fancy so my selfe bestir  
 (Who stir'st about the Center of my Loue)  
 That future Times, in loue, may pittie hir,  
 Sith graces such, vnppittiful should proue:  
 And, make my Pen (in lasting Colours) paint  
 The picture of my Loue, and sullen Saint.

(47) 48

**T**he fatall beames thou darrest from thine Eyes  
 Like *Basilius* work on me, in effect:  
 Yet from them doth my remedy arise.  
 By glassing mine, in thine, them to reflect:  
 For, in mine Eyes, shouldst thou thy self but see  
 Thy Beames would make thee in self loue to burn:  
 Then, harm me not and I wil not hurt thee:  
 Els on thy selfe thy Beauties Beames ile turne.  
 Thinke not because thy Hart is Adamant  
 That thy bright Raies wil but thereon rebound;  
 No, to thy selfe thei'l make thee mercy grant,  
 And loue that grace that hurts and heals the wound:  
 Then let thine Eye-beames grace infuse in mine,  
 Or, for thy plague, ile riuet mine in Thine.

(48) 49

**P**ardon me Loue, sith what for Thee I do  
 (Although it breaks my Precepts, oft too strict)  
 Is to attaine what to attaine vnto:  
 Thou shouldst no Course, how ere crosse, contradict:  
 For, shee I loue is too too like a *Saint*,  
 But that shee's most vnlike, in hir diadaine;  
 Who loues: but loues to cause my iust complaint,  
 As if her pride tooke pleasure in my paine:  
 Then though my prostrate old Deuotion  
 I do forbear, forbear to blame my Course:  
 For some do climb to high'st promotion  
 By scorning Scorne, and offering Fury force:  
 She's stiff, and I am strange, but yet I see  
 My strangenesse makes hir seem lesse strange to me.

(49) 50

**A** Time there was when Loue alone did liue  
 Within the Brest of Heaun's eternall Light:  
 But since that light did light to Planets giue,  
 Light *Venus*, in light Harts vsurpes his Right.

So, Shee's an Idol made and daily serv'd  
 With that Deuotion which to him belongs ;  
 Whose Motions are much more then his obseru'd.  
 So, He the Author seems of his own wrongs !  
 He made hir first but to incline the Sence :  
 But since she seems much more then to constrain,  
 Sith Mad She makes Men with her influence :  
 But why O Lightnesse, lov'st thou so this Star  
 When as the Sun of Glory's brighter far !

(55) 5 1

Loue, leaue thy Lodge, my Hart, and enter Hirs  
 Who plac'd thee there, that she may know what  
 paine

Thou hast in pleasures, and what rest in Stirs :  
 Which being done, returne to mine againe ;  
 For, though, at once, thou glad, and grieue the same,  
 Thou griu'st It so, as still It would be griu'd,  
 So Hirs might still be melted with His flame :  
 And so made One till they bee life-depriu'd.  
 Or if not so made one, that Odds should cease,  
 Yet Odds might light bee made, by mutuall Loue :  
 Then in that Warre wee might enjoy sweete peace :  
 So, we should thinke Warre sweete, and so It proue :  
 But if she loue not too, O Loue thou art  
 Hart to my grieve, and grieve vnto my Hart.

(56) 5 2

O Loue, whie write I, sith such hate I proue  
 As is of force to make Loue Loue to hate ?  
 How, how (poore Man) should I haue lust to Loue  
 Whose Loue, and Life are so vnfortunate ?  
 My scornfull fortunes my Loue scornfull make :  
 Who looks on me as on Disgraces Glasse :  
 While I such hate, and wrongs beare for hir sake,  
 As able were to make a Man an Asse !  
 And yet such bearing shee forbears to stile  
 With vertuous Title, yet if force I vse  
 She saith it's brutishe : Thus, shee doth defile  
 My fame, though yet, herein, I her excuse  
 Sith, shee hates one that loues his owne Disgrace,  
 That is, Hee loues hir that doth him debase.

(57) 5 3

Fortune and Loue (each other to disgrace)  
 Striue who should make me Slaue to eithers  
 might ;  
 And, being blinde, fight with shifting place :  
 So, I am made the Barre ore whom they fight.  
 The Blowes of either often fall on mee ;  
 And, much more often, sith they both are blinde :  
 But Fortune strikes mee sure, as shee could see ;  
 And Loue doth wound me sore with Blowes more  
 kinde !

Fortune doth chippe me out, and takes away  
 All outward Things : but Loues impetuous Blowes  
 Nere cease to sinck till in my Hart they stay :  
 Thus, is my Spoile the Triumphe of these Foes :  
 But more I yeeld to Loue, then Fortunes might,  
 Sith I can Liue in Loue, in Fortunes spight.

(58) 5 4

Faours, are so farre sweete as there remains  
 Place for requitall ; but if past that Place  
 They grow to great Hearts, but to bee great paines ;  
 Which lothe such Loue, and grudge at so much grace.  
 This happily (deere Sweete) you thinke vpon  
 When your deere graces on me dropping bee :  
 Who make them fall with such small effusion,  
 Lest they should cause the like effect in mee.  
 But you (O mee !) do quite my Hart mistake :  
 For, you haue made it poore, and hardly liues :  
 Which loues you more, the more of it you make :  
 For Faours excesse hardly it relliuies :

Then O, wise Faire, my poore Hart fauour still,  
 Sith still it liues, by hope, that so you will.

(59) 5 5

Shee comes, Shee comes, mount, mount, my Soule  
 Vnto the height of Admiration !  
 See how the Sunne him selfe begins to scoule  
 To see a fairer Sunne the Earth vpon !  
 O glorious Light (which makes our Hemisphere  
 Like Iupiters Starre-Chamber with tho Raies !)  
 How dost thou mee confound with Loue, and feare ?  
 What praise but Wonder, can thy Wonders praise !  
 Stand, stand a loofe, come not to neere mine Eyes :  
 For, thou wilt make them lightlesse with the Light !  
 O mee ! my Hart, how with thy Beames, it Fryes !  
 What mean'st (O Miracle !) to melt mee quite ?  
 Hold, hold ; no more ; thy Beames from me auert,  
 Vnlesse, from them, thou hide me in the Hart.

(60) 5 6

If Sunne-Beames spring, by kinde, from Heaun'y  
 ground,  
 If Voice, diuining Eares, from Angells comes,  
 If breath that yelds as sweete a Sent, as Sound  
 Celestiall bee, and Sence, with ioy, ore 'comes :  
 Then, Face, and Voice, and Breath of my sweet Saint  
 Are most Celestiall : and, if so they bee,  
 The Spirit of Science did this Picture paint  
 By Coppy of his owne Diuinity !  
 If so, she is most mercifull, and iust :  
 Sith Hee, in both is most, most infinite ;  
 Which makes vs feare, and yet, in Him, to trust ;  
 And so, shee doth, in Wisedome exquisite :  
 Which oft, in Iustice, humbles daring Men  
 And then, in Mercy, liftes them vp agen.

(61) 5 7

If Faouour comes by suffring, not by force,  
 And wilde-fire quenched bee with milke, or Mire ;  
 If yeelding Woll resist the Bullets course,  
 And gentle Oile doth quench Lime set on fire :  
 If that the higher we desire to builde,  
 The lower wee our ground-worke ought to lay :  
 If all these Truethes so naturall are held  
 That their cleare euidence doth question staie :

Then questionlesse you are vnnaturall  
(Sow're Sweet), who though I, at your feet, am thrown  
Yea, make my selfe your verie *Pedestall*,  
Yet you insult the more, and keepe me downe :  
If then my lowlinesse your scorne increase  
You are Perfections vnkinde Master-peece.

(57) 58

It's easie to blasphemie the name of *Loue*,  
And say its but the worke of *Idlenesse* :  
The Slippes of *Fancie* which oft mortall proue,  
The mothe of *Strength*, and strength of *Foolishnesse* :  
These, and such like, or els farre woorse then these,  
Might *Hate* disgorge gainst *Loues* Diminitie :  
And with such Yells *Dispaire* hir Soule might ease,  
Whose sweetest ease is bitt'rst Blasphemie :  
But I, that know the powre of *Loue* too well,  
Too well do worde him to be vs'd so ill :  
For, hee hath dam'd me to his lowest Hell  
Where Hee torments my Reason, Witt, and Will :  
But, *Reason*, *Witt*, and *Will* in humble wise  
Do pray for him, and wishe he had his Eyes.

(58) 59

Your Fauors filling my torne Hart with Hope,  
Hope, raising lustlesse Loue, and Loue, Desire,  
Desire rests not but in, Deer you, his Scope ;  
Whose flames stil mount to you, his Spheare of Fire.  
Then, if to my desire you will giue rest,  
It must be in your staid Loues purer flames :  
Then, with his Element, Desire inuest,  
Sith his fire compound is, and him vnframes.  
*Feeling* mounts not to Pleasures firmament,  
But through this subtill Spheare of simple fire :  
Nor Loue attaine the Heau'n of true content,  
But by this sweet Repose of his Desire :  
Then, if you loue me, as it seems you do,  
Rest my Desire, and / will rest yours too.

(59) 60

H / there Shee goes, that goes away with me ;  
And here stand I, that haue her in my Hart :  
Shee flees from me, and yet / with her flee :  
For no Diuision can vs wholly part.  
Fairst fall thee buxome Aire that yet dost hold  
The sent of her late presence, for thy grace :  
Thou dost sweete Aire, but what the Heauens wold,  
If they so happy were it to embrace.  
Who breaths this Aire, their breath most sweet must be,  
Through it, before the Aire made most vnsweet :  
On It Ile liue, till Shee returne to me,  
To take the aire which from hir first did flee :  
And then in Words she shall receaue the Same  
That shall be sweetned with hir praise, and Name.

(60) 61

Perhaps I doo, though you thinke otherwise,  
Loue in the tenderst Bowels of my Soule ;  
But what? Can / not loue ; vnlesse there lies  
Loue in my *Front*, while yours, in hate, doth scoule?

If no faith in the *Front* doth lie ; no loue  
Lies where no faith is : for, loue liues thereby ;  
Then, the *Fronts* Arguments doo nothing proue  
But shoue of trueth inuolu'd in *Falacie*.  
And if the *Front* saie true, and true it bee  
The Womens Naies are euer double Yeas ;  
Then, your *Front* euer giuing Naies to mee,  
Doo giue me twice as many yeas, by These :  
But, in true loue, I hold that Skill vnfit,  
That discontents the Will to please the Wit.

(61) 62

Will you (your Will be done) haue me loue so,  
That by my Looks the same you best may see ?  
And will you loue in Deed, and hate in show ?  
Do as you will, your wil is law to me.  
Yet Show hath much deceite, but Substance none ;  
Then, most substantiall is the truest loue :  
The foreheads falshood is more seen then known,  
Yet known of most, that least thereof approue.  
Then sith the front's so full of Falacy,  
I cannot trust yours, more then you can myne :  
But if you would our Harts should open lye  
Change Harts with me, or let vs them combine  
Then, feelingly, our harts we so shall kno,  
To This (Sow'r Sweet) say double yea or No.

(62) 63

My Tongue, is turn'd to *Eyes*, mine *Eyes* to *Eares*,  
In the dread presence of my dearest *Loue* :  
Who whiles shee speakes, my very *seeing* heares ;  
Hir Tongue, and Bodie do so sprightly moue !  
My Tongue, and Eares are deaff, and dumbe the whiles,  
Orewhelm'd with Loue, and Ioy, and Hope in each ;  
Only my Lookes applaude hir Words with smiles,  
As if they onely heard, and saw Their reache.  
And sith with hir I cannot interpleade  
But meere by the meane of speaking-Lookes,  
Sith Lookes alone must stand me then in steade  
My Lookes shalbe Loue, and Witts record *Bookes*,  
Wherein shee still may reade what I conceaue  
Of her sweet words, and what replies I giue.

(63) 64

Saie you (deere Sweete) my *Lines* are labour'd sore?  
My *Lines*, I know, will tell you no such thing :  
Though euery *Line* doth labore more, and more,  
Till they my *Griefe*, conceal'd, to light do bring.  
But, for my *Lines* themselues, they labor'd are  
With no more paine then *paine* in *pleasure* takes :  
Sith they my *Hart* vnburden of much care,  
That yet, for want of better yssue akes.  
A Labour'd *Line*'s too busie for my Braine,  
That is well neere distracted, with much Thought :  
Let those *Lines* labour, that by *Lines* do gaine ;  
For, I haue labour'd *Lines*, too longe, for nought :  
Sith my best labour'd *Lines* you still reward  
With saying, tushe this paines might well be spar'd.



(64) 65

While Words I weigh, in Scales of my Conceite,  
 To know their weight that merit most respect,  
 And, while I vse some Arte (without Deceite)  
 To place them where they may haue most effect,  
 I finde the weightiest Words are farre too light  
 To weigh the Will resolu'd not to be waid;  
 And, though their place make infinite their might,  
 Yet stirre they not a Mind peruersly staid:  
 Then, whie seeke I to moue you by my Words?  
 I know not I, because I know so much:  
 Yet this lost labour my Loue you affords,  
 Which, if It draw not, shall your hardnesse touche:  
 For, were you Steele, the Magnet of my Loue  
 Would draw you too't; but harder you I proue.

(65) 66

Your Soules rough Calmes, that neither hate, nor  
 loue,  
 Your Minde vnmo'd with praises, or reproofe,  
 The lesse they mou'd are, the more they moue  
 My froward loue, to stand the more aloofe.  
 Yet looks it back, when it is well-ny gone,  
 Supposing It should not so giue you or'e:  
 Then tries some other kinde Conclusion,  
 Which speeds no better then those tride before.  
 You hate me not; for, well you vse me still:  
 You loue me not; sith you feele not my paine:  
 This (like your mortall hate) offends my Will;  
 Yet, this is all the loue my Loue doth gaine:  
 What Mettill are you off? sure, fleshe and Blood  
 Are not so staid, that nought can moue their moode!

(66) 67

Where shall I hide me from Lones Pow'r? & where?  
 If to th' Antipodes from him I fly  
 Hee Pricks his Flights at me, and hitts me there:  
 If neere at hand, his Torche my Flesh doth fry.  
 In Earth, his Shafts haue all subdu'd to Him;  
 The Sea's his Mothers Contrie; and beside  
 He naked is, and so can faster swymme:  
 And, through the Aire, he on his Wings doth glide.  
 If to the Fire I flie, its to himselfe:  
 Then, Heau'n, and Hell, (if Poetts fable not)  
 Haue felt the great force of the little Elfe:  
 Thus, all, in all, are subject to his Shot:  
 Then sith no where I can be safe from these,  
 He hide me no where: That is, in mine ease.

(67) 68

But This, and then my Pen shall make aboade  
 In endlesse Rest: For, euen now the same  
 Goes, stradling, vnderneath a heauie Loade:  
 For, Heauynesse his forme doth quite vnframe.  
 Who sheddeth sable Teares, well mixt with Bryne,  
 To rue his owners sorrowes bitter state:  
 And maketh happlesse Blotts in eu'ry Line  
 To simbolise his Loue vnfortunate.

The sincking Paper makes them, spreading, runne,  
 As Griefe runnes, spreading, in his sincking Hart:  
 Pen, Ynke, and Paper, then, are quite vndone,  
 (As is their Master) with sad Sorrowes smart:  
 And all that smart I feele through your disdaine,  
 Who wounds my Hart, with Loue, yet scornes my  
 paine.

(68) 69

Work on my Hart, sterne Griefe, and do thy worst:  
 Draw it togeather till his Strings do crack:  
 My Minde will nere be whole till they bee burst:  
 Then, breake, breake Hart, ere broken be my Back,  
 Which vndergoes a World of heauie Harmes,  
 That well might breake It, and an Hart of Oke:  
 Then, Griefe extend the vigor of thine Armes  
 To crush his substance into Sighings smoke.  
 Hope, thou dost hurt It with thy helping Hand:  
 Who (Ape-like) kilst it with a kind embrace:  
 Thy Charge, wan Hope, yeeld to pale Deaths Command,  
 That Hee my vitall Spirits may haue in Chase:  
 For, sith good Lucke proues lucklesse in my Loue,  
 Go hange thee Hope: yet stay, lest I it proue.

(69) 70

Giue mee (faire-Sweete) the Mapp, well couler'd,  
 Of that same little World, your selfe, to see  
 Whether those Zones of hott Loue, and colde Dreade  
 Bee so extreame in you, as th' are in mee.  
 If on the Hart (that small Worlds Center greate)  
 Such Heate, and Cold their vtt'most Powers employ  
 No Thoughts could dwell therein for Cold, and Heate;  
 Which my distem'pred-dismall Thoughts annoy.  
 But, if I finde the Climes more temperate  
 In your World then in mine, Ile thether send  
 My Thoughts by Colonies, in wretched State,  
 Sith there, for'thwith, they cannot choose but mend:  
 And by your temp'rance, when they betterd bee  
 If you'l transplant Them, Them re-plant in mee.

(70) 71

No, I deny it; and my negatiue  
 Salbe made good with two affirmatiues:  
 Yea, I affirme it: which Affirmatiue  
 Shal be auouch'd with two Negatiues:  
 I do deny I faine, yea, yea I do,  
 As you accuse me, and withal affirme  
 I loue you for your selfe, for whom I woo:  
 And cannot loue no loue that is too Firme.  
 I cannot loue no loue, nor loue that loue  
 That's like Priuation, drawing neer to nought:  
 That loue is nothing, and can Nothing moue,  
 But such a Som-thing as should not be sought:  
 What That is, guesse (if it be not your hate)  
 It is that I would flie as evil fate.

(71) 72

What boots Complaint (if it be made alone)  
 To him whose help without himself doth lye?  
 But to cause Mone effect more cause of moane,  
 Or make Dispaire wan Hopes best remedy:

Sith now, O Tirant Griefe, thou long hast had  
The sack of my subdued hartie Cheere,  
Rest, rest awhile, let no new fires be made  
Vnto thy Spoiles that are consumed neere.  
O Reason what cleer Eyes hast thou to see  
Our Euils ! & how blind in shunning them !  
My Reason sees my Griefs extremity  
Yet sees not how to make it lesse extreame :  
For, since I loue you (Sweet) I can but grieve,  
To see you raze the hopes which me relieue.

(73) 72  
Deer Sweet who in a bright face Definite  
(Being a Spark inflaming Worlds of loue !)  
Contains an Heau'n of Beauty infinite :  
To which my Thoughts, on Wings of Hope, do moue  
Sith that the Sunne (Heau'ns most maiestick Eye)  
Disdaines not to behold the basest Worme,  
To glad his Soule and grace his vility,  
Let your Heau'ns Sunnes the like on me perform.  
Grace is a Spark of that immortal Flame,  
Which, being from Heau'n descended knew not where  
(In Earth) to enter in a mortall Frame,  
But in your Corpse, wherethrough It shineth cleere :  
Then, sith Grace glorifies your Forme, and Face,  
Grace me with looks, that glorifie your grace.

(73) 74  
Thy Beauties blush, like fairest Morne in Maie,  
(Faire-Honied Sweet) doth so intrance mine Eies  
That while thou dost those Roses rich display  
They see Heau'ns hue through thy skins Christal skies,  
And did my fault nor thine enforce the same  
I stil could wish to see that Heau'ly Blush :  
Yea, I would see that glory to my shame,  
So that my faces shame would cause that flush.  
Then blame me not if (when thy Cheeks I see  
Died in a Tincture that is so diuine)  
My Cheeks in selfsame Colour Dyed be  
To make thine spread their Dy, by dying mine :  
Then, blush thou not, for blushing in this wise  
Sith that Hue from, and for thy grace doth rise.

(74)  
Some, blaze the pretious beauties of their Loues  
By precious Stones ; and, other some by flours ;  
Some, by the Planets, and Celestiall Powres ;  
Or, by what els their Fancy best approoues,  
Yet, I, by none of these will blazon mine ;  
But, onely saie hir selfe, hir selfe is like :  
For, those Similitudes I much mislike  
That are much vsed, though they be diuine.  
In saying she is like hir selfe, I say  
Shee hath no like ; for, shee is past compare :  
Then, who, aright commends this creature rare,  
Must say Shee is : and there, of force, must staie,  
Because, by words, Shee cannot be exprest ;  
So, say shee is, and wondring, owe the rest.

(75) 76  
Wee read that *Gelon* and *Pisistratus*  
Vsurpt tyrannicall dominion  
By meanes as violent as vicious :  
Yet rul'd with loue, and admiration :  
But, loue (that rules the *Kingdome of my minde*)  
Comming in *Peace*, aright, to that *Command*  
Doth rage therin, and either burne or binde  
The *Powres* therof, that none escapes his *Hand* :  
Then would he *Gelon* were, for gouernment,  
Though he had got the same with sword, and fire :  
Then should I be *Loues* Kingdome of *Content*,  
That am the flaming *Forge* of his *Desire* :  
But, rule more mildly, *Loue*, lest my *Minds* Powres  
Conspire to quench that *Flame* with thy blouds  
Showres.

(76) 77  
Bodies, bee neither *Light*, nor *Heavy* found  
So longe as they are in their proper place ;  
But being out, they shift to It apace,  
Bee it above, or els beneath the Ground :  
Then, *Loue*, it seemes, is not in his right *Sphere*,  
That in my Hart doth rest in such vnrest ;  
Who shifteth still to you, he loueth best ;  
Then, must he rest in you, or els no where,  
Because my *Loue* (Deere *Loue*) then, to that rest,  
Sith Diuine *Nature* made you for the same ;  
Proue not disloyall to that roiall Dame,  
But let vs eache of other be possesst :  
And, if your vertue simple were before  
Thus, beeing purely mixt, it wilbe more.

(77) 78  
The *Polipp* Fishe sits all the Winter longe  
Stock-still, through Slouth, and on him selfe  
doth feede.  
So, through the cold of *fears* I do, in deede,  
Whereby the Libertie of *Loue* I wronge,  
But they do perishe, pittillesse, that weare  
(Through slouth) away, that might bee fatt, and Faire  
By honest *Labour* ; hie Promotions *Staire* :  
So, do I perishe, pittillesse, through Feare.  
Yet, can I not but feare your scorne, dread Dame,  
If I should labour to disclose my *Loue*,  
Sith your high fortunes myne are farre above,  
This maks me, through my slouth, to worke my blame :  
But, lest I should my selfe so quite consume  
To say I loue you, let my loue presume.

(78)  
So shootes a Starre as doth my Mistries glide  
At Midd-night through my Chamber ; which she  
makes  
Bright as the Sky, when Moone, and Starres are spide ;  
Wherewith my sleeping Eyes (amazèd) wake.  
Which ope no sooner then hir selfe shee shutts  
Out of my sight, awaie so fast shee flies ;  
Which me in mind of my slack service putts ;  
For which all night I wake, to plague mine Eyes ;

Shoote Starre once more, and if I bee thy Marke  
Thou shalt hit mee, for thee Ile meet withall :  
Let myne Eyes once more see thee in the darke,  
Els they, with ceaslesse waking, out will fall :  
And if againe such time, and place I lose  
(To close with thee) lett mine Eyes neuer close.

(29) 80

**D**eeer, if thou wilt that I shall call thee *Deere*,  
(Who art most deere how euer thou-art cald !)  
Endeere mee to thy Loue, past price, and peere,  
By louing mee that to thy loue am thrall'd.  
Yet feare I Freedome, as I feare thy hate :  
For, nought but thie fixt hate can make me free :  
And, though relict, Ile be no Reprobate  
To gentle Loue, nor yet to cruell Thee !  
Ile bee thy Vassall, though free-borne I am,  
Sith they are highe-borne whom thy loue sustaines :  
Then let me liue to beare thy Vassalls name,  
Yet liue to make thee labour for my paines :  
That by that paines, and labour, thou, and I  
May gett our Like, to liue in when wee dy.

(30) 81

**T**he *Romaines*, in their *Temples*, plac'd, of olde,  
Neere to the *Graces*, well-Tongu'd *Mercury* ;  
To note that Speech in vt'tring will catch cold,  
That lights not on a gracious Eare, and Eye :  
So, though my Tongue were most Angelicall,  
And, could make Eares to heare of Stone, or Wood,  
Yet, if your Eares turne Hony into Gall,  
As good no Speech, as speaking for no good.  
Bee not (*deere Sweete*) o bee not so peruerse,  
Your Eares are fleshe, and so your Hart should bee :  
Then, *stone* them not, to Coole my charming Verse,  
That seekes to turne your Eares, and Hart to mee :  
But, by that Turne, if you do feare a fall,  
Ile hold you vp, or breake my Necke withall.

(31) 82

**I**f the *Egyptian*, and the *Troglodite*  
Ouer whose Heads the *Sunne* directly stands  
But one meere Moment, daily, in his height,  
Do hardly scape quite burning by his Brands,  
How then should I (*bright-Faire*!) not quite bee brent  
With those bright Beames, shott frō, those *Sunnes*,  
thine Eyes,  
Sith still they are to me directly sent  
As from my *Zenith*, in thy *Beauties* Skies?  
O ! with those Raies exhale from *Mercies* Seas  
Some Dropps of *Grace*, & showre the downe on me,  
To coole the fire heate of my Disease,  
That so my sore, and salue make come from Thee :  
If not, yet shall those Cloude-dissolving Beames,  
Melt my *Care*-Clouded Eies to cooling Streames.

(32) 83

**W**hiles that this Aire I breath to coole my Heart,  
My Hart's inflam'd so with Loues desire

That Aire to Fire it doth thereby conuert :  
So liues my Hart in Hel, or quenchlesse fire !  
Then, canst thou Goddess full of outward grace,  
(In whom I hope, sith thee I loue and serue)  
Still feed these flames with Beames sent from thy face  
And martyr him thou shouldst from paines preserue :  
Then may I say, by kind th'art glorious made,  
But by vnkindnesse thou thy selfe dost mar :  
Who, then thy selfe doth loue thee better far :  
And yet thou lov'st thy self too well for me  
Sith so thou lou'st, because I so loue thee.

(33) 84

**N**O more but so? Why then false Hopes farewell !  
Why, why so long haue you deluded me?  
Said you (*false Faire*!) you hate to loue too well?  
Although too wel, true loue can neuer be?  
Then, too well haue I lou'd you for such loue  
That thinkes true loue too wel loues what it likes :  
Which speech doth you as fond as fickle proue ;  
And through your tender reputation strikes.  
Hate you to loue too wel that loth'd Hate ;  
But hate not true loue kindly to embrace :  
Your grace to loue, my mind did animate  
And can you loue, too wel such loue of Grace?  
If so you can, Grace, too well, loues your Frame  
Who makes it famous, while you It defame.

(34) 85

**L**amia the witch (as Poets featlie faine)  
Still in a box, at home puts vp her Eies !  
But going abrode shee put them in againe  
Their proper holes, wherewith each Mote she spies :  
So, thou at home, (that is, thy selfe within  
O hellish *Cercus* that bewitchest me)  
Pul'st out thine Eies : that is, seest not thy Sin ;  
But yet abrode thou mine too wel dost see.  
Thou saist I haue deceau'd thee in thy loue  
By other Loues : and so, thou me dost hate  
Vpon a meer surmise : but I can proue  
Where thou thy Chastitie did'st vulnerate :  
O no, I lie, thou stil didst keepe it sound  
But others gaue, and it receau'd the wound.

(35) 86

**I**T may be as you say but yet say I  
It should be otherwise then stil you do :  
You saie you Loue, I wil not saie you lie,  
Because you Loue, and Loue to linger to :  
For, if you lou'd me could I loue so long,  
For meer Delaies disguis'd in Loues Araie?  
Could I, for so much right reape so much Wrong,  
If you lou'd not alone to show delay?  
Delaie, in Loue, is dangerous you know :  
Then It you loue sith mine that daunger is :  
Who seeing loue wears me in Deed, and Show,  
You loue Delaie, to wast me quite, by This :  
But, if you loue to wast me so, by That,  
Hate me, another while, to make me Fat.

(85) 87

**B**Ee not, o be not careleslie vnkinde  
 To him (sower Sweet) whose care is all for thee :  
 Looke in my Hart, through windows of my minde,  
 And nought but thine owne Image thou shalt see.  
 Sack not the Temple then, when thou art shrinde  
*A glorius Monument of Excellence!*  
 The Shrine's immortal, sith so is my Minde,  
 Yet maist thou it deface, by playing Sence.  
 Thou plaugst my feeling, sith through thee I feele  
 The hatefullst plagues that Loues Fire can inflict :  
 My Hart (where thou dost dwell, with Hart of Steele ; )  
 Still flaming, burnes, yet thee it not afflicts :  
 But wert thou not lesse sensible then Steele :  
 Thou couldst not choose but feele the paines I feele !

(87) 88

**I**t's saide and knowne, (and, so, it's held for true,)   
 That *Aethusa*, and *Alpheus* are  
 Two *Riuers* that, each other so persue  
 As nought can let their Course, or water marre :  
 For sweete *Alpheus* doth through Thetis glide,  
 Free from her saltnesse, (though, Lais-like shee steere)  
 Vntill he meete vpon the other side,  
 With his loue *Aethusa*, fresh and cleere.  
 Then, if that sencelesse *Riuers* (which by kinde  
 Are most vnstaid) in loue so constant bee,  
 Let me not you (*Faire Nympe*) vnconstant finde,  
 Sith through all wrongs, I runne, arighte, to Thee ;  
 Then, sith to thee I runne through Sorrowes Seas,  
 Let mee in thy cleare Hart, and Armes haue ease.

(88) 89

**D**Own, down proude Hart, to Loues Lures, stoop, o  
 stoop  
 She Lures, that loues, shee loues, that can allure ;  
 Then, downe, o downe, yet not so low as droue ;  
 Sith shee, beeing gracious, is as kinde, as sure !  
 Hir glancing Eye, through Loue, in State is staid,  
 Which stands with constant grace, and Maiesty :  
 Both which, in loue deserue to be obaide  
 By hatefull harts, that are as hard as hie :  
 Then melt, melt Hart, in hott affections flamés,  
 If thou be not more hard then hardest Stones :  
 For, Harts, but of that temper, shee vnframes  
 In fire of Loue, and makes them tender ones :  
 Then (Sweet) sith now mine melts for loue of you,  
 Let it run into yours, to Mould it new.

(89) 90

**T**Here was a time, (to speak, whereof I faint  
 Sith That that was, nere lou'd the ducking Frir'e)  
 When / might pray to you, as to my Saint,  
 And you wold grant, or further my desire.  
 But, you reiect (as superstitious)  
 The praiers which I now do make to you  
 And (tearming them as vaine, as vitious)  
 You bend from me, when I to you do bow.

If I with you commit Idolatry  
 It is an easie error, sith you be  
 An Image but too like the Deity  
 For Fleishy Eyes the difference to see :  
 But, if you would haue me my Conscience kill  
 Bid me not loue you, that wil do your will.

(90) 91

**I**N *Nature* are two supream Principles :  
 As namely, *Vnity*, and *Binaria* :  
 The first doth forme all *Beauties* Miracles :  
 The last's the Fount of all Deformitie.  
 The Forme of *Number* is this *Vnity* :  
 (*Number*, the *Matter* : *Vnity*, the *Forme*)  
*Confusion*, springeth from *Duality* :  
 Which doth the frame of *Nature* quite deforme :  
 Then sith that *Vnity* hath so great grace,  
 And that *Duality* bee so deform'd :  
 Lett's not bee two (*faire Sweete*) but fast embrace  
 The *Meane* whereby wee may bee still conform'd :  
 Or, if wee shall bee Two (o fairest *Faire* !)  
 Let you and I make but one perfect *Paire*.

(91) 92

**H**A, ha, ha, ha, you make me laugh, I swear :  
 And yet I laugh, as some, in ioy, do weepe :  
 To see you double, like a *Hare*, for feare,  
 Lest I should smell where now, in loue, you creepe.  
 Well, Wanton, well : I see your Harebraind Course,  
 Though, with the Catt, I wincke at what I see :  
 You now turne Taile to mee, no force, no force,  
 You shew your beastly manners as they bee.  
 Double no more, no more Ile hunt for you :  
 Vnlesse I open, sith you now I winde :  
 Ile freely spend, your fame still to pursue,  
 Sith it is blinde before, and lame behinde :  
 Yet though some wide mouthes call a lade, a lade,  
 Ile speake more spruce, yet call a Spade, a Spade.

(92) 93

**L**Ooke from the *Turret* of thy high disdain  
 (Wherein I see thee, though thou seest me not)  
 On mee (*fell Faire*) flat lyeng on the Plaine  
 Of *Lowlinesse*, like the least little Mote !  
 Yet if thy heaunly *faces* Sunnes do shine  
 (In grace) on my great Smallnesse I, poore I,  
 Shall, shining, mount, as if I were Diuine,  
 Like Motes in Sunne, who, shyning, mount thereby.  
 But if thou Cloude thy faces Heau'n with ought  
 That may those Sunne-beames lett to shine on mee,  
 Ile steepe my selfe in Teares till I be nought,  
 That thus I brought to nought by cruell Thee,  
 May charge thee with my fall, when I shall rise  
 To meet thee, to haue iustice, in the Skyes.

(93) 94

**O**proudly chast, and Louely-coy, deere Sweete,  
 Why takst thou pleasure to impeach thy fame  
 With name of Cruell, for thy Sex vnmeete ?  
 To keepe good name, wilt thou lose thy good name ?

Its mercy to thy selfe to be most fell  
 To those (I graunt) that seeke thine *Honors* soile :  
 But, vnto him that makes thy praise excell  
 It is no prayse to tryumph in his spoile.  
 The pure respect thou bear'st thy *Chastity*  
 First made me loue thee with all pure respect :  
 Then, sith pure loue, is perfect *Piety*,  
 And chaste *Desire* is sacred, in effect,  
 Requite my pure Loue, and my chaste desire  
 With like, to like, till wee become intire.

(94) 95

Finding my selfe (before I would be found)  
 Neer lost in Laborinths of haplesse loue,  
 I got me to a melancholy groue  
 To descant on Loues-griefs to heauy Ground :  
 Where whilst I coucht me to performe the same,  
 The Flies, and Gnats, without still vexed me ;  
 And Grief, within, as busy as a Bee,  
 Vnto my treble grief, made double game :  
 So, while I sought to descant on my Harmes,  
 My Harms did descant on That which I sought :  
 For, while I thought on't I was vexed in thought ;  
 And, in my Flesh afflicted with these Swarmes :  
 Then thought I Louers were like idle Drones  
 Whom Stingers follow, to augment their mones.

(95) 96

Gods me, what will you? soft, what do I dreame?  
 Do I heare reall words? or think I do?  
 Or can it be that beauty so extreame  
 Should be so fowly false, and brag ont to?  
 Sure, I had rather say my Sences lye,  
 Then think you can, be so vnlike to you :  
 Sith in the sam's no possibility,  
 How ere you seeme to you, and me vntrue.  
 Say what you will, I will not wrong you so  
 To think (much lesse to say) that you fair Sweet,  
 Will plight me faith ; then me and It forgoe :  
 And vaunt (o past beleef) how you did fleet :  
 But, this I sweare, if you rest so vnfound,  
 That such crackt Ware is better lost then found.

(96) 97

HE that would faine reduce an high-borne Wife  
 Vnto the Compasse of his meane estate,  
 Must not at first, stick for a litle Strife,  
 To make his peace to haue the longer Date :  
 For, as some Curtall ouer-lusty Mares,  
 Then Water them, wherein they seeing it,  
 Let fall their Crest, sith their Tail so ill fares,  
 That Fooles, and Asses ride them without Bit :  
 So, from the *Colon* to the *Period*  
 Of this *Similitude*, what should ensue  
 Is eas'ly gest : But ah, I am forbid  
 By high-borne Wiues, low matchd, to tell it you :  
 But, by their leaues this must I needs affirme,  
 A Ring, too wide, wel bow'd doth sit more firme.

67A 8

Foole that I am, to seem so passionate  
 In that which Wiues, and Woos, and Years haue  
 cal'md \* [Bigamus.]  
 Why, now should *Venus* know my Bodies State?  
 Or, with her *Balsamum* my Wounds be Balm'd?  
 No more, no more : it is ynough that I  
 Haue won Repentance, with the losse of Tyme,  
 In running o're these Rules of Vanity :  
 And not repeate them, erst in Rules of Rime.  
 Now, many winters haue Frost-bit my Haires,  
 Congeal'd my Bloud, and cool'd my vitall Heat,  
 I, youthful-follies should ore'flow with Teares :  
 And, make a Rod of *Rue* my selfe to beate :  
 But, trust me Loue, how ere I write of Thee,  
 I am in hate with thee, and thou with me.

(98) 99

I F I dare call Loue Rogue, and Runnagate,  
 Its like I am resolu'd to loath his loue :  
 But, so I cal Him and the cause of Hate ;  
 Which to my grieffe, in mine owne Soule I proue,  
 I hate as hel, His meer remembrance  
 Much more the Fauours he hath done to mee :  
 And hold his loathsom loue the fowl'st mischance  
 That can befall Men that most haplesse be.  
 It is the Scurge of God to plague Mankind :  
 The Conflagration of a World of Lust :  
 The Match whereat Hel-fire it self doth tynd :  
 The Heate that soonest turnes our Bloud to dust :  
 And (so I might not seem of bloody Mind)  
 Would's Braines were beaten out, as he is blind.

(99) 100

THE Tyrant loue, that martyrs stil the Mind,  
 We make a God, to which our Pens & Tongues  
 Do sacrifice their Labours, il assign'd ;  
 And so ore-right the Author of our Wrongs :  
 Then, this Affections floud we ought to turne  
 Into the Channel of Celestial Loue ;  
 Sith Angels swim stil in that blessed *Boorn*  
 (*Leander*-like) to Grace by whom they moue !  
 Where Light of truth (the Land-mark) nere goes out,  
 And stil the *Current* runs as calm, as cleare :  
 Where no misfortunes Flawes, Feare needs to doubt :  
 Sith holy Loues smooth Floud, excludeth *Feare* :  
 This Loue alone, (did our Muse rightly sing)  
 Should be the Plaine-song of hir descanting.

(100) 101

WHY sing I then in this too louing Straine  
 When Loue, and I do so vnkindly iar?  
 This Vaine in me, may seem as light as vaine ;  
 Who stil turnes Coward in Loues hottest War :  
 Besides, my state of Fortune, Body, Mind,  
 Are all aduerse to light Loues amity.  
 How is it then I am to loue so Kind  
 As to seem subiect to his Empery?

The Cause is weak, though strong in strange Effects,  
Which Men, how staid so ere, by Wind doth moue :  
Some cal it Fame, that nought but Aire respects,  
And, sooth to say, for It I sing of Loue :

And though they write best, that write what they  
feel

Yet, edgd by *Fame*, I fetch Fire out of Steele.

(101) 122

Thus far may Speculation help a Wit  
Vnapt for loue, to write of Loues estate :  
Thus far can Art extend hir Benefit  
Past Natures Bounds, in shew of Loue, or Hate.  
These Loue-tricks are not myne, though myne they be  
As they are thus drawne out in louing Lines :  
These Passions are too weak to passion me,  
Although my strength from ought to nought declines.  
But whist my Muse, Hypocrisie is sin ;  
Make me not seem more holy then I am :  
My Marrow-bones lie Flesh and Bloud within,  
All which, by nature, burnes in Beauties Flame ;  
But, say I am, sith Grace to me is good,  
Free from vnkind desires of Flesh and Bloud.

*Inuentions Life, Death, and Funeral.*

(102) 123

Usie *Inuention*, whie art thou so dull  
And yet still doing ?  
Are no Conceits ensconst within thy Scull  
To helpe my woing ?  
Canst not, with *Iudgments* alde, once sally out  
with Words of power  
My Ladies dreaded Forces to disrout  
and make way to her ?  
Or, can'st thou vse no Stratagem of Witt  
That may entrappe her ?  
To yeeld vnto Conditions faire, as fitt  
els loue enwrappe her ?  
Fy, Fy, thou lin'st my hedd-peece to no end  
sith by thy *Lyninge*  
I cannot, in Loues warres, my Witt defend  
from foule declyning.  
Doth *Loue* confound thee, that thy Founder is,  
(Bewicht *Inuention* ?)  
Can she which can but make thee pregnant, misse  
of hir intention ?  
The powers of *Witt* cannot defend thee then  
From Shames confusion ;  
But must thou die, with shame, and liue agen  
By *Hopes* infusion.

*Hope*, hold my Hart, and Head ; for, they are sick  
*Inuention dyeth* :

Loue-sick they are and neede an *Emperick*  
which *Loue* denieth.

*Inuention*, now doth draw his latest breath  
for comfort crying,

Hee dies, and yet, in dying, striues with Death  
To liue still dying !

Ring out his knell, for now he quite is dead  
Ding, dong, bell, well ronge !

Sing out a Dirge for now hee's buried  
*Farewell Hee*, well songe !

This *Epitaph* fix on his senselesse Head,  
*Here lies Inuention*

*That stood his louing Master in no steade*  
*In Loues contention.*

Yet, for his Soule (lest it should quite bee dam'd)  
Some Dole bestow yee ;

Giue my poore Witts (which he hath fowly sham'd)  
what he doth owe me.

So *Mortus*, et *sepultus* now, he is,  
Heau'n graunt his rising,

Bee not to vtter darknesse, but to Blisse  
of highe Deuising.

(103) 124

Die, die *Forbidden Hopes*, & die ;  
For, while you liue, in Death liue I,

Sith from *Forbidden Hope*  
Death first had life ; and scope,

(Ambitious hope, forbidden :)  
Then, if thou liu'st, needes die I must ;

For, Death doth liue in hope vniust :  
Or at the least *Dispaire*,

Whereof *Death* is the *Haire* ;  
Then die, or still liue hidden.

(104) 125

Now, to this Sea of Cittle-Common-wealth  
(*Lymittlesse London*) am I come obscu'rd ;  
Where twofold *Plagues* endanger may the health  
Of Soule, and Bodie of the most securd :  
The Bodies Plague's an *Ill* which *God* can do  
For, is *Ill* in the Cittie hee doth not ?  
But *Synne* (the Plague which doth the Soule vndo)  
He cannot do, though how he well doth wott.  
Then, now my Soule stand stiffly on thy guard  
Sith many mortall Dangers thee surround  
Lett grace, thy *guide*, thy House still watch & warde  
To keepe thy Habitation cleane, as sound :  
And, if thou canst, with *Lott*, liue chastlie here  
*Angels* will fetch thee hence when *Plagues* are neere.



*Other Sonnets vpon other Subiects*

The Trinity illustrated by a three-square  
*perspective Glasse.*

(\*\*\*)

(1)

**I**F in a three-square Glasse, as thick, as cleare,  
(Be'ing but dark Earth, though made Dia-  
phanall)  
Beauties diuine, that rauish Sence, appeare,  
Making the Soule, with ioy, in Trance to fall,  
What then, my Soule, shalt thou in Heau'n behold,  
In that cleare Mirror of the TRINITY?  
What? ô It were not THAT, could it be told:  
For, tis a glorious, yet dark Mistery!  
It is THAT which is furthest from description;  
Whose beaming-beauty's more then infinite!  
It's *Glories Monument*, whose *Superscription*  
Is *Here lies LIGHT, alone indefinite!*  
Then, ô Light, limitlessse, let me (poore me)  
Still liue obscure, so I may still see Thee.

(2)

**I**Loue the life that *Loue* doth most mislike;  
That is the life which is most like to Death:  
On lifes Hart-strings when Death at last, shall strike,  
*Soules* Organs then do sound with sweetest breath!  
The Discords of this Life annoy their Eares  
Where but *Faithes* Concords onely sweetly sound:  
From *Discords*, *Dangers* rise: from *Dangers*, *Feares*:  
Which Three, these Three, the Soule *Minde*, *Body*,  
wound!  
I would therefore, liue dead to such a life  
With the *Grave* of most obscure estate:  
So, dead, to liue as farre from *State*, as *Strife*,  
To check those Lusts that would giue Loue the Mate:  
But ô this *Faith* (fraile faith, and *Loue* (*selfe-Loue*)  
Be dead, sith they but liue for selfe-behoue.

(3)

**T**ime, faster then my *Thought* away doth hast;  
Who thought not to haue lost *It*, but for *guine*:  
But, as that *thought* was present, *Time* was past;  
So, left mee but to thinke that *Thought* was vaine.  
While I am musing how my *Time* to spend,  
*Time* spends It selfe, and me: but how, I muse!  
So, still I muse, while *Time* drawes on mine ende:  
Thus, *Time* doth me, and I do it abuse.  
I thinke, and while I thinke, I id'ly, acte:  
(Yet, *Thought's* no idle action of the *Minde*)  
So, idle *actions* *Time*, and mee haue wrackt  
Yet, in these *Ruines*, I my making finde:  
For, I am made, by musing, what I am,  
That's one that lynes the *Ornaments of Fame*.

(4)

**S**ith *Rest*, and *Labour* wears this *Life* away:  
(For, *Rest* doth toile, as *Toile* doth fatigate)  
Sith *Payne*, in *Laboure* stirres, and rests in *Play*:  
(For, *Laboure* paines *That*, *Rest* doth satiate)  
What Maruell though the *Hoast of Animalls*  
Do (groning) longe to bee *Life* disposses:  
Sith their whole Pow'r by *Natures* forces falles  
Into the life of *Laboure*, Death of *Rest*.  
Then how should *Man* but longe to leaue that Stage  
Where *Paine* doth plaie in *Rest*, and *Rest* in *Payne*:  
Sith *Rest's* his Home, and *Payne's* his Pilgrimage,  
Who cannot rest, where hee cannot remayne?  
It then remaines that wee this *Life* detest  
Sith it doth rest in *Toile*, and toile in *Rest*!



(5)

Sith glorious *Princes* like to *Mirrors* are,  
 (As cleare, as brittle) how dare they contend :  
 Sith when they meete, and light vpon the bare,  
 They may see their *beginnings*, in their *ende* ?  
 And, sith base *Vp-starts* like to *Bladders* bee  
 (Puft vp with winde which makes them stiffe, as stout)  
 Mee thinkes each bound they should rise heauily :  
 Sith That which makes them mount, may let It out.  
 Lastlie, sith *Men* to *Bubbles* are compar'd  
 (Then which no *Being's* nearer kin to *Nought*)  
 Why from ill *Thoughts* do they their *Wills* not warde  
 Sith they may bee extinguisht with a *thought* ?  
 It is sith *Bubbles* do but weake appeare :  
 So, in their Weaknesse, *Men* to *Nought* are neere !

(6)

WOrke on, my *Soule*, while *Sleepes* Soule takes hir  
 rest,  
 And, *Sence* held idle by hir heauy hand ;  
 Acte in *Dumbe-Shewes*, which idle *Spirits* detest,  
 That *Wit*, thy *Will*, thereby, may vnderstand :  
 Let *Fancy* offer to *Intelligence*  
 The Shade of *Shapes*, whose *Substance* thou dost loue,  
 So, *Sence* shall see, without the *Seeing* Sence,  
 (When *Reason* is rest) how thou dost moue.  
 Mount thee vppon thy Wings of *Witt*, and *Will*,  
 Vnto the height of thy *Wills* true desires :  
 There worke thy pleasure, bee it good, or ill,  
 That (waking) *Will* may worke what *Witt* requires :  
 For, tis *Wills* worke in sleepe, *Wills* worke to spy,  
 That wakfull *Witt* may right what is awry.

(7)

THe *Match* is double made, where *Man*, and *Wife*,  
 Of diuerse *Bodies*, make one perfect *Minde* ;  
 Striuing to bee as farre from *Hate* as *Strife* :  
 In kindnesse constant of a diuerse kinde.  
 Hee, gladd of hir, Shee of his selfe, more gladd ;  
 Sith as hir better halfe, shee Him doth hold !  
 Each giues, to each, yet haue more then they hadd !  
 For, loue, and wealth so growes more manifold !  
 Doubling one life, sith they of Two, make One,  
 Where *Loues* Desires rest pleased, in vnrest :  
 For true Ioy rests, vntir'd, in *motion*,  
 And by their *motions* that is still exprest :  
 He rules sith Shee obaies, or rather Shee  
 Obaying, rules : Thus, *Soules* may married bee !

(8)

WErE *Mannes* Thoughts to bee measured by Daies  
 Tenn thousand Thoughts tē thousand Days should  
 haue :  
 Which in a Day, the Mynd doth, daily, raise :  
 For, still the *Mind's* in motion like a Waue !  
 Or, should his Daies bee measured by Thought  
 Then *Time* shortst *Moment* they would faster flee :  
 Yet, Thought doth make his life both long, & nought ;  
 That's nought, if longe, and longe, if nought it bee.

If longe it bee, for beings nought, (though short)  
 The shortest thought of longe life is too longe :  
 Which thinkes it longe in *laboure* short in *sport*,  
 So, *Thought* makes *Life*, to bee still old, or yonge :  
 But sith its full of *thought*, sith full of *Synnes*  
 Thinke it may ende, as thought of it beginnes.

(9)

Search all the Sonnets set *Loue* wealth to wynne,  
 And you shall see (how euer darkly donne)  
 That lightly with the *Eye* they do begin  
 As if *Loues* heate, and *Witts*, came from that *Sunne*.  
 And I, as if the *Eye* bewitchèd mee,  
 Oft sett my *Sonnetts* Seane iust in the *Eye*  
 Of beaming *Beauty*, that it, so, may see  
 Wherein consists *Loues* Comick-Tragedie.  
 Thus is the *Sences* Sou'raigne *Subiect*, made  
*Loues* Sonnetts *Subiect*, in faire Paper-*Reames* ;  
 Sith with *Loues* fire it doth the Hart inuade :  
 For, that cold *Christall* burnes with *Beauties* Beames.  
 Then ô the *Eye*, the *Eye* ! I, I, that's it  
 Wherein men see their want of *Grace*, and *Wit*.

(10)

WIsedome, and *Vertue* cannot (if they would)  
 Misguide the Soule to whom they stil are Guides,  
 They guide to Glory going but on Gold :  
 And all that Earth doth pretious hold besides.  
 Or, if ill Times should (with iniurious hand)  
 Oppresse Them in their Course, or Crosse theyr way,  
 Yet must he needs about Times *Compass* stand  
 That, with such firm *Vp-lifters*, falls away.  
 The ayme of *Wisedome*, yea and *Fortunes* too,  
 Is at one White, to make bright whom they loue :  
 Ne can Crosse *Fortune* *Wisdoms* Friends vndo,  
 Sith their vndoings do their makings proue :  
 The Stars rule Fools, both ru'd by Wisemen are :  
 So, ech Mans Manners do his Fortunes square.

(11)

WHen, with my Minds right Eye, I do behold  
 (From nought, made nothing lesse) great Tam-  
 burlaine  
 (Like *Phaeton*) drawne, encoacht in burnisht Gold,  
 Raigning his drawers, who of late did Raigne :  
 I deem me blessed in the Womb to be  
 Borne as I am, among indiffrent Things.  
 No King, nor Slaue, but of the meane degree  
 Where I see Kings made Slaues, and Slaues made  
 Kings.  
 When, if my Meannesse but one Thought conceaue  
 That minds but mounting, this Thought keeps it downe :  
 And so I liue, in Case, to take or giue,  
 For Loue, or Meed, no Scepter but a Crowne :  
 Yet Flowres of Crownes, for Poesies expence,  
 Poets might take, and giue no recompence.

*In praise of Poesie.*

(12)

Thou that, by force of All-commanding wordes,  
 Makst all Affections follow thy Commands,  
 To whome the High'st such height of powre affords  
 As fully with his grace, and glory stands :  
 To thee sweet Poesie, offer I this Mite  
 Of Forcelesse words, deriu'd from lesser might.

Thou that dost scorne Commers with muddy Braines  
 Or with oughte lesse then Spirits Angelicall,  
 Who chaunt inchaunting *Soule* bewitching *straines*  
 Whereof but some includes the Summe of All :  
 To thee, I sacrifice these Laudes, too leane,  
 In flames of zeale that farre surmount the Meane.

For o Thou scornst so base as Meane to beare,  
 Sith that the Meane, in Thee, is held but base :  
 Though other Arts the Meane doe highly reare,  
 Thou holdst the Meane to bee an high disgrace :  
 Then o with what high *Raptures* should my Braynes  
 Entraunced be, to ope thy vertues Vaines ?

Which, while I strue to do, my Braines do beate  
 As if they would worke out their Freedome so :  
 Who doe attempt to leaue their narrow Seate,  
 As if they scorn'd to be the Crowne below,  
 But would be compast in an Angels Crowne,  
 To make thee Angell-bright in deere renoune !

Sweet Helicon, my Braines quite ouerflow :  
 So shall thy Nectar them intoxicate  
 And with a fry Wreathe bind thou my Brow,  
 That mak'st the Muse in Flames to fulminate :  
 While She, with voice, like Thunder, rattles forth,  
 The Peales of Praise due to thee, Poesies worth !

From this Foundation might my Muse transcend  
 The ten-fold Orbs of Heau'n ; eu'n to his Throne  
 That's all in All ; there should these praises end,  
 That higher praises might be His alone :  
 But, such Transcendents are too high to climb,  
 For my tir'd Muses Wings, that Lets do lime.

Yet in my Sconce o make your Rendeuous,  
 All words that may wing Praise with Angels Plumes,  
 And Iudgement ioyne them fast with Arts Mouth-glue  
 That they may hold past Time, that all consumes :  
 But o my Will all Words hath ouershot,  
 Then let my silence praise what Words cannot.

(13)

Whiles in my Soule I feel the soft warme Hand  
 Of Grace, to thaw the Frozen dregs of Sin,  
 She, Angell (arm'd,) on Edens Walls doth stand  
 To keep out outward Ioyes that would come in :  
 But, when that holy Hand is tane away  
 And that my Soule congealeth (as before)  
 She outward Comforts seeks (with Care) each way  
 And, runs to meete them at each Sences Doore.

17

Yet they, but at the first sight, only please ;  
 Then shrink, or breed abhor'd Satiety :  
 But diuine Comforts (far vnlike to These)  
 Do please the more, the more they stay, and Be :  
 Then, outward Ioyes I inwardly detest,  
 Sith they stay not, or stay but in vnrest.

(14)

It's not *Cocytus*, Riuer of sad teares :  
 Nor ought besides that may sense most torment,  
 Doth cause the feare of Death, or life indeeres  
 In Epicures, that sensually are bent :  
 But tis the relaps into Nullity,  
 Which of all griefs and Miseries is chiefe  
 To those that scoffe at immortalitie :  
 Sith in not being's Beings greatest griefe.  
 For, what ioy is so great but the conceipt  
 Of falling to his Infiniton  
 (Of blacke Non-essence) will confound it streight,  
 In those that thinke this life their Portion ?  
 Sith then their Heau'n on their fraile life depends,  
 Their Heau'n must melt when they do minde their ends.

(15)

Men, (Worlds of Mould, that fil the great Worlds  
 Mold)  
 Creep (like vile Wormes, in whom is nought but Slime)  
 To find some Hole, wherein to make their Hold ;  
 Which found, they fil ; then (restlesse) straite they  
 climb :  
 Tll hauing rais'd themselves about the Ground  
 They open lye to be to dust dissolu'd :  
 As litle, by great Clods, to Dust, are ground :  
 So, Clods resolu'd to climb, are soone resolu'd :  
 For, litle Worlds, that would deuour the great,  
 Break, sith they cannot that huge Masse containe ;  
 For, they that Eat the Earth, the Earth wil eat :  
 So, Earth to quick, is quickly dead againe.  
 Then in the Earth, if Men wil be secure,  
 They must like Wormes, straite Holes or death in-  
 dure.

(16)

When Will doth long t'effect hir own desires  
 She makes the Wit (as Vassall to the Will)  
 To do what she (how ere vnright) requires,  
 Which Wit doth (though repiningly) fulfill :  
 Yet, as well pleas'd (o temporizing Wit !)  
 He seems t' effect hir pleasure willingly ;  
 And all his Reasons to hir Reach doth fit ;  
 So, like the World, gets loue by flattery.  
 That this is true, a Thousand Witnesses  
 (Impartial Conscience) wil directly proue ;  
 Then, if we would not willingly transgresse,  
 Our Will should swayd be by Rules of Loue :  
 Which hides the Multitude of Sins, because,  
 Hir Sire, thereby, to him his Seruants draws.

D

(17)

IT is no easie skill to rule aright :  
 The Helm of State one Hand can hardly sway :  
 They must needs vse the left, as wel as right,  
 That in a right Course wil a Kingdome stay :  
 For, like as *Hercules* (as Poets faine)  
 Was gotten in a Night as long as two,  
 Because that Phebus did his horses raigne  
 Till *Jupiter* that Deed, did throughly Do :  
 So, a right Statseman must of force be bred  
 In a long Night of Silence, and sad thought ;  
 And in deep skill should hide his subtil Head,  
 Till his skill be Herculean as it ought ;  
 And then, though Atlas on him Heau'n impose,  
 He that huge Burden, staidly under-goes !

(18)

WHen *Verity* and *Vertue* be at one  
 With Peoples-loue (cald Popularity)  
 They (like a forewind in the Poop) driue on  
 The Owner to sway Kingdoms easilye :  
 But, if this tripple Vnion be at ods  
 The lack of one may cause the wrack of al :  
 Although the lackers were terrestrial gods  
 Yet wil theyr ruling reel, or reeling fall .  
 I grant, a time Vice may haue good successe,  
 And rule at wil, by rules of Policy ;  
 But in Conclusin twill haue nothing lesse,  
 If true the rules be of Diuinity :  
 For, who doth rule by Rules that vertue lack,  
 In *Vices* spight his Rule shalbe his wrack.

(19)

MEn ouertold in Common-Wealth affaires  
 Gett much *Tantalian* wealth by wealthie paines ;  
 Which they enioy not through vncessant Cares :  
 So, all their Comfort is in Care, and Gaines.  
 Good reason then, that they should care to gett,  
 Who gett great Cares, by getting great Cōmands :  
 That will not let them sleepe, sith sleepe thy lett :  
 For, who sleeps well in Bands, though Golden Bands?  
 Well fare they then with glittering Miseries :  
 Though they fare costly, yet they coldly fare :  
 That feede on nought, but what doth feede the Eyes,  
 And cloy their Stomackes with consuming Care.  
 Care for such *Gaudies* who so list for mee,  
 Sith Commons much more Common better bee.

(20)

DAm'd *Avarice* (like a slie greedie Whore)  
 Stirrs vp Desire, and pleasure doth forbidd :  
 And makes hir Louers starue amidst their Store,  
 As *Midas* with his golden Viands did.  
 All other *Lusts* them selues helpe euery way :  
 For, who's a Glutton that will spare to feede?  
 Or who are carnall that forbear the plaie  
 Vpon an appetite to acte the Deede?  
 But wealthie *Misers* haue not what they hold :  
 And, money vse not, through desire of it :

As, wee should Clothes forbear for being cold :  
 And, for wee hungrie are, eate not a Bitt.  
 This is an *Ill* that *Good* doth most abuse,  
 Because it loues the good, it hates to vse.

(21)

A Time there was when as the *Moone* desird  
 The Sunne to make hir a fitt Peticote ;  
 Who did refuse to doe what shee requir'd,  
 Sith hee in hir suche often change did note :  
 So, can no wisdom well proportion out  
 To these *Phantasticks* (various, as vaine)  
 A rate of Wealth to bring the yeare about,  
 Sith now they loue, what straigthe they lothe againe.  
 These, of all light Things, burden most the Earth ;  
 Of whome their is no helpe, no hope, no vse ;  
 Whose Mothers labor'd idly in their birthe,  
 To beare such idle Things, for Things abuse :  
 Each Slaue to vice may vs'd bee in his kind,  
 But ther's no vse of the vnconstant Mynd.

(22)

THE ignorance of the *Omnipotent*  
 Into two Branches doth it selfe diuide,  
*Atheisme*, and *Superstition*, either bent  
 From *Truth*, and in their backward bent abide.  
 The First, incountring Natures stiff, and hard,  
 Begets in them scorne of Religion :  
 The last, with supple Natures, more afeard,  
 In them ingenders Superstition.  
 These, to Religion, are the two Extreames ;  
 Twixt whome she rests, a Vertue most Diuine !  
 Crown'd with three in One rare Diadems,  
 By Heau'n's great Thre in One, or single-Trine !  
 These Two bewitche the World ; for, at this daie  
 Most pray amisse, or els they misse to pray.

(23)

PLeasure with Profitt is the Pynn whereto  
 Best Penns direct their best directed ayme ;  
 Which if they splitt, they do as they should do ;  
 And iustly, for it *Glories* prize they claime.  
 Now from my *Will* (well-bent as I suppos'd)  
 (With Shafts of the indeuors of my Witt)  
 I haue roud at this Point, and them disposed  
 As the Winde sate abrode, the Pynn to splitt.  
 If I haue shott too much on the left hand,  
 I (as not weather-wise) the Wind mistooke :  
 Yet I considred both the Aire, and Land ;  
 But, though my Shafts can neither of them brooke,  
 I loost them right ; though light mine Arrowes were,  
 Yet some being weightie, I must needs bee neere.

(24)

P<sup>L</sup>ato putts difference these Tearmes betweene  
*A Man Is not, and is, that hath no Beeing* :  
 For in the first a *Nullity* is seene,  
 Which with nor *Sence*, nor *Substance* hath agreeing.  
 The other showeth but the difference  
 Betweene the *Cause*, and *Matter* ; or, more plaine,

Between the *Pow'r*, and *Passion*; wherein *Sence*  
 Perceanes that Odds doth really remaine:  
 For, *This* distinguisheth twixt that which *Is*  
 (Yea, of *It* selfe *Is*, euermore the same)  
 And *That* which of another's *That*, or *This*,  
 Yet holds not *This* nor *That*, but alters Frame:  
 So, *Man* compared with his constant *Cause*,  
 No *Being* hath at all, by *Natures* Lawes!

(25)

Since first I came of yeeres my selfe to know,  
 To know my selfe, I haue done what I can;  
 Who am not as I am in outward show,  
 And yet I seeke to show my selfe a man:  
 For, sith of *Soule*, and *Body*, I consist,  
 And that my *Body* for my *Soule* was made,  
 I ought, in searching of that *Soule*, insist  
 Sith that's my selfe, that *Is*, and cannot fade:  
 Shee *Is*: that is, (Like hir *Originall*)  
*Immortall*, and *inuisible*: that is  
 Past comprehension of Witt naturall,  
 So, still I search, to know, to know I misse:  
 Then, if my knowledge bee but this to know  
 That I know nothing, I am humbled so.

(26)

The *Accademicks* held it better farre  
 Quite to distrust th' *Imagination*,  
 Then to beleue all which it doth auerre,  
 Which breeds more false, then true opinion:  
 Then, sith the case so stands with this *Soules* Powre,  
 We should suspend our Iudgment, sith Things seeme,  
 Not as they bee (though *Sence* the same assure)  
 But, bee (but in Conceite) as them we deeme:  
 For, through the *Sences* Chanells that doth runne,  
 That is conuaid to the *Intelligence*:  
 Then, *Sence* (as in the greatnesse of the *Sunne*)  
 Being deceau'd, deceaues eache inward *Sence*:  
 O then, for *Men*, who seeke but good to show,  
 How long ought wee suspect they are not so?

(27)

So long as Vnity retaines hir might  
 She is but only One: the Number Two  
 Breeding but difference: so indefinite  
 Doth stil deuide, that so it may vndo;  
 Eu'n so a Word, or Speech will they abide  
 But in the Thought It's cald a Secret right:  
 But if put forth, forthwith abrode it glydes:  
 For, words haue wings as swift as Thought in flight.  
 A Ship, vpon her Wings (the Sailes) may be  
 In roughest winds stayed by her Anchor hold,  
 When she would into wel-known dangers flee,  
 And so the same from viter rack withhold:  
 But speak a word, and nought shal let it hie,  
 Oft to the rack of him that let it fly.

(28)

Then, if we show (what vnshown haue we would)  
 To any other, we bewray thereby  
 We ween theil keep that closer then we could:  
 So, shew our Secrets for more secresie.  
 But do the Geese, that into *Cicily*  
 Ouer the mountain Taurus fly by night,  
 Gag them with Stones, for Gagging as they fly,  
 Lest Eagles breeding there should stop their flight?  
 And shall men haue lesse Wit then witlesse Geese  
 To make that known that Wit wold close conceal,  
 And put no Gag into their glib Mouth-peece,  
 But (like Tame Guls) by gagling it reueale?  
 Then, if my Tongue were of this twatling kinde,  
 It should more tast my meat, then feel my mind.

(29)

They that haue skill to keep, and nourish Bees,  
 Do hold that Hiue wherein most noyse they make  
 To be the best, or with them best agrees  
 Who, to the same, most honied Riches rake:  
 But they that haue the charge of humane Swarmes,  
 Do hold them happiest when they quietst be:  
 And furthest off from vproares, and Alarms,  
 As hauing honied Sufficiency!  
 Sufficiency, the Nurse of Rest, and Peace:  
 For excesse breeds excesse of Sin, and Shame:  
 And Sin, and Shame do wars, and Woes increase:  
 Where, Wasps make honied Ritches spoile, their game:  
 Then, in our treble Hiues of treble Realmes,  
 We want no peace, because we want Extreames.

(30)

The Frosty Beard, inclining al to white,  
 The Snowy Head: or Head more white then Snow,  
 The Crow-foot neere the Eyes, Browes, Furrow'd quite,  
 With Trenches in the Cheeks, Experience show.  
 These are the Emblems of Authority;  
 Which ioyned to those do much augment her might:  
 These are the Signes of Reasons Soueraignty,  
 And Hyeroglyphicks, spelling Iudgement right.  
 These are the Trophies rear'd by Times left hand  
 Vpon the spoile of Passion, and her Powres:  
 We, by these Symbols, Wisedome vnderstand,  
 That vs directeth, and protecteth ours:  
 All these in me begin to come in sight,  
 Yet can I hardly rule my selfe aright.

(31)

All Dignities that sodainly begin,  
 And gloriously increase in hast, post hast,  
 So orerunne *Enuie*, that shee cannot synne,  
 Nor synne before; for, straight hir pow'r they past.  
 If *Flax* on fire bee put, it makes no smoke,  
 Because it, in a moment, falls to flame:  
 No more can *Enuie*, *Pompe* to fume prouoke,  
 That on the suddaine blazeth on the same.  
 But *Greatnesse* gotten slowlie by degrees  
 Lies most expos'd to *Enuies* crueltie;

Those Beames are faint, and, vs'd thereto, shee sees  
Them at the brightest, with a banefull Eye :  
Then, blessed They that are from State exempt,  
That lies expos'd to *Envy*, and *Contempt*.

(32)

THE more vnlike to God, the worse the Man ;  
Things most like Gods, vnlike, are most vile things :  
God *Brightnesse* is, with Him it first began ;  
The Deuill is darkenesse, and from him it springs.  
Who's bright, or loueth brightnesse, is like God :  
Who's darke, or Darkenesse loues, is like the Deuill :  
Who then in Darkenesse liues, or makes abode,  
Doth liue like Gods vnlike, the *Fount* of Euill—  
To liue, or die alone, it is all one ;  
Saue that, of both *extremes*, to die is best ;  
The Beasts most brute, delight to liue alone,  
And whosoe liueth soe, liues like a Beast :  
I cannot thinke that Men such Beasts will bee,  
For, Men, and Beasts lyue with their like we see.

### 5 Sonnets in praise of Eminency or a publike Life.

(33)

WEalth of *Heau'n's Heau'n*, and Want of *Hell* of  
*Hells* :  
Angells renowne, and *Mens* euangeliz'd :  
The *Summ*, of all their *All* imparadiz'd ;  
*Glorious Elixir*, that it selfe excells !  
*Blacknesse*, *Antipodes* : *Fowlenesse*, Opposite :  
*Mindes* ioye, *Loyes* blisse, and *Blisses* blandishment :  
*Laudes* Crowne, *Crownes* pompe, and *Pompes* best  
ornament :  
*Rynnet* of *Darknesse*, lightly turning it :  
*Deathes* death, *Lifes* life, and life of *Lifes*, liues *Life* :  
*Eyes* eye, *Witts* eye, *Soules* eye, Eye of all Eyes :  
*Fames* pride, *Prides* foile, yet *Folles* doth scandalise :  
Gods glory, *Glories* God, and stay of strife !  
*This is obscure*, and yet tis *extreme Light*,  
*Manns Summum bonum*, and Gods *Soules delight* !

(34)

TO Liue alone, alone is not to liue ;  
To die alone, alone is not to die :  
For, Death is Life to such a liueslesse one  
That liues alone, and lothes all Company.  
Who liues alone, alone doth lyuing Die,  
Who dies alone, alone doth dying liue :  
For, *Life* gaue life for sweet Societie,  
And Death, for Life, and Life, for Death did giue.  
*Earth's* not alone, for *Earthlings* creepe vpon it ;  
And *Water's* not alone, for *Fish* liue in it :  
*Ayre's* not alone, for *Sprights* liue in, not on it :  
And, *Cricketts* Liue with *Fire*, as all haue scene it :  
Since these are all, from whence all Creatures spring,  
Who liues alone, liues not like any Thing !

(35)

THEN least alone, when I am most alone,  
Quoth one that least loud most *Mens* Company :  
But what hee? a Ruler ; such a one  
Oft liues alone to keepe Societie :  
For, Kings (whose cares are how from cares to keepe  
Their Subjects liues : in *Lifes* Communion,)  
Oft liue alone, and wake when sound they sleepe,  
That he with them may sleep when theirs is gon.  
But priuate Men, if they too priuate are,  
Are most iniurious to *Mens publike good* ;  
And who are such, liue past all kind of Care ;  
So liu'd not Hee, that for *Mens* spent his bloud :  
If hee (kind *Lord*) had lou'd to liue alone  
Hee had not died, and wee had liu'd vnknowne.

(36)

MARtha, and Mary (two of his belou'd  
That was the Sonne of Mary, mother-Maide)  
Chose diffrent liues (by *grace*, and *Nature* mou'd)  
*Contemplatiue*, and *Actiue* (as its said)  
Mary, the first, the last, did *Martha* choose :  
The first, preferred was before the last :  
By Him, for whome she did the last refuse,  
Through whom she was, therefore, with *glory* grac't :  
If glorified she were, then not obscure :  
And if with Him shee were, then not alone :  
Alone she was with Him, vpon whose powre  
All Creatures rest, yet still hee rests all one :  
But such a one, as euery One attends,  
Who liues alone then, liues not like his *Friends*.

(37)

I cannot say but Beauty is a Gulft :  
But to fewe giuen that haue other grace :  
For, it the minde about it selfe doth lift  
Although the *Minde* and *Body* bee but base.  
*Beauty* is bright, then, then tis light lightly,  
And if too bright, too light, too oft, it is :  
Yet tis the Signe where *Grace* doth vse to lie,  
But if thrust out, the Inne is most amisse.  
And most amisse, to misse what most adorne,  
And hath but meere stained-painted Walls :  
Which *Vice* doth honour much, but *Virtue* scorne :  
Sith It, to Vice, from *grace*, and *Virtue* falls :  
Then *Beauty* if thou bee not *Graces* Inne,  
*Grace*, suing to thee, sueth but to *Sinns*.

(38)

YET what a precious *Pearle*, in *Worlds* account,  
(*Pearle* in the *Worldes* Eyes, that doth blinde  
those Eyes)  
Fraile *Beautie* is, appears by *Beauties* woont,  
That Coulors now hir faults with Forgeries.  
Did euer *Sunne* (bright Eye of *Heau'n* ! ) yet see  
Complexions in our Streets set (Cried) to sale,  
Before these *Times* made them so vtter'd bee :  
Which makes chaste *thoughts* good cheape, as being stale?  
If euer, neuer was there such a *Sunne*  
Vnlesse the Deluge (springing) saw the same :

If then they coulord, twas by it ore' runne,  
To better it, because it was too blame :  
Those *Waters* varnisht it, and made it c lenne,  
So wishe I varnisht euerie painted (*queane*.) ?

(39)

**B**Vt mad, or desprate Muse, what meanst thou thus  
To touch this Couloring with this hard Touch.  
Sith that thou knowst some, somewhat vertuous,  
Do vse to Colour somewhat more then much ?  
Some, good, as great (but neither great, nor good :  
For, Greatnesse scornes hir goodnesse so to blot)  
Do make their bloud dissemble with their bloud :  
Which (for a Colour) seems what it is not.  
Still worse, worse, ceasse, ceasse foole-hardy Muse,  
Thou art too biter so such Sweets to grieve :  
Thinkst thou that those which thou dost so abuse,  
Will euer grace thee, much lesse thee relieue ?  
But, o did all as thou dost, they should rest  
Rewards vnto themselues, and please the best.

(40)

**L**ate in a Lodging, where I vs'd to lie,  
A Picture, pincht, hung therein, in my walk :  
Which, one way, had a faire-Maides Phisnomy :  
The other way, an Apes, which seemd to talk :  
So, that Face had two Faces, in one Hood :  
A faire Maldes, and an Apes : which seem'd to me  
She was not mad, in mirry mood :  
That, vnder mirth, hid graue morality :  
For, to my Thoughts (that may with his agree)  
He seem'd to touch our Apish painted Dames,  
Who counterfet the Beauty, which they see,  
And make the Boords, their faces : to their shames :  
But, Wainscot Faces cannot blush, a whit,  
But when they lay on Red, which seemeth It.

(41)

**S**weet Beauty beare this bitterest abuse :  
If thou abuse thy selfe, why should not he ?  
Of whom thou hast, in this Tract, made good vse  
(In gaudiest Colours) by out-painting Thee :  
Thou canst not hurt me more then by thy Looks,  
Then thy good Looks I need not much to waigh :  
My sight thy Back, then Forepart better brooks :  
Then, when thou seest me turne some other way :  
Vnto mine Eyes, thou art a Cockatrice,  
Who dost infuse, through them, into my Hart,  
The vertue of thy powr, which doth (like *Vice*)  
Wholly confound my single-double Part :  
Then, if thou wilt damme for myne offence,  
Looke well on me, to plague my Soule, and Sence.

(42)

**S**ith Good thou lou'st (o God, Goods only Drift !)  
Why giu'st thou me a Mind which Ills deprauē ?  
If Grace I cannot haue, without thy guift,  
Why plagu'st thou me for that I cannot haue ?  
Can my powr make thy Powr obedient be,  
(Myne being so fraile, and Thine so infinite)

That, maugre thine, I might wrest Grace from Thee,  
And, with strong hand, to rend from Thee thy Sprite ?  
O no ! it cannot : but, its in my powr  
To Sin, and so, to thrust thy Spirite from myne :  
Then, o thou Fount of goodnesse, on me powr  
(What's farre, aboue my reache) that Spirit of Thine :  
If not, I can but feare, that can but fall :  
So, can despaire, but cannot do withall.

(43)

**S**orrow, the Salue, and Sore of deadly Sin,  
Sister of mercy, Mother of Remorce  
Who by thy being lost, dost Being win :  
And, through thy strengthes decay, augmentst thy force.  
Who, while thou hurt'st, thou healst (together both)  
So, takst away thy Beeing, with thy Beeing :  
Who loath'st to loue because thou lou'st to loath,  
That which doth giue thee sight, or blinds thy seeing :  
O thou sweet-Sowr-sowr-sweet, (each way too true !)  
Sweeten that Sowr that Sowrest death doth seek :  
Make sweet, sowr Sin, by making Death (hir due)  
Dy, sith I liue, by Sin, made truly meek :  
For, when-as Ill, by Grace, make good our Mood,  
Grace lets Ill Bee, that so, it may be good !

(44)

**T**Rue loue is Charity begun to Be,  
Which Is, when Loue beginneth to be true :  
But, to the high'st growes louing-Charity  
When she the High'st alone doth loue to view.  
O Charity ! that euermore dost flame  
In that dread Maiesties eternall Brest.  
When, by thy heate, shal thy Loue lose hir name.  
And made to flame, like Thee, in restless rest ?  
Well featur'd Flesh too base a Subject is  
For Sou'raign Loues diuine, ay-blest, imbrace :  
The Loue of Flesh loues nought but flesh, but this  
Loues nought that sauors of a thing so base :  
Then, be the Priest, and as an Host, Ile dy  
Offerd to Heau'n in flames of Charity.

(45)

**S**ith Truth it selfe, cal's this life sowr, as vaine,  
What is lesse sensible then Sence, that deemes  
It Sweet, sith so to sensual sence it seemes  
Which not a thought in one state doth remaine.  
I see it such, with Obseruations Eyes  
That ey the inside of all outward Showes ;  
Which cleerly showes, Life ebs the more it flowes,  
And when it longst hath lyued soonest dyes.  
A King this moment, that Kings adoreate,  
The next, a Corse, Slaues loath to look vpon :  
Then, was he King but in opinion,  
Which alters with the altring of his state ;  
O then sith Life is but a dreame of breath,  
In this lifes Dream Ile nought but dream of deth.

(46)

**T**He Seas vnfit to saile on, if too calme :  
 As it is when it is too turbulent :  
 Then, the meane motion sets it so a walm  
 As doth the Sailors Eare, and Eye content :  
 So, neither too calme, nor too rough a Mind  
 Giues Vertue Way, whose waies are in the Mean :  
 In Loue, if Passion do not Reason bind  
 Their Action to the Clouds commends the seane :  
 Hatred, and Ire makes way, (and Lets put back)  
 For Iustice, and for Prowesse t'act their Parts :  
 Courage is cold, and Iustice is but slack  
 If Ire and Hatred did but stir their Harts :  
 Then, sith Loues passion, may with Reason hold,  
 Good reason we should loue as Reason would.

(47)

**I**F Nature cannot make Desire to cease  
 In Compasse of the Meane, let Grace thy Guest  
 Giue head, where Excesse is the meane to peace,  
 And the Extreame the midst of endlesse rest.  
 For, Grace hath Passion giu'n for Natures aide  
 While they in Vertues Compasse walke the Round :  
 And moue to Goodnesse when themselues are staid :  
 But otherwise, they do their Stay confound :

For, as excesse of Vertue is but Vice,  
 And, too much of the best, becomes the worst :  
 So, extream Passion doth much preiudice  
 And make them who have most, the most accurst :  
 Then if thou wilt be passionate, and blest  
 Passion must stir thee, but in peace, to rest.

(48)

**T**O draw such Lines as will not hold the straine  
 (If they be stretcht vpon the Rack of Wit)  
 Is labour no lesse villifide, then vaine :  
 And,—for Times grac'd by finding fault,—vnfit.  
 But, such to twist vpon the Wheele of Thought,  
 As may hold stretching though all Racks them straine,  
 Do grace their Worker, sith they are well wrought,  
 And drawne of matter that drawes out the Braine.  
 Such lines will reach, if to the vtmost streind,  
 Aboue Delight, short of Society :  
 And are so strong that Enuy is constraind  
 To say thei'l hould beyond hir pow'r to trie :  
 For, when the Sunne doth in our Zenith light  
 He makes no Shade, his Beames descend so right.



## *An amorous Colloqui twixt Dorus and Pamela.*

**I**N a Garden rich of Flowers  
 Walld with Baies, and Hawthorn Towres :  
 In a Towre the rest forsaking  
 Wo kept *Philomela* waking.

Here heard Dorus and his Saint  
 This Birds musicall Complaint :  
 While they harkned to her singing,  
 Their hands were each other wringing.

When their Eares were cloid to heare  
 Notes that neuer cloie the Eare !  
 Sith Hands, Harts did so discouer,  
 Dorus thus did Woo his Louer.

Sweet you see, and feeling see,  
 How our Hands, and Harts agree  
 And sith Hands, and Harts conspir  
 Let vs likewise in Desier.

Time, and place vs both do woo,  
 To do that we needs must do,  
 If we will be linkt for euer  
 With the knot that none can seuer.

Time, once past, returneth not :  
 Place, once lost, is hardly got.  
 Then sith both attend our Pleasure,  
 Let vs waite vpon their leisure.

Think not Lust corrupts my loue,  
 Though effects of both I proue :  
 Sith that lust, alone, seems acting  
 Where Loue, only, is Compacting.

This Coniunction I desire  
 Not to quench vnhalloved fire,  
 But sith I would onely owe thee,  
 I, in loue alone, would know thee.

Of himselfe Loue iealous is,  
Lest he should in duty misse,  
Sith it is his bounden duty  
To do seruice still to Beauty.

Bound, nay treble bound I am,  
By thy Beauty, Grace, and Fame,  
That no Right should be neglected  
Due to one so much affected !

Sith Loue can no better doo,  
Then to make still One, of Two :  
That Loue, Loue is best acquiting  
That comes nearest to vniuing.

My Soule from my Lips would flie,  
And, of Thine to Thine would hie,  
That their Powres they might be mixing  
In desire of faster fixing.

Sith our Soules (through Loues desire)  
Labour thus to be intire :  
O ! then let our Bodies being  
Make one Essence, through agreeing.

So to be, is to be One :  
Which is by Coniunction :  
One in Spirit, and Flesh, and either  
Made by Coupling fast together.

This I long for, but not long  
That this should thy Vertue wrong :  
Sith its vertue in affection  
That desires to make Connexion.

When desire hath had his will  
Thou shalt be what thou art still :  
Myne owne life whose fame I tender,  
More then what my life can render.

My Loue's Loue, whose obiect is  
Vertues beauty, Beauties blisse ;  
Nere made poore, for Fleshes pleasure,  
Sith her Meanes are without measure !

Loue it self it selfe doth hate  
Till it be incorporate  
With his deere beloued Obiect,  
Raiguing in It, to It subiect.

O then, Deere (more deere to me  
Then my lifes felicity)  
Yeeld O yeeld, without gainesaying,  
Sith that Danger's in delaying.

This he said and saying straue  
To enioy what he would haue :  
Warred with Fire and Sword of Louers,  
While her Forces he discouers.

Forces put in Beauties hand,  
Which rare Vertues did command :  
Wherewith She him so restrayned  
As the fight grew more vnfaired.

Loth she was to put him back,  
But more lothd hir Honors wrack.  
Thus while Resolution houerd,  
Resolution he discouerd.

Spare, O spare my deere Deere  
(Quoth she to him) Victor neere,  
Let me die ere liue deposed  
Of my Trust in Thee reposed.

Thee my Loue doth so obey  
That it hates to say thee nay :  
Did not Vertue, bid myne Honor  
Charge my loue to waite vpon hir.

Tis no scruple loue doth make  
That thou shouldst such tribute take :  
Sith thou art my loues true owner,  
But I feare the soile of Honor.

Sweet, deere Sweete, let be let be :  
Wrong not Right thou hast in mee.  
O ! forbear vniuill action,  
Which procureth ciuil faction.

If the best bloud of my Harte  
Would but ease thy easiest smart,  
I protest I would effuse it,  
That thou mightst, at pleasure, vse it.

Can my Dorus feelee annoy  
And Pamela ease enioy ?  
No, the smarte of thy least finger  
Galls my Soule lik Conscience Stinger.

Arte thou Rackt ? thy Rack constraines  
The convulsion of my vaines :  
Where-in flowes the Sanguine Humor  
That from thee should wash fowle Rumor.

Loue me (Sweet) but loue me so  
That me, faultlesse, thou maist kno :  
So to know me, is to know mee  
Worth the loue which thou dost ow me.

My Hart shrines thy louing Hart,  
Still in me thou bideing art :  
Do not then polute thy Temple  
With the filth of fowle Example.

Thou shalt haue me how thou wilt  
When such hauing hath no guilt :  
Bvt if now I should yeeld to thee,  
I should feare I should vndo mee.

Sith I should seem most obscene  
In my Soules Eye, pure, and cleane :  
If not, I should ban my Folly  
To loue such a soule vnholly.

Do what ere thou wilt with me,  
So thou make me meet for Thee :  
Thou art good, none can mistake Thee  
(Being noble) good, then, make me.



He be Thine while good I am,  
 Neuer Thine with euill name :  
 Let me glory but in glory  
 Brightning our Affections Story.

Yet (deere Sweet) these Lips of mine  
 Shall still Labour more then thine  
 With sweet Words and sweeter kisses  
 To misse no ioy but Amisses.

I will melt with feruor free,  
 And infuse my selfe in thee,  
 That thou shalt possesse me wholly,  
 So thou wilt possesse me holy.

I, perhaps do wish that done  
 Which in Loue, we haue begun :  
 (Blamelesse) so to blesse thy Fortune  
 With what, now, thou dost importune.

But, till then (as Reason would)  
 Hold thou all that I do hold,  
 Thou shalt haue all (said shee weeping)  
 But what is in Honors keeping.

O then, Sweet, perswaded be  
 Witenesse be my Teares with me,  
 How loath I am to displease thee,  
 If with honor, I could please Thee.

Hereupon in *Dorus* Eyes  
 Teares of ioy, and griefe did rise,  
 And while words were issue seeking,  
 Hands, hard wrong, exprest their speking.

Yet at last, when Passion had  
 Ceast, in being Woe, and glad,  
 Louing *Dorus* his Tongue tried  
 To vnfold what it denied,

While (quoth he) *Pamela* deere  
 I thy charming Reasons heare,  
 I am so enchanted by them  
 As I want will to deny them.

But let me, o let me take  
 The deere offer thou didst make :  
 Which was harmlesse kindest kissing,  
 Sith it is my greatest blessing.

Herewith he her Body clips  
 Sucking Sucket from her Lips :  
 Twixt whose sucking, all his Speeches  
 Were as sweet, as full of breaches.

Though quoth he (and then he kist)  
 Sweet, I should (and then he mist  
 Of what he was then in speaking  
 Kisses still his Speeches breaking.)

Though, I say (said he) yet then  
 Lips fore Tongue, and Wit did ren :  
 My Lips ner should ceasse to kisse thee  
 My Lips nere shold too much blisse thee.

Should I life, and breath consume  
 In thy blisfull Breaths perfume,  
 I could neuer too much loue Thee,  
 Sith as good as kind I proue thee.

For, as in a Glasse, I see  
 What I ought to be, in thee.  
 Sith thou dost my faults Discouer,  
 Making me a perfect Louer.

I will loue thee as I should  
 That is, so as Reason would :  
 Reason would such diuine Graces  
 Should be loud with chaste Embraces.

Come, the Rector of my Soule,  
 Which Commands by thy Controule,  
 Who hast giun hir Reason power  
 Ore sweet Sin, and Passion sower.

Come then (Sweet) let vs from hence  
 Walke in Loues Circumference :  
 Till we may (within the Center)  
 Do these Rights without aduenter.

### *The picture of Formosity.*



Ho would my LOVES diuine Idea see

<sup>1</sup> (So to diuine his humane fantasie)

Looke in these Lines which her delineate

And see an heaunly Forme in earthly state !

Hir Haire, Golds Quintessence, ten times refind,  
 (In substance far more subtile then the Wind)

<sup>2</sup> Doth Glorifie that Heauns Diuexity,

<sup>3</sup> (Hir Head) where Wit doth raigne inuincibly :  
 Hir Front's the Field wherein, in loue, contends

True Grace and Grauity for gracefull Ends :

Whose doubtfull Conflict giues vndoubted grace

<sup>4</sup> To Loues extreamst Horizon, hir sweet face,

On the declyning of this upper Plaine

(Where Modesty in Maiesty doth raigne)

<sup>5</sup> An heaunly Hemispheare oreCanopies

<sup>6</sup> Two Sunnes, the Lights of earthly Paradise :

Who, with the force of their faire influence,

Delight Mens inward, light their outward sense.

In which faire Mirrors all Eyes loue to prie,

Sith there themselues they glad and glorifie.

<sup>7</sup> Her Cheekes ! Lyllies, and Roses are too fowle

For Similies, t' expresse true Beauties Soule :

For, there that Soule imparadized lies

Like Grace, alone, that makes it ioy of Eyes !

Two Dimples, like two Whirlepits, there appeare,

More beauty to deuoure then Flesh can beare !

<sup>8</sup> Hir Nose, the Gnomon of Loues Diall bright,

Doth, by those Sunnes, still shadow out that light

That makes Times longest howres, but Moments seeme !

For Months but Minutes, Senses ioyd, esteeme.

<sup>9</sup> Her Lips ! blush Cherries, Currall, Rubies blush :

<sup>1</sup> Haire. <sup>2</sup> Head. <sup>3</sup> Forehead. <sup>4</sup> Face. <sup>5</sup> Eyebrow.

<sup>6</sup> Eyes. <sup>7</sup> Cheeks. <sup>8</sup> Nose. <sup>9</sup> Lips.

For your Prim's far inferior to their Flush :  
 Theil gaine the Prize if you, with Them, contend,  
 Whose Beauty's more then Hues can comprehend !  
 Hir teeth. A Row of rarest Margarites,  
 Impale a Tongue that giue all Tongues their Rights ;  
 From whom their Dialect deriues such grace,<sup>1</sup>  
 As Eares it draws with it from place to place :<sup>2</sup>  
 Who, when she lists (with Balme-breaths Ambrosie)  
 Shee it enaires in Prose, or Poësy ;  
 That flow so boldly from her fluent Tongue  
 As if they could not, though they would, go wrong.  
 But ô her Voice ! ô fie I wrong the same,  
 To call much more, no more but by that name ;  
 But, briefly thus ; It is that of those Quires<sup>3</sup>  
 That wonder rap diuine, and humane Eares !  
 Which when she tunes to Siluer-sounding strings,  
 Hir voice much more then Siluer-sounding rings ;  
 So that though she thereto her Voice doth fit  
 Yet sweetest Stringes she makes but foiles to it.  
 Hir Chin (where GRACE hir glory brings about)  
 Is like a Promontory tutting out \*  
 Into a Sea of Sweets, hir Neck, and Brest,  
 Where Beauties<sup>4</sup> Billowes rest still in vnrest ?  
 Whose seemly Swellings beating on this Point  
 Doth Beauties Deluge seem to disappoint :  
 So, BEAVTY sits in Dimple on this Chin  
 To ouerssee the Sweets this Sea within :  
 Who can but touch this Cape (Cape of good Hope)  
 The way from thence, to Pleasure lieth ope,  
 Which lieth on hir Lips, which if Lips touche  
 Pleasure her selfe will at that pleasure gruche.  
 Fall from these Eaues of BEVTYES beaunty house  
 (Where Grace, and Nature are miraculous)  
 Along the Christall<sup>5</sup> Columne that it staies,  
 Then mount my Muse and fly ore Pleasures<sup>6</sup> Seas  
 Into Desires delicious Continent,  
 Where Loues Desire liues, covertly, content :  
 ' Hir Belly bounds the life of Loues desire,  
 With all the Comforts, that it can require :  
 There is the Milky waie that doth direct  
 To loues hid Court, the Court of LOVES Elect :  
 It is th' *Olimpus* where Sense-pleasing Sweetes  
 In actiue games to striue for glory, meets :  
 Vpon the Toppe whereof *Ioues* Alter lies,  
 Where zealous Thoughts their Children sacrifice  
 In flames of lawfull Lust, to Lawlesse LOVE,  
 Where they, with ioy, sweet Martirdomes do proue !  
 Iust at the foote of this my Muses Mount,  
 There lies, but what ! that doth my Muse surmount.  
 T'expresse It as It is, without offence,  
 Such is this Secrets vnknowne Excellence !  
 But, at *Olimpus* Foote runs *Helicon* ;  
 Then thinke what makes good my Comparison  
 (With purest Thought) and so perhappes yee shall  
 Neere gesse from whence Loues *Helicon* doth fall.

<sup>1</sup> Teeth.<sup>2</sup> Tongue.<sup>3</sup> Voice.<sup>4</sup> Chin.<sup>5</sup> Neck and Brest, Paps.<sup>6</sup> Neck.<sup>7</sup> Beosome.<sup>8</sup> Belly.

<sup>1</sup>Hir Thighes, be snowy Standards, gracefully great,  
 Which are (strange Paradox) congeal'd with Heate !  
 Whose Bases, lifted vpwards, hold on hie  
 That Mount, and Fount of Earthes felicitie ;  
 And, growing downwards, small, or Taper-wise,  
 Two Pirameds, reuersed, make hir Thighes :  
 Whose Pointes, depending on a Bony Bowle,  
 With motion meete them, to and fro doth rowle.  
<sup>2</sup>The Biace of which Boowles doth make the knees  
<sup>3</sup>From whence Loues lightest Muses take their veeze  
 To leape into those Seas, which cares destroy,  
 Where to be drown'd is to be drunke with ioy,  
 Those well compacted knees (vnknowne to all  
 Sauc knowne by measures-Geometricall)  
 Are Beauties Hinges : which each Legge and Thighe  
 With nimble-welmade Ioyants together tye :  
 So, that faire Frame which on these Hinges plays  
 Doth, by a Consequent, implice their praise.  
 Then, from hir knees slide downe hir Leggs alonge  
 (Dull Muse, that doth hir Partes perfection wrong,  
<sup>4</sup>And right them in Discription of this Parte  
 Which in a worde, surmounts Discriptions Arte !)  
 Vnto hir Foote, Perfections Pedestall,  
 No more, nor lesse then keepe hir Corpes from fall.  
<sup>5</sup>Which, for the quaint proportion, doth perswade  
 It rather is imaginèd, then made !  
 Now, from hir Heele, to Head, climbe back my Muse  
 Alonge hir Back-Parts and those Parts peruse,  
 With forward-backwardnesse, because they are  
 More Common to hir kind though no lesse rare :  
<sup>6</sup>Hir Butt, but ô quick Witt lend me a Worde  
 That fairly may that Part that Name afforde  
 Fitt for the fairenesse of hir fowlest Parte,  
 But thinke what tis to spare new wordes of Arte :  
 To call them *Hanches* were but to prophane  
 Their names that are for Globes-Celestiall tane :  
 For, they are so composed by Natures Skill  
 That Argent, mixt with Asure, them do fill !  
 But, leaue these Partes (lest partile some perceau  
 That I am loathe these pleasant Partes to leaue)  
 And scale Beauties' Meridan which doth lie  
 Vpon theis Christall Heauns pluralitie.  
 There Lock the<sup>7</sup> Side-railes of this totall Frame  
 Within a<sup>8</sup> Propp, that vpright holds the same :  
 And, for that Propp of many joyntes consists,  
 It seemely stands or bowes which way shee lists.  
 She bows to all, yet none can make hir bowe :  
 For, with the high, Shees high, and low, with lowe.  
 Whose Back beares witnesse that hir Brest is such  
 That stiffy stands, or bows, still more then much !  
<sup>10</sup>A Trench, wise Nature, in the same hath Cutt  
 Where all the hottest Shot of Loue are shutt,  
 That can orecome whatere their force withstand  
 And, though by Loue commaunded, Loue Cōmand.  
 Vpon the Margins of this Trench do lie  
 (That slowlie, by degrees, mount meanelly highe)

<sup>1</sup> Thighes.<sup>2</sup> Apple of the Knee.<sup>3</sup> Knees.<sup>4</sup> Leggs.<sup>5</sup> Foote.<sup>6</sup> Buttocks.<sup>7</sup> hir Back.<sup>8</sup> Ribbs.<sup>9</sup> Righbone.<sup>10</sup> The hollow of the back bone.

<sup>1</sup> Beauties faire Walkes, or Daizie-couered Downes  
 Whereto she flies, for solace, when She frownes :  
 And all alonge downe to the Posterne Gate  
 Where Nature thrusts out that which shee doth hate ;  
 Beauties do runne at Bace, and kindlie take  
 Each other Prisoners for sweete Beauties sake !  
<sup>2</sup> Hir Shoulders, broad ; whereto hir Armes are knitt,  
 Within whose Circuit Ioy doth sadly sitt :  
 Because, that Ioy shee will impart to none  
 But vnto Fames Superlatiues alone !  
<sup>3</sup> Along those Armes (like Armes of Seas, and Brooks)  
<sup>4</sup> Rûne the blew Vaines with many branching Crooks ;  
 Which, in a Soile, with Milk cleane ouerflowne,  
 Do darkly make those Riuer Channells knowne.  
 But ô hir Hand ! (which my Muse Captiue holds  
 And drownes hir in drie-moisture in the Folds)  
 Is a meere Laborinth of Faries, farre sought,  
 That yeelds no comming out t'a wandring Thought.  
 That Hand, in faire Hands, can so show hir mynd  
 That in that show Witt may Witts Substance finde :  
 And handles so eache praised Instrument  
 As Shee of them had supream government.  
 What should I speake of other Qualities  
 Done by that Hand (the Hand of Sciences)  
 Sith no Skill that doth Greatnesse glorifie  
 But hir Hand can, their rarenesse, rarifie !  
<sup>5</sup> The Tables of those Hands LOVE'S Tables are ;  
<sup>6</sup> Hir fingers are the Points, both whitest Ware :  
 Whose Sides are edged with the sweetest Aire,  
 So to distinguish them, more sweete, pure, faire !  
 Here LOVE at Tick-tack plaies, or at Queens-game  
 But, Irishe hates, for hauing Trickes too blame :  
 Here Hee casts Doublets, Double Points to take,  
 (The Hart, and Hand) both which an end do make  
 Of all LOVE'S Games saue when the Vies are paid,  
 Hee playeth with the Prize, for which he plaide.  
 But to paint out hir Part these Parts within  
 I might much more then *Zeus's* glorie winn :  
 But, as he drew a Vaile vpon that Parte  
 Hee could not show by Coulers, nor by Arte :  
 So must I do, and say, nay sweare, it is  
 Vertue Contracted, to abstracted Blisse !  
 For, all hir Parts are the true Properties  
 Of diuine Grace, and Princle Qualities !  
 O Dull Invention how dost thou abuse  
 This Queene of Beauty, Subiect of my Muse ?  
 For that too base is eache Comparison  
 Arte yeelds too blas on Natures Paragon.  
 Then, ô Invention make my Muse confesse,  
 Shee's more then Arte, and Nature can expresse.  
 So, not as I began, my Songe I ende,  
 My LOVES Idea none can comprehend,

*In Loue is no Lothsomnes.*



F but no more then base Bum-fiddling  
 Respected were in Loues delicious Soeane  
 Then, at the Close, such irksome piddling  
 Would make the Acte as odious, as obscene :

<sup>1</sup> The outward hollownes of the back. <sup>2</sup> Shoulders. <sup>3</sup> Armes.  
<sup>4</sup> Vaines. <sup>5</sup> Table of the hand. <sup>6</sup> Fingers.

For, might my Muse, with modestie demaund  
 What pleasure takes fraile Sence in ? It's ynough,  
 To point at That which all do vnderstand  
 A sport, if sport it bee, as rude, as rough :  
 And what feelles Flesh, but Fleshe ? and what is that  
 (Though made in height of Natures Arte and pride)  
 But Dunge, and Dust ? (bee it or leane or fatt)  
 And who to fall to such Filth can abide ?  
 But say that Mother Nature doth procure  
 (For procreations sake) hir fleshly Broode  
 To ioyne together in this Acte impure,  
 Yet it is farre lesse gracefull, then its good :  
 For, did not *Adams* Aples iuyce infect  
 Our perfectst bloud in being ming'd with it,  
 Wee should not this affect, nor scarce effect,  
 As beeing, for pure Saints Edenisd, vnfit :  
 Then should no ioy-pain'd tickling of the Sense  
 (Like that of Arme-Pitts, payning vs with pleasure)  
 Haue drownd our Feeling with the Confluence  
 Of lustfull pleasures fouds, sunck in Displeasure.  
 Wee should not then lie soaking in shames <sup>1</sup> Soile  
 And melting in laciuous Extasie ;  
 Nor should with heat of Lust, our Liuers boile  
 Till our life-bloud bee quite drid vp thereby.  
 Nor should the Marrow-Malady, consume  
 That Oile of life that makes vs strong, and freshe ;  
 Nor should wee neede our Garments to perfume  
 To cloke the stinck of our still-rotting Fleshe.  
 No, Loue hath in it Vertue more Diuine,  
 And the Beloud more Cause of deere delight !  
 Where Vertue sits enthroned in Beauties Shine  
 To make each others splendor double bright.  
 There Modesty to Majesty is knit,  
 And *Venus Dian* Claspes, with chaste embrace  
 There stayd Wisdom's match to nimble Wit  
 And Nature Chequers vp all gifts of Grace !  
 Now, in such Confluence of Diuine graces  
 (That do beheau the Hart, entrance the Mind !)  
 How can base flesh, once mind fleshly embraces  
 When fleshly motions these stayd Vertues bynd.  
 Were Flesh perswaded that an Angell were  
 In Womans Forme within hir Couerture,  
 Could she desire to know a Thing so cleere  
 With other knowledge then diuine, and pure ?  
 No, no, she could not though she were inflamd  
 With Fire that kindled Zodom's hellish fire ;  
 She could not, no, though she sought to be damd  
 (Through hir desire) so damd a deed desires !  
 No more can Loue haue mind of hatefull Lust,  
 Whenas hir Object is Angelicall,  
 But then it doth embrace (as needs it must)  
 That Object with Armes supernaturall :

*This is the highest Heaun of humane Loue,  
 Which none but diuine Creatures seeke to prone !*

<sup>1</sup> To stirre vp throughly the stincking puddle of the filthy  
 manners of the wôitons it would turne vp the stomachs of the  
 honest and chaste beaues through the hatefull and villanous  
 sound thereof. Pithe.

## Essaies vpon certaine Sentences.

*Amanis quid cupiat scit, quod sapiat non videt.*

WOuldst thou (wise Husband) haue thy mariage  
Bed

(Without Satiety,) to giut Desire?

Then Thou, and It must oft be sundered,  
With Loue, and leaue, to make Loue more intire :  
For, no ioy vnder Heau'n, but satiates;  
The more it is, the lesse while it endures :  
And, the lesse vs'd, the more it consoles ;  
The truth whereof, too well-knowne prooue assures.  
Too much of whatsoere, produced by Nature,  
Makes Nature too too much disordered :  
Too much of *Venus* lessens strength and stature,  
In the Ingendrerers and Ingendered.  
And Fire, and Flax must flame, if they do touch,  
And Men and Women ioyne that (bare) embrace :  
Who then do seldome part before *too much*  
Their dearest Embracements doth too much debase.  
To wed a wife, and not to Bed her too  
Were too vnkind a part for Grooms to play :  
To woo, and not vse that for which we woo  
Were Faith, and Hope through strange Loue, to betray :  
But yet to bed hir, and to Lie still by her  
Is more vnkindly done then not to Bed hir :  
And better were it, for Thee, quite to fly hir  
Then not to vse hir well, when thou hast wed hir.  
And well thou dost not vse hir, she may deeme,  
If well thou dost not then thy selfe approue :  
And though of Action she may carelesse seeme,  
Yet may she feare thy slouth is sin in loue.  
Then must Temptation on thy weaknesse work  
If still thou Bed, or rarely Bed thy Wife :  
In each of which, Temptation still doth lurke ;  
And all Temptation tendeth but to Strife.  
Then they from strife, are free, that can, and will  
In marriage Duties vse the Golden Meane :  
For so their Loue is without Measure still,  
And Soules and Bodies are as stronge, as cleane !  
But, all that married are haue not the Guift  
So to Deuide themselves, sith Bedds some haue  
But for them selues (poore Soules) wherewith they shift,  
Who, being One, haue Two, but on's their Graue.  
In reason these should be together thrust,  
Sith they are onely rich in cold Desire,  
Who lie together more for heate, then Lust :  
Heate, that comes only from Afflictions fire.  
Fleshe these do touch as oft as flesh they tast  
That's seld [God wott] so Flesh, and they, are Two :  
A blessed odds that makes the Striuers chaste,  
And makes them liue well, though it them vndoo.  
Now, if this Lore dislikes some youthfull Blouds  
That still do boyle with heate of Loue, or Lust,  
[Which must bee coold (still) in Lusts running Flouds.]  
Then must they do, perforce, what needs they must.  
Ye let them know, to know each other so

Both Grace, and Nature thereby takes offence :  
A man may make his Wife,—well, lett that go,—  
The name of Whore fitts not Obedience.  
But Marriage is by Heau'n, auctorized,  
Sith, by the Heau'n-wright, wrought in Paradise :  
Then, who defiles Hir vndefiled Bedd,  
Makes hir not vertuous, but a Vaile for Vice.  
And ouer much, doth ouer much Defile  
That blessed Bedd, which Grace doth purifie :  
Then lett not Sinne oremuch it selfe beguile  
To think that Bedd, *so much* doth sanctifie.  
And if that any man a wife hath gott  
That lookes but for *so much*, accurst is Hee :  
And Wiues that haue, like Husbands, to their Lott,  
Are like accurst, so, both accurst bee.  
That one, by Heau'n, accurst, by Happ, the other ;  
So, both are curst though in a diuerse kinde.  
But, blessed Father, and a blessed Mother  
Those curst, by Happ, may make, if blest in mind.  
Then, if wee ought, before a Friend we choose,  
To eate much Salt with him, him all to tast  
Wee neede to eate ten times as much with those  
Whose All wee make our All vntill our last :  
For in that Match our selues wee make or marre ;  
Then had wee neede to leaue, before wee take :  
That's leaue our Choise, by choosing better farre :  
Then, leaue our life, ere faith, or Choise forsake.  
Now, you that yet are free, must needs bee bound.  
To him that hath thus freed you (ere this Tye)  
From casting Anchor where you may bee drown'd  
In Seas of Lust, and waues of Miseric.  
Be sure of Sea-roume ere these Surges swell,  
That may lie hidd in deep'st profundities :  
Keepe well that Compasse that may guide you well,  
In mists of Loue to cleere Felicitie.  
The fairest Face hath not still fairest grace ;  
Nor yet the Black, in show, still blacke in Deede :  
Who oft are bright in Mind, though black in Face,  
And oft the fairest Flowers beare blackest Seede.  
Then lest faire Coulor, coulor fowlest Vice,  
Iudge thou of Coulor by cleere Iudgments Eye :  
If Coulor should to death thy life entice,  
Die, without Coulor, ere for Coulor die :  
So that thou liue (and neuer coulor dying  
Which show of life) thy life still glorifying !

*Be not ielous ouer the wife of thy bonome, neither teach  
hir by thy meanes an euill Lesson, Eccles. 9-1.*

YOU that do choose your Wiues as sometimes I  
Haue chosen Kniues : That is, for Beauties sake  
And in your Choise mind but Carnalitie  
You make a Match to marre, and marre, to make.  
Yee marre your selues by making such a Match :  
Yet marre your selues, to make your selues but Beasts :  
Then, in your turning Beasts, oft Hornes yee catch,  
Which the Head beares, how ere the Hart digests.

For, if you needs will Wiue for Wantonnesse  
Then needs you must haue Wantons to your Wiues :  
And if your selues so well loue Lusts excesse  
Its fitt They loue what you loue as their liues.  
But were they good by Kinde, their Kinde you change,  
And make them ouerkinde so, ouernought.  
You learne them strange Tricks, and they teach as  
strange

To others, that do learne but what you taught.  
Therein (like good Wiues) they divulge your Skill  
Because you should bee knowne to be good Doers :  
Then blame them not sith they, for meere good-will,  
Do show their Husbands Conning to their Woovers.  
Nor, will they take to teach, but giue, to learne  
Some other Tricks of others, skild therein :  
Wherewith to please their Husbands, and to earne  
Their liuing if neede bee, for Slouth is sinne.  
Thes Good-ones are made so, by teachers ill  
(Too good at all things that are good for nought)  
If their meanes fail ; yet can thee lue by Skill ;  
Which being Light shall lightly well be wrought.  
But ô fraile Fleshings, Husbands, Hard-heads, Bawdes,  
Note but the end of your iaculous Match :  
Your Wiues gett, Emralds, Rubies, and such Gawdes,  
Which you, of them, and they, of others, catch.  
Shame, and Confusion (with a Fox) Disioynes  
Your dam'd Coniunction, which doth quite deuide  
From Heau'n, your Soules, from Health, your lothsome  
Loynes,

To teach each Groome to choose a better Bride :  
For, whosoeuer drownes his Spirit in Fleahe  
When hee doth handle Flesh, to fitt his gripe ;  
Shall seru'd bee with Trickes still fresh, and freshe  
Vntill he stinck as stale, or rotten-ripe.  
And in thy Choise, thy Choise to handle so  
Thou maist so well be seru'd ; and seru'd well  
Thou art, by hir, which thou didst Loue, to kno,  
Not know, to loue, or loue, as known well.  
I speake not of the Bralls, and Discontents  
(That Ielousie, which still doth Lust besott,  
Doth breede, twixt them, through their misgouerments)  
Though they Want not ; That is, they want them not.  
Then lett thy Mistris bee what likes hir best  
[Though Lust loues not to serue best Mistrises]  
But let thy Wife (in whome thou wouldst be blest)  
Bee farre from Trickes, and Toyes, and Fantasies.  
And looke not in hir Eyes for Lookes t' allure  
(Except thine Eyes b' alurd with modest Lookes)  
But looke to see, through them, hir Spirit pure ;  
So mailest thou coniure Spirits vp by these Bookes,  
That may thy Hart to pure affection moue,  
And in Loues Compass, Compass endlesse Loue !

*Non est eiusdem & multa & opportuna dicere.*

*Erasmus Chiliad :*

**S**ith all my Thoughts are but my Mindes Conceits  
And my Conceits but motions of my Mind,

How is it that my Minde in hir Receits  
Takes not, for Currant, Thoughts well Coynd, by ?  
kinde ?

It is because their Mettall is but meane  
Sith they are forgd but by fraile Fantasie ?  
Or, els because their temper is vnclane ?  
Or, all in one, their value vilifie ?  
Whateere it bee it makes my Thoughts to muse  
That (beeing stamp't by Arte, and forgd by kinde)  
My Minde should yet (as base) the same refuse ;  
Or, naile them vp, where they no passage find  
The cause, I thinke [which Thought may Currant runne]  
Is, [sith shee is a Queene of Fleshe, and Bloud]  
Shee will haue nought [lest all should be vndone]  
Alow'd by hir that is not great, and good !  
Then how escape these counterfet Conceits  
[Base for ther Stuff, and rugged for their Stampe]  
Out of hir Mynt, [alow'd by Iudgments Weightes ?]  
They scape through Passions Mist, and Errors Dampe.  
But can a fault excus'd bee by a fault  
The lesser by the greater farre ? ô no,  
Then this excuse sith downe-right, it doth halt,  
For Currant, with the Vpright cannot go :  
But ist a fault to loue, as tis to hate ?  
Nor, Loue nor Hate are faultie, being iust :  
But, tis a fault to loue (if too too late)  
Because such lone looks too like hatefull Lust ;  
Then if I loue (as Loue is vnderstood)  
My Vnderstanding much misguides my Will :  
Which of hir selfe though [blind still] goes to good,  
If blind Intelligence lad her not ill.  
Then tis the blame of blind Intelligence,  
And whats the cause Intelligence is blind ?  
It blinded is by misreport of Sence :  
For that doth blind the Soule, and lame the Mind.  
But must I sensuall seeme, to seem excus'd,  
Then worse and worse falls out mine ill excuse :  
Twere better say, by Loue I am abus'd,  
Sith I, to loue, haue offred much abuse.  
Abus'd by Loue, with my Lusts consent !  
That is too strange a strength for Loue, or Lust :  
And eithers powr in me, is impotent :  
For, how boiles Bloud, that long since is addust ?  
Wel, be it as it may, it seems my might  
Gives way to what it would, not what it should :  
Which on the bent of my Minds Motions light,  
Puts these right Lines of Loue which long will hold.  
But if they breake when my Mind is vnben't,  
Now shall they breake, for I eu'n now repent.

*Qualis vir talis oratio,*

**F**aces do not more varrie in their Formes  
Then Wits in shap'es, though most be shapelesse  
Wits :

For, breeding base, oft well-shapt Wit deforms ;  
So, that it comes off comly, but by fits.  
And the most part are better fed, then bred ;  
(But, they that feeding want, want Wit, and Wealth :)

Then most Mens Wits are most il fauoured ;  
 And what they show, by Wit, they show by stealth.  
 Yet many Members of that Block-head Body  
 (The Multitude) write idly, without stint ;  
 And he that's not in Print they hold a Noddy  
 Because themselves are Noddies still in Print.  
 Some Ryme, in rage ; which Rage puts Reason downe  
 Yet puts not Reason downe in their Rymes rage :  
 These Arts run rough, but their Rimes (if their owne)  
 With reason runne like a thwart Marriage.  
 Yet if too smooth be this smart Simily  
 (Although it be as rough as Rage, or Wrack)  
 Their Rymes and Reason then, runne like a Cry  
 Of brayning Beasts, that Rime, and Reason lack.  
 Yet ; will they force *Minerua*, not by Arte,  
 But force, or feare, of their wittes strength, or stature  
 (For so these *Asses* weene) to take their part ;  
 So (like the *Giants*) fight gainst God and Nature :  
 Some make, in Prose, great *Tomes* their witts t' intomb,  
 To bee as Monuments of Witt for euer :  
 Yet (sith those *Monuments* no Witt enwombe,  
 Being quite consumed) they continue neuer,  
 The mor's the pittie that such stately Tombes  
 (That oft haue <sup>1</sup> gold without, though drosse within)  
 Should bee gazd on by Learnings drugging Gromes  
 And, by their *Engin*, rasd ; o deadly sinne !  
*Minerua* blesse my Booke, Witts Monument,  
 (A little Monument for lesser Witt)  
 From such vsurping Ben-clarkes violent,  
 Lest they pul out Wittes eies their turnes to fit.  
 Yet will I leaue it them, while fearlesse, I  
 To fury goe in expedition,  
 To trie their Truth, or taste their Tyranny ;  
 The worst is Eylesse desposition :  
 And if it happ, I hope Ile Sion gaine,  
 Sith I the Cause of Sion will maintaine.


*When the ritche man speaks, every man holds his  
 tongue and what he saith is praised vnto  
 the Clouds. Etc. Eccles. 13. 24.*

THE Tongue of truth hath said [then true it is]  
 Through *Indigence* could speake like *Salomon* :  
 The World is mute, or saies he speakes amisse  
 Sith but the golden Asse speaks well alone :  
 Thus, golden Asses clawd by Claw-backs are  
 Where they do ytch, (and but for clawing, itch)  
 Yet (like jades) pinch each other, being bare,  
 And so the Ritche are praisd by poore and ritche :  
 So, from the Wings of Sun-bright Seraphins  
 Pull we our Pens, and make them Nectar flow :  
 Yet if we be not gilt, like Cherubins  
 Our fame shall soare, in deed, but sink in show :  
 This Curry-fauoring World is wise herein,  
 (Though wise herein more then most wickedly)  
 It knowes Detraction is esteemed no sin  
 So that the great be greatly praisd thereby :

<sup>1</sup> Gilt coners.

And they are greatly praisd when all but Theirs  
 Dispraisd is (how lawdable soere)  
 Their fruits (though Crabs) are sweet with Apple-squires  
 Who praise for Loue, and Loue for meed, or feare.  
 They may be bold, they wot well, with the poore ;  
 Who, like pack-horses, beare when Asses bray :  
 They well may wince, but they can do no more,  
 And for their wincing They on them may lay.  
 But heers the comfort, vpright after-Times  
 (Vpright, sith that which Is not, no way bends)  
 Will Lawrell-Crowne them for their roiall Rimes :  
 For Enuies selfe, Desert, if dead, commends.  
 Then, Rimes how ere vnroiall run you on  
 You may, in time, perhaps come neer that Crowne ;  
 Meane while look for no Coronation  
 But such as Enuy giues high-borne Renowne.  
 Yet with your Wit, those aftertimes perswade  
 That some were mard perhaps ere al were made.

*Vpon Apparitions in the Night.*

 E gristly Ghosts that walk in shades of Night  
 Like shades whose substance (though quite  
 Matterlesse)  
 The dayly fowle Offender doth affright :  
 Why make ye Darknesse Paper for your Presse ?  
 Do you imprint in Blacknesse, blacker formes  
 Of matters worse ? or in our Fantasie  
 Impresse ye Figures, raising Horrors stormes ?  
 Or how in darknesse come you to the Eye ?  
 Do you but show ? or show in Substances ?  
 Thicken you Aire (and so a Shape assume ?)  
 Or creepe you in some Corprall Essences ?  
 Or els the sight deceaue with lesse then Fume ?  
 And why o Hell hounds range you in the Night  
 Out of Earthes Center, (your infernall Hold ?)  
 Lothe ye the Sunne ? or is the day too light,  
 To do your deeds of Darknesse as ye would ?  
 Can ye dead Bodies truly actuate ?  
 And so such Bodies borrow of the Saints ?  
 Or can ye wicked Bodies animate :  
 So take from God the cause of his Complaints ?  
 For if you Soules infuse into the ill  
 You are the Father of their Spirites, and God  
 Complaines without cause that they crosse his Will :  
 Nor are they vnder naturally his Rodd.  
 But he it is, alone, that Soules creates,  
 Without whome nought was made that made hath bin :  
 And Bodies good, and Badd he animates,  
 Only he made not Death, first made by Sinne :  
 And what is Sinne, but only meere Defect ?  
 So Sinne is nought : then nought hath Death begott ;  
 And Nothing should, in sense, haue no effect :  
 So, Sinne, and Death Nought made, and Nought Is not :  
 I would it were not, but, too true, it is,  
 But is as Canker doth to Siluer cleaue :  
 So, you, fowle Fiends, that loue such Filth as this  
 Do leaue no Sinners, that no Sinne do leaue.  
 The purest Places you do hold an Hell ;  
 And Places most impure you Heau'n esteeme :

The one do plague, the other please you well ;  
 And so of deeds, of either kinde, you deeme.  
 To be among the deads Graues you are gladd ;  
 Wherein you seeke their senselesse Bones to griue :  
 And loue to rattle them in signe you had  
 The Conquest of Mankind through *Adams Ease*.  
 So by a Woman (your familier)  
 Y' are now familier with Men night, and Day :  
 And which of both Familiers worse do warre  
 With Men, and Reason, it is hard to say.  
 These femine Familiers, but too oft  
 Torment vs men as if you (Flends) they were :  
 Whose hard harts plac'd in their faire Bodies soft  
 Plague, whom that Beauty doth to them indeere.  
 Yet some so filthy are that they are best  
 When they are worst ; that is, when fowle defame  
 With vse of trading ill, their Trade, hath ceast,  
 Then (with a Pox) they liue Chast to their shame.  
 Thus haue we got double Familiars,  
 Women and Duels by a Womans pride :  
 Both which familiarly, wage secret wars  
 With Men, poore Men, that still the Brunt abide.  
 But yet o Passion tax not All, for Some :  
 Some are so far from being Fiends, that they  
 Are Saints and Angels, yet such so become  
 Through Grace (not Nature) which their Natures sway.  
 Many a vertues Virgin Grace hath made ;  
 The chief whereof was that wife full of grace :  
 Who was a Mother-maide, which may perswade  
 All womens foes their friendship to embrace :  
 Yet many *Maries* full of Fiends there be,  
 But no such *Maries* as this Saint we seee.

*Suum cuique pulchrum.*



Hy Self conceit canst thou not brooke to see  
 Or heare, or read, or scarce once thinke  
 vpon  
 The Parts which in another praised be ?  
 Wouldst thou like God, only wise, be praised alone ?  
 And why so praised wouldst be ? for being blind  
 Seeing not thy selfe on whom alone thou lookst ?  
 Or els for clawing thine owne itching Mind ?  
 Or, which is worse, sith thou thy selfe mistookst ?  
 If these (besides which, I know nought thou hast)  
 Be them for which thou wouldst be lawded so,  
 Thy Wits are gone, and thou thy selfe, att past,  
 For these do fleet, where staid Wit doth flo.  
 Thou art but blind, yet scornst thou other guide :  
 But leadst thy selfe in Ways most hard to hit :  
 So, thou thy selfe still leadst thy selfe aside  
 Where Error robs thee of Grace, Art, and Wit.  
 Yet can the witty hardly shake thee off  
 So hardly to their Headpeece thou dost cleaue :  
 That thou blindst, thou makst them see to scoff,  
 Yet hardly take, what they do freele giue.  
 Thou lou'st the Learned, sith they loue thee wel  
 Yea, makst them oft to dote for loue of thee :  
 Thou makst them ween their Art doth Art excell,  
 When they see not they deepe Art cannot see :

For, thou and enuy (ay Consociates)  
 Will not admitte that Arte her selfe should show  
 By other fingers ; but the mynde inflates,  
 Which scornes to looke for highest Arte so lowe.  
 Well, take thi pleasure, so thou me displease  
 Displease me, as tho loust me, sith thou art  
 A mental pleasant ticling damnd Disease :  
 And Ile loue that thou hatst, this louing part  
 Hang not aboute me, tempt me not too much :  
 For I, though fraile doe hold vp hangers on  
 While I can stand, if me in loue theie touch,  
 Though some such oft seeke my subuersion ;  
 And rest assur'd if me thou wilt not leaue  
 Ile muse on nought but thy hopes to deceiue.

*Stultus stulta loquitur.*



Houghts wel conceiued and words as faire, as  
 fitt

Al souldred with substantiall semity,  
 Best shoves the life of Iudgement, Arte and  
 Wit,

Which best Pens haue worst labor to discreye.  
 This is a grace that glorifies the Pen :  
 That imps Fames wings to make her further flee :  
 This is (like god) but seldome seene with men,  
 Though in men by his power, and grace he be.  
 Yet al suppose (that can but draw a Line)  
 That they can draw the picture of this Power,  
 And that their workmanship is so diuine  
 That like that Grace, it euer should endure.  
 And through that self-conceit That is conceald  
 Which they do daily labour (in great paine)  
 To bring to light, which by the World receau'd,  
 Makes her Armes wery, long it to sustaine.  
 It often proues such spritelesse heauy Stuffe  
 (As much mishapt as black, or Mistical :)  
 Yet ween they, They giue Rudenesse such a Cuff  
 As turnes him round, and breaks his neck withal :  
 For Self-conceit will not perswaded be  
 But that hir Bird is fairst, though black and fowle ;  
 Cheifly if she in night of Mystery  
 See best abrode to wander like an Owle.  
 Pens, whither will you ? whither will ye flee,  
 Aboue the Compasse of your natiue powr ?  
 O senselesse Things ! will you still Doing be,  
 The Muses, to their shame, thus to deflowr ?  
 Cease, or take Nectar out of Helicon,  
 And let it flow from you as from that Fount ;  
 Such, only such, do Fames Wings pynion,  
 But others make but gagging Geese to mount.  
 Yet, if you ween you were for Motion made,  
 And were in motion while in Wings you were,  
 Fall to a Notary, or Scriuners Trade :  
 Then may you moue right, being in your Spheare.  
 But o to register the Acts of Wit  
 Forbeare, deer Pens, that make your selues so cheape ;  
 Sith for that Office you are far vnfit,  
 And for your Laboure sowne, but Laughter reape :

But if you'l needs be Lying, yet take breth  
Least all the World do laugh your Lynes to death.

*Candida musarum ianua :*

**A**mong the faults we fell to by our fall  
No one diuides vs more from Pietie  
Then doth self-Loue, which is the sum of all  
The fowle Deformities we caught thereby :  
Hence follow our Follies, and crimes capital ;  
This Fount (wherein, [Narcissus-like] we looke)  
Drownes vs in Blame, which Heaun, nor Earth can  
brook.

Hence is it that we others glorious Guifts  
Do hold as base ; and ours [though meer Defects]  
We do adore : and vse all cunning shifts  
To haue them held for glorious Effects !  
To this tend all our [Wit-purloyning] Drifts,  
Which we in others held, nor Wit, nor Sense :  
But, being Ours (stolne) both haue excellence.

Hence is it that we can no more endure  
Anothers praises, then our owne dispraise :  
Hence seek we others blemish to procure,  
That, on their soile, we may our glory raise :  
We cannot shine directly being obscure,  
Then, indirectly do we send some Beames  
Of glory-vaine, on Self-loues vainer Streames.

Hence, Men of Art deprauae each others Skill,  
Sith it they view with Luciferian Eyes :  
Hence, Poets do each others praises kill  
With keen Inuectiues that from hence arise :  
Hence spare they none whom they haue powr to spill :

And they haue powr to spill themselves, and all  
[If they be great] that stand but neere their fall.  
That Poets should be made to vomit words,  
[As being so rawe Wittes Mawe could not digest]  
Hath to Wittes praise, bin as so many swords  
To kill it quite in earnest, and in Iest :  
Then, to vntrusse him [before Knights, and Lords]  
Whose Muse hath power to vntrusse what not ?  
Was a vaine cast, though cast to hitt a Blott.  
O Imps of Phoebus, while, o why doe yee  
Implay the Pow'r of your Diuinity  
(Which should but foyle Vice from which we should  
flee !)

Vpon impeaching your owne Quality?  
O grace the gracelesse, you that glorious bee :  
Who cannot grace your selues more then to giue,  
A large allowance, poore wittes to relieue.

Written to my deere Friend Maister  
Nicholas Deeble.



Am about it, good *Will* giue me leane ;  
Stirre me not faster then my *Witt* cā moue :  
What though Hee bee my selfe, my selfe  
must giue

My selfe, some time, to show my selfe my loue.  
Show ? ah how Show ? With worthlesse Pen, and Ynck ?  
Alas poore Show ! No, *Nic*, it shall not bee :

And yet it must, my Pen must drinke, or shrinke,  
Sith it doth thirst so sore to write to Thee !  
Then *Ynckpott* by your leaue, a Draught, or two  
Of gaully Liquor you must yeeld my Pen,  
Which (like a Potion drunke) will make him do  
His busnesse kindlie : A Hall Gentlemen.  
Now on, spruse Pen, fall now into your Measures,  
But stay, let me first number them in Minde :  
You are too haste : soft, bee rul'd, take leysure :  
Now, *Single*, well fedd, now, thy Motion's kind.  
Beware thou double not, a single friend  
Cannot endure suche Trickes : but, let thy Feete  
Bee plac'd to please, yet please not to offend,  
And in their motion Rime, and Reason meete.  
I loue Thee for thy Loue, lo, ther's my Reason :  
Nay, didst thou hate mee (as thou maist in time)  
Yet should I loue Witts Salt, which Thee doth season,  
And, thy rare other Guifts : lo, here's my Rime.  
Thus farre, in *measures*, hath my prancing Pen  
To Thee approcht : Pen, homage now : why, so :  
So should it bee, for, still the worser men  
Must paie the better, reuerence which they owe.  
Now Sir, if my rude Pen may fetch yours in  
After the manner of a Cooshin-dance—  
Leaue when you will ; and, as you list begin,  
Your Discords to mine breede no variance :  
But, howsoere your Feete bee placd, they shall  
In Loue, iumpe with my Feete, Hands, Hart, and all :  
Indeed Bee thou my *Damon* then, and I will bee,  
At least a *Pithias* (if not more) to Thee !

*An Epitaph, or what you will, on the death of Maister  
Meece an harmelesse professed Foole who shall  
decease, when it shall please God, and  
him : made at his earnest request.*

**H**ere low he lies that sate still with the Hie,  
For foolish Witt, and honest Knauerie.  
Neuer poore Foole himselfe more wisely bare :  
For, hee gott loue of All, and tooke no care !  
Then, neuer Foole, on this World reeling Stage,  
Plaid his Part better, till fore score of age :  
Then, Time, and Death on him their force did proue,  
And tooke from him this Life, but not our loue.  
Now, make Wormes mirry, Meece, as Thou mad'st Men,  
Vntill in endlesse Mirth Wee meete agen :  
For, to that Mirth if now thou be not gon,  
God knowes what is become of Salomon !  
Who, though Hee knew much Good, and did it to,  
Yet knew much Ill, where hee (much worse) did doo.  
But Thou, (like *Adam*, *Meece*) in innocence  
Knewst not so much as how to giue offence.  
Or, if thou knewst, thou did'st conceale the same ;  
So, like a wise-Foole liudst thou without blame !  
Then, *Meece* sith Death doth play the Foole with Thee  
Shewing his Teeth, laughing illfauour'dly,  
Put on his Pate, thy Capp ; and on his Back  
Thy pide-Coate put, with eu'rie foolish knock :



And say (sith hee sittes quite beside the Stoole)  
 Looke on the Foole that cannot kill a Foole !  
 For I poore *Meece* ; that was a Foole, to Death,  
 Hauē made Death now my Foole, eu'n with a Breath :  
 Sith I haue Cousnd him with only That  
 That made mee to bee mockt, and laughd at :  
 Namely, but with mine onely outward <sup>1</sup> Weede  
 Whereof poore naked Snake, hee stooode in neede :  
 And, I, beeing wearie of it, gaue it, then  
 When I was like to liue with God, and Men.

*For what hath the wise-man more then the Foole  
 Eccles. 6. 8.*

### Other Essayes vpon more serious and sacred subiects.

*Mortall Life compared to Post, and Pare.*

W<sup>H</sup>en well I weigh the state of mortall Life,  
 Mee seemes it seemes but too like Post, and  
 Pare :

Where eache Man seekes to winn, by ciuill strife ;  
 While most make show of more then what they are.

One, vies it, beeing but a Knaue, perchance,  
 Against a King, or Queene, or Paires of both :  
 Out-brauing Cowardize, and Ignorance.  
 And, others part Stakes, that to lose are loth.

Some, Nothing seeme, to gett Some-thing by it,  
 These some, passe all, to goe beyond the rest :  
 These, better their Good-fortunes by good Witt,  
 Who crouch, as beeing worst, till they are best.

Some, some-what giue, to fetch some others in,  
 That so, at last, they may bee furthest out :  
 These, little giue, by small *gifts*, much to winne,  
 Yet oft so loose they all, to winne a Flout.

Some, beeing Pa-riall, dare to do, what not ?  
 Vy, and re-uy, and weene they all shall winn :  
 When some One other better Cards hath gott,  
 That they are furthest out, when furthest in !

Some Elders, for re-uiues, passe Pare, and Post,  
 When lo, the Yonger shares, or Doubles it :  
 Then frets the Winner, for his wyunning, lost :  
 Sith foolish Fortune Conny-catchd Witt.

Some, vy, and reuy facing, so, to foile ;  
 That haue no Games, but gamesome seem, with griefe :  
 The while the rest haue game to see their spoile,  
 Who yet, out-brau'd, do blush, sith they were chiefe.

Some, being Cock, like Crauens giue it ore  
 To them that haue the worst Cards in the Stock :  
 For, if the one be ritch, the other poore,  
 The Cock proues Crauen, and the Crauen, Cock !

<sup>2</sup> Some hauing lost the double Pare and Post,  
 Make their aduantage on the Purrs they haue :  
 Whereby the Winners winnings all are lost,  
 Although at best, the other's but a Knaue.

<sup>1</sup> The outward garment of his Flesh suppressing the Soules  
 understanding.

<sup>2</sup> On indirect helpe.

Pur Ceit deceaues the expectation  
 Of him, perhaps, that tooke the Stakes away ;  
 Then, to put Tant, hee's in subiection :  
 For, Winners on the Losers oft do play.

Flush is ore borne oft by a better Flush :  
 And Kings do conquer Kings but by the hand :  
 As Stronger do the weaker euer crush :  
 And still win of them Glory, Goods, and Land.

Some, look awry, to see if they can spie  
 Anothers Cards, thereby to make their game :  
 Then on a Nine ten times perhaps they vy  
 Knowing the other's blind, though they are lame.

Some Pack, and others Cut, to breake the Pack :  
 Some, shuffle cunningly, and shift thereby :  
 Some, take a Card, and some a Card put back  
 More then they should, to back their vice, and Vie.

Some, haue Confederates of the Lookers on,  
 Who look as friends they were to all alike :  
 Then with a signe of least suspition  
 They note the Conny which they meane to strike.

And if the Gamsters do play ouer-long,  
 All, drawne, by all, the Butlers Box doth drawe :  
 As Lawiers gett all, bee it right, or wronge,  
 That's wonne, and lost, if Men bee long in Lawe :  
 Thus properlie we may this Life compare,  
 Vnto the bragging game of Post and Pare.

*My Corollarie.*

W<sup>E</sup>alth, like a Pegasus, doth runne, or Flee,  
 (As swift as Thought) especially from those  
 That nere are gladd, but when at game they bee,  
 Though all their Wealth thereby, in Post, they loose :  
 And so when Wealth away, is posted quite,  
 They runne away, or else play least In sight.

*Written to the Right Noble, and well-accomplished Ladie  
 the Countesse Dowager of Pembroke.*



Grace inuoke, which had would make me  
 pray,

To Thee (great Ladie, great and glorious  
 to :)

I pray to Thee, as to a Comforts Staie,  
 Then, lett my comfort still bee tyde thereto.  
 To Thee my whole Man is dyaphanall ;  
 The Raies of whose Witts Eyes pierce through mee quite ;  
 Who (like a Goddess) seeth all in All  
 Which in me is, or Fowle, Faire, Wrong, or Right :  
 If ought be Faire or Right in mee, it is  
 Not mine, but Thine, whose Woorth possesseth mee :  
 But if ought fowle bee in mee, or amisse,  
 I hate for That, for that its not for Thee :  
 If I bee All amisse, I All assigne  
 To Shame, and Sorow, sith no part is Thine.

*Your Honors, while he is worthie  
 of that Honor. I. D.*

*Againe to Hir.*

Aine would I write that Witt nere yet concea'd,  
But abiect Witt withstands my highe Desire :  
So diuerse write, and weene, yet are de-  
ceaud :

For Follies Flawes make light Witt so aspire,  
Then, cease to write. Then, is Desire displeas'd.  
Better Displease Desire, then Witt disgrace.  
Disgrace on Witt bath at this Instant seisd.  
Wherefore? for halting. Then Witt post apace  
Vnto the Point : now, now, thy quicknesse show :  
For, Fowrteene Lines thy Lymitts are, and They  
Are at a Point. What if they bee? I know  
The more's my meede if now I Witt bewray.

The last Line next ensues : your praise, and Witt's  
behind.

For, may all raise your Price except Men beeing rude  
of kind.

MARY: PE MB R OK.

*Written to the right Honorable, and most iudicious Lord  
William Earle of Pembroke that now is.*

Looke Lord with those sharpe Eyes of thine, with  
which (though barely open)  
In-seeing thou see'st the least, or sights old, new, or  
done, or spoken :  
Looke on this Seale of simple Zeale, which though but  
coursile Carud,  
Contains the Impresse of thy praise thy vertues haue  
deseru'd.  
Truthes Hâds, Wealths Armes, Wits Eyes, Artes, Tong,  
and wisédôs listning Eares  
Preuent Times Course, yonge yeares, conceiuing, bring  
forth many yeares !  
Faire-featurd Soule ! well-shapen Spright ! in which  
subsisting bee,  
Grace, Goodnesse, Glory : Three in one, and One in-  
cluding Three !  
Grace, goodnesse giues, to Glory guides, such Guilt,  
such Guide, such Glory  
God gaue, you haue, yet hauing hold vnure, to shunne  
Vaine-glorie.  
So, so, (sweete Lord) so should it bee ; so was true  
*Sapience Sourse*,  
More wise then all, most wise in this, knew Things had  
but their Course.  
Who goes to Glory, Glorie shunes, so shunes, so goes,  
that yet  
*Vaine-glory* shund, true glorie gaind, may him in glorie  
sett.  
Reade, Note, Search, Trie, Know, Show, Muse, Mount,  
aspire, againe descend ;  
The lower Soules stinck in themselues, the higher they  
ascend !

Tell mounting Witts thats too too light that Wisedome  
makes not weightie ;  
Tell Motion it is worse then madd whose Motors not  
Almightie.  
Tel World its but the wayward Maze where Man is  
mard and lost ;  
Tel State it stands on Airy Propps, by Storms still turnd  
and tost.  
Tel Wisedome shee is base if Shee mounts not aboute  
the Moone,  
Tel Humors, and tell Humoristes, their Humors change  
too soone.  
Tel Learning it is darke as Hell not mixt with light of  
Grace,  
Tel Councell, and tell Councillors \* they oft mistake the  
Case. [\* At Law.  
Tel Bookes, though euer-blest some bee yet they are but  
Informers,  
Tel them they should more blessed bee, if they were still  
Reformers.  
Tel Artes they aske too much for Arte in asking all our  
time,  
Tel Armes they do but worke their Harmes, by Armes,  
and Harmes that climbe.  
Tel Earthlie Hopes they make vs seeke for that we can-  
not finde,  
Tel, Worlds-Blisse it wanteth Force to breede true  
Blisse in Mynd.  
Tel Sport it spoileth pretious Time, tell Time hees falslie  
true,  
True in his Course, ins Custome false, away steales, yet  
pursues !  
Tel Keasars (though they Cæsars are) their Nostrils  
Bound their breath,  
Tel Life (though during like the Sunne) it subiect is to  
death.  
Tel Wealth it wasts with earthlie Pompe, tell Pompe its  
but a Puffe,  
Tel Glory shee must bide the girde of Enuies Counter-  
buff.  
Tel, Fair-words, from fowle Mouthes sent, they feede,  
but fatten Fooles.  
Tel Friends true Frindshipps no where learnd but in  
true Vertues Schooles.  
Tel Loue that Hee an Idoll is ; found, forgd, adord by  
Fancie.  
Tel Flesh-enraging Lust shee is a Soule-confounding  
Frenzie :  
Tel Fauours they are Copper-gilt, vnertaine true, if  
true :  
Tel Fooles when Shadowes come before, their Substance  
nill ensue.  
Tel Lookes, where Loue in Triumph tilts against vn-  
fenced Eyes  
They Lookes alure, by Lookes like Lures, which seeme  
true, yet are lies.  
Tel All that al is (al in All) beneath the Heaunly Coape,  
A Dreame, a Shade, a toile of Spirite, a base betraying  
hope.

And lastlie tel thy Thoughts [sweet Lord] they in an  
Hart must rest  
That Honor holds for Life, and liues to dy ere dis-  
possest.  
Here *Sus Minervam* maist thou say, its true; yet say  
not so,  
Because it comes from him that liues to dy vpon thy Foe.

I. D.

*Deus, ad quæ nos tempora reservasti? Policarpus.**Meete not an Harlot, least thou fall into hir Snares.**Eccles. 9. 3.*

Who so will keepe his Soule, and Body chaste  
From Woman's haunt, he must him selfe retire;  
Yea, though they seeme religious, and shamefaste:  
For, blushing Women most inflame Desire.

Stand not vpon thy strength (though it surpasse)  
Nor thy fore-proude Chastnesse stand thou on.  
Thou, art not Holier then *David* was?  
Nor wiser then was most wise *Salomon*?

And aske the Prince of Earthlie Paradise,  
(Who, in perfection, was made most compleate)  
What power a Woman had him to intice  
To make him his owne bane, and ours to eate!

If wee stand neere a Fall, we stand vnure,  
If neere the Fire wee warme, though Yce we were:  
We cannot strue with Death and longe endure;  
Nor Liue with Weaknesse, but must weake appeare.

To bee with Women still, yet know them not  
Is no lesse strange then to stand falling still:  
We cannot handle Pitch without a Spott,  
Although we handle it with Care and skill.

Then, if thou wouldst bee safe, in saftie, feare;  
Sith feare doth make thy saftie more secure:  
For, too much trust is too much danger neere;  
And in the midst of Dangers none are sure.

In greenest Grasse a Snake doth often lie  
And Loue begun in Spirit, oft ends in flesh:  
Flesh falls in smoothest Opportunity;  
And when she (drunken) reels, Sin riseth fresh.

The Fiend, hir foe-like friend, doth neuer sleepe  
But wakes to tempt hir still with Time, and Place:  
In sweetest Hony he doth Poison steep,  
Which maketh Nature work in show of grace:  
Then if thou wouldst not slide, from Women slip:  
For, Ill oft raignes in such good fellowship.

*Gratious is the end that ends all our paines.*

When, when, O when shall I bid life farewell  
Wherein my Soule, and Body so ill fares?  
My Soule within my Body, Loathes to dwell  
Sith it doth dwell in such a World of Cares.

Wherein the best are Briers, that scratching, hold  
Whateere they catch vnto anothers harme:  
Whose Tenter-hookt Armes do, in Loue, infold  
No one but whome they spoile, and quite disarm:  
Where Men loue Men, not for that Men they are  
But simply for themselves; all whose respect  
Is swallowd vp with self-respecting Care,  
And commonly the Common good neglect.  
Where Fashions are, then Formes, more various:  
(Though scarce among a Million two are like)  
Where the most iust are less iniurious  
Though Iustice their iniustice doth dislike.  
Where Faces want no graces to allure  
The Mynd to loue, so to betray the Mind:  
An holy kisse, in show, shoves to assure  
The rather to faile Hope that seeks to find.  
Where oft Religion palliates Policy,  
And Saints are made a Sacrifice for State:  
Yea, heaunly Powres for Earthly Maiesty,  
Away goes all that lets Ambitions gate.  
Where holy Fathers do vnholly Deeds  
While yet they blesse their Sons that cloak their shame:  
And so the Hart of Piety still bleeds  
Because Hypocrisie still wounds the same.  
Where all is seeming, and Nought reall is:  
For all do couet only but to seeme.  
Ill seemeth good, and sorrow seemeth Blisse,  
And Men, but by their show do men esteem.  
Where the whole frame of Natur's out of frame,  
And at the point to be dissolued quite:  
Where Wit and Learning are both blind, and lame,  
Yet scorne, through pride, a Guide to leade them  
right.  
Where no man hath an Eare to heare, sith Eares  
Are now turned all to Tongues, or Teeth, to gnaw:  
If one haue Eares none but himselfe he heares,  
As bound thereto by self-Ioues lawlesse law.  
Where Loue, and Lordship can no Riuals beare,  
That yet should beare with all that Grace doth brooke.  
Where euery thinge amisse is euery where  
And nought found good vnlesse it be in looke.  
Where vertue is despised though bright she bee,  
If she be bare; Yet Venus, bare, is lou'd:  
Where nought hath tast els, that is bare to see  
Yea, Truth it self if bare, is not approud.  
Where all and some make but the sum of al  
Vainst Vanities; for so at best they be:  
Where each one riseth by anothers fal,  
Yet mounts in vaine, for quickly fal must he.  
So on this Sorrowes Sea [this World of Woe]  
Al falls to Earth, that riseth from the same:  
And so all Earthly Things do ebb and flo,  
And ebb in nature, as they flo in name.  
Then O haue I not reason to desire  
My Natures dissolution, sith it is  
With these Ills conuersant, which do conspire  
To make it [like them] more then most amisse?  
Then, Death (the end of Ill vnto the good)  
Enshore my Soule neer drown in flesh, and bloud.

*Quotidie est deterior posterior dies.*



ow many piercing Pens haue launct the Vaines  
Of this vaine World, to let her humors out?  
How many Satyres beate their tried Braines,  
How, from this Ioynt-sick Age to bite the

Gowt?

And yet like those anyd with that disease,  
These Times haue rather rest then helpe thereby:  
For they displease them that do them displease;  
So rest reneged, but toild in malady.  
And oft those Surgeons are as humorous  
As are the Aches which they seek to heale;  
Who hauing Teeth, as sharp as numerous,  
Through others bite themselves, which seld they feele.  
Because themselves are senselesse of their Ills,  
Which this obseruing World perceiuing well  
Measures their Medicines by their wicked Wills,  
So loths their Corsiues, and themselves doth quell.  
But he that looks with well-discerning Eyes  
Into the worlds inuitable woes,  
Shal see it sick of mortal maladies;  
And wil [as from the plague] flie far from those.  
I see them well [though wel I cannot see  
Sith I am Hood-winckt still with darke desires]  
And I confesse the World's the worse for me,  
Though to the best my Spirit at worst aspires.  
Faine would I leaue this fardle of my Flesh  
In Fastings Charge; the lighter so to flye  
From these still following plagues which are most fresh  
When we are weariest of their company.  
But lo the World still rounds me in the eare  
With Wind that sweetly in that Organ sounds,  
Which me aures to loue mirth, ioye, and Cheare:  
So downe it beats my wil when it rebounds.  
Thus the Worlds beany and vnholly hand  
My Sprit suppresseth that would faine aspire;  
And with my Flesh, conspires it to withstand  
With whom the Diuel loynes in that desire.  
Thus do I rest in that Church militant,  
Which still withstands these three stil fighting Foes  
Still warring with them til that strength I want  
To gard, with grace, their most vngratious Blowes.  
Then, through my weaknesse am I forced to yeeld  
Who then, like Tyrants, triumph in my spoile,  
And wrack my Hopes best haruest in the Field  
Which they haue got, so, feareful make my foile:  
And thus twist good, and euil, Sin, and grace,  
I stil do, striding, run a tedious Race!

*Envy is blind and can do nothing but dispraise  
Vertue.*



He best conceit that euer Braine did breeds  
(Though better borne then bred, or first  
conceau'd,  
May in good birth, yet haue such euil speed,  
That scarce the spirit of life may be perceau'd:

For, Emulation hath no patience  
(No more then Ignorance) to stand vpon  
The narrow search of strict Intelligence  
But dooms it dead, sith it liues so alone.  
That liues alone that singularly liues  
Which is the life of Singularity:  
To liue that life, til Emulation striues  
Or to obserue his skill that liues thereby.  
Enuy seems pois'ned with anothers praise,  
Which as those praises swell, swells more, and more;  
Who, worne to nought, hir selfe (yet) only waighes,  
And weighes no others woorths, vnlesse too poore.  
But that shee seeketh to enrich alone,  
Not of Deuotion, but of damd desire  
To make the greater woorth the lesser knowne:  
For shee doth most eclipse what is most cleir.  
Whie toile we then? or lose our golden Sleepes  
To gaine (with golden Time) more glorious praise?  
Sith basest Enuy, highest Honor keepes,  
By whose dispight hir glorie oft decayes.  
It is because the longer after Death  
Our Fames do flee, the longer breathe thy shall:  
For, Enuius winde doth vanish with our breath;  
And when our harts breake, broken is hir Gall:  
Then this doth comfort all that merit fame  
That Vertue liues when Enuy dies with shame.

*Vincit qui patitur.*



O seeke for ease where wee are borne to toile  
Is but to rest in toile, and toile in rest:  
To toile for ease where Slouth may worke  
our spoile,

Is but, by ease, to bee ease-dispossest:  
They fish, and catch a Frogg, which so do fishe  
That, saue the Soules repose, catch all they wishe.

Its better farre to giue our Soules to rest:  
In Patience, then in Pleasures, sith they doo,  
Sweetly (like rubbings of a Ytch) molest,  
But, patience gladdes vs while Paines us vndoo:  
Then giue me Patience, and let Pleasures go,  
As that which workes in sport, our ouerthro.

That comfort I detest that takes from mee  
Vncessant sorrow, for vncessant sinne:  
Nor loue I that sharpe Sight that all doth see  
Sause onely That which is my selfe within:  
That Knowledge is as coorse as counterfett,  
That makes Men vtterlie them selues forget.

Giue me an Hell of paine, so I may haue  
The Heauen which a Conscience sound doth giue:  
Sith hee is but vncessaunt Sorrowes Slaue,  
That, sick in Soule, in pleasures Heau'n doth liue:  
If Patience Hiue the Soule in Sorrowes Swarnes,  
She Heau'n enioyeth in an Hell of Harmes.

Who rightlie Knowes him selfe, him selfe contemnes:  
And though men clappe their hands in his applause,  
Yet hee their praises, with him selfe, condemnes  
By euidence of Conscience, and hir Lawes:

The cause why others flatter vs, with ease,  
Is wee our selues our selues too wel do please.  
How much the more our knowledge al surmounts  
So much the lower we in Hel shal fall,  
If when we come to make our last accounts,  
Our vertue be not found much more then al :  
And simply better t'were from Sinne to flee,  
Then cunningly Define what Sinne should bee.  
With brightest Knowledge to liue most obscure  
Is to find Hea'n, which in that Light doth lie :  
Yet like the Sunne, through thick Clouds couertuere,  
To light the World that Men may walke thereby :  
So doth the Highest obscure himself from sight  
While all that see, do see but by his Light.  
What neede wee seeke quaint words, and Phrases fine,  
Sith by one Word al Truth is knowne alone ;  
Which Word made al things by his pow'r Diuine :  
So, all things by that Word are only knowne :  
Then, they that learne this onelie World to know  
Know more then World, or Witt it selfe, can show.  
All other knowledge doth but vex the Sp'rite,  
Though hir it makes much more intelligent :  
In it, alone, is knowledge, with Delight ;  
Sith it the Witt, doth cleare, the Will, content ;  
Then they that know this single-simple Worde  
Do know much more then Knowledge can afforde.  
No State so holie, nor no place so Sole  
(Much more no Science) but is full of Doubt :  
Cares, creeping, fill each solitarie Hole ;  
And many more vexations swarme without :  
And till wee leaue the World, or wayward Will.  
Wee beare with vs a World of trouble still.  
Then, tis not shun'd by flight, vnlesse wee could  
Flee from our selues, (our aduersaries chiefe)  
For, while our selues our selues haue fast in hold,  
Wee hold our selues to Sinne and so to Griefe :  
For, they that griue not when they do transgresse,  
Short pleasures feelee, not extreame wretchednesse :  
The lack of Will in faith still fixt to bee  
Is the sole cause wee want our true repose :  
For, who so blinde as they that wil not see,  
And, who more subject to hard ouerthrowes :  
Inevitable Sorrowes still attend  
On none but on the wilfull, past their end !  
To shunne the Tempter we must shut the Gate  
Of our Intelligence against his Charmes ;  
Or, lest he should our Will predominate,  
Repulse him from our Witt, by force of Armes :  
If yet he stands, vpon him straight Discharge  
Truthes double<sup>1</sup> Cannon, with a double Charge.  
Then will he flee, or if he stands he falls ;  
For, nothing can resist his Ordinance  
Who makes the meekest Mindes his Generalls,  
That, yeelding, fight, and foile by sufferance :  
O tis a wonderous Conquest when a Foe  
By ouercomming hath the ouerthro !

<sup>1</sup> The Old and New Testament.

The longer wee forbear him to withstand  
The weaker are wee when wee do resist,  
And much the stronger is hee to commaund ;  
For thoughts are actiue when they do persist :  
Because Thoughts trauell, with Delight, in paine,  
Till hee bee borne, and they conceaue againe.  
Greate Troubles well are borne, by bearing small  
As *Asilo* beare a Calfe, turn'd Bull at last :  
They in the roughest Tempests needs must fall  
That are orethrowne with eury little Blast :  
In Summe, the Summe of all our earthlie ioy  
Is in our patient bearing all annoy.

*Againe.*

**I**F Hope and Patience did not hold the Hart  
From being squis'd to nought with gripes of griefe,  
It could not bee, by Nature, nor by Arte,  
But Death would hold that Seate of Life in chiefe :  
For, in this Life Deathes do so multiplie  
(Or Dolors, at the best, farre worse then Deathes)  
That wee do liue no longer then wee die,  
Who lyuing die, and breathing spend our breathes.  
So that in patience, only wee possesse  
The Soules we haue, which haue the Liues we hold ;  
And Hope sustaines the Soule in heauynesse :  
So patient hope is fraile Lifes strongest Hold.  
If both those vertues then in one must ioyne  
To make our Soules, and Bodies, ioyne in one  
(Els Death, and Dolor, will fraile Life purloine  
Who ioyne to vnioyne that Coniunction.)  
Wee must inuoke the Heaun's to giue vs Hope  
Well arm'd with Patience, sith wee liue thereby  
Secur'd in Dolors, which to Death lie ope,  
And makes vs liue, when Death and Dolors die.  
Then, patient Hope, the Soule of our Lifes Soule,  
Arme thou my Soule thereby to gard hir life,  
And Passions furie with thy pow'r controule ;  
So shall I striue in rest, and rest in strife :  
For no way looke I, but my sights annoyd  
With Troopes of Sorrowes, menacing my wrack ;  
And, in my spacious Mynd, no place is voyd  
For Campos of Cares that seeke my Soule to Sack :  
For if I liue, I can but liue in Sinne,  
And if I sin (I ioy) I can but griue,  
So when sin ends, my griefs and Cares begin  
And cease not til I cease to sin, or liue :  
Yet, what I would He knows that knowes my wil,  
Which [though peruerse] is prest his grace to serue :  
Which Grace ingenders Hope on my Good wil  
And makes me patient, sith I ill deserue.  
Thus patient Hope, by Grace got on my Wil,  
Doth make me wel to liue, in spight of Ill.

*In vindicando criminosa est celeritas.*

Hhat gaine gets witlesse Courage but the  
losse  
Of Life, or Limb, Lands, Contry, Goods,  
or fame,  
Or to the Gallowes goes by weeping Crosse,

And, desprate, dies to his Soules death, and shame.  
 Would any that had Courage, Wit, and Grace  
 (As point to part this life) Mans life bereaue  
 To make a crying Sin his Soule to chase,  
 And neuer, till she dies, the chase to leaue?  
 None would that would be wise and valiant:  
 Then so we ought to liue, as dying still,  
 Sith of our death our life is ignorant:  
 Then who (but Fiends) would liue in Hel, to kil?  
 Admit in priuate Quarrels (fist to fist)  
 Thou hast slaine al that durst thy powr oppose:  
 Nay say that no man durst the same resist  
 Sith like a God, thou couldst of life dispose,  
 Were it humane? much lesse were it diuine  
 To glory but in bathing but in bloud?  
 Were it not sauage, and too Leonyne  
 For any that would faine be great, and good?  
 O Then what Quarrell but the publike one  
 Can make a wise, and valiant man to fight?  
 What staine takes honest reputation  
 By taking wrong, to make it selfe more right?  
 Can but the Lye (one silly Sillable)  
 (By Time made much more hainous then by Truth)  
 Make great men make their *Humors* sutable,  
 To horsleaches, that haue, by bloud, their growth?  
 Or can the Loue but of an hateful Queane  
 [For such no better be, though Queens they are]  
 Broche pretious bloud, as if that were the meane  
 To measure out sound Loue for such crackt Ware?  
 Can but an od Looke, or a Simple Smile  
 (Which may be taken wel, as wel as ill)  
 Make men their Harts and Hands with bloud defile:  
 So bloud (like water) for but Looks to spil?  
 Then Men are Monsters, Monsters! al too good  
 Is eu'ry name that is too monstrous  
 For such as liue, alone, but to suck bloud,  
 Which al do hate, that are magnanimous:  
 For all great Minds desire such things to do  
 That are as good, as great; els, scorne the same,  
 For Valor theyl be prais'd, and Vertue too,  
 Els Valor they esteem the price of Shame.  
 And nowhere can the same so wel be showne  
 As with offensive Armes in Contries right:  
 And with defensiu, guard the ouerthrowne  
 From the Oppressors merclesse despiht.  
 Els Fights vnciuil, sauage, and too bad  
 For Beasts, much more for Men, whom Angels  
 serue;  
 All Quarrels els, are monstrous, moody, mad,  
 And mortal hate of God and man deserue.  
 Yet by such sucking bloud we see some swel  
 Vnto the Greatnesse that they scarce can hold;  
 On Gore they ground great Howses where they dwel,  
 Which often sink, in bloud, as Reason would.  
 Many that haue nought els but daring Harts  
 And lease their Liues, for Nothing to Despaire;  
 On this Worlds Stage, do oft play Princes parts,  
 To which they climb by Bloud, a slippry Staire.  
 And desperate Resolution so is held  
 Vp by the Chin, while it doth bath in bloud

(By Greatnesse, of smal worth) that it doth weld,  
 The world at wil, and seld if ere, withstood.  
 Yea, oft it makes Authority to shake  
 Sith they owe others liues that loath their owne;  
 And so it doth his owne Conditions make  
 As if it could at wil put vp and downe.  
 This Ladies loue; for, this doth Ladies win,  
 (Faint Hart they say—(He ow the rest for shame)  
 This is a World-Commanding gracefull sin  
 In the conceit of each conceited Dame!  
 He that dares ioule together highest Heads  
 (Though he may falle in that too high attempt)  
 The High his haughty Resolution dreads,  
 While he, as Crauens holds them in Contempt.  
 Lo thus may Reason reason gainst a Wrong  
 That Passion doth approue, and vse as right:  
 I vs'd [the more my vice] this vertue long  
 If it be Vertue vitiously to fight.  
 What now! vaunts Wit, and valles the same with skil?  
 Would it be knowne it was to Courage knit?  
 Do I condemn, yet glory in mine ill?  
 So, crack of Courage, with and without Wit?  
 Here lie I open to Wits priuy Nips,  
 Or open Thumps: lay on, Wit spare me not:  
 And Ile oretune as thou shalt offer Trips,  
 Sith through my weaknesse thou the best hast got.  
 Yet stay thy Wisedome, Wit, and hold thy hand,  
 Vse thou the Conquest like a Conqueror:  
 That is, foile thou the ill which thee withstand;  
 But, let the faultlesse neuer feel thy powr.  
 For tis not simply ill a truth to tell,  
 (Though it perhaps be told for scarce good end)  
 And doubtful words, with Letters Loue doth spel  
 That alwaies only, doth the best intend.  
 But sith al those that know me, knew me such  
 As once I was, my Lines are of lesse force  
 (Vnlesse my hate, of what I was, I touch)  
 To draw Sword-drawers to a quiet Course.  
 For stealst thou Theese, and yet exhorst to Truth?  
 Or kilst thou Butcher, yet dehortst from Bloud?  
 Shal he perswade vs who reuenge pursuth  
 That mercy is the best reuenging mood?  
 I am turnd Crauen, and am held therein  
 By Loue, which holds for true diuinity,  
 That Faiths Deuotion is but deadly sin  
 If it be not deuout in Charity.  
 Then he that makes his life a lasting Brall  
 And seems to feed on nought but Wounds and Gore;  
 May pray for grace, to change his life withall,  
 But other praiers make his sins the more.  
 And they that loue their sins to multiply  
 Still let them pray in Hate, and thirst of Bloud:  
 So shal they liue (while they make others die)  
 To die the death of Dogs in damnd moode.  
 Now if this Charme of Words want violence  
 To make these brauing Spirits lesse bloudy-hold,  
 And bring them into Loues Circumference,  
 Sufficeth me I Coniur'd as I could:  
 But, if thereby they wax more turbulent  
 I can but rue, but they shall more repent!

*Blessed is the Man that doth meditate homest things  
by Wisedome. Eccles. 14. 21.*



Id Wisedome write, or speake the world to  
please,  
Shée were not wisdom in a pleasing Sence :  
Then who doth please with any one of these  
Doth please vnwisely, but the World, or Sence.  
Then are they worldly wise or sensual  
That doe soe write or speake ; but none of those  
Can be in them whose words can sweeten Gall,  
Which Sweets do rest where sweetest Soules repose.  
And they repose but in the Sweet of Sweets  
[God only wise] or Bodies of the Blest :  
In whom true Wisedome, Grace and Nature meets,  
Whose gracefull Words are naturally exprest.  
If Words inchaunt the Sense, and not the Soule  
The Charme of Words coniuers no holy Spright :  
For, Such, such Words (not Such, such Words) con-  
troule ;  
Soule-pleasing Words must then, bee rare, and right.  
Yet though a Sonnet bee as right, as rare,  
For Number, Measure, Waight, or Noueltie,  
Yet if it sounds so, but to Senses Eare,  
The Soule, as harshe, doth hold that Hermonie :  
Then all our Straines that relishe double Loue,  
(Sweet double-Relishe, worthie treble praise)  
To Soule, and Bodie Soule and Body moue.  
(With ioy) to listen, as to Angells Laies !  
These bee the Aires that gett the Aire of Fame,  
[Of Fame whose Aire, diuinely is refinde]  
That feeds with purest praise immortall Name ;  
Fitting the nature of each mightie Minde.  
And, they are only mightie that disdaine,  
All that that disagrees with Mightinesse :  
As is light Loue, fraile Fancies, Shadowes vaine,  
Weake Witt, base Blisse, Worlds weale, or Wretched-  
nes.  
Then [as to Nature curst, but kinde to Grace]  
I here haue made a Rodd my selfe to beate,  
Whose highest reach in Straines of Loue, is base,  
Sith Lightnesse measures them with heauie Feete.  
Yet if this Lightnesse heauy make the Light  
In Summing vp my Numbers totall Summe,  
I hope the weight thereof, will bee of weight  
Their Lightnesse [if it rise] to ouercome :  
For, they are too Light that in Those but waigh  
What Lusters, not what Louers ought to say.

*Sic transit gloria Mundi.*

L ife, stay ; or if thou wilt not, let my Soule  
Moue with thee to the Rest, Thou mouest to :  
The Twyne, by which thou hangst, Time vp doth rowle  
On Heau'ns round-reeling Spheares, which thee vndoo :  
Then ó my Soule let Truth thy Vertues woo.  
To ioyne their Force t'inforce th' infirmities  
Of this Lifes excesse in Deficiency.  
For, truth to say, we Bee, and Bee not bothe ;  
Wee Bee, in show, but Bee not as wee ought ;

If then wee Bee not but in show, in sooth,  
Wee Are as if wee Were not, Ought and Nought,  
Dying as soone as wee to life are brought :  
Twixt Generation, and Corruption  
The Meane inclines but to destruction.  
And, if we straine the Circle of our Thought  
To comprehend some Essence of the same,  
It is as if to catche a Shade we sought,  
Or clos'd our Fist to hold the blast of Fame :  
Yet, that is Aire, but Man is but in Name :  
Then, looke how much a Name hath beeing found,  
So, much hath Man, which is a Sound, vnsound.  
Vnsound it is : for, were it sound it were  
That which fraile Man is nothing lesse then like :  
For, Sounds haue Beeing ; yea, they plaine appeare.  
And, on the Organs of our Hearing strike :  
Of which those Organs are, with vs, to seeke :  
For, while the Sound resoundeth wee are goonne :  
So, are wee Solids that haue not Time, nor Tone !  
Then, Reason seeking for a reall Thing  
Of Humane-nature, fowly is deceau'd :  
Because the same hath no continuing,  
But runnes hir Race ere really perceau'd :  
Whose Life, of Life, is instantlie bereau'd :  
A Dreame ? a Shade ? ó no : its not so much,  
A shadow of a Dreame, at most, is such.  
That's the Similitude the Lord of Life  
Doth vse to show our Liues vnbeeing-Beeing :  
What ! in the World, where all things are so rife,  
Is naught but Nothing to the same agreeing ?  
Which not appeares, nor scarce suppos'd by Seeing !  
And, beeing scarce suppos'd : then it is  
To Nothing next, or Nothing's like to This.  
And, as we cannot bathe twice in one Brooke  
Sith still it runnes the same and not the same :  
So, twice on our Estats we cannot looke  
And see it One, so soone it alters Frame :  
Wee *are* and *are* not straitie, like Light'nings Flame :  
At once wee go, and come : ye, go, ere come,  
Which is the Summe of *all of All*, and *Some* !  
And if wee liue long Lifes extremitie  
Wee die as many Deathes as Ages liue :  
The Life of Youth, is Death of Infancie,  
The Death of Youth doth Life to Manhood giue,  
So, of the rest Death rests in Lifes Deprive :  
To Day dies Yesterday, to Morrow shall  
This Day bee dead, and Night's their funerall !  
Wee change each Day as Dayes do rise, and fall :  
And, what is chang'd continues not the same :  
If not the same, the same Is not at all :  
For, Change transformes the Nature, and the Name,  
Our Passions are as fickle, as too blame :  
Now This, then That, then next to This, and That,  
Still changing, well I wott t' I wott not what.  
Thus, is our Sence deceau'd, mistaking that  
Which but appeares, for that which Is, in deede  
And so our Sence, our Sence, dothe Captiuat  
To *mis-conceit*, Corrupting Fancies Creeds,  
Which takes *Not-beeing* in true Beeing's steede :

For, that is truly-false what ere it is,  
That is but true in Show, and so is This.  
To BEE, in deede, æternall is to Bee,  
To Bee æternall, is to Bee alone :  
To Bee alone, excluds the Pronowne Wee,  
Yet Wee do stand by that Trin Vnion,  
Though wee therewith hold no Comparison :  
And yet wee looke most like that Trinity  
In Understanding, Will, and Memorie !  
Tim's like a Leaking Vessell which contains  
Both Generations, and Corruptions :  
The Fates (like *Danaus* daughters) take the paines  
To fill the same, as oft as out it runnes ;  
From whence do flow Times daughters, Slaues, and  
Sonnies :

And these are Tearmes that to Times Turnes agree  
Before and after ; Hath byn, and shall Bee,  
Which show that no Time (but *Æternitie*)  
Hath Beeing ; for, wee cannot say that Is  
Which yet, is not ; and, Now, doth cease to Bee ;  
Or if wee say Time Is, Time shrinks at This ;  
Which cannot stand to proue that Terme for His :  
For NOW (the Notion, which Denoteth Time)  
Is Past, while Present, and is Last, while Prime !

Then, if Time Bee, it is Past, or Future ;  
The Past, Is not ; the Future, Beeing wants :  
Because it is to come, and most vnure,  
For, Time still houers where no Beeing haunts,  
Sith Time, and Beeing still are Discrepant :

Then, That (as erst was said) Eternall is  
Which Is, in Deede, and only ONE is This !  
Of whome it cannot properly be say'd  
Hee Hath Byn, or Shall Bee : These Turnes of Time  
Can neuer stand with That that's euer staid,  
Yet farre aboue Times highest Turnes doth climbe,  
And, is the First, and Last, and lasts in Prime :

Who by this NOW spreads his *Æternitie*  
Vnto the boundlesse Bounds of Deitie !  
For, hee is ONE, and One Is, and no more !  
For, as what-Is, ought to bee onely ONE :  
So, onely ONE ought to Bee euermore,  
Which Is, still Is, Is, only, and alone  
The Cause of All, *And caused is of None !*  
To Him, alone, that Is, and only Is  
Bee only Praise, sith Praise is only His !

*Non est mortale quod opto.*

*Respice finem.*



Henas I heare Times sober Tongue (the Clock)  
Call on me eu'rie howre to minde mine end,  
It strikes my hart with feare at eu'rie stroke  
Because so ill Time, Life, and Breath, I  
spend.

Then straight resolute I, to bestow them all  
Vpon the Lord of all, that gaue them mee  
When lo, the World vpon me straight doth call  
And bids me look to it, lest poore I be :  
Twixt these two Calls I parted am in twaine,  
The first my Spirit, the last my Flesh attends :

So twixt them two my pleasure is but paine,  
For each the other euermore offends.  
Sin tenders me al Ioyes, that rauish Sence,  
And Sence doth pine if from Them It be held :  
Grace offers Ioyes of much more excellence,  
And faine my Spirit would with Them be fild.  
But in fraile Flesh Sence such a Caesar is  
That it Commands it to withstand the Sprit,  
While it doth feed the Flesh with Earthly Blisse :  
And so, my Sprite is vext with that delight.  
Thus, while I am distracted in desire  
Time (in his Language after some Howrs pawse)  
Tels me he flies, and bids me to retire  
Before Confusion catch me in his iawes.  
O Time (that thus enderest mee to thy loue)  
I constantly adore thy sicknesse,  
That neuer mou'st, but dost my Sences moue  
To mind thy flight, and this lifes trickelnesse.  
O that I could make thee *Æternity* !  
And honor thee, for this, with state diuine,  
That with the God of Glory, thou and I  
Might like the Sun and Moone, for euer shine !  
Teach me, O learned long-experienc'd Time  
To glorifie thee with some heau'nly Art,  
Whose humble Muse would to thy Temples climb  
To Lawrel-Crowne them, ere from Thee I part.  
O let me be the Triton of thy praise :  
Teach me to Trumpet forth thyne Excellence :  
Let me [though most vnworthy] grace thy Dayes  
With all that may delight Intelligence.  
Let me by thee [deer Time] be brought to Death  
Ere I abuse thee in the least degree :  
For, he wins Blisse that doth but lose his Breath  
To be still found, from Times Abuses free.  
Then now, O now (sith now my Daies decline)  
Let me this Moment enter in the Way  
Of Vertue, Grace, and holy Discipline,  
And being in, thence, let me neuer strale :  
Procrastination doth but Plagues protract,  
Due to protraction of Conuersion :  
Then Time with Plagues my wayward Will Coact  
To turne to Grace, ere my subuersion.  
Let it suffice that I have thee abusd  
Since I was borne, in Wrongs not to be borne :  
Then be thou, by me, hencefoorth rightly vsd,  
Or let me, by Thee, die, or liue forlorne :  
For, I am wery now of wronging Thee,  
Then let me flee from Vice as thou dost Flee.

*A blind man cannot see the default of his Eyes.*



Well, what of this ? this restlesse toile for State,  
What is the end of that which Care begins ?  
And without Worlds of Guifts, gets Worlds  
of Hate :

Is this the All Pride (at All casting) wins ?  
Must Truths Disciples, Graces Officers,  
Sacred Apostles (Saints by calling) striue  
For Headship by vnciuill-ciuill Wars,  
Though they beleeeue they meanly ought to liue ?



Nay, but for this, if those resplendant Spirits  
That do surround the highest Celestiall Throne,  
Aduance themselves about their place, and Merits  
For which they worthily were ouerthrowne,  
Then, Iudgement where dost thou enthrone thy State  
That, should be in the Kingdome of the Braine?  
Dost thou that Seate (sith Pride vsurps it) hate?  
And only in the Humble dost thou raigne?  
Then where are they? true Iudgement tel me where?  
If neither with the Angels, Saints, nor Men  
That may be found, (as it doth well appeare)  
Where shall we seek for these so humble then?  
Or is the totall Summe of All but One  
Who was made truly humble for vs all?  
And dost thou rest in him (meek Lamb) alone  
Leauing vs to our selues to rise, or fall?  
Then, woe to vs that made are for this want,  
And doe we wot not what in what we doe:  
Who seeke, for nought, each other to supplant:  
For, Lordships haue their Lodes made fast thereto.  
We strue for That which bringeth vs but strife  
With griefe and care among, oft wrack withall:  
We venter life, to win a weary life;  
And rise by all meanes, by all meanes to fall.  
So we be vp but for a day, we deeme  
Our neck well broken; o its worth a Neck  
But for an howre a King to Be, or seeme  
Vnto his Mates before, to giue the Check.  
If we can catch a place about our Peers  
(Although we come thereby by peerlesse sin)  
We ween vs no small fooles (as it appeares)  
When we [alas the while] stark mad haue bin.  
Such is our Iudgement, such our temperance,  
And such the state of those that State affect,  
Whose State and State hath such continuance  
As they that seek it; no time in effect!  
Then, o my Soule since thou canst thus discourse  
(As many can whose Courses are stark nought)  
Be better staide or run a better Course  
Far from the rise of any mounting thought.  
Look in the Inwards of these outward Things;  
And note the Lying of the roialst Robe;  
Its powdred Ermyne, pepperd too with Stings  
That like a Nettle, makes the wearer rub.  
If thou affect a Kingdome, let it be  
Heaun, or the happy Kingdome of CONTENT:  
Which blessed Kingdomes are ordained for Thee  
If thou affect but thine owne gouernment.  
Be Queen but of thy selfe and thou shalt be  
In Heaun Crownd with Immortality,  
Where Saints, and Angels shall still honor thee,  
For swaying wel thy little Signiory.  
And sith thy Pilgrimage is almost past  
Thou needst the lesse *Viaticum* for it:  
For being tird to lode thy selfe at last,  
With needlesse Trashe, would show nor grace, nor witte.  
Care for no more then thou maist beare, with speede,  
To beare thy Charges through this Vale of woe.  
Superfluous things giue others that haue neede,  
The lesse thy Lode the better thou shalt goe.

Little serues soone-suffized Necessity  
(Whose Stomack, smal and cold disiests not much)  
But nothing can *Opinion* satisfie,  
Which beeing more then ful for more doth grutch.  
The greed-ritch<sup>1</sup> doe want the wealth they hold  
Who pine with *Tantalus* amidst their Store;  
And (Midas-like) eu'n famish with their Gold,  
The more they haue, their misery the more.  
The next degree to Nothing Nature serues,  
Sith she with lesse then Little is content:  
The Hedge-rows meate, the Riuer drinke reserves  
To keepe her in good plight, and better bent.  
The Birds finde meate for seeking euery-where,  
The Highest hand stil strowes it in their way;  
And so may temperate men stil finde it there  
Where ere the Birds doe finde their stomach stalle.  
For *Cresses, Rootes, Hoppes, Hawes, Sloes*, and such Cates  
Are Common, (as the Aire) to take, and eate:  
This meate serues Nature though it serue not States,  
And longest liuers had no other meate.  
Let Gluttons giutt their Gutts vntill they crack  
With all the Kickshawes Cookrie can deuise;  
And let them lay on lode vpon their Back  
Of gaudy Geare; thou needest none; then be wise.  
Puft-panch dost soonst the Kite a pudding yeelde;  
Full Gorges belk, if not much rather spue,  
Most fulsomely, for being ouerfilled:  
It selfe with hate doth then it selfe pursue.  
At Best; these ful Ones can themselves but stretch  
Vpon their Iuory Bedds, or feede their lust:  
For, they must still be feeding til they catch  
That which wil feede on them til they be dust.  
And what's a costly Cote but cumbersome  
Vnto the Maker and the Wearer too;  
To keepe off cold and heate we Clothes should vse,  
Which Howse-wiues cloth doth Without more adoo:  
And so the same be sound, and sweet, we may  
In Clothing of that kind best stir, or stand;  
Whenas these Garments ritch, and ouer gaie  
Do rather vs, then we do them, command.  
If Garments must distinguish needs Degrees  
[Though Vertue makes the plainest Coat to shine]  
Yet more then needs with no Degree agrees:  
So saith King *James*, so saith the Word diuine.  
No more of this; ynough, if not too much  
(But nere too much against too much is sed)  
Is sed hereof; and Great ones will but grutch  
Sith with their Busines I am busied:  
They hird me not: then, proffered seruice stinks:  
No more my Muse; thy Lady on thee winks.

*There is no greater plague then Boldnesse and Power,  
when they are accompanied with Ignorance.*



Hen Heaun and Earth, and al their Furniture,  
Were made, their maker made Man last of  
al;  
As being his Master-peece chiefe Creature,  
For whom the rest were made: He, Generall.

<sup>1</sup> *Instructa inopia est in diuitiis cupiditas.*

To whom such perfect Wisdom was assignd  
 That without Learning He knew all that was :  
 And namd each Thing according to their kind,  
 Which Names, to vs (as we) from Him do passe.  
 Who being thus made (made I may double say,  
 Sith He was double made, made Man, and Great :  
 Great, like his God, Gods Creatures all to sway)  
 And, in an Earthly-Heaun, held his Seat :  
 Whereas He would, He liud, for, in his Will  
 Rested His life, or death, His Weale, or Wo :  
 And, while His Will his Makers did fulfill  
 So long he knew but what he ioyd to know.  
 Hee knew al that was made was perfect good,  
 But knew, saue God, nought vnmade, perfect Euill,  
 And so He knew not, or misvnderstood,  
 The name and nature of the craftie Diuel.  
 He liu'd as free from Want, as Wickednesse  
 As long as in his Good-wil was no want :  
 Then Earth bare fruit, vntill'd, in blest excesse :  
 For God himselfe the same did sow and plant.  
 Riuers of Nectar ran on golden Sand  
 (With siluer-cleerenesse) through that Pardice ;  
 That, had he thirsted, Drinke was strait at hand,  
 And all that might him free from preiudice.  
 The Tree of Life (to keep off Age and Death,)   
 Ther still did flourish, in eternal springe :  
 So, like to Gods, immortall was His Breath :  
 For, all he Fedd on Health to Him, did bring,  
 So, his Flesh, health : His Spirit, tranquillitie  
 Enjoyed, in height of highest excellence,  
 Which height came neere the high'st Felicitie :  
 For, with Him God still made his residence.  
 Hee naked was, and yet Hee knew it not :  
 For Cold, or Heate could tell him no such thing ;  
 Much lesse could Shame : for, Shame of Ill's begott ;  
 And Ill hee knew not, nor whence It did spring.  
 The Spring of joy (the High'st) did euer feede  
 His passing pleasures Streames, with fresh supply :  
 So, still hee was as farr (in show, as Deede)  
 From want of Ioy, as ioyes sacietie.  
 The Cause whereof, in Him wrought rare Effects,  
 Who, without Labour, his Lord 'Heasts could keepe :  
 Whose Heart burnd, like a Beacon, with Affects  
 That show'd, in Danger, he did neuer sleepe.  
 Who if hee stirr'd, and exercis'd his Limbes,  
 'Twas not for neede, but them to recreate :  
 Which stirr'd not till in Pleasures Seas he swimms :  
 For, still he bathd therein, in restfull state !  
 And yet the more those boundlesse Seas to make  
 With new Spring-Tides of Ioy, [as yet vnfelt]  
 God, of his Ribb, asleepe, makes him a Make,  
 On whome, (awake) for ioy, his Hart doth Melt.  
 And seeing Hir [for all he saw he Knew]  
 Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh (said he)  
 This Creature is : for in my selfe she grew,  
 And as my selfe Ile loue, hir while we Be.  
 This ! nay (alas) This naught is to the Good  
 That He enjoyed in that earthly Heaun,  
 Which by Mans Thought cannot be vnderstood.  
 Whereof [alas] we through him are bereaun :

For, He was warn'd but one Tree not to touch,  
 The Tree of Knowledge, by which well he knew  
 He naked was, and sham'd to know so much :  
 For Shame doth Euill euermore ensue.  
 Then euill was it that he knew, and did,  
 When through his serpentine seduced wife,  
 He tasted of The Tree which was forbiidd :  
 So, Lost wee, with Him, Paradise, and life.  
 None otherwise then by our Lawes wee see  
 The Sons plagu'd for the Sires successiue ;  
 For if the Sire a proued Traitor be  
 Hees plagu'd him selfe, and his Posterity.  
 Which with highst Iustice, iust proportion holds ;  
 So wills the Highst, whose Will giues Iustice forme  
 Whose Grace true Iustice euermore infolds,  
 Then neither can or will he It deforme.  
 Hence comes it that from Loue we fall to Lust  
 (Fowle Lust thats but the Excrement of Loue)  
 And hence it is we proue in both vniust  
 When Lust another Way our Mind doth moue.  
 Thus was a Woman made the Instrument  
 Wherewith the Deuil did mans Eare allure  
 To heare the Syren Sins first Straines consent,  
 Which drue him on to Death, which we endure.  
 And what but Wo-men cause our Sonnetting  
 Wherein we show what languishnes we haue  
 Within our Soules for them, which often bring  
 Our Minds to naught, and Bodies to the Graue?  
 Whose Tongues drue vertue from the Tongue of Eue  
 (If it be Vertue which to Vice doth draw)  
 To make vs loue, then, What they List, belieue :  
 For, Lou's as free from Reason, as from Law.  
 O Wo-men (that were made, but for Mens sake  
 To helpe and comfort them in weale, and wo)  
 Why do your selues your selues their plagues make,  
 And Crosse the Cause of your creation so?  
 Do not, ô do not so degenerate :  
 From what ye should be, by creation :  
 You giue vs life, and life abbreviate :  
 So make and mar our Generation :  
 But if you wil be like your Mother Eue  
 When you haue vs vndone, helpe vs to liue.

*In iudicando criminosa est celeritas.*



O cut off life by Law of such whose Crimes  
 Fall out as euill, from an hopefull good  
 May proue, though iust, iniurious to the  
 Times

Wherein they liue in deed, or likelihood :  
 For Iustice though she equall be to all  
 Yet, by aduice of Prudence she doth spare  
 Hopefull Delinquents though they fowly fall  
 Only because they oft most hopefull are :  
 For had *Miltiades* at first bin slaine  
 When he in Chersonesus tyrannizd ;  
 Where had the Battaille bin got on the Plaine  
 Of *Marrathon*, that's so immortalizd :  
 Or els had *Cimon* or *Themistocles*  
 Bin done to death for their lasciuious life  
 (For which proscrid was *Alcibiades*)  
 How had the *Athenians* conquest been so rife ?

The Battail neere the flood *Eurimodon*  
 Had not bin gald to their past, gameful good ;  
 Nor from the Mountaine *Artemisius*  
 Had they sent streaming downe their Foe-mens Blood ;  
 For, royall Mynds, greate Harts, and actiue Hands  
 (With nimble Wit among) can nought effect  
 But what with wonder (if not glory) stands  
 Sith meane Attempts they do (as base) reiect.  
 Nor can their Natures motion idle be  
 That is so restlesse quick and violent,  
 (Still working like a Billow of the Sea)  
 Till it bee staide in some moode premanent.  
 But as vnskillfull Husbandmen reiect,  
 The fattest Grounds sith they beare Weeds, or worse :  
 When expert'st Husbands those in chiefe elect  
 Sith well they wott, fatt Grounds make fatt their Purse.  
 So do, at first, greate Witts, and haughtie Sprights  
 Produce strange fruits that feede but leane Decay,  
 Which wee detesting weene they had their rights  
 To bee cut off, and ridd out of the way :  
 Which doth proceede from iudgment most deprau'd,  
 Though in desire that Iustice might take place,  
 Sith if those Men had bin in Mercie saud  
 They for that mercie might their Countrie grace :  
 For when with Iudgments best-discerning Eye  
 Wee see good matter in an euill Man,  
 As Courage, Witt, and great actiuitie  
 Wee long must hope, he will do wel, that can :  
 For, Age with Vertue is Cooperatiue.  
 Youths prone to Vice, sith Vice doth cocker it :  
 So they, in time, great matters may achue  
 That may their King, and Kingdome benefit :  
 Then each wise Iudges iudgment hath this scope  
 To spare the hopelesse Felon full of hope.

*Fortuna vitrea est, qua cum splendet, frangitur. Publi.*



**T** GREATNESSE what great Good dost thou  
 containe,  
 T'allure the Will to bee in loue with thee?  
 Ist soueraigne-Good to bee a Soueraigne  
 When high'st Degree of Ills threats that Degree?  
 Who buyes a Crowne with neuer-ending Care  
 Buyes Gold too deere by al that Life is worth :  
 For, Care doth nought but Life to Death prepare,  
 Yet, vnprepared to meet Death flieth forth :  
 For Kingdoms Cares so many are, and great,  
 That they constraîne the Thought but them to mind ;  
 That though vntimely Death they do beget,  
 Yet Thought [though free] from thought thereof they  
 bind !  
 Then, ô my Soule, poore Soule ! ritch in Conceit,  
 Which dost conceiue Kings glittering misery  
 To be (as tis) false pomp, true perils Baite,  
 Suffice thee still with meere Sufficiency.  
 Make me as well content to be the least  
 As others are well pleasd the Greatst to be ;  
 Sith Man in honor liues, and dies a Beast :  
 For, Men proue oft base Beasts in high degree.  
 Let mine ambition reach but to Content,  
 And that Content reach but the Mean to touch :

Thats All, sith its omni-sufficient  
 More meet for richest Mynds then more then Much :  
 There may I sitt by Vertues surest side,  
 (For in the Meane shee doth hir selfe install)  
 Secure from wrack, while those that Scepters guide  
 Do find no meane betweene their Rise, and Fall.  
 Where I may, all vnseene, see all the rest  
 Of this Worlds Reuolutions ; and make vse  
 Of Best, and Worst, discreetly for my best,  
 And store my Mind with Matter for my Muse :  
 Like a Spectator that doth sitt at ease  
 Secure vpon the Shore, and thence doth see,  
 How others are neere sinking on the Seas  
 In ceaselesse Stormes that full of danger bee :  
 Or like a looker on a Tragedie  
 Within the Middle Roome, among the Meane,  
 I see the fall of State and Maiesty  
 While mongst the Presse t'a Piller sure I leane :  
 So see I others sorrowes with delight  
 Though others sorrowes do but make me sadd :  
 But plagues to see, which on our selues might light,  
 Free from their fall, makes Nature, grieuing, gladd.  
 Where while I see some *Phaeton* strue to guide  
 The Sunne of Souraigntie, I see him set  
 All, in Combustion ; so dissolues through pride,  
 All Mouers causing his Ambitions heate.  
 Where I may see but late-Court-Minions  
 Liue like to Spunge [hard squid] aliuie, and dead  
 Through change of Kings, or Kings opinions :  
 For, when their Heads fall off, off falls their Head.  
 Or if they find more grace in Fortunes Frownes  
 To liue (as in an Hell) a liuing Death,  
 That well may chronicle what holds in Crownes,  
 Which turne about (like Fanes) euen with a Breath.  
 There may I Nobles see vnnobly strue  
 Who shall be greatst in grace, for want of grace,  
 Who by the damage of each other thrise  
 And grace themselves b'each other great disgrace.  
 While (vnperceaud) I laugh to see how they  
 (Like Fiends) each other restlessly torment,  
 And, blesse my state that on their Plagues may play  
 In my Minds mirry Kingdome of CONTENT.  
 In few, there may I see how all Estates  
 That lifted are about the myrry Meane,  
 Do, falling stand twixt Dangers and Debates,  
 Whiles of their Falls I make a swelling Sceane.  
 So that this World, the Sea of Misery,  
 Becomes my Helicon, and Streames affords,  
 To make my Muse to flow, stil swelling hie,  
 In matter far above the reache of Words.  
 Then, you, that, shouldering buckle for the best  
 Holding the Meane [the best of all] the worst :  
 Rest you, or else my Muse shall neuer rest  
 To make your States, and Strifs lothd as accurst.  
 And you, ô you vnpassiond peacefull Harts  
 That with me liue secure in meane estate,  
 Be ioyfull though you play but simple Parts,  
 Ye simply play the best, blithst, freest from hate.  
 And though these great Ones scorne our Case, and Cote,  
 Let vs laugh at them sith we know they dote.

*A Dump upon the death of the most noble Henrie  
late Earle of Pembroke.*

**E**ath hath depriud me of my deerest friend ;  
My Deerest friend is dead, and laid in Graue :  
In Graue he rests vntill the World shall end :  
The World shall end, and end shall all

Things haue :

All Things haue end, on Earth, that Nature wrought ;  
That Nature wrought shall vnto Dust be brought.

To Dust be brought the worthiest Wights on Ground :  
On Ground who liues, in Ground consume he must :  
Consume he must who Sorrow doth confound :  
Sorrow doth confound the Mind that Care doth rust :  
That Care doth rust, full soone Care will deuour :  
Care will deuour where Care hath greatest powr :

Where Care hath greatest powr it frets the Heart :  
It frets the Heart and doth perplex the Spirit :  
The Spirit perplex procures the Bodies Smart :  
The Bodies smart doth quite expell delight :  
Expell delight, then Life is like to Death :  
To Death I yeeld, yet cannot lose my Breath :

My Breath, why did it not forsake me than :  
Me than, eun then, when that my friend deceast :  
My friend deceast, eun as my loyes began :  
My loyes began, eun as my loyes surceast :  
My loyes surceast eun as my friend did dy :  
My friend did die, and so would God might I.

J. D.

*I said vnto Laughter, what art thou mad? And to Mirth  
what dost thou? Eccles. a. 2.*

**M**ong the Baites Sinne laies for heedles Flesh  
[Though Lust be more attractiue in her pour]  
None takes so soone [sith It doth it refresh]  
As Myrth ; For Myrth doth ioy, and health

procure.

The Graue, and Light wil, lightly, mirry bee  
Mirth so doth tickle Spleenes of either kinde,  
For recreation, one ; the other, glee :  
And both, because therein they pleasure finde.  
It is Earths Heauen, yet It doth hale to Hell :  
But so doth hale, as, with bewitching Arte  
It makes them willing whome it doth compel  
To ioy in Pleasure : which procureth Smart.  
When Fortune smiles who then laughs not outright ?  
And oft (mad mirry) plaies not with each straw ?  
Makes Pleasure, all their paine ; their care, Delight ?  
These, Mirth, with Ropes of Vanity, doth draw.  
These in the Night, think how to spend the Day  
[If thinking-sad Ambition let them not]  
In pas-time ; so, Time passeth with ill play'  
Til they lose All, and He the same hath got.  
In Weale, we fote on Pleasures Streams, with ease,  
In sugred satisfaction of our Sence :  
And often seeke to sound those sensuall Seas  
With the deep'st reach of our Intelligence.  
Then wee embosom all that Mirth can yeeld :  
Musitions, Plaiers, Buffons, Birds and Beasts,  
Do, at their pleasure, vs (most wanton) weeld :  
And, deerer then our Wisedomes deeme their Iests.

A Zane (farther off from Wit, then Grace)

(And yet as farre from Grace, as Grace, from Synne)

That can at Feasts, prate with a brazen face,  
(When sober Witt's kept out) must needs come in.  
Our Dainties will not downe without some such :  
A Shamelesse-gracelesse, wittlesse Thing wee gett  
To make vs Fatt, as fooles, with Laughing much  
And on his follie feede, to make vs eate.

My Lady shee will laugh as madd shee were  
(Lord ! why should Mirth make sober Ladies madd ?)  
If shee but see Him, like an Asse, to fleere ;  
So shee (kind Mule) to see an Asse is gladd.

And when such Buffons ball, and Cornetts sound  
(The Ghests loud Laughing) Who can then bee heard  
That speakes like Philipps Page, as shrill, as sound :  
That voice hath then no grace, and lesse regard ?

And if one sober Soule, amonge the rest,  
Do mind the rest of their Excesse, in This  
Some seeming wise man makes him straight a Iest,  
While all, as at a Goose, like Geese do hisse.

Then one Goose (that seemes reason most t' affect)  
Yeelds him a reason for their hissing so :

And saith that Wisedome doth hir selfe reiect,  
When shee comes out of season ought to do.

This Diu'l with reason, dammes Diuinity ;

And with his Wisedome stopps selfe Wisedomes Mouth :

Which saith, all Seasons wee should mortifie

Our Eares, to heare the liuely Word of TRVTH !

Paule, hold thy peace ; thou blessed Saint be still :

(Though if thou preach not, thou saist, wo to Thee)

Lest they do hisse thee too, for thy good will ;

Who hold all Geese that not madd-miry bee.

Tell them they ought in season, and without

To heare the Word of Life : they, dead in sinne,

Will, for thy zeale, requite thee with a floute ;

For so to quite such zeale they vs'd haue bin.

The most voluptuous ouer-wanton Rigge

Proud Plentie, scornes meeke Pieties Woman-hood :

And, swelling Supra-abundance lookes so bigg

That nought it sees so Low as Sober-moode.

Variety of Crownes, Robes, Mirth, and Meate

And all that rauish, Sence, with sweet'st delight,

These are the Heau'ns desired of the GREATE

Who weene no Heau'n nor Hell is out of sight.

Frolicke great-great Ones, while these Heauns you hold,

Sith you will not attend true Wisedoms Words :

Laugh and bee fatt, sith al you touch is Gold,

Though that foode your Soules famishment affordes,

Soule? tush, what Soule? how idly dost thou chatt,

Madd Muse, that now [they thinke] dost Poetize :

There is no Soule, nor no such Thing as that ;

These are but Fictions, Law-confirming Lies.

What resurrection? Pish, who euer came

From Death to Life? Who can Cadaueres raise?

Some say a Nazarite once did the same,

But Tacitus nor Machiauel so saies :

These were wise Men, in deede, and known for such,

If such had said it, we might trust their Worde :

But, fow'r poore Fellowes poorely it doth touch,

That often with themselves do scarce accord.

Who had no Action in the Common-weale,  
No Office, no Command, nor no great Braine,  
Yet wee [for sooth] for vaine Soules only Heale  
Must credit them in all their prattle vaine :  
These are the damnd discourses of thee Diuells ;  
Thus, their blasphemous Tongues deride the Truth ;  
Whose greatest goodnesse is in greatest Euills :  
And growing Greate, through Mischiefe, haue their  
growth.

Great Witt should haue great Grace the same to guide ;  
Or Witts owne greatnesse will it selfe oppresse  
Or make it runne to rage, it selfe beside ;  
And sinck the Owner in the deep'st distresse.  
If Witt, and Wealth concurre, to Hell they runne,  
If Grace, in mightie measure, stay them not :  
Who are vndone, if they be not vndone  
Before they do receiue their later Lott :  
For, Frolick Fate is most vnfortunate  
If sanctified Discretion hold not in  
Vnuly Nature, then, in sober gate :  
For, from Abundance springs abundant Sinne.  
In Wealthes excesse to be most continent  
Is most miraculous, and seldome scene :  
For, Appetite is then most violent,  
And Passion, with high-hand, growes Reasons Queene.  
Then Pleasur's Actiue, and most Passiue, Sense :  
Madd-Mirthes rude-hand the Soule asunder teares :  
Which is distracted by Ioyes violence,  
Aswell as by Griefes Gripes, or sodaine Feares.  
If hee that doth the happiest State possesse  
Looke well within him, and without him too,  
Hee lightly shall see cause of heauynesse,  
Seeing All to threaten him quite to vndoo.  
But hardly shall he finde a cause of myrth  
(Though hee sought all the World the same to finde)  
Sith Sorrow only is our right of Birth,  
With Laboure of our Body, Soule, and Mind.  
O Myrth (strong Strumpet ! ) Whore to Worldly-Weale,  
O Laughter (Light Thing ! ) Baude to both those Beasts,  
Why do you not your Luxury conceale  
But that bewray which Modestie detests ?  
It is because yee are madd ; as are those  
That willinglie still rest at your dispose.

*Omnium rerum vicissitudo est.*  
*Terence.*



S I me sate vpon a Riuer side  
And markt the Water how it past away,  
And how that past, with like, was straight  
supplide,  
That still is past, and still held at a stay,  
Mee thought t'was like this <sup>1</sup> Sea of Sorrowes Tide,  
Wherein the Race of Man-kinde runneth so :  
For, downe the Streame of Days, to Death we glide,  
And still Some come, as fast as Others go.  
And as the Streame with many Reaches runnes :  
So runnes our Course, with many way-ward Reaches :  
This, Ill it runnes to, and that Good it shunnes ;  
And, to runne out of Course, makes many Breaches.

<sup>1</sup> *The World.*

Then, with my selfe I thus discourst, at last,  
I, with the rest, am running downe this Streame :  
Here now, there then, then, presently am past,  
Like Streames swift Course, if not much more extreame ;  
For, ah, I cannot think how swift I flee  
But I flee swifter then that Thought, to Death :  
For, Times least Partes, then Thoughts much breefer bee,  
Which Thought, with thought, my short time shorteneth !  
I am orewhelm'd in Thoughts, as deepe as Hell  
And highe as Heau'n, when thus my state I waigh :  
And twixt those Thoughts I (as intraunc't) do dwell,  
While Time drawes mee to Death the neerest way :  
For, Thought breedes Melancholie, which doth breede  
The Enemies of Health ; and, they do sow  
(In Fleshes Earth,) our Dissolutions Seede,  
That vs dissolues when it begins to grow.  
If from my selfe I do my selfe diuide  
(The longer, so, to keepe my selfe intire)  
And giue my Sense delight, my Thoughts to guide  
To Mirth, abroade for health : they straite retire :  
And, sooner can long married Men forgett  
They married are, then I forgett the Thought  
To which I owe my selfe, as duest Debt,  
Since I was matcht to Ill and knew it Nought :  
For, if I lett my easi-moouing Minde  
(With lightest shock turne from his weightie Point)  
It rests no where, but in this Point, by kinde ;  
So, Lightest Purposes doth disappoint.  
The Elements, though still at Warre in mee,  
Do yet, in firme accord, mine ende conspire :  
For It they hasten, sith they disagree ;  
Which well agrees to make me vntire.  
Then, o why should I add sadd care, to Care,  
When one's of pow'r, the Pow'res of Life, to foile ?  
Why should I care to spend, and care to spare,  
To spare a Life which sparing doth but spoile ?  
Why should I care to liue, sith die I should  
If I would liue quite free from Thought and Care ?  
For, Thought's the Deede by which this life we hold,  
Which yet determines Life, ere Thought beware.  
Suppose with cark, past Care, I could obtaine  
A golden Crowne (but better t'were of Baies)  
And with Hell paines a tripple One attaine :  
What gott I but more Care to ende my Days ?  
And were Time staid, and Life most stedfast too :  
Such endlesse Kings, had gott but endlesse Cares :  
And so the longer Life, the more adoo :  
The more adoo, the Dooer worsen fares.  
While thus my thoughts are temp'ring, lo, with Time,  
Time hath stoll'n on mee, to steale mee away :  
Awaie, with time, I go : hark, hark the Chime  
Saith Musicks charming Notes Time cannot stay :  
And, if not Musick no Mirth vnder Sunne  
Hath pow'r to stay Him ; but, Mirth Pas-time is :  
By It, the sooner, Time away doth runne :  
Then, Life is wretched both in Bale, and Blisse !  
If it be wretched, lothsome is it then ;  
If so, then so wee are, to loue it so :  
Men-Beasts wee bee, that reason want of Men,  
To loose our Prison, perill, paine, and wo.

Thus while, with healthful breath, I breathe out This  
 I can contemne this Life, and those condemne  
 That are in Loue with it, as with their blisse,  
 But, were Death neere, I might be one of Them.  
 Yet, let me not my dying Heart bely  
 (Which dyeth as it liues, in thought of Death)  
 It nought (but Heau'n) desires more then to dy ;  
 And, yeeld, to endless rest, my weary breath.  
 Weery, I well may tearme it, that still tolles,  
 To keepe a toilesome Life from endlesse rest :  
 So, wrongeth Life the more, the more it moiles :  
 Which is at worst, when it is at the best !  
 O Breath, fraile Breath ! (base-Daughter of the Aire)  
 Flee to thy Mother, me no longer grieue :  
 Nor would I dy, because I do dispaire  
 But dy, because I hope, in rest, to liue.  
 Here is but Toile, and thou holdst mee to It ;  
 Which I abide, sith thou abidst in mee :  
 So but losse wynn I, by thy benefitt,  
 The losse of Rest, that restlesse am through thee :  
 Yet, till thy Giuer take thee, make no hast :  
 For, I was borne to toile, for rest, at last.

*Difficilia quae pulchra.*



HE Coeternall, consubstanciall WORD,  
 Self-WISDOMS wisdoms, Image of the  
 HIGHST,  
 Sole KING of Kings, of Lordes the onely

LORD

And, heaunly HEAD of CHRISTIANS, IESVS  
 CHRIST,

In compleate Time, tooke FLESH, by MIRACLE,  
 Of a pure VIRGIN ; through HIS Work that was  
 The Prompter of each sacred ORACLE,  
 That did fore-Show how THIS should come to passe :  
 With his vnualued Wonder-working BLOVD,  
 To manumise vile Man, a Slaue to Sin,  
 Was borne in Beth'lem without Liuelihood ;  
 And, without all that State doth glory in.  
 His THRONE, a Manger, and, a Crach, his Cradle :  
 His ROBES, course Ragges, poore Reliques of meane  
 Lynnen.

His WAITERS Beasts, his COVRT, a stinking Stable :  
 That worse no Begger euer borne had been in :  
 Where, yet, fourth-with, by Angels glorifying,  
 Shepherds agnition, worship of the WISE,  
 The guiding STARRE, Old Symeons Prophecyng,  
 And Doctors wondering, ALL, HIM GREAT Agnize,  
 Who, in his youth, grew quickly old in grace  
 With GOD, and Man ; for GOD, and Man was HEE :  
 Baptis'd by him which made and gaue Him place,  
 That HEE to all might Pieties Patterne bee :  
 Conquering his FLESH with fasting, unconstrain'd,  
 The World with meeknesse, and the Fiend, with Prai'r :  
 And when the WEEKS of DANIELL end attaind  
 Hee taught and sought RIGHTS Ruines to repaire :  
 Sometimes, with Words, that wonder-mazed men,  
 Sometimes, with Deedes, that Angels did admire :  
 With mercy, still, with Iustice, seldome when  
 He made (as HEE was) God and man entire.

He tought EARTH, Truth ; and HELL, to know her  
 error :

He showed the MEEDE ordaind for Good and Bad :  
 Then to confirme All [to Aills Ioy, and terror]  
 Hee calmd the Elements ; reformd the madd :  
 Heald all Diseases : brought, to life the Dead :  
 Hee quickt' obedience : secret thoughts, to light ;  
 To Sinnes restraint, or to be banished,  
 And lastly to the Deuill, feare and flight !  
 These [notwithstanding] and much more then these,  
 (For, all the World the Bookes would not comprise  
 That of his Acts should hold the working-Seas,  
 Which to a boundlesse Magnitude do rise !)  
 Hee was, (alas when he had vnder-gon  
 All Paines and Passions (Sin all onely saud)  
 Proper to Man [yet had his God-head showne]  
 By his owne People scorned and depraud !  
 Yea, by his owne (his owne chiefe Officer  
*Iudas* betraying Him) He was accusd,  
 Arraignd, condemnd, bound, scurgd, hald here, and  
 there,

With Thorns, Crownd, crucified, and worse abusd,  
 So He, [All being fulfilld : the Sun obscurd,  
 The Earth, all, quaking, Graues self-opening,  
 And, NATVRES Frame dissoluing] Death, endurd :  
 Life, thereby to his Enemies, to bring !  
 Then being interd, loost Hell : and rose againe  
 In triumph, hauing conquered Death, and Sin :  
 And forty Daies, (with HIS) on Earth did raigne  
 A Man-GOD glorified, without, and in !  
 And, of his age, the three and thirtieth yeare,  
 He, in the sight of his Saints, did assend  
 To Heaun with glory, triumph, Ioy and cheere,  
 And sits on his right Hand that Him did send !  
 From whence [being now our Spokes-man] He shall come,  
 (When all this All shall melt in funeral fire)  
 On Quick, and Dead to giue his final Doom :  
 When, as their Works shalbe, shalbe their Hire.  
 Then, Good, and Bad diuided, endlessly,  
 The Worlde refind and all things put in frame.  
 To this greate Iudge, the totall EMPERY  
 Shalbee giu'n vp, of this Great-double FRAME !  
 To whome Celestiall, and Terrestriall knees,  
 And knees infernall, shall for euer bow :  
 And, eu'ry Tongue confesse, and Eye that sees,  
 That HEE is All, in All, in High, and Low,  
 Vnto His glory that Was, Is, and shall  
 (In all Eternity) be ALL, in All !

*I long for Life, unlike to Death.*



O runnes the *Tenor* of the *Treble* Ills  
 Existing by the Meane of three fel Foes :  
 The Flesh, the World the Deuill euer spills  
 Vs miserable Men with mortal Bloes.  
 Yet, like Fiends, taking pleasure but in paine,  
 [In paine that to noe perfect profit tends]  
 We seeke to rule, and if we can to raigne ;  
 And rule, and raigne but for vnruely Ends.  
 O Rest [the Image of that Saboth sweete  
 Wherein sweete Saints do from their Labours rest !

O riche repose of Spirit, for Angells meete !]  
 How do I toile to be of Thee possest ?  
 Then Slouth it is not that delights my Will,  
 Nor, would mine Vnderstanding idle bee ;  
 But, both desire to bee in Action still,  
 Yet rest in action like the *Trinitie* !  
 The date of my lifes Lease is neere expird,  
 Yet labour I for life, sith still I swimme  
 In Sorrowes Seas, as one as neerely tride  
 As bee is neere the Bottome, or the Brym.  
 I scarce can keepe me Head aboue the Waues  
 With all my Laboures, my Starres are so crosse !  
 Yea, vnder Water oft my Science saues  
 From Death, my Life, which Stormes of Troubles tosse.  
 But as the Deluge, swelling more, and more,  
 Made th' Arke thereby to Heau'n-warde mount apace :  
 So, when Afflictions Waues increase their Store  
 They lift me vp thereby the more to Grace :  
 Yet, as they multiplie, their struggle so  
 That they turmoile my Bodie, toyle my Mynd ;  
 For, bothe in anguise flote when Sorrowes flo ;  
 And, sorrowes flow from Fortunes Ebbe, by kind.  
 So, that I cannot yet that Rest attaine  
 Which my poore Soule and Spirit so requires ;  
 I, longing, labour for it, yet in vaine :  
 For, base Defect withstands my high Desires.  
 And by how much the more for it I longe  
 So much the more I do Worlds weake neglect ;  
 Wherein my selfe and my Desires I wrong :  
 That are the more suppress by that Defect.  
 I was not moulded, sure in earthlie Mould,  
 (Though of the Filth thereof my Fleshe was fram'd)  
 For, if I were, then sure it fitt mee should ;  
 But, nothing lesse, whereof I am asham'd.  
 I see some Men [who when wee weigh their Witt,  
 Wee, as miraculous, their wealth admire]  
 To this Worlds Mould do make them selues as fitt  
 As if their Witt, and Metall were all Fire !  
 Yet some meere Blocks, that are as blunt, as base,  
 Rise from still lying but in Durt and Dung  
 To high estate [which standeth with their Case]  
 Though Fate, through too much right, them too much  
 wrong !  
 Yet I [whose Braines are plac'd in better Cells  
 And haue the influence of clearer light]  
 Can compas nothing by Wits magick-Spells  
 [These charming Numbers] but mine owne delight.  
 I stoln am from my self, by nine sweet Queenes  
 [Who do predominate my Witt, and Will]  
 While Times steales from me both my Life, and Meanes ;  
 And leaues me nought to liue with, but my skill.  
 Yet from Times Wings I steale his blackest Plumes  
 (The Night) to rest in motion of my Muse ;  
 And til my Witt by stealth of Time consumes,  
 In spight of Want, this wealth of Witt Ile vse.  
 And with Aurora [raiser of the Muse]  
 Ile wake if Rests friend [Sleepe] should rest mine  
 Eyes ;  
 To steale from Time, what I may iustlie vse,  
 So to Supplie Times want with's own Supplies !

And for the Stuffe whereof Ile draw my Lines  
 It shall bee such as from his Throne shall come,  
 Whose Muse-immortalizing Spirit them twines,  
 And (Silke worm like) Ile worke me in my Tombe.  
 Where, though I, poore Worme, from my Labours rest  
 My Works well wou'n by some more dextrous Witt  
 May line perhaps the Note-bookes of the best ;  
 Yea, for Apparrell of the Mind be fitt.  
 And though the Viperous Iron Teeth of Time  
 May gnaw away, to wrack, through my Works Wombe.  
 Yet if my Spirit, thereby aboue Him climbe  
 Lett my Lines ruynd bee, to giue Him Room :  
 For though content, I could bee, dead, to lise  
 In Fames strongst Fort (though Paper be the Wall,  
 And Sense of Fame my life cannot suruiue)  
 Yet if I rise thereby lett my Fame fall :  
 For, what feelles Naso that a Worke compos'd  
 That liues and shall, till Time bee Toothlesse quite,  
 Sith hee's disposd, where now hee's indisposd  
 To feele a Winde that is so vaine, and light ?  
 Yet heers the Winde that beares the World away  
 Though it bee weaker then the lightest Mynd :  
 Then, weake is That so weake a Winde doth swaie ;  
 And die they ought that liue but for such Winde.  
 But, Vertue for hir selfe (and not for Fame  
 That as an Hand-maide hir attendeth still)  
 I chiefly do desire, and let my name  
 Die in hir life, so shee may make my Will,  
 And, with hir leaue, to giue (and make no waste)  
 My Time to draw Diuine Lines to the last.

*An Ode in Commendation  
 of Musick.*

O Sacred Musick, Nurse of Raptures highe,  
 Which feedst the Soule with diuine Symphony,  
 What words can prayse Thee ?  
 Whose Vertue tunes the discord of the Spheares  
 And ties thereto Diuine and Humane Eares ;  
 Then can Winde raise Thee ?  
 Whose sweetest Aires do breathe forth Wonders Winde,  
 Which mounts, aboue it selfe, the heauenest Minde  
 In spight of Nature :  
 Whose holie Accents are so full of force  
 As can the Soule from Body quite deuorce  
 Of sullenst Creature !  
 What is so dull of Sprite that hath but life  
 That loues thee not ? Or who so full of strife  
 To hate thy Concords ?  
 Sith thou art Shee, who, with Soule-pleasing Straines,  
 All peruerse Passions of the Mind constraines  
 To cease their Discords !  
 Our Soules (whome some suppos'd but Musicke were,  
 Because they moued are as It doth steere)  
 Do glorifie Thee !  
 The sacred Quires that ring about the Throne  
 Of that most sacred ESSENCE, Three, in One,  
 Do sanctifie Thee !  
 That Holy, Holy, Holy, which They crie  
 That are Sub-chaunters of Heau'n's Harmony  
 Records, thy glory ;

What shall I say? both Heav'n, and Earth conspires  
To raise the same past reach of what aspires;  
If transitorie!

And, in a Worde, if I might censure Thee  
(That, next my Neerest, art beloud of mee)  
Thou art that Pleasure,  
Who in thy sweetest Notes, (as well I note)  
Hast [like that Blisse that by sweete Concord's got]  
Nor Meane, nor Measure!

*Nihil tam bene dictum, quod non fuit dictum prius.*

WERE all the Wits that mortall Braines immure  
(By supposition, or in Deed) made one,  
Yea though they were most subtle made, and pure,  
By al the Helpes that Wit can thinke vpon,  
They could not [though they did themselves distract  
With straying hard] a new Inuention frame:  
For, each new Deed doth turne into some Act  
[In some yeares compasse] past, before the same.  
Our Actions, and Inuentions are fast fixt  
Vnto the Spheare of Vniformity:  
Though oft the same, with Differences, be mixt,  
Yet they, with Like, past, hold conformity:  
For, as the heaunly Orbs, in wheeling, cause  
The Stars to meet in oft coniunction,  
For from the like, the like Time often drawes  
That rightest were in opposition:  
So, do our Words, and Deeds, with Turnes of Time,  
Turn in't themselves: then, out, then in againe;  
And, as a Wheele doth roundly fall, and climb,  
So, Fashions, out of vse, come in amaine:  
We cannot think of that hath not bin thought:  
For, our more studious Ancients strained their Braines  
Beyond our reache, though we in vaine, haue sought  
To straine our Wits beyond their Wisdoms Straines.  
To instance would but breed satiety;  
But, briefly, Lett vs cite some few, for All:  
Who hath past Plato, in Philosophy?  
Who Homer for the Arte Poeticall?  
In Oratory Craft, who hath out-strippt  
The Father of the Romaine-eloquence?  
Whose Tongue and Pen were so in Hony dipt  
That now we lick him, to make sweet our Sense.  
Then for the Mathematicks, who compares  
With Archimedes (Wonder of all Times).  
And who for Musick, with Amphion dares  
Play for the Prize whose fame past Wonder climbs!  
What Painter will not blush a Line to draw  
With Zeuxis; whose bright name, bright Fame doth  
dim?  
What Imager would not seeme rude, and raw  
Before *Pigmalion*, if he wrought with him?  
By this small Touch, we well may tast the Whole  
Huge Body-politick of Arts-men past:  
Which is alike throughout; which Bodies Soule  
Holds all that All are learning, to the last.  
We may suppose w' haue lighted on a Vaine  
Without this Body, when our Muse doth flo

In some Inuention, past the modern Straine,  
But, Self-conceit makes vs imagin so:  
For, read All extant, and if some, or all  
Of thy Conceit were not comprized in some  
Thou art a Spirit, and no Man Naturall:  
Who speakes as he is taught, or els is dumbe.  
This idle-painfull-foolish-witty Worke  
[Pardon mee Patience to call it so]  
I may conceaue in no Conceit did lurk  
Before, from mine, it (thus made run) did flo:  
But God doth know on whose Vaine I haue lighted.  
I know not, sith, I know, I know non such:  
Yet for inditing, I may be indited  
For taking That which I ought not to touch.  
If so I haue, it was through ignorance  
Of what right Others had, to what I haue;  
And if Theirs be my Wits poore maintainance,  
Proue it; and I am theirs, to spill or saue.  
But some there are that take most greedily  
From the old Store, sith they know Nought is new:  
If then, they write both well and speedily  
They but engrosse the Deeds that others drew.  
Yet, sooth to say, howeuer some may vaunt  
They scorne to steale, yet They, yea, and their Heires  
Take [by their leaues] and yet the World inchant  
With coniuring Words, to think it only theirs!  
Old Pictures well refresht do seem as new:  
And none but Artists know them to be old:  
Then they earne praise, as those that first them drew,  
Who make them, newly, their old beauty hold.  
Thers nothing new: no not so much as Sin:  
For, what sin now is done, but hath bin done  
When the Worlds Face was washt for soile therein:  
Which from most fowle, to Filthier far did run.  
And though the World doth wax stil worse and worse,  
Its since that Deluge, which then scowrd hir Scums:  
And so it must grow worse and worse, perforce,  
Vntil hir second, and last clensing comes,  
Which being by Fires (as erst weake Waters) Mean  
It, euer after, shalbe new, and clean!

*Inough's as good as a feast.*

WEE Bowes vnbend, and slack the Viols Strings?  
That vsed so, wee them may longer vse:  
Then if our Muse be euer on her Wings  
She wil the lesser while flye like our Muse.  
The body by repletion, compotent,  
And by Euacuation, fit for it  
Successiuelly, doth Nature most Content:  
So, must we vse the Minde, the Muse, the Wit:  
Then, here an end of that which we began  
On no Foundation that had any ende,  
But such as makes our Muse an Artizan,  
That can, in euery kinde her self transcend:  
But, O, light Rimes, bee darke to all but those  
That can your Rime and Reason well dispose.

*Iucundum nihil est nisi quod reficit varietas.*

FINIS.



## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

DEDICATION, p. 4, PHILLIP HERBERT, EARLE OF MONTGOMERY, etc. He was second and youngest son of Henry, second earl of Pembroke, by his third wife, d. of Sir Henry Sydney, K.G. He was created Baron Herbert of Thurland in the Isle of Sheppy, co. Kent, and Earl of Montgomery, 4th May 1605, and installed K.G. in 1608, when he was one of the Gentlemen of the Chamber to James I. He became afterwards Lord Chamberlain of the household to Charles I., and Chancellor of the University of Oxford. He succeeded his elder brother as fourth earl of Pembroke, 10th April 1630. He was twice married. He died in 1655.

*Ibid.* SIR JAMES HAIRE. Probably this was James Hay, called 'Sir' in courtesy; or, though unrecorded, he may have been knighted. He was the great favourite of James I., who conferred many honours on him. As Master of the Wardrobe and Gentleman of the Robes to James I. he would be in constant association with the Earl of Montgomery.

THE BOOKE TO GRAUITIE.—P. 5, col. 1, l. 27, 'Rubbes' = reproofs.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS MUSE.—P. 5, col. 1, l. 1, 'fond' = foolish: so *frequent*: l. 13, 'out of Square' = out of place or order, i.e. faulty: l. 20, 'masks, Scotich' and Northern for 'makes'.

OF MY SELFE.—P. 5, col. 2, l. 12, 'Skums' = foul fellows: l. 49, 'acquit' = transition-form of 'acquit', as *requite* still is used.

WITTES PILGRIMAGE.—Page 6, No. 4, l. 4, 'Period' = end. P. 8, No. 14, l. 8, 'molt' = melted, or qu. moult? (as a bird its plumage): l. 9, 'impe' = add feathers to, so as to 'rise': No. 17, l. 5, 'relent' = dissolve. P. 9, No. 24, col. 1, l. 2, 'Bale' = woe: col. 2, l. 2, 'Parchas-like'. There seems some corruption here. 'The same'—as what? 'necessity' or what? Even a comma [,] after 'same' instead of colon [:] does not help. The last couplet I cannot make out. Looking to 'necessity' and l. 12,

... their Throde of life quite off to strike.

one suspects that 'Parchas-like' is a misprint for (Parcae-like), though it is hard to think how the Parcae rose by another's fall, or how (if that be the construction) necessity rises by another's fall. Probably the Poet had more than he could well manage for l. 9: No. 27, l. 3, 'Spoule' = spool. P. 10, No. 28, l. 7, 'courselmarly' = crossly, contradictorily: No. 32, l. 8, 'subiecture' = subjective: No. 33, l. 1, 'fell' = fierce, cruel: No. 34, l. 5, 'Lethu' = Lethæ. P. 11, No. 39, l. 1, 'blaze' = blazon: No. 40, l. 1, 'Taper-pointed Night'—a noticeable compound: l. 10, 'skille' = mark—an archery term. P. 12, No. 43, l. 1, 'My Mind to me a mighty Kingdom is': see on this in Memorial-Introduction: No. 46, l. 14, 'sullen' = gloomy, silent—a heraldic term. P. 13, l. 3, 'Woll' = wool. P. 14, l. 4, 'insult' = triumph boastfully: No. 50, l. 12, 'Aest' = fit: No. 60, l. 1, 'Parhays'—sic. P. 15, No. 66, l. 3, 'Pricks' = rides at: No. 71, l. 1, 'boots' = advantageth. P. 16, l. 2, 'sack'—in military sense of the word: No. 74, l. 1, 'blaze' = blazon, as before: No. 75, l. 1, 'Gelon': son of Deinomenes tyrant of Gela and of Syracuse: No. 77, l. 1, 'Polepp' = polypus. P. 17, No. 80, l. 11, 'charming' = bewitching, not in a compliment, but as indicating the 'spell' he fain would cast: No. 81, l. 11, 'Disease' = unrest, not medically: No. 84, l. 1, 'Lamia' = a female phantom by whom children were frightened. Zeus gave her the power of taking her eyes out and putting them in again: 'foaltie' = neatly, elegantly: l. 6, 'Cerco' = Circe. P. 18, No. 87, l. 4, 'let' = hinder: so No. 92, l. 10, *et alibi*: No. 90, l. 2, 'binarie' = double or twin: No. 92, l. 3, 'double' = return upon (a sporting word). P. 19, No. 96, l. 5, 'Curtale' = docked horse: No. 98, l. 11, 'tynd' = kindle: No. 99, l. 7, 'Boorn' = bourne. P. 20, No. 102, l. 3, 'encount' = encountered—a play on 'sconce': l. 4, 'mooing' = wooing: No. 104, ll. 13, 14, 'Lott', 2 Peter ii. 7.

P. 21, No. 1, l. 2, 'Diaphanall' = diaphanous, semi-transparent. See Glossarial Index, s.v.: No. 2, l. 12, 'Mate'—a chess-game term: No. 4, l. 2, 'fatigue' = fatigue. P. 22, No. 10, l. 10, 'White' = the centre of the arrow-target: No. 11, 'Tamburlaine' = Tamberlane. Curiously enough, good Christopher Harvey, the 'sweet Singer' of 'The Synagogue', named one of his sons thus. See my edition of his complete Poems in Fuller Worthies Library. P. 23, No. 12, l. 11, 'too': in original 'to': and so, l. 30, 'the' for 'thee'. As likely to mislead, they have been corrected: l. 36, 'lime',—as birds are caught: l. 37, 'Rendous' = rendezvous: l. 42, 'Then let my silence', etc. See Memorial-Introduction for parallel in Thomson: No. 14—misprinted 54,—l. 1, 'Cocytus' = tributary of the Acheron. P. 24, No. 23, l. 1, 'Pynn' = pen. P. 25, No. 28, l. 14, 'feet'. 'Feed' suggests itself, but 'feel' yields a deeper sense: No. 30, l. 3, 'Crown-foot' = wrinkles that pucker the eyes: No. 31, l. 7, 'fume' = smoke. P. 26, No. 33, l. 8, 'Rynnet' = rennet used for curdling milk and making cheese—but an odd word here: No. 38, l. 8, 'good cheap' = very cheap. See my edition of George Herbert, s.v.: last line. The vacant space evidently requires 'guane', and it is curious that he should have for once been so squeamish as to omit it. P. 27, No. 40, l. 2, 'fincht' = wrinkled? l. 12,

'Boards' = boards? P. 28, No. 46, l. 3, 'qualme' = qualm? also a bubble in boiling.

P. 28, *An amorous Colloqui*, etc. See Memorial-Introduction for parallel from Sir Philip Sydney.

P. 30, col. 1, l. 42, 'suchet' = sweet-meat.

P. 30, *The picture of Formosity*.—Col. 2, l. 25, 'Whirlpits'—a coinage = whirlpools: l. 27, 'Gnomon' = indicator, as of a dial: l. 31, 'Cuvrall' = coral.

P. 31, col. 1, l. 1, 'Prims'. 'Flush' = a hand of cards all of a sort, seems to make this a game-term. See Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 4, 'Marguriles' = pearls: l. 9, 'enaires' = airs: col. 2, l. 9, 'Bisce' = bias: l. 24, 'Corpus' = corpus, body: l. 35, 'Hanches' = haunches, hips.

P. 32, col. 1, l. 31, 'Tich-tack' = a kind of backgammon: *ib.*, 'Queens-game' = at tables: l. 35, 'Vies' = wagers: l. 48, 'Paragon' = model.

*In Love is no Lothsomnes*, p. 32, col. 2, l. 36, 'Chequers' = parti-colours?

*Be not ielous*, etc., p. 34, col. 1, l. 12, 'Conning' = cunning (ironically).

*Non est ciuodem*, etc., *ib.* col. 2, l. 30, 'lad' = led.

*Qualis vir*, etc., p. 35, col. 1, l. 5, 'Noddy' = foolish fellow—our 'noodle': l. 29, 'Ben-clarkes'. See Memorial-Introduction.

Query = Ben Jonson's 'sons'? l. 30, 'Lest they full', etc. The allusion is doubtless to the classical story of the three old women who had one eye among them, and used it in turn.

*When the rich*, etc., p. 35, col. 1, l. 5, 'Claw-backs' = flatterers.

*Suum cuique*, etc., p. 36, col. 1, l. 1, 'brooks' = endure.

*Candidas musarum*, etc., p. 37, col. 1, l. 33, 'entrusse' = expose. See Memorial-Introduction on this.

*Written . . . Deeble*, p. 37, col. 2, l. 6, 'A Hall, Gentlemen' = make room or way. See reference of preceding note: l. 28, 'iump' = agree with. This N. Deeble has a laudatory poem, among others prefixed to Davies's 'Holy Roode or Christs Crosse'.

*Other Essays*, etc., p. 38, col. 1, l. 5, 'vies' = wager: l. 17, 'Pe-riall' = paringal, i.e. equal: l. 36, 'Pave' = pair: l. 34, 'Purrs' = purse. The context-terms belong to card-games.

*Written to . . . Pembroke*, p. 38, col. 2, l. 5, 'dyaphanall'. See note on p. 21, l. 2.

*Written . . . Pembroke*, p. 39, col. 1, l. 2, 'barely' = recently, i.e. a youth. It is misprinted 'larelly': col. 2, l. 2, 'Motors' = Motor's = Mover: l. 20, 'girdle' = gird or jest: *ib.*, 'Counter-buff' = counter-hit: l. 26, 'nill' = nothing. *Gratious is*, etc., p. 40, col. 2, l. 3, 'Tenter-hooks' = dyers 'stretch' their cloth with 'hooks'.

*Quotidie*, etc., p. 41, col. 1, l. 10, 'Aches' = a dissyllable: l. 16, 'Corrosives' = corrosives: l. 25, 'ferdle' = burden: l. 29, 'rounds' = harks or whippers.

*Vincit*, etc., p. 41, col. 2, l. 5, 'They fish', etc.—the proverb. *In vindicando*, etc., p. 43, col. 1, l. 26, 'Quane'. See note on p. 26, last line: l. 55, 'leaze' = lose: col. 2, l. 11, 'ioule' = jowl. See Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon, 'jowl'. *Sic transit*, etc., p. 45, col. 1, l. 12, 'Danaus' = the Danaides.

*Respite finem*, p. 45. See Memorial-Introduction for parallels from Young.

*A blind man*, etc., p. 46, col. 1, l. 15 (from bottom), 'Kingdome of Content'. Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry VI.* iii. 1, 'my crown is called Content': col. 2, l. 2, 'digests' = digests: l. 17, 'For Cresses', etc. See Memorial-Introduction for parallel from Herrick: l. 22, 'Kickshaws' = dainties: l. 25, 'a pudding yould'. So Shakespeare: 'he'll yield the crow a pudding', etc., *Henry V.* ii. 1.

*In iudicando*, etc., p. 48, col. 1, l. 15, 'Husbands' = husbandmen: l. 30, 'cocker' = please: col. 2, ll. 12-13 *et seq.*, cf. Bacon's Essay on Truth: ll. 28-30, cf. *Hamlet* iv. 2.

*A Dump*, etc., p. 49, col. 1, l. 1 = Lament. See Memorial-Introduction on this.

*I said*, etc., p. 49, col. 2, l. 11, 'flarre' = jeeringly jest: l. 15, 'Phillips Page' = Philip of Macedon—the well-known anecdote: col. 2, l. 2 from bottom, 'Four' = the four Evangelists.

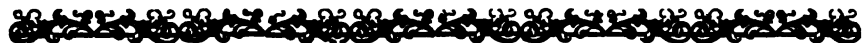
*Omniun rerum*, etc., p. 50, col. 2, l. 41, 'cark' = worry: l. 49, 'tempring' = tampering: p. 51, col. 1, l. 11, 'moiles' = toils: l. 36, 'Crack' = manger: l. 37, 'course' = coarse: l. 41, 'agnition' = acknowledgment, adoration.

*I long*, etc., p. 52, col. 1, l. 47, 'nine' = the Muses: col. 2, ll. 9, 10. The old myth that the young viper ate its way to birth, and killed its parent thereby. Grandly used by Milton of Sin. See Memorial-Introduction.

*An Ode*, etc., p. 53, col. 1, l. 4, 'censure' = judgment.

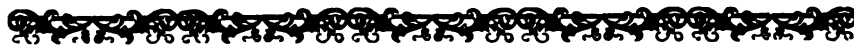
*Enough's as good*, etc., p. 53, col. 2, l. 46, 'compotent' = competent.

Wittes Pilgrimage literally swarms with misprints. I have silently corrected with all carefulness: e.g., it would have been absurd to leave such blunders as 'decpas' for 'deepest', 'on' for 'an', 'Tongue of uth' for 'Truth', 'larelly' for 'barely', 'Harr' for 'Hart', 'renenged' for 'reuenged', 'corsines' for 'corsives', and the like.—G.



*A Select Second Husband*  
for  
*SIR THOMAS OVERBVRIE'S WIFE*  
now  
A Matchlefse Widow.

1606.



## NOTE.

The 'Select Second Hvsband,' etc., is from our own exemplar. Another copy only seems to be known, viz., that in the British Museum. See Memorial-Introduction on it, with special reference to OVERBURY and its remarkable plain-speech. 47 leaves 8vo. The following are our

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

TITLE-PAGE: 'a *matchlesse*' = unmatched.

EPISTLE-DEDICATORY, p. 4.—WILLIAM, EARLE OF PEMBROKE. The illustrious son of the more illustrious 'Sidney's sister': col. 1, l. 1, 'Wit and Wil,' etc.,—a phrase and word-play made famous by Breton's 'Wil of Wit' (1599): col. 2, l. 5, 'Wife.' See Memorial-Introduction on this allusion to Overbury's 'Wife,' and others onward.

TO THE READER, p. 4, col. 1, l. 12, 'Fools-bolts are soone shot,'—a proverbial saying adopted and adapted by Samuel Rowlands and others: 'bolt' = arrow: l. 14, 'In few' = briefly.

A SELECT, etc., p. 5, col. 1, l. 6, 'A' = by a: l. 30, 'For face, but grace' = without grace: col. 2, l. 3, 'Pectorals' = armour for the breast: l. 15, 'Rig' = wanton.

P. 6, col. 1, l. 16, 'vading'—not exactly = fading, as I shew in a full note on the word in my edition of SOUTHWELL, s. a.: l. 22, 'Tiffany' = fine gauze: l. 47, 'Capreoll' = a 'capering' dance: col. 2, l. 2, 'brast' = burst: l. 20, 'decere' = transition-form of 'decorate': l. 5 (from bottom), 'affect' = affection.

P. 7, col. 1, l. 11, 'base' = bace: see col. 2, l. 8: l. 36, 'Lune' = the moon (Luna), with a play on 'lunacy': l. 40, 'Ermines' the 'ermine' skin is easily stained, and to 'bemyre' the creature whose it is is peculiarly offensive: l. 48, 'Rains' = reins: l. 50, 'sconse' = skull or head (as holding the brain).

P. 8, col. 1, l. 30, 'Hart's-ease and . . . Rue,'—the garden-flowers or plants so named—with sub-pun: l. 33, 'Lets' = hindrances: l. 43, 'yer' = ere: so col. 2, l. 23: p. 11, col. 2, l. 10: l. 48, 'Bale' = evil: l. 54, 'phears' = husband: col. 2, l. 19, footnote, 'Sm.' = Smith (Henry), the 'silver-tongued' Preacher, whose striking Sermons have been reprinted in Nichol's Puritan Divines.

P. 9, col. 1, l. 13, 'Make' = mate, and so p. 10, col. 1, l. 33: l. 24, 'teene' = grief: col. 2, l. 13, 'let' = hinder: l. 31, 'facundiously' = eloquently: l. 33—see on p. 9, col. 1, l. 13—'make' = mate: l. 37, 'Hatch' = a wicket or half-door, a cellar: col. 2, l. 20, 'Complexions' = temperament: l. 38, 'Cham' = Ham.

P. 11, col. 1, l. 23, 'fond' = foolish: col. 2, l. 10, 'Yer' = ere: see on p. 8, col. 1, l. 43: l. 8 (from bottom), 'Heast' = hest, behest: l. 7 (from bottom), 'Than' = then.

P. 12, col. 1, l. 2, 'bond-servants' = bound or permanent servants, as distinguished from occasional helps 'hired' (l. 1): l. 4, 'front' = eyes and intellect: l. 8, 'Inne' = accomodate (as in an inn): l. 9, [by] inserted as lacking: l. 35 'boorders' = jesters: l. 40, 'than' = then, as elsewhere: col. 2, l. 7, 'Bell' = of the Apocrypha 'Bel and the Dragon.'

DIVERS ELEGIES, etc., heading, p. 13. See Memorial-Introduction on the tragical of Sir Thomas Overbury herein so stoutly celebrated: col. 2, l. 15, 'ab-jected' = exhibited or published: l. 17, 'Wife' = Overbury's poem so called: l. 24, 'yer' = ere, as before: l. 29, 'furse' = stuff.

AN EPITAPH, p. 14, col. 1, l. 6, 'sconse' = fortification: see a full note on the word in my editions of George Herbert, whose manner (*en passant*) be it noted is anticipated in the 'Select Husband,'—on which more in our Memorial-Introduction.

MIRUM IN MODVM, p. 14, col. 1, heading. Davies had already given this heading to his earliest poem (1602).

P. 15, col. 1, l. 31, 'prease' = press: col. 2, l. 42, 'cousin' = cosen.

P. 16, col. 1, l. 4, 'teene' = grief, as before.

SPECVLVM PRODITORI, p. 16, col. 1, l. 9, 'size and seauen': see my editions of Herbert on this phrase.

P. 17, col. 1, l. 6, 'Gowries' = the Gowry (alleged) conspiracy: l. 25, 'maugreal' = maugre: col. 2, l. 41, 'Liege' = lord or nobleman: l. 50, 'reame' = realm (by stress of rhyme).

P. 18, col. 1, l. 4, 'fine' = finis, or end: l. 9, 'Ports' = gates: l. 11, 'Neat-herds' = oxen-herds: l. 17, 'Muser' = wooden bowl: l. 19, 'laft' = laughs: l. 25, 'way' = weigh: l. 29, 'Lawnds' = lawns or meadows: l. 30, 'weeds' = clothes: col. 2, l. 12, 'all or some' = universally and individually: l. 44, 'fines' = ends.

P. 19, col. 1, l. 8, 'spet' = spit, as elsewhere.

P. 20, col. 1, l. 14, 'mears' = mars.—G.

No *Muse* can make high flight,  
Whose Lustre lacks No Light.

1606.

To the right Noble, for all that is in  
Nobility, *Art*, or Nature, *William Earle*  
of *Pembroke*, &c.

WIT and my *Will* (deere Lord) were late at strife,  
To whom this *Bridegroom* I for *grace* might send  
Who *Bride* was erst the happiest *husbands* wife  
That ere was haplesse in his *Friend*, and *End*.  
*Wit*, with it selfe, and with my *Will*, did warre :  
For *Will* (good-*Will*) desir'd it might be *YOU* :  
But, *Wit* found fault with each *particular*  
It selfe had made ; sith *YOU* were *It* to view,  
Alledging *YOU* had all his *Vertue* got,


And left him *gracelesse* : so, was loth t' appeare  
To your cleare *eyes* : wherewith *good-Will* grew hot,  
And said her love to *YOU*, was all as cleare :  
Then, both agreed *YOU should*, for *lasting-life*,  
Sith best *YOU could*, make this *man* match that *Wife*.

Your *honors* now as ever

most humbly devoted

JOHN DAVIES.

To the Reader.

 O Rest is in Motion. *The Circle of Opinion*  
is without Center : yet, past that *Compass*,  
no lines have allowance. One singular *Wit*  
(affecting singularity, in matter and manner of verse)  
lately put foote into that *Circle*, and there so arrests the  
Worlds iudgement, that it finds no comming forth ; but,  
lies there forthcomming to be iustified, or condemned, as  
Reason, in Time shall find Euidence. An Opinion  
without learning, cannot be good, say the learned. There-  
fore, in this, to spend mine, were a sinfull prodigality ;  
because it may be much to little purpose. But I will  
not long detain thee, Reader. Fools-bolts are soone  
shot. Then take mine with thee : it is but light, and  
shal cost thee nothing. In few ; if all Poets, in their  
Poems, are said to sing ; then they make harsh musicke,  
who, to please Iudgement with the Ditty, offend the Eare

with the Accent : and, he that sings much, out of tune,  
though he sing wel, out of cry, may haply, sing to please  
himselfe, and few ; but shall be sure to displease many.  
Well-doing, it is well done to follow ; but in ill the imita-  
tion is worse than the example. To marre the musicke  
of the Line for the reason of Sense, is against sense and  
reason : seeing words may be found as well to fit the  
tune, as the sense in what line soeuer. But, to affect  
harshnesse in fashion with some, should be an affecta-  
tion out of fashion with all : for canst thou not sing  
sharp in sense but thou must sing flat in sound ? Thou  
maist ; (peraduenture) that canst SAY ; but (without  
peraduenture) thou canst not SING. Farewell ; and  
sing in tune ; else fast for me.

I. D.



A SELECT SE  
COND HUSBAND FOR  
SIR THOMAS OVERBURY  
HIS WIFE, NOW  
A WIDOW.

**M**AN is, of *men* the varied *same* and *summe*,  
As *runners* runne the same, and not the same :  
In *Vnitie*, the *Odds* do *Odds* or'e come ;  
Differing in *Time*, *Place*, *Person*, *Face*, and *Name* ;  
Yet, all's but *Man* ; and *Man* is all : that he  
Should all the *World* of *Men*, t' a *Woman* be,

But *Man*, made like, alike did *marre* his making ;  
So, must re-made be, to be like his *Maker* :  
Which cannot be without a *selfe-forsaking* :  
For *Sinne* of *Grace* can neuer be partaker.  
*Sin*, made him like *Gods* most unlike : then, he  
To be like him that made him, *grac't* must be.

He must be *grac't* with *Grace* and *Glory* too ;  
For, *God* hath both, who made him to his *moods* :  
If *Men* haue both, they win still what they woo :  
For, nought they woo that is not *passing good* ;  
' *Loue* liues in *likenes*, it dies when it  
' *Meets* with *Vnlikenesse*, both in *Will*, and *Wit*.'

In *Beauty*, I had rather *Vertue* finde,  
Than seeke it in *Deformitie* ; for, *grace*  
The *gracefull* guides : and *Nature* makes the *Minde*  
The *Body* like ; the *Iewell* fits the *Case*.

*Beauty's* a *beame* of *Heau'n* DIVINITY :  
But, *uglinesse* (like *Hell*) but plagues the *Eye*.

*Beautie* is good ; for, *Goodnes* made it so :  
Which is *Loues* obiect : must good-men be  
Haters of *louing women*, if they show  
Lesse *grace* than *beautie*, in their *goodnesse* : he  
Is no good *husband* that a *wife* will choose  
For *face*, but *grace* ; and *grace*, but *grace* to vse.

*Shape* is but *Natures* grace to *Naturals*  
As well as *wise-men* : nought then therein lies  
Worthy those *Ladies* precious *Pectorals*  
That are as *good*, as *great* ; and *kinde*, as *wise* :  
Yet where both *in*, and *outward* *Beautie's* rise,  
There is a *Husband* worth a *Monarchs* wife.

For, such rare *Beauties* rauish both the *sense*  
Of *soule* and *Body* ; such an heauenly *spark*  
Doth feast the *eye* of the *Intelligence*,  
As well as that which sees by *light* more *darke* :  
*Queens* haue more choice then *queens*, that are as *kings*.  
Then seldom wiue they such *celestial things*.

Where *Fortune* plaies the *Prodigall*, there can  
Be seldome found but what *Loue* still doth hate :  
A *Rig* the *wife*, a *Rake-hell* (oft) the *man*,  
Although a paire of *Princes* in their *state* :  
*Aboundance* clogs the *soule*, and so she sties  
No more than swolne *voluptuousnes* can rise.

Wouldst thou (wise *Virgin*) wiue no *man* thy *foe* ?  
Then *taste*, before that *touch* him : store of *salt*  
Eaten with him, doth make him relish so  
As he both *seemes* and *is* : Nay, tis a *fault*  
To trust thy *touch*, or *taste* ; unlesse he be  
By *Time*, on *Trials* touch, found right for thee.

Right, take not wrong : for, no right *golden-back*,  
Right *shape*, *state*, *birth*, nor *breeding*, I intend  
If all these *Rights*, a right *good-mind* do lacke,  
They cannot make right *Husband*, or right *Friend*.  
' He's most-most-bad, although an *Angell* still,  
' That is so bad but meerey in his *Will*.'

*Forme* is not *matter* : *shape*, no *substance* is :  
 And either neither is to be belou'd  
 Or loth'd, but as its meete, or most *amisse* :  
 As it with *Vice* or *Vertue* still is mou'd :  
 Then, she that weds for *forms* sake, wiues a *shade*.  
 Or nought : or marr'd with nothing that is *made*.

*Forme* in an *Image*, giues no *Essence* to it :  
 Or, gaue it *Essence* ; if deform'd it were,  
 It could but moue to *hate* ; which might vndo it :  
 Then, wouldst thou *loue* aright ! aright then *fear*  
*Ill motions* : whereto, worst *ill-will* is best,  
 Sith therewith *naught*, that is not *worse*, can rest.

*Beauty's* but *skin-deepe* ; nay it is not so ;  
 It floates but on the *skin* beneath the *skin* ;  
 That (like pure *Aire*) scarce hides her fullest flow :  
 It is so *subtill*, *vading*, *fragile*, and *thin* :  
 Were she *skin-deepe*, she could not be so *shallow*  
 To win but *fooles* her *puritie* to hallow.

Say that a *Paire* were matcht without a *Pierre*  
 For *Beauties* grace ; yet, if they should but *sin*,  
 Their grace were more in *crime*, then *beauty*, clear :  
 And frailer then her *Tiffany*, the *skin* :  
 Their interchang'd *raies* would then reflect,  
 Either to each, but *dulnesse* and *neglect*.

*Heauen's* outward *beauty*, *loue*, and *wonder* would  
 In all procure, were it but seldome seene ;  
 But, but to *Copper*, *Custom* turns their *gold* :  
 So, *graiest* loue of *Grace*, is ever *greene*  
 In *beautie* field enioy'd ; but, with it cloy'd,  
 Both *soule* and *sense* thereby is still annoy'd.

If *beautie* then, be not faire *Vertues* Inne,  
 Nay, not her *Heau'n* wherein she resteth still,  
 She's loath'd of *sense*, if she do lodge but sinne :  
 Though *sin* and *sense* be friends ; *Sense* loues no ill,  
 It hath found *ill* : for *ill* can nere be lou'd ;  
 Sith nought can loue that *good* that *ill* is prou'd.

A *man*, in *print*, or made in *waxe*, these words  
 Transferr'd to our *conceit* the highest *worth*  
 Of outward-*shape* ; which (*dead*) more *life* affords  
 Than quickest *flesh*, as *nature* sets it forth :  
 'Yet, if a *man* in *print*, be dull, or dead,  
 'He's a faire *body*, but a *soule* of lead.'

Nay though that *Body* could be made to moue,  
 In *measures*, most immeasurably in *grace* ;  
 Such *measures*, yet, but *sinke-apace* her loue  
 That is not lewd, if he dance not with *GRACE* :  
 'A lofty *Capprell*, is but high to rise  
 'Shaking, like one, nor *great*, nor *good*, nor *wise*.'

Yet this *mad-mean* the mean mounts, *now*, and *then* ;  
 In *marr-age* oft : the goodness of the *backe*  
 Is all that is belou'd in such *men* ;  
 Not well to *backe* them ; sith no such they lacke  
 Whose *bellies* are all *backe*, to vndergo  
 The *bellies* charges, that the *backe* vndo.

To flatter *Beauty* is to raise it hie  
 (As *fooles* do *shel-fish*) so, to *fall*, and *brast*,  
 To prey, at pleasure, on it inwardly :  
 Than, keepe off such : for they'l come on too fast ;  
 Such *clawes* will be *scratchers* from thy *state*,  
 And make the *bed* of *loue*, the lodge of *hate*.

These like bemir'd *Dogges*, with fawing, file,  
 As *Witte* it selfe, hath erst obseru'd : then, looke  
 Shee nere be tempted with such gawdy-guile :  
 Lest, with the *Baile*, she swallow down the *Hook*.  
 The best mans *praises* sound, his hart doth loy,  
 Then, what wilt doe a *Woman* ? make her toy.

Such *gawds* will make thee grieue, and *griefe* go round  
 In her owne *Circle* : issuing at her mouth,  
 To enter at her *Eares* : the secret *wound*,  
 Sharp *Praise* doth giue, though but for real *Truth*,  
 Proues oft more mortal than the *wounds* of death  
 That kil but *flesh*. Then, keep her from such *breath*.

I would shee should be *modest*, but not *sadde* :  
 Yet *modest* sadness doth faire *lookes* decore :  
 As *Shadowes* doe more life to *Pictures* adde ;  
 So, *sober* *lookes*, make bright ones *beame* the more.  
*Beauty* and *Boldnesse* oft together goe,  
 But still as *Foes*, themselves to ouerthrow.

The praised, will to their owne *Musicke* dance :  
 For, nought is more melodious in the *Eare*,  
 Than our high praises that our *hearts* aduance,  
 And make vs (ioy'd) too wanton them to heare.  
 'The more *Ambition* in our *Minde* is nurst  
 'The more our praise wil swell it, til we burst.'

The greatest good that bad *Wines* can disclose,  
 Is *Beauty* : but in good *Wines* t's the least  
 Yet *Beauty* is, to *Sense*, a *Damaske-Rose*,  
 That doth for *sweetnesse* better *Natures* best :  
 But yet t's but the *Signe* where *Beauty* lyes  
 More worth by *grace* ; the *minds* good qualities.

*Chast Eyes* giue *Eyes* to *Cupid* : then, thou must  
 (If shee be fairely *Modest*) haue a care,  
 And helpe her *Loue* to shunne *Adultrers Lust*,  
 That by her *grace* ; growes more irregular :  
 For, *Innocencie* is not always free  
 From causelesse *shame* : then, help her eyes to see.

Her *lookes* (if well she looke) may frolike *hope* ;  
 And bind it to the good *behaviour* too :  
 Yet, this more fires *close hearts* (that dare not ope  
 To giue it vent) which then, by *lookes* do woo :  
 And though they moue not, yet, the *ouert thought*  
 Makes *modesty* to blush as she were nought :

And blushing so, *observations eyes*  
 Mis-looke into the cause of that *effect* :  
 Whence *rumors* runne, while *Slanders* do *misdeed*  
 Against the name of *vertue* in *affect* :  
 Then, sith good name's (like *glass*) on *frail*, as clear  
 All care should keepe it cracklesse in thy *Deer*.

And if the husband live as free from thought  
As act of falsehood to the marriage-bed,  
Much more the wife should, with much more shee ought;  
For she may stain his blood, and paine his Head:  
As lieue had I she should b'in deeds vntrue,  
As wrong my right in thought, if it I knew.

Ioynes she with me, for issue: and disioynes  
Her selfe from me therein, in her best part?  
Then, for my share, she lends me but her Ioynes,  
While she to one, lesse worthy, giues her hart!  
What patience can endure my base foes base  
Should with my land run quite beyond my race.

Then, if her heart be gone; farewell my wife:  
Nay, farewell I; perhaps shee'l me vndo!  
Or cast about, to cast away my life  
Backward, and forward, till I cast it too:  
Then, if a peerelesse Peere the husband grow,  
The wife will match-lesse be, to mate him so.

The diuill is a matchlesse Alchymist;  
He can transmute the richest mett'l d-man  
To Lead, in her conceit, that is so blist;  
And, make her, so, her owne good-fortune ban:  
But, bann'd be all, that but assist herein,  
To make the swolne with grace, to burst with sin.

To burst with Sinne O, that that damnd effect  
Had neuer Diuill, to occasion it!  
Then, Love might haue what it should best affect  
Without the Sin of such a banefull fit:  
'But when the heau'ns, to wrack vs, are decreed,  
'They blind our iudgements so, we fal with speed.'

O Damnd Desire, what wouldst? or what is it  
That should to Change so much thy soule dispose?  
No Blisse nor Beauty tis, conoeu'd by Wit:  
For, Wit the truth of Natures secrets knowes.  
Though Beauty then seeme Sol, at least as rich,  
It will be found but Lune, on Tryalls touch.

O! whither wilt, proud Flesh? To fall in state?  
Think'st, there secure in spight of Spight to stand?  
No: soon thou wilt be thrown through publike-hate  
To Ermines? nay: to Vermines Netherland;  
Where thou bemyr'd with Clay, stil scor'nd shalt lye,  
A Slaue to Spades and Spights iust tyrannie.

Good-wit still wins Good-will; and makes them glad  
They haue good wit, yet haue not all good will:  
But yet good wit, without good will, is bad  
Being Armed-vice, that wounds, vnwounded still:  
'That head is head strong, that is full of Brains;  
And runnes awry if Grace hold not the Rains.

Learning and Wisdome are but seldome, when  
Ioynd in one Sconfe; sith diuers in their powre.  
'The greatest Clarke are not the wisest men;  
And wise-men oft (like fools) for nought do lowre.  
Then as a Wife too witty, is too vaine;  
So, is a Husband, bad, with too much Braine.

The search of Wisdome, sith so close it lyes  
Obscur'd from sight, is full of paines that kill:  
Then, sith Ire burnes (like Fire) in Agonies,  
A good wise man, makes no good Husband still:  
For, hee is wayward, and his Wife must woo  
For kindenesse; yet not be too forward too.

Sacred Religion best they loue and know  
That runne no Race beyond her ghostly Goale:  
Such make good husbands, paying what they owe  
To their kinde other Halfe; not when the whole  
Is willing, but the Halfe; though, but for Lust  
If shee would what he could, then needs he must.

A Man with Woman never can be said  
To sinne, when sinne, by some iust circumstance  
Is tane away, or tastly so allay'd  
That Grace it selfe the same doth countenance:  
'No dead's vnjust, how ere vnjust it bee,  
'If it be so, but in so iust degree.'

But Wit and Knowledge so the mind inflate  
As make it most imperious: then, the Wife  
That's matcht to him that is so stiffe in state,  
Must liue a supple Slaue, else die in strife:  
Booker better can the mind; but what they can  
They do not, if they meet with such a man.

Then let him be diuinely wise (like GOD)  
Glad without Ioy, and Sad, without Offence;  
That's all alike, to beare the Staffe and Rod;  
With Temperance, so, to feast his soule and sense?  
Kinde, and not Wanton; sober, yet not sowre,  
Still hauing all his Passions in his powre.

Flowe Numbers on deepe streams of Helicon,  
Which in a world of Arte, are scarce found rife,  
Till you haue made one Husband-Paragon,  
To fitte one rare, but Over-buried Wife:  
Hold Colours to the life, while I, by Art,  
Lyne out a Husband fitte to lyne her Hart.

Platonick Ideas, stand aloofe,  
And let my purest Pen delineate  
No Husband meere suppos'd; but, one of prooffe:  
Without a checke, to giue a Queene the mate:  
Which may be found in earnest, yet Art can  
Scarce with Arts colours, paint so rare a Man.

Hee is a Lambe, whose All is all so deare  
That nought of him is vselesse, loue to get:  
Hee is a Lyon, making Beasts to feare  
His vertues: so, is milde, sterne, small, and great:  
Hee is, What not, if good? and yet to God  
Hee is not, eu'n: yet with him neur odde.

His Birth and Breeding, (like his Body) right;  
His Minde, with witty Flashes (fir'd aboue)  
Doth lighten oft, to giue his wife some light  
To mend her misse, and all in mirth and loue:  
For, sowre Reproofs, and Iests, how euer sweet,  
That come too-sharply, wound when they do greet.



For shee (if truly Noble) rather had  
In private dye, then publickly be checkt :  
For publick shame make *Reas'n*, in *Greatnes*, mad :  
And GRACES face it selfe will (so) be fleckt  
With *Vertues* *Rosie-rayes* : Then closely moue  
To check thy *mate* in *Game*, to win her loue.

God left his *Sonne*, and he his *Sire* forewent  
But for his *wife*, the *Church* : then for his *wife*  
*Man* should himselfe forsake, ere himselfe rent  
From her that is his (*honor*) *life of life* :

But, bitter taunts and checks, in publick, be  
A rending her, thy *honors* life, from thee.

God chargeth *man* to loue (his *house*) his *wife*,  
As his owne *flesh* : nay, as himselfe : that is,  
Both *soule*, and *body* : then, decline such *strife*  
As may incline thy *whole* to do amisse.

Who *hates* his *wife*, his owne *shame* loues : for shee  
His *honor* is ; or (honoured) would be.

Are *wines* made *helpes*, and *comforts* too, by *God* ?  
Then, should they such be made by *husbands* too,  
Be *man* and *wife* made *even* ; yet, be *odd* ?  
O ! *shame* for *one* ; that so, of *One* makes *Two* ;  
Yet cannot make *Two*, *even* ! Shall a *Third*  
Be brought to make *Two*, *even* ? That were hard.

Then, at her errors winke with open sight,  
As sacred *Loue* requires thee : thou must be  
The *Atlas* of her *frailties* ; thou must right  
What is amisse, in *loue*, that faults doth see  
To hide them : yet, to mend them : so shalt thou  
But beare thine own *Harts-ease*, and neuer *Rue*.

Of outward *cares* thou must the *Camell* be,  
And beare them soundly for your *Commonwealth*  
One highest *Lets* : as *Cares-domesticks*, she  
Must beare, though *sickely*, for thy ease and health :  
Thou canst not presse her more to make her fall,  
Than still to make her beare the weight of all.

*Marriage* contracted is (ere it be knit)  
For *strength*, (sith *two* are stronger farre than *one*)  
Yet must the *man*, with manly *strength* and *wit*,  
Beare all the heaviest *loades* himselfe alone :  
' The *weaker* by the *stronger* must be easd ;  
' As by the *weake* the *stronger* must be pleasd.'

And so *Heav'ns* queene, y'er *knit*, contracted was ;  
To shew (though *heaven* help) she help must haue  
But of a feeble *husband*, and an *Asse*,  
The *Lord* of *strength*, made *feeble*, so to saue :  
Then, must the *husband* of the happy *wife*  
Be *strong*, to beare her *Bale*, and *guard* her *life*,

For, what an abiect *weaknesse* is't to see  
Her wrong'd by *brutish force*, defam'd by *spight*,  
Yet haue no *strength* or *heart*, in no degree  
Of *age* or *state*, for so great *wrong* to right :  
' There is no *Woman*, though most full of *fear*,  
' But *hates* (as *hell*) a *cowheard* to her *phare*.'

*Fear*, is to *cowardine* more painfull farre  
Then *death* to the *couragious* : a *saint-heart*  
Is hartlesse but to heare a *Trumpeter* :  
Nor is his *fear* by *Nature* cur'd, or *Art*.

Then is a *wo-mans* *honour* poore in plight,  
That's guarded by a *man* so poore in *sprite*.

*Marriage*, that is most noble, should haue nought  
But what is *noble* in it ; *noble-moods*  
To scorne that *frailty*, and despise that *thought*  
That is not *truly noble* : *marriage-goods*  
Are *Its*, if good they be not made by *these*,  
Else to haue *much*, is *much* but to displease.

It is of *knots* the sur'st : for, *two* in *one*  
So fast it knits, that *death* can scarce *diuide* :  
Nay, many *hundreds* it doth so attone,  
That, to *Posteritie*, they *one* abide.

The *husband*, then, for this *strong vnitie*,  
Should strongly *prop* this long *Posteritie*.

<sup>1</sup> For *Time*, it's noble ; sith at first the *God*  
Of th' *Vniuerse*, did institute it, when  
*Man* lackt an helper (sith he was but odd)  
To fill the *world* with *worlds* of other *men*.  
He, was an *husband* call'd yer he had *wife* :  
So, next to *God*, an *husband's* Lord of *life*.

In *Paradise* it was ordain'd ; and so,  
For *place* it's noble : and, if *innocence*  
May make that *noble*, which from thence doth *flow*  
*Nobilitie* therein hath residence :  
' The *Lord* of *loue*, who *hatred* most doth hate,  
' Is *matcht* to those that loue in *married state*.'

Then, *Time*, *Place*, *Person*, that did it effect  
Being so *noble*, *noble* it must be  
Aboue all *Friendships*, which we should affect ;  
Sith it is so transcendent in *degree* :  
*Woman*, was made for *man* ; and (for his *aide*)  
Made of that *holpe* ; that *holpe*, then, must be staied.

With *Miracles* 'twas honor'd ; but none such  
Are done but for *Gods glory*, and *Mens loue*  
To make a *Man* a *God* ; least *God* might grutch  
That *Man* (his *Image*) should not be aboue  
The *Angells* : so, lest they his *Grace* should dym,  
He made himselfe a *Man*, to *grace* but *him*.

Then, to his *Prototype*, if *man* will bee  
Like ; he must like but what that *Type* doth please  
Who loues the *married Paires* that well agree :  
But sith men to their *wines* are *winds* and *seas*,  
Who *move* as men do *move*, it them behoues  
With *breath* and *motion sweets*, to win their *loues*.

For, of their *Archetype* they this *lore* do learne ;  
The *Church*, his floting *Spouse*, he moueth so :  
His blessed *wind* blowes euer in her *stern*,  
And makes his *mercies* seas to *ebb* and *flow*  
As best behoues *her*, till she hath attain'd  
The *hau'n*, for which she was both *pleas'd* and *pain'd*.

<sup>1</sup> See : *Sermons* : 2.

The *ribbe* of man, whereof his *wife* was made  
 Was *crooked* : so, though *wines* be such by *kinde* ;  
 Yet man, of God, in *wisdom*, learn'd, the *trade*  
 To bow them *straight* : then, *gently* them to binde  
 With *cords* of *love* from starting back againe,  
 Till without *stubburnesse*, they *straight* remain.

Of *Earth* his *Maker* made man : but of *bone*  
 God made his *wife* : then, *wines* still harder are  
 Than *men*, for bent : yet, *husbands* must turne *stone*,  
 When through their *softness*, they their *wines* do mar.  
 'Men may be *hard*, and good : but hardly can  
 'A husband soft, e're make a good *wife-man*.'

While *Rue* was made, her *Make* did soundly sleep  
 But, oft, while *husbands* sleep, their *wines* are marr'd :  
 The *house-wife*, then, the *house* doth hardly keepe,  
 When, in *soft-sleepe*, she sees he sleepeth hard :  
 Then *wakefull* be, to keep thy *wife* from *sin*,  
 And *running* out, that marres thy *commings* in.

She made was of the *Rib*, not of the *Head* :  
 Then, keepe thy *headship*, for thine *honors* sake :  
 And for her *grace*, and good : and, keepe thy *bed*  
 (But sleep not much) from that which keeps thee wake :  
 For, if they touch thy *Brow*, t'will swell vnseene,  
 Which ranking *inward*, *outward* shews thy *teene*.

The fertile *seed-plot* of the *world* should be  
 Free from *pollution* ; *marriage* should be cleane :  
 Pure *Seed*, well Sowne, from *cockle* should be free ;  
 That so the *crop*, or *fruite*, might be a *meane*  
 Whereby the *tribe*, maintain'd, might still endure  
 In *name* as *right*, as in *fame* *firme*, and *pure*.

And so to keepe it, it behoues thee much  
 To make thy *wife* no *wanton* ; for, thou maist  
 Make her thy *whore*, with many a *wanton-touch* :  
 Be prudent then, when e're thou with her plaist,  
 And, set strait *limits* to thy *lust* ; for, she  
 Will proue a *libertine*, if so thou be.

It's thy fault ; though thy *right* she wrong therein :  
 Art thou her *stay*, yet mak'st her fall the more ?  
 Yea, fall into adulterous *three-fold sinne* ?  
 For, so she is thy *widow*, *wife*, and *whore*.  
 Then, let no lawlesse lust the bed pollute,  
 That may make sacred marriage dissolute.

Would'st haue the *body* chaste, and not the *head* ?  
 That cannot be : but, she the *body* is,  
 Whose *head* thou art : by thee she's bred or led  
 To good or ill : then, do not thou amisse.  
 'As good the *head* were *empty*, as not full  
 'Of *braines* to gouerne all beneath the *skull*.'

The *dueties* of the *bed* may, but may not  
 Be well, perform'd with some secret *staine* :  
 For each least *wandering thought* incurreth a *blot* :  
 From which, what *love* could euer *thought* restrain ?  
 So, we are all too sinfull, ere we sinne,  
 Sith we by *this* are all couctiu'd therein.

Can the *desire* but thinke vpon the *deeds*  
 As 'tis an *Act* of *Generation*,  
 And neuer let the *thought*, on fancies *breeds*  
 (Through *heate* of *lust*) some loth'd *corruption* ?  
*Lust* mixed with *love*, begets the *race* of *men* :  
 Then, who knows *lusts* iust *side* ; or keeps it then ?

Say, it's but so much as but warms *Desire*  
 To get our *like* ; yet who doth *mete* so much,  
 But in the *measure* may be found, a *lyer*,  
 Sith *Iustice* scales are turn'd but with a *touch* :  
 Whose *eye* still waits, so, on their *turning right*  
 That each least *tricke* of *lust* is found too light.

Then, let thy *lust* thy pure *love* neuer let :  
 For, *love* lusts not : or, if it do, it is  
 But *complement* all, or our *likes* to get,  
 While *love* is kept a-*foole* the more for this :  
 Yet *love* may be so *pure* and so *intire*,  
 That it will hate least *heate* of *fornaine-fire*.

O ! to a *soule* that *simply pure*, it is  
 Irkesome to do *pure marriage* *duet rights* :  
 Whose *spirit* suspects fraile *flesh* doth still amisse  
 In all her *workes*, so, with it, still she fights :  
 But *women*, weak'st of *flesh*, are yet so strong,  
 As, if thou wrong'st thy self, thy *right* she'l wrong.

From *sense* of ill then keepe her : for, she's *was*  
 To take *impressions* apt, and hold them too :  
 She'l lacke no *time* nor place, nor *wit* she lacks  
 To do what her *will*, marr'd by thee, would do :  
 No maruell then, though *Fame* the *bugle* winds  
 Thou seek'st thy self : and follow what she finds.

Teach not thy *wife* to speake *facundiously* :  
 Much lesse affectedly : but still to speake  
 Her native *dialect* with puritie  
 (Yet *short* as *seld*) when e're she *silence* breakes :  
 To make thy *wife* a *Parrat*, she'l giue thee  
 A *Daw* (perhaps) or *Cuckow* for thy fee.

Do thou thy selfe what thou wouldst haue her do  
 (*Examples* more than *Precepts* leade the way)  
 And, of her sex, rehearse *Examples* too  
*Mellow* and *moderne* : these will runne away  
 With her *Affections* : so to emulate  
 Their *Vertues* that all *worlds* so celebrate.

To keepe *Love* *greene*, forbear the *Customs* *gray*  
 Of lying *whollie*, with thy *Halfe* each *night* :  
 Yet not sans-*leane*, least the *Halfe* fall away  
 But, with consent, it breeds the more delight  
 In *Loves delight* ; for, that doth but annoy  
 Which loathd *Societie* doth still enjoy.

If shee be *faine*, it's *foule* to bring her to  
*Mad-merry-meetings*, *Reuells*, or to *Court* :  
*Kinde Natures*, as their *like*, there needs must do ;  
 So there thy *Browes* may batter'd be in sport :  
 'Thats hardly kept that many *doe* desire.  
 'Then, not t'*inflame* her, keepe her out of *Fire*.'

If her <sup>1</sup> *Behaviour* bear surer *Barre*,  
Then is her *No*; then tempt not *That* too much :  
Shee is a *Woman*; so, too weake to warre  
With *Complaisant-men*, that take but with a *Touch* :  
‘ Many that haue resisted *long*, with *strength*,  
‘ Yet struing still, grow *weake*, and fall at *length*.’

The force of *Womans loue* in *vertuous course*,  
Is *Lyon-like*, not first to be withstood :  
But sooner tam’d by *following* than by *force* :  
For *Blouds* made hottest oft, in coldest *blood*.  
Like Wells in *Winter*; so, the Leacher can  
Be first a good, and then a *Beastly Man*.

Is shee but *young*? Then t’is but *young*, to bring  
Thine *Olde-acquaintance* to her. Is shee *olde*?  
*Olde-Doings* yet may rise from *Communing* :  
The olde and young from such *Occasions* holde :  
Yet not so *strait* her, as shee may *espie*,  
Through pure *Restriction*, as grosse *lealousie*.

There’s none *extreamly* good, or *passing* badde  
Vpon the *sudden*; but by *slowe* degrees.  
No sober *soule* is at an *Instant* madde,  
But falls too’t peece-meale in her *Faculties* :  
First *Fantasie*, and then *Intelligence* :  
Then *Iudgement*, with each other *Inward Sense*.

So must thou looke thy *Wife* vntyr’d may runne  
In *Vertues* progresse, right, from *grace* to *grace* :  
Sith running backe, she may be ouerrunne  
By *Vice*: and so be ruin’d in the *Race*.  
*Customs*, is *Natures* second-selfe : and so,  
By *Customs* shee’l runne right, and upright *goe*.

The higher *Pow’rs* doe second *Causes* make,  
As *Accessaries* to their iust *Decrees* :  
And that vnwittingly; then make thy *Make*  
Vnwares to doe what with thee best agrees,  
Who art the *second Cause*, of what shee is ;  
Then, thou hast *chiefest Cause* to looke to this.

‘ *Its good to keepe a Hatch before the Dore* ;’  
And yet that *Hatch*, to hatch no euill will  
In *Wife* nor *Friend*; nor yet in *rich*, nor *poore* ;  
But to doe *good* let it but keepe out *Ill*.

An *Husband* should be carefull of his *Wife* ;  
Then, can not be too carefull of her life.

Is no *mistrust* of thy *Wines* truth, to keepe  
Thy *Chest* fast lockt, wherein thy *Treasure* lyes ;  
But, for shee may be either *Skrew*, or *Sheepe*,  
Thou letst her keep it, while thou keepst the *keyes* :  
And so both keepe it safe, and both *enjoy*  
That which *false-Friends* by stealth would but destroy.

*Care’s* no *Distrust*, the wittiest <sup>2</sup> *Wife* hath said,  
That ere was made for wisest *Husbands* vse :  
Care of her *Honor*, is her *Honors* ayde :  
*Neglect* may be her *Honors* deaths excuse :  
*Loue’s* Lord himselfe is ialous of his *Honor*,  
And loues those that with *care* do wayt vpon her.

<sup>1</sup> (*Sir Tho : Overb :*)

<sup>2</sup> (*Syr Tho : Overb : wife.*)

Nay, hee is ialous likewise of our *Loue* ;  
Yet hee is God of *Order*, *loue*, and *right* :  
Then, what hee doth in *Wisdoms*, we may proue  
In *Prudence*, without *lealousie*, or *spight* :  
If thou do loue thy *Wife*, thou lou’st her *Fame*  
More than her *life*, sith longer liues the *same*.

Yet looke vpon her *Frailties* with more *Loue*  
Then *Iudgement*, so to hide them ; for, thou must  
(So-shee be true to thee) as often proue  
As shee desires the *Sport*, though but of *Last* :  
All haue not *Continence*, their *Fame* to crowne :  
Then must shee be conteyned with her owne.

And though it bee a *torment* to a *Man*,  
(Cold in this kinde) to force Fire out of *Ice* :  
Yet if *shee would*, *hee should*, though ill he *can* ;  
Sith *sinne* it is not then to pleasure *Vice*.  
*Grace* makes *sinne* *Grace*, in this *necessitie* :  
Sith *Grace*, this wrong to *Grace* doth rectifie.

Then, loue her not the worse for *this*, sith that  
It is (perhaps) *Complexions* sinne : and so  
Some other may be thine as *deprauate*.  
Shee matcht to know no more then she might *know*.  
Then, if what well she may, she vse at *needs*,  
Loue her for that the more, sith don with *needs*.

*Man*, *Wife*, and *Children* are *Correlatiues*.  
Then must the *Man*, his *Wife* and *Children* vse  
As *Vassalls* (not as *Vassalls*, chiefly *Wines*)  
Of *Honour*, which hee should no way abuse.  
*Gods*, and thy *grace*, must make thy *Children* good ;  
And not the *grace*, nor *glory* of thy *Bloud*.

A *Bloody grace*, is but a *Beastly glory*.  
For, all the *grace* of *Bloud* from *Blood* proceedes :  
The braneist *Victor* hath the brightest *Story*  
Made of his *Acts* ; That is, his *Bloody-deedes*.  
Then, from thy *Spirit*, into thy *sonne* infuse  
More then thy *Flesh* in him could ere effuse.

*Children* are *Blessings*, if they blessed bee ;  
Or else, with *Cham*, accurst. One going wrong  
More grieues than ten right running : O ! say mee !  
This is the *Burden* of my heauyest *Song* :  
*Nature’s* more apt to grieve, then *ioy* in all ;  
Sith sold to *Sorrow*, by the *First Mans* fall.

*It is an vnknowne Good* then, to haue none ;  
If none be had without such cause to mourne,  
What need we for but Heires to make such mone,  
Sith when we part, we neuer more returne ?  
Haue we no *Kinne*, nor *Poore* ? if either, then  
We, haue *Heyres* : for, all are our deer *Brethren*.

O ! but our *House*, and *Name*, (two nameless *Things*,  
For deerenesse) then (say wee) must bee extinct ;  
‘ But sith *Kings come of Slaves*, and *slaves of Kings*,’  
As good its Common, as to be distinct  
In *Reason* : and in *Nature*, all is one ;  
If oddes there bee, it is in *grace* alone.

What haue wee heere to doe, when we are hence  
As farre as *Heau'n* or *Hell*, and euer there?  
Can the *Sonnes* weale, the *Syres* woes recompence  
That's dampn'd? or's *future hopes*, his *present* feare?  
Or, can *heau'n's blisse*, b'increas'd by the *sones* mirth  
In *Earth*? If neither, leaue thy *House* to *Earth*.

The *World* and *Wee* do at one *Instant* end:  
And, eythers *Reliques*, senseless are to each.  
Then, from my *Sonne*, sith I can-not ascend,  
It skills not though my *House* receiue a *Breache*  
To lette in others: I my *Center* keepe  
When well I *wake* in *GOD*, and in *Earth* sleepe.

*Children*, and *Comforts*, are *Correlatives*:  
The first being good: or, if but dissolute,  
How the wee may be blessed in our *Wines*,  
Yet are wee most accus'd in our *Fruite*:  
And nought there is, that can this *Curse* preuent,  
But *GOD*, by *grace*; and *thou*, by *Gouernment*.

Our *Husband* then must know the *Rules* of *RVLE*:  
And when to vse them too; and vse them then:  
Else, if an *Asse* be taught but by a *Mule*,  
Hee'll still be brutish. *Olde* must teach *Young* men:  
As *wise*, the *fond*; And so, our *Petty-god*;  
In his *Homes-heau'n*, must vse the *staffe*, and *rod*.

With which these *three* must be cheerd or cheekt;  
*Wife*, *Children*, *Seruants*, in their kinde: but, so  
As thou maist both thy *good*, and theyrs effect.  
The *Lambe* and *Lyon* must vnited go  
To this great *Work*; and with them, still the *Fox*,  
To work on *These*, with *kindnes*, *craft*, and *knocks*.

But, must thy selfe bee subiect to thy *Rodde*?  
Thy *Wife's* thy *Selfe*; or halfe thy selfe, at least.  
Why? must not *Man* (made like) be like his *God*  
In *Iustice*? Did not *God*, when *Man* trangrest  
Correct himselfe as *Man*, for *Man*? Then must  
A *Man* correct his *wife*, when it is iust.

*Christ*, and his *Church* are *Two*; yet make but *One*:  
As *Man* and *Wife* doe: yet, though shee do erre,  
He hide t'appease his *Ire* for That, alone;  
And yet, for That, hee oft chastiseth her:  
So double beats himselfe for *Single-sinns*  
Himselfe the *Shell* of his *Sweete-selfe* within.

So, teach thy *wife*, by ruling, to obey;  
And, by obedience, rule with greater might:  
Thou rul'st aright, when she no worse doth sway,  
As *kings* do when their *iudges* iudge aright:  
Good *iudges* make ill *Kings* rule graciously:  
But, thou must make hers, thy rule glorifie.

Yet *Blowes* are brutish, if thy *Wife* they touch,  
Vnlesse she man-kind turne, in *furious* moode:  
Then, maist thou giue her more, at least as much  
As she bestowes; and all but for her *good*:  
'The paine of *One* that pleasure brings to *Two*  
'Made *One*, make loue more *free* and *faster* too.'

A *man-kind-woman*, is a *monstrous* man:  
That's a *she-man*, or loth'd *Hermaphrodite*,  
Taking the name, of what most in her can  
Do in each sex: then, if she loue to smite,  
She is a monstrous *wo-man*, of *man-made*,  
But *man* to marre; or making, to inuade.

Looke how th' *Angell* staled great *Abrahams* stroke  
At point to *fall*: so should the sacred *Name*  
Of *Wife*, alone, the falling *Blow* reuoke  
Yer fall, t'her *sorrow*, and the *strikers* shame:  
The *God* of *Peace* dwells not in *Tents* of *warre*;  
Much lesse with *man* and *wife* that so do iarre.

*Contention* is resembled to a *fire*:  
And *fire* leaues nought, but worse then *nought*  
That's, *Dust* or *smoake*; and so, such *hate* and *ire*  
Wasts all, saue (worst of all) foule *Rumors* wind:  
Which doth pursue their *cinders*, till they ly  
In *Lethe*, or in rotten memory.

The *voyce* of *Nature* (which nere sounds amisse)  
Still cries, that *Peace*, is *Heau'n*; and *warre*, is *Hell*:  
Is thy *wife* good? then great thy *Fortune* is.  
If ill; she is thy *crosse*; yet beare it well:  
And how so ere, let nought thy mind offend,  
But what thou canst, and yet thou wilt not, mend.

The *parcels* of thy selfe (thy *children*) *strike*  
When they *misdo*; yet, not so oft as then:  
*Some-times* to *winke* at what we do mislike,  
Is well to *see* to do like *prudent* men:  
That is, when *sweetnes*, more then *sharpnes*, will  
Their proper *good*, keepe from improper *ill*.

And such an *hand* still beare thou on the *raines*,  
As bridle may, with *ease*, their *Coltish* will;  
With *ease* to either; for, to neither, *paines*  
Are pleasing; so that *Kindnesse* do not kill.  
As fond *Apes* do their yong: Thy children, so,  
Thy will, with *ease*, shall still both do and know.

Yet, to their *carriage*, euer haue an *Eye*:  
And *check* when least they *trip*, lest much they fal:  
Nay, beare not with them euen the lightest *lie*:  
The *burden's* more than may be borne with-all:  
So, with strict vse of *going-well*, they will,  
With *pleasure*, beare them selues most vpright still.

Thy *Seruants* (*Portions* of thy *goods*) if ill,  
Mend with sound *strokes*; but yet remember'd be  
Thou hast a *Master* too, and thwartst his *will*:  
Then, strike, for *that*, as he, for *this*, should thee:  
Do as thou *wouldst* be done to, is his *Heast*.  
Than, do no more; but, so to do, is best.

Those of her *Sex*, set vnder her comand,  
Leaue to her *chastisement* when they *misdo*:  
The *Servant-maide* waits on her *Mistresse* hand,  
Then, by that *hand* she should be punish't too:  
It's for more lowe, then *maes* worth should aspire  
To hurt a *maide* in *sport*: much more in *ire*.

*Hirelings*, that are not yet as *meniall*,  
More freely use then thy *bond-servants* still ;  
Yet not, as to one good, give to *all* :  
But, let thy *front* distinguish *good* from *ill* :  
From whose *squint-eyes* hide wel thy ill-wad *power*.  
For, it they'l vent with *breath* as soft as *sow'r*.

*Provision* (soule of *hospitalitie*)  
To *live* it well, must be the *husbands* care.  
*Magnificence* lives *Frugalitie* ;  
Be sparing, then, to *spend* ; and spending, *spare*.  
*Bear*, and *Forbear* : forbear least vaine expence  
Of wealth, to beare vp thy *Magnificence*.

Labour, to *Be* : but, idle be to *Seeme* :  
(Sith but to *seeme* is idle) so, shalt thou  
Behold more *deere*, the lesse thou dost esteeme  
Of thine owne *worth*. To *rise*, then, is to *low* :  
But, in thy house thou must retaine that *state*,  
That there is fittest to predominate.

Thou must b' a *King*, a *Prophet*, and a *Priest*,  
To *gouverne*, *teach* and *pray* : so *Masters* ought.  
To be lesse *good* than *wise*, doth *ill* resist :  
To be more *good* than *wise*, is euill thought  
For *gouernment* : for such will fall at length  
By the *strong pow'r* of their owne *weaknes strength*.

When thou dost feast, (so that the *poore* fast not)  
Feast thou as oft, as well thy *state* may beare.  
Haue *Guests* that haue no pleasure in the pot,  
But, sadly gamesome ; witty, as austere :  
So, shalt thou bind to thee (in *lowe*, at least)  
*Men* worth thy *meate* ; in *earnest*, and in *iest*.

*Life*, and *Societie* do so accord,  
As, if they be diuided, die they will :  
And, *frollicke Fate* doth (lightly) load that Bord  
That fedes the *honest* and the *hungry*, still :  
Yet, boord no *Buffons*, that are boorders broad ;  
Their *Lowe* is light : and yet, a heauy *load*.

They are but *Baskets* of the *Diuels* almes,  
Which keepe his *scraps* of *wit* for *wicked wills* !  
These wound with *will*, and then giue witty *balms* ;  
With laughter feed ; than, bring in saddest *Bills*.

Meere *meaths* of *great-men* ; good-mens *eye sees* : O !  
I would, nor *good*, nor *great-men*, such did know.

Then such to shun, and with them, other *Pests*,  
Pray euer to be taught in *Wisdomes* schooles ;  
And crane the *Master* of thy *soules* requests  
To blesse thee from the *sacrifice* of *fooles* :  
Be thou not *Bell*, whose guilefull *Priests* did eat  
(While, senselesse, he lookt on) his *means* and *meat*.

Let *Mornes*, and *Eu'nings* neuer passe their *prime* :  
But, with the *little Church*, or petty state  
In thy home's *signiory* pray out that *Time*,  
To be preseru'd from *Sense* so reprobate :  
Then, *Wisdome*, *Fear*, and *Lowe*s deuotion shall  
Be as *Trinuuirate*, to rule thine *All*.

And, when thy life, thus spent, draws neer her *date*  
Let *Prudence*, and *Compassion* penne thy *Will* ;  
For, they'l make *Loue* and *Rights* so part thy *state*,  
As *All* shall like ; and, for it, loue thee still :  
So, *Thine*, and th' other *Thine* (the *poore*) shalbe  
Still ioy'd, in *griefe*, and grien'd, in *Ioy*, for thee.

Now sleeps this *husband*, (in his latest *home*,)  
While *heau'nly glory* watcheth when he wakes,  
To take him to her *temple*, from his *tombe* ;  
Sith *Fame*, her selfe, of *him*, an *Idoll* makes :  
But, *Heau'nly glory* enuy'ng his *Fames* praise,  
Swallows *Fames* beams into her brighter *raies*.

Which will but more discover (by their *light*)  
The best of *husbands* staines, that scarce appeare :  
By which their own clear *raies* becom most *bright*  
Yet all too browne for *her* that is more *cleare*.  
Then, shine fair *Pair*, til som more heau'nly *sprites*  
Do make your glory like the *light of lights* :

And let her *Fame* file euer in the *Airs*  
Of the sweet'st *Muses* breath, that ere shal breath  
The *Airs* of *Art* and *Nature* : till *Despairs*  
Danne *Envy*, looking still but for her *death* :  
But *selfe-life* cannot die. Then this deare *Wife*  
Shall liue till *death* be endlesse *Glories* life.

*Finis.*

DIVERS ELE-  
GIES TOVCHING THE  
DEATH OF THE NEVER  
TOO MVCH PRAISED AND  
PITIED, SIR THOMAS  
OVERBURY.

**T**H'INSULT vpon the wretched, is a *Crime*  
That *harsh* and *hatefull* makes the smoothest  
*Rime*.

If *One* all *Its*, in one should perpetrate,  
His *Person* should be priuileg'd from *hate*  
In *loue*, that makes men *God-like*: for, if *God*  
Be grieu'd, where he hath cause to vse his *Rod*,  
The *griefe* is for the *Person*, not the *Paine*  
Which *partly* he, in *loue*, doth (so) sustaine.  
He made not *Death*: nor, doth he take delight  
To damne, for doing *wrong*; but, for his *right*:  
Nor, for his *right* grieues *soules* to ruinate  
But dy'd, in *loue*, to saue them from his *hate*.  
The *Judge* that would be lik'st *him*, when he giues  
His *Dooms* on the *Delinquent* most that grieues.  
*Powders* his words in *Eye-brine*, so to tast  
Of *grace*, to them, that (so condemn'd) are grac't.  
Then let no *fault*, how-euer *capitall*  
The *faultie Person* make so loth'd of al,  
That he, for it, should so be 'reft of heart,  
As, in despaire, to wracke his *better part*.  
Though *one* should ruine *all* the *world*, yet he  
(If we could helpe it) should not damn'd be:  
For, for but *temp'rall* faults, *eternall* Torters  
We cannot wi'h t'our *killers*, and be *Martyrs*.

But, yet, (O yet) to let the good-man die  
For *goodnesse* shewne, without our lowest cry  
For *Iustice*, for so damn'd, so deuillish *Crime*,  
Were iust *damnation* to the *Place* and *Time*  
Wherein we liue; and *Priests* might sermon thus;  
'*Twere better to be ill, than good, with vs.*'  
Enough, for that; but, ne're enough of *Him*  
That so was wrackt: Then, flow my *Tears*, and swim  
Sad *Muse* therein, till thou attaine the *Port*  
Of his *Arts fame*, beneath his *Good report*:

And yet that *same* aboue our *sight* doth fly,  
For rich *composure* in sweete *Poesie*;  
And, perch't so hie aboue our *cunnings* spheare,  
That *All* may follow still; but, *None* come neere.  
No *Line* in his rich-*Numbers* confluence  
But more than bounds a *boundlesse Sea* of *sense*.  
Through all the *Cuernes* of a *Braine* as pure  
As euer did the *Queene* of *Art* immure  
They glyd'd still, with *vnconceined sleight*,  
Yet they to *view*, transported his *conceit*.  
Nor onely so; but, held the *best things* vaine  
That easly fall into a *world* of *Braine*:  
But onely *that* he tooke, that hardly fals  
Into the *Braines* of *Arts* best *Generals*?  
That ere his *Thoughts* obiected were to *sight*,  
Our *Sense* might wel perceiue his *thoughts* to  
fight

For *place* and *grace*; and all to grace his *Wife*  
(Now matchless widow) were they thus in strife.  
His *Common-sense*, and *phantasie* conuey'd  
Their *Obiects* to his *Iudgement*, to be weigh'd  
But for her vse; yet so, as hee is thought  
To be the *Best* that euer *Arts* hath wrought.

His *Mind*es cleare *Eye* pry'd narrowly, to spie  
What well would *grace* her, yer it come to *Eye*.  
Not like some *idle Poets* of our *Time*,  
That ouersee great *Reason*, for small *Ryme*:  
And from *Inuention*, take what comes vnwaigh'd  
(By *Iudgement*, with the *Vnderstandings* ayde)  
To farse great *Bookes*, with *Ignorance* farre greater:  
Which neretheless, oft *better* sell than *better*.  
*Minerua*, mend this *Misse*: or take them hence,  
That strangle *innocent Intelligence*,  
With lines to rude for *Mules*: But our *Apollo*  
Made *none*, that made not *all* his *Priests* to follow

Drawne by the *Eares*, to the *Similitude*  
Of his *Artes* beauty, and *Beastitude*.

But, envious FATE (vnable to abide  
A *Man*, that was, like *God*, so glorifide  
For faire *Desert*) with *Venom* did inuent  
A way to bane the wittiest *Innocent*  
That euer dyde to line: for liue hee must.  
And shall, in fame, a *Martyr*, in his dust:  
For, wrackt he was for his *Integrity*,  
By the high hand of *Pow'r*, and *Iniury*:  
Who, for but leading blinded *Loue* aright,  
Was (ah!) misdome by that *Loues* banefull *spight*.

O pittie, past compare! O dire *Euent*  
Of truest *Loues* so laudable intent!  
Words cannot vtter it; and *Wit's* too weake  
To shew the *ruth* of it. *Swell heart, and breake!*

Then, sith nor words nor wit can ere suffice  
To shew the *ruth* that from lesse *fals* doth rise;  
And t'vndergoe the *blasse* of this *distresse*,  
Makes my *Pen* straddle with the *heaviness*,  
Rest here sad *Pen*; sith all thy *sable Teares*  
Are lighter than this *Cause* of cares and fears:  
For, if from thee but one *Teare* should decend  
So blacke as *It*, that *Teare* would feare a *Fiend*;  
Or if, through thee, one *Teare* should fall in *Print*  
So sad as it, that *Teare* would teare a *Flint*.

I. D.

## AN EPITAPH.

*Wit*, *Art*, and *Nature* made a three-fold warre  
To reigne, w<sup>th</sup> *peace*, in him which here doth lie:  
*Wit* strane with *Art*; and both (though regular)  
With *Nature*, toyning, strane for *Soueraigntie*.  
But, *Prudence*, with her *pow'r's*, (still bent to peace  
Keeping the *Scowse*, that did his whole command)  
The warre surceased for his *Worthinesse*:  
That onely *It* had then the vpper-hand.  
Yet selfe-divided-honesty behold  
That *peace*, in warre with her owne *Charitie*.  
Then, bent her *pow'r's* to make their *pow'r's* to yeeld  
So, all subdu'd to selfe-*Integrity*  
But, *Fals* (best friend but to the most profane,)  
Stirr'd vp the hand of *Hate*, in heart of *Pow'r*  
(And all in shew of *Loue*) to worke his bane;  
So, from *Minerva's* crown soone crompt this *flow'r*:  
Yet ere it went, it left such *Aire* (though dimme)  
As makes all sweete that saouours but of him.

## MIRVM IN MODVM.

Mirum in Modum.



F euer *Time* or *Fate* produet such *Crimes*  
As may shake *hell* with horror but to heare,  
The instant NOW may flow to *After-times*  
To drown them with *amazement*, *griefe*, and  
fears:

For, if the *fusion* of this instant NOW  
Effect not *That*, noight wil, that *Time* doth know.

Yet *Time*, as yet, but shewes (as through a *glasse*)  
*Part* of the whole; but, by that *parts* extent  
*Indgement* may guesse, in euill, it doth passe  
As farre beyond *beliefe*, as *precedent*:

*Loue* fain would hide it; yet *heav'n's* iustest *hate*  
Deems that *grace* damnd, that it would palliate.

Yet *Iustice* nought reueales, but for the *day*  
Wherein her *tryals* be, and, that's no more:  
Than the *Offender* doth himselfe bewray;  
Which is but part of *trecheries* greater *store*:

This *peyson-plague* is so contagious, that  
Tis fear'd it spreads, to inwards of more *state*.

Should I my selfe, at whom *Loue* first doth aime,  
(And yet not selfe-*Loue*) so offend, I should  
In *Conscience* damne my selfe t'an *hell* of *shame*:  
Sith neither *Time* nor *Place* such *sins* do hold:

'For, greatest *Crimes* but to extenuate  
'Is but the *Doers* crime to aggravate.'

To cloke a fault so foule, and yet so cleare,  
Is, in the *Sunne*, the ugliest *Toade* to hide  
With banefull *aire*: through which it doth appear  
More vgly farre, and by it more espide.

'Then, *Penitence*, not *Impudence*, doth win  
'The greatest *grace* t' acquit the greatest *Sin*.'

None otherwise then as the *Lion's* said  
To spare to spoyle his humble yeelding pray:  
So, by high'st *grace* is highest *Iustice* staid  
At point to strike, when yeelders mercy pray:  
But her t'affront with *pride*, or *stubbornesse*,  
Makes her more horrid, and *grace*, merciless.

Say, *Greatnesse*, What *account* wilt make to *heav'n*  
For making those that tend thee, to attend  
On nought but *mischiefs* not to be forgiu'n?  
Standst thou not charg'd with both their crime and end?  
If so; a world of *Penitence* must cleare  
A *sinne* so base, perform'd at rate so deere.

And (O!) suppose you heare your *captiue's* cals,  
Deepe *groanes*, and *out-cries* while in 's *bowels* rag'd  
An *hell* of heate; yet moand but by the *wals*  
Resounding but his *griefe's* cries vnasswag'd:  
In whom the force of *Nature* (being yong)  
Wrastled with *paine*, his *torments* to prolong.

As *Life*, and *Nature* had, with *Bane*, and *Death*  
Conspir'd, to make him feeble more *Deaths* than one:  
So groan'd he still, as *Death* would seize each *breath*  
He fetcht for life; yet liu'd but still to *groane*:  
'Yea, groane alone: and that, in *hells* of *paine*,  
'Augments the *griefe*: nay, makes it more than raigne.'

Hee tooke no *meats*: but in it *Peyson* tooke;  
Nor *Drinke* he drank, but brewed was with *Bane*:  
Yet, as if *peyson* had it selfe forsooke,  
It ceas'd to *kill*, but yet grew more *immane*:  
For, so it rag'd within him, that it made  
His *Heart-strings* crack; yet did their *breach* eade.

*Justice* (great *Arbitresse* of all that's done  
In *Time* or *Place*) though outwardly but blinde  
(Because shee knowes no *persons*) needs must run  
Vpon thee *blind-old*, led thereto by *kind*:  
For, nought stands in her way, but down it goes  
(Though high as *heav'n*) to hellish *ouerthrowes*.

Then deem I *MERCY* well provides for such  
As so offend, by *Iustice*, so to fall:  
For, so, though for their *crime*, their *soules* do grutch  
Yet haue they *Time*, and *helpes* more speciall:  
Then others further off the stroke of *DEATH*,  
To saue their *soules*, with losing well their *breath*.

That *happie-haplesse Soule* (the last of *Three*  
That *First* were *Well-misdone*, for this *misdeede*)  
Being bound to *Death*, yet spake as being *free*:  
And praised the *Iustice* that his death decreede:  
So seem'd, to *glorie* in his death of *shame*,  
Sith it did *glorifie* his *Iustice* name.

Had *Grace* met *Arts* and *Nature*, in his *Head*,  
As *Courage* in his *Heart*, with *Cunning* met:  
He might haue *ruled* those that haue *gouerned*:  
But rising with the *Sommer-Sunne* now set:  
Did set with *him*, by whome hee did ascend:  
Whence brightly falling, grac't a gloomy end.

A *Friend of Faith*, or *Heav'n's* most faithfull *Friend*  
Still pray'd to know the *number* of his *Dayes*:  
To be prepar'd the better for his *Ende*:  
Then, hee that knowes his latest *moment*, stayer  
On *direr Ground*, though neer *Deaths* horrid house,  
Than they that stand on *Rocks* more dangerous.

A *prease of People* (prest to *pray* for *grace*  
For him that dies) at *heav'n's* bright gates do beat:  
And wings make of their *Words* to *fanne* the *Face*  
Of *Highest Iustice*, so to coole her heate:  
This was His *priviledge*, that so did die,  
Heau'd vp to *Heauen*, past reach of *Infamie*.

A *violent death*, then to the *souls* is mild;  
But, on the *BED* of *Death*, most sterne is Hee:  
Where oft he makes our *Minds* and *Manners* wild,  
Then, *Grace* nor *Nature* with it doth agree:  
But Hee (*Al-wise*, repos'd in *Passions* strife)  
Held this strait *Death*, the easiest *dore* of *LIFE*.

The force of *fears* those *succors* (oft) betray  
Which *Reason* offers; but this ill-good *Man*  
No counsell held with *fears* in *Deaths* *affray*:  
But, in his *Triall*, tryde what *Reason* can  
Affoord for *fence*, without distracted *mood*:  
So, made his worst of *Ill*, his best of *Good*.

To fall from *Fortune*, sitting on her *knee*,  
From *Wife* and *Children* and what else is deare,  
Yet from the *helpes* of *Reas'n* not once to flee,  
Is compleat *Vertue*, making *Vice* to cleare  
Her way to *GLORY* through *shames* nether *hall*:  
This *Cast* was *ill*; but thus, he plaid it well.

So well, a *Cast* so ill is seldome plaid,  
Scarse in a world of *Time* we meete with such:  
Whose *worth* (too cheap imploid) in iudgment waid  
Was found more *deare* then *cleare* on *tryals* Touch:  
Abstracting from his *fault*, *worth* makes his fame  
To fly to *heav'n*, to *glorifie* his *shame*.

If those in this sadde *Playes Catastrophe*,  
Play their dire *Parts*, no worse: all *Dignitie*  
Is lesse then is their *Blisse*, and *glories* Sea,  
Wherein, ore-whelm'd they shall still *living* dye:  
'But *Courage* comes from *Heav'n*;' and it must gine  
That *Worth*, in *Death*, on which *Fame* still shall liue.

But t'is an *Hell* to all *voluptuous hearts*,  
To leaue *Youth*, *Beauty*, *Honors*, *Wealth*, and all  
That's deere to *Sense*, to play such *dismall parts*:  
And from the *height* of *State*, with *shame* to fall:  
'But, what of *pure necessitie* must bee,  
'Must well be borne, to honor *high-Degree*.'

For, *publike hate*, though for the hateful'st *Cause*,  
Will soone be turn'd to *Loue*, by playing well  
*Vpittied parts*: Nay, it makes *Iustice* pawse  
Ere doome them death, who (neere it) so excell.  
Though *Common-hate* the great'st *Offenders* teares,  
Yet it bewails their wel-born death with *Tearus*.

For, though it burne, as quenchlesse: yet it is  
Extinguisht quite, by seeing loth'd *ones* play  
Beloued *Parts*, in *Death*, or *Miseries*:  
Their *Eyes* (that hold their *hearts*) their *hearts* doe sway.  
'A ruthfull *Object*, though most loath'd before  
'Is pittied, when fell *Spight* can doe no more.'

O *Diu'll*, how canst thou, (beeing, as thou wast  
In thy *Creation* most *Angelicall*;  
And but in *Will*, for one prwd *Thought*, disgrac't)  
How canst thou *ioy* in so much *griefe* of all?  
Why art so prest, but on meere *Fraylties* Spells  
For *Mankinders* plague, to leaue the nether *Hells*?

What *Charmes* and *Incantations* haue such strength  
As from those *Hells* to hate thee, there being bound  
With *Chaines* of *Darknesse*, of the shortest length?  
Lyes it in their words *Sense*, or in their *sound*?  
No; tis no word of *Reprobation* can  
Command thy *Seruice*, but to *cousin* Man.

Thou art a *Spirit*: and therefore canst thou looke  
Into the Brest of *NATVRE*: and thence take  
Her chiefest *Secrets* (from the darkest *Nooke*)  
Or *Loue*, or *Lust*, t'enflame, enrage, or slake:  
Thou canst by such make *Puppets*; tho of *lead*,  
To strike *Desire*, in liuely'st *Bodies*, dead.

Thou on the *Bodies* oft of blessed *Soules*,  
Hast leaue to vse thy *pow'r* in various *kindes*:  
But, for theyr *Good*: else Hee thy *pow'r* controules  
That guards their *souls* from *harm*: from *ill*, their *minds*:  
Yet *waking* and *asleepe*, thou canst to *right*  
Produce but *Shades*, to make the *Minds* too *light*.



And *Mindes* so light, will lightly nothing weigh  
Of *Shame* and *happiest Death* that lye betwene  
Them, and their *Ends* : who make it but a Play  
To drowne a *Comedye* (through *hate* and *teene*)  
In *Blood* and *Bone* : such *Turners* were of late,  
As turn'd, vpon these *Poles*, such *Sphaeres* of *Fate*.

Can *Witch-craft*, in the *Abstract*, so bewitch  
The mindes of those of *Minde* and *Meanes*, to be  
So base for *Lucre*, so to touch *Shames* Pitch  
As still will cleane to theyr *Posteritie* ?  
But *Charmes* can make no *soules* to sinne so sore,  
But such as *GRACE* had left, for *sinne*, before.

Now (prostrate) let me, deer *Leige*, turne my *speech*  
To *thee*, who in thy *Iustice* lookst' like God :  
No such *Crime* spar'st thou ; yet, stand'st in the *Breach*  
Thy *Iustice* makes, to stay *Heav'n's* iustest rod :  
So thou (like *God*) dost *griev*e when thou hast caus'd  
To cut off *those*, whom thou hast *made*, by *lawes*.

And though thou lose their *Bodies* with iust *griefe*,  
To please thy iustest *Iustice* ; yet, thy *Care*  
(Deare *Care* !) to give their *fainting soules* reliefe,  
Yer *Death*, giues *leisure* : so, doost *spoyle* and *spare*,  
In iust *Ires* grace : that (tho thou them for go)  
The *HEAD*, doth with the *Members* suffer so.

Drad *Lord*, I would, thy *patience* were not *prov'd*  
So much with *crimes* of so immense extent ;  
And, that thou, *sphaer* of all our *State*, wert mou'd  
Vpon no aduerse *Poles* of *discontent* :

So, should thy lower *sphaeres* of *rule*, obey  
But *thine* ; and moue, as *thine*, their *different way*.

The *Care*'s a *Canker* to thy *sacred life*,  
Thou hast to keepe thy *compound people*, one.  
Twixt *worlds* of *aduerse powers* are *worlds* of *strife*,  
Which *humane-powers* can scarce in *shew* attone.  
O, then, who weighs a *Burden* of such *stresse*,  
But is oppress'd with *weight* past *Heaviness*.

But we, (that lie as farre from *wealth* as *warres*)  
In low obscuritie of *state*, do see  
(With sight the more *contracted*) all the *starres*  
That *light* to see thy *cause* of *iealousie* :  
Whose *oppositions*, in thy *sphaeres* of *Pow'r*,  
Oft giue, for which we *grieve*, thee *cause* to *low'r*.

But, as an *Arch*, of many *stones* compos'd,  
Would fall but that they one another let :  
So, may their *odds*, in thy *State* *Arch* inclos'd,  
Make it more *euen* ; so, more strength to get :  
Though one *Stone* fall to ruine, let his *place*  
Be soon suppli'd by one of greater *grace*.

Then, the more *weight* of *power* they do sustaine,  
The *firmer* will the *ARCH* be, to vphold  
Thine *HONORS* *burden*, fold'd in thy *TRAIN*,  
And make thy *state* and *stay* more manifold.  
So shall thy *stay*, when *states* re-char'd lie,  
Make thee *great Steward* to *ETERNITIE*.

*Finis.*

## SPECVLVM PRODITORI.

**T**HIS takes the vulgar Eare  
That loues the plaine and cleare :  
But, neither mine, nor *those*  
That hugge *proude Verse* in *Prose*.

*Kings*, Gods on *Earth*, so call'd by *Him* of *Heav'n's*,  
How dismall is your *Deities* estate !  
Who while you *life* do give, are *life* bereau'n ;  
And oft, for too much *lowe*, get too much *hate* :  
Whose surest *Forecasts*, stand on *size* and *seauen*,  
Which, with you (*Soueraignes*) subiect are to *Fate*.  
What *Dis'lls* can enue, then, such *Deities*,  
Whose *Heav'n's* are *hells*, of short, sweet, *miseries* ?

Toyle ye to shield their liues, that shoot at yours ;  
And make your selues, of *Soueraigns*, sou'rain *slaves* ?  
Spending your *Brains*, and *strengths*, and precious *hours*  
As if your selues dig'd, for your selues, your *graves*,  
For, th' hollow *subiect* (*grane*-like) you denoures ;  
Whom ye make hollow, off with *welfare's* wanes.  
For, if ye fill *Ambition*, *Spight*, or *Fear*,  
Ye fill the *Sailes* wil quite you ouer-bear.

*Men-beasts*, borne subiect, yet can neuer beare  
Your *births* allotment ! What ? O what is it  
That makes yee, like vile *timber-ewormes*, to weare  
The *Peasts* sustaining you ? What *grace*, or *Will*,

Appears in *facts*, where your owne *fals* appeare?  
Will ye needs *rise*, to *fall*? not (sure) still sit?

If needs ye will, foule be your fairest *fall*,  
Sith ye would rise, by ouerthrowing *All*.

Cannot the ten times worse then ill successe  
Of gracelesse *Goueries* worse, farre worse assay,  
With heaps of *horrors* so your *thoughts* oppresse,  
That these should freez your *souls* w<sup>t</sup> cold *dismay*.  
*Danger* and *Death* (ye heard) could not distress  
Our heau'n help *King*: who throug both made his way.  
For, *Kings* are *Gods*, who with a frowne can make  
The *Arme* of *flesh*, for feare, all force forsake.

Or know you not a crowne is of such weight,  
That no disloyall *hand* can it transferre,  
But crusht it is to nothing with it straight?  
Cannot this *thought* your *hands* from this deterre?  
On *Treason* doth a hell of *horrors* waite;  
Which, in it selfe, against it selfe doth warre.  
Then, that which in it selfe is at this stay,  
Must fall (else *Truth* doth lie and soone decay).

Conspirators haue nought but pale *mistrust*,  
*Sad thoughts* and *terrors* euer them attending:  
But, *Princes*, on their sides, haue *subjects* iust,  
Their *Guards*, their *Maiesties*, their *Lauers* defending  
(What *hart* dare, maugreal *these*, be vniust)  
All these their powrs against the *traitor* bending:  
Then how can *Traitors* be so ouer-bold,  
When such great *fears* their harts do vnder-hold?

Their tyred *wits* (though beaten night and day)  
Can make no shift a *traitorous* life to saue:  
The *guiltie conscience* doth it selfe bewray:  
And *thoughts* *turmoild*, no *staid* aduisement haue:  
*Feare* strikes them so, that (tost) they cannot stay,  
But *iudgement* makes vncertaine as a *wave*:  
The flowing *streames* of honied *Bloquence*  
Can nere sustaine the weight of great offence.

Pure *Innocents* with vndefiled *tongue*,  
By instinct of Nature, haue perswasie powre:  
By guilty *ones*, defilde with *bloud* and *wrong*,  
Their faltring *tongues*, are euer most vnure;  
So full of *Discords* is *Rebellions* Song,  
That it no eare in tune can ought allure:  
Though, *Art* aid *Falshood*, with her powrs, yet shal  
*Truth*, naked, trip them; so they needs must fall.

The bended *brow* of *Iustice*, sore dismayes  
The *guiltie*, though their *wits* in glory shine;  
And *fickle* *Feare* their *iudgement* still betrayes,  
Presenting strange *Chimaras* to their eyne;  
Which so the *soule* with *horror* ouer-layes  
And *Reasons* right *discourse* so wrests in fine,  
That all that from the *Minde* or *Mouth* proceeds  
Within it selfe, then, disagree must needs.

The *passions* of *annoy* more strongly worke  
Within the *mind* then those from *joy* proceeding:

Now, if sweet *Joys*, in merry *minds* that lurke,  
Do hinder *Reason*, strange distraction breeding,  
Much more will feare of *pains*, all *paines* exceeding:  
*Reason* must then, of force, forsake the *Helme*,  
When waues of *woe* the *bodies* barke orewhelme.

Who enter *Treasons* *mase*, are like the *men*  
That runne too *desperately* into the *Sea*;  
If they escape, it will be iudged then  
That they were fortunate the *wracks* to flee,  
And out of *Dangers* mouth to come agen:  
But if they perish, then it said will be,  
They cast themselves in, to be cast away,  
By desp'rate *fore-cast*, cause of their decay.

For, as an *Arrow* glanceth on a stone  
For want of softnesse in the stone to stay it:  
So *treason* lightly will be ouer throwne,  
Though for fit time, *Wit* willet to delay it,  
And keepe the same the while from *all* vnknown,  
That likely *God* nor *man* can well bewray it;  
Yet out it will, and like an *Arrow* glance  
Vpon the foyling *Flint*, of hard *mischance*.

A blessed *death*, a cursd *life* excuseth;  
(For, no man's truly blest before his *end*)  
So, a curst *death*, a blessed *life* accuseth:  
But, when that *life* and *death*, to *death* doth tend,  
It seems the *soule*, *life* wilfully refuseth;  
For, she in *life*, and *death*, doth but offend:  
From such a *life* and *death*, *grace* keeps all those  
That to Prides *Naturals* are mortal foes.

The more that *Empire* doth enlarge her *bound*s,  
The more is *Fortunes* empire ouer it;  
Who scorns to thrust at *slaves*, but *kings* she wounds  
And on their *Seats* doth oft make *slaves* to sit:  
And sitting there, in sport, she them confounds;  
So, bandies *kings*, and *slaves*, as she thinks fit:  
But, *slaves* are racket, *kings* are her hand-bals  
Which being greater, haue the harder fals.

Senec.

These seldom meet with siluer-hairs, though *care*  
Doth (for that tincture) *Time* anticipate:  
The *Liege* that lies on *beds*, that sumptuous are,  
Sleeps more in feare than *beggers* at his gate:  
Whom the gray *morne* hath scene high, past compare,  
The blushing *eu'n* hath seen in abiect state.

A world of *monthes* they feed, and courts they keep  
Whose *stabbing* *dreams* do make them start in sleep.

The purple *robe* is oft re-purpelled  
With *royall blood*, that from the *heart* doth stream;  
When homly *rags* (thogh rent) are nere made red  
With th' owners bloud, sith they do range a *reame*  
And yet not rule it, as the *Scepter'd*.

These sleepe secure, in many a golden *dreams*,  
While *Princes* lie on thorns of pricking *fears*,  
That make their *daies* to interdict their *years*.

In toothsom'st *dish* the banefull *baits* doth lie ;  
 And *Treason* dines into the sweetest *wine* ;  
 At every bit they feare her treachery, [fine.  
 And doubt, each draught they drinke, they drink their  
 O ! if as through a *glasse* we might espy  
 The swarms of *fears*, and *cares*, their *hearts* confine  
 We would not stoope to gather vp a *crowne*,  
 If as the *crowne*, the *cares* must be our owne.

The princely *Ports* no sooner ope are set  
 But diuelish *Ennie* glides through all vnscene :  
 But hates as hell, the *Neat-heards* Cabinet  
 Whilst (Princely *Peasant*, with his *Sommers* queen)  
 Hee frolics it, as free from *dread* as *debt* ;  
 And liuing so, a *king* himselfe doth weene :  
 But, if he erre, it is an error sweete,  
 To meet *kings* thoughts, and not their *cares* to meete.

In *Maple Maser*, or *Beach-bowie* he quaffes,  
 And lifts it not to mouth with shaking hands :  
 His *Loue* and *Hee*, eats, drinks, and sleeps, and laffs,  
 And shee obeyes, and hee in loue commands :  
 'Twixt them are neither *jealousies* nor *Chafes*,  
 For breaking *Wedlock*, or *Subiections* Bands :  
 But they enioy *Loue*, *peace*, and *merriment*,  
 And therewithall, the *kingdom* of *Content*.

They fear not *Fortunes* frowns, nor way her fawns ;  
 Their great'st ambition is to liue to loue :  
 Much *Coyne* they need not, much less *pretious pawns*.  
 That by a *Cow* can liue, and pleasures proue  
 Yea, feede with her, on *Sallets* in the *Launds*,  
 In *Weeds* yclad, as homely spunne as woue ;  
*Milke* being their best *meat*, and sower whay theyr *wine*,  
 And when they hunger, then they sup and dine.

They can no skill of *States* deepe *policies*,  
 Nor will they wade in deepes so dangerous :  
 This makes them liue so free from Tragedies  
 That are to *Heau'n* and *Earth* so odious :  
 They *Actors* are in Past'rall *Comedies*,  
 That tend to *Loue* and *Mirth* harmonious,  
 O heavenly-earthly life, life for a *king* :  
 That liues with *nothing*, as with eu'ry-thing.

They seeldome passe the vnreturn'd wayes  
 That leade t' infernall *Ioues* Dominions.  
 Their silly *Soule* (with *hopes* assurance) stayes  
 On CHRIST his *Crosse*, and *Faith's* Conclusions :  
 They doo distaste the delicate *Assayes*  
 Of Schoolemens *Craft*, and nice *distinctions* :  
*Nature* and *Grace* in silence guides them well,  
 Whilst *Doctors* deep, dispute them selues to *Hell*.

*Grace* hates all *sinne*, with hate most exquisit  
 But none, so much (though more, then much, the least)  
 As shee doth *pride* ; for, that distracts the wit,  
 Contracts the *Soule* to *sinne*, makes *Man* a *Beast*,  
 Confines *Societie*, alone to sit ;  
 Makes will a *Law*, and wrongs the *Worst* and *Best*.  
 This is *Ambition*, this is damnd *Pride*,  
 Which *God*, nor *Man*, haue patience to abide.

The steppes of *Man's* ascent, on *Fortunes*-wheele,  
 Must needs be slippery, sith it is so steepe :  
 The Topp's most wau'ring, ready *still* to reel ;  
 The going downe, is like as in the *Deepe*  
 A *Shippe* goes downe, with ouerturned *Keele* ;  
 When ore a mounting *Billow* shee doth sweepe :  
 And if the fall from High-estate be such,  
 How dreadfull is it then, to mount too much ?

For, *Dignitie* on *Vertue*, grounded is.  
 Then, if the *ground* doe faile, and false become,  
 The more is built thereon, the sooner tis  
 Sinking to ground, and ruined *all* or *some* :  
 The more our *Pow'r* the more of *Peace* we misse,  
 If *Vertue* aduerse *powres* doe not orecome :  
 That *Enuy*, which high *pride* did life-inspire,  
*Humility* must kill, or make retire.

I knew a *Man*, vnworthy as I am,  
 And yet too worthie for a *counterfeit*,  
 Made once a *king* ; who though it were in *game*,  
 Yet was it there where *Lords* and *Ladies* met ;  
 Who honor'd him, as hee had been the same,  
 And no subiectiue *duties* did forget ;  
 When to him-selfe he smil'd, and said, lo here  
 I haue for noight, what *Kings* doe buy so deere.

No odds there was in shew (and but in show,  
 Kings are too often honour'd) saue that *he*  
 Was but twelue gamesome *dases* to *king* it so ;  
 And *kings*, more *yeares* of soueraigne misery.  
 His *raigne* was *short* and *sweet*, theirs *long* in *woe*.  
 He after liu'd : they, with or for *theirs*, die.  
 He had a tast of *raigne*, with powre to leaue ;  
 They cannot tast, but life must *take* or *giue*.

Kings for the *treasons* to them offered  
 Must offer *them* that offer it, whereby  
 The *body* still may hold vp hie the *head*,  
 Lest otherwise they *both* too low might lye :  
 Yet by this meanes, *blood*, oft, with hate, is shed,  
 If *bloud* so shed, do fall or *much*, or *hie* ;  
 But he without *bloud* did behead his *foes*,  
 So made him *friends* indeed, of *foes* in showes.

He sate in *state*, that *mirth*, and *loue* did stay ;  
 They sit in *state* that *hate* oft vndermines ;  
 He, without *fears*, had some to take *assay* ;  
 But they haue such, for feare of sodaine *fines* ;  
 He poyson'd some (to play as *Kings* might play)  
 But twas with *Suger* and perfum'd *wines* :  
 He went with *guards*, yet *stabbing* feared not :  
 They go with *guards*, yet feare the *stab* or *shot*.

He could deuise with *Ladies*, if he could  
 Deuise with *Ladies*, without all suspect ;  
 If they do so, they do not as they should,  
 For't will be sayd their *honors* they neglect :  
 He could command, and haue *all* as he would ;  
 But their *commands* oft haue not that effect.  
 Then who had better *Raigns*, Iudge *all* of sense,  
 Either a *King* indeed, or in *pretence*.

A conscience cleere out-dares *Death* to the face,  
 Laughing to scorne his greatest tyranny ;  
 And with vnconquerd patience doth disgrace  
 His vtmost malice, spight, and villany.  
 She winneth place of *Death*, by giuing place,  
 And by her yielding, getteth victorie :  
 Yea, triumphs ouer *Death*, through vertues might  
 For Vertue liues, when *Death* hath spet his spight.

Neuer did *Fear* attend on *Innocence* :  
 She *Wayters* scornes, that with her dare not dye.  
 Though she from wrong and danger seeke defence,  
 And may (if well shee may) from eyther fly :  
 Yet is her *Courage* of that excellence,  
 That if shee meet them she dares both defie.  
 Then to be *Innocent*, is still to dare  
*Death*, *Hell*, and *Vengeance*, yea all *Deaths* that are.

This makes the *Prince* his person to expose  
 To *Pistoll*, *Poyson*, *Dagger*, and the like ;  
 Among them all (so arm'd) hee freely goes,  
 And starts not (as dismayd) when they do strike.  
 This make them deem (deer *harts*) they haue no foes  
 Because they weene they rule without mislike ;  
 And if some hellish hand them ouer-beare,  
 They die, as liue they did, without all feare.

Within their Count'nance, Mirth, with *Granitie*  
 (*Grave* for their place, and mirth, their grace to show)  
 In peace doe striue for the *precedencie* :  
 Both which so sweetly grace them as they go ;  
 As make the *publike* lone, on them to pry :  
 With *Eyes*, which teares of ioy (vnfain'd) ore-flow,  
 While *Princely* kindnesse doth itself employ,  
 To ope like *Floud-gates*, into Seas of ioy.

When the sterne *Tyrant* (with a folded *Front*  
 And *Eyes* disturb'd, through suspicious *fears*)  
 Doth starting stalke, as if *Death* did confront  
 His steppes, and to his *Eyes* did still appeare ;  
 His *Hand* on *Hill* hee beares, *Death* to affront ;  
 Yet ghastly lookes, as hee still flying were ;  
 And when a *Mouse* doth crie or *Leaf* doth shake,  
 Out goes the *Dagger*, yet with *fears* doth quake.

He feares his *life*, but more the second-*death* ;  
 Which *death*, he doubts, will second death of *life* :  
 This makes him strait the *dagger* so vnseath  
 T'incounter the first *deaths* approaching *knife* ;  
 Lest, being ouerthrowne, he should beneath  
 Still liue in *strife*, as he hath liu'd in *strife* ;  
 The losse of *kingdome*, *life*, and feare of *that*,  
 Makes him (as mad) to do he knows not what.

Who would a *Sceptor* hold, in such an *hell*,  
 Like a commanding *Fiend* in horror still,  
 Where *subjects*, like his *passions*, aye rebel  
 So liue as *Son's* *raigne* of a world of ill ?  
 And in nought, but in *naught* so to excell  
 Is *God* (as much as in *man* lies) to kill :  
 Which is the cause (as *prooffe* hath often told)  
 It's hard to see an hellish *Tyrant* old.

Imbrude with *blood*, or else in *poyson* drencht,  
 Away wends he the way the others sent ;  
 For with his *blood*, his thirst of *blood* is quencht ;  
 So, with a *plague*, repaid what he hath lent :  
 Nor shal his *blood*, that flowes amaine be stench't,  
 Sith *Heau'n* and *Earth* against him still are bent.  
 'For, when both *heau'n* and *earth*, pursues the *spoyle*,  
 'No place but *Hell* is left then, to recoyle.

Gods *Armies* march, some seene, but most vnseen ;  
 Those seene, may be lookt to, but not lookt ore ;  
 And how ere vile, *Pride* some of them may ween,  
 Yet *men* most high, are oft foyld by the *low'r* :  
 But th' vnseene *Armies* haue such *Weapons* keene  
 And *pow'r* to vse them, that all *Flesh* they gore :  
 Who are so slye, that no *mans* wisdomé may  
 Their *Ambushments* auoyde, or them bewray.

For can an *Heart* be wise that is profane ?  
 (Nay, fleshly wise, we will dismisse the *Spirite* ?)  
 It cannot be ; for, *Wisedome's* in the wane  
 When tis forsaken of the *Heauenly* light :  
 A craz'd *Soule*, must needs be *Wisedomes* bane,  
 Whose *pow'rs* want *pow'r* to vse their natue *might* :  
 For, when the *Soule's* vnquiet through *offence*,  
 Her *fumes* blinde *Iudgement*, and *Intelligence*.

We may not doe *ill*, that thence *good* may spring ;  
 Nor cease to do *good*, though *ill* thence may grow ;  
 The *ill* that growes from *good*, is no *ill thing* :  
 And to reape *such*, wee still, much *good* shuld sow :  
 Its *ill* to haue *Gods* hate to haue with loue of *King* ;  
 And worse, that *hate* to haue for *loue* more low.  
 Then to be *good*, in *Death's* to be secure :  
 And to bee *ill*, in *life's* to be vnure.

The *Sunne* sees not a more detested *thing*  
 Than is a *Traitor*, whose fowle *Crime* is such  
 That they which loue the *Craft* y<sup>e</sup> *Crafts-man* sting  
 With deadly *hate*, and words that wound as much :  
 And he that would of other *Crimes* be King,  
 Abhorre but once this loath'd *Crime* to touch.  
 That *Hand* that can behead a *Common-weale*,  
 Must haue an *heart*, to helpe, of *Flint* or *Steele* ?

And they that would transforme a *Monarchy*  
 (Confirm'd by many faire descents of Kings)  
 T'an headlesse misproportion'd *Anarchy*  
 (That *Rule* and *Order* to *Confusion* brings,  
 To th'end to giue *Misrule* more libertie)  
 Are most condemn'd, if not most damnd *things*.  
 For, what *Man* can (though halfe a *Diuell*) see  
 All drown'd in *Gore*, to purple his *Degree* ?

*Traitor* ! ô word, of force to make a *Man*  
 Teare out his *Eyes*, that they see not the light !  
 Which *All*, with bitter *Execrations*, ban,  
 And at the very name, do spet in spight.  
*Traitor* ! ô gall ! which no *Gall* suffer can,  
 Odious to *Heau'n* and *Earth*, to *Day* and *Night* ;  
 The very *Aire* of such a loath'd name,  
 The loynts of strongest *Patience* can vnframe.

What can the *Hart of Man* excogitate  
More odious or in *nature*, or in *name*,  
Than *Treason*? which eu'n *Hell* it selfe doth hate,  
Although it be aduantag'd by the same.  
For *Hell* holds *Traitors* more degenerate  
From *Nature*, then her *Fiends*; so more to blame.  
For *Fiends*, by nature, are most impious;  
But *Men* most impious, are most monstrous.

A *Sou'*raignes blood is sacred, and of *pow'r*  
To draw down *Angels*, from their glorious *spheres*,  
With *Vialls*, full of *plagues*, on *Realmes* to powre,  
(If it be spilt by spight) Nay *Princes* hayres  
Are numbred, and who makes but one vnure,  
Shal feel that *wrath* whose *heat* the *mountains* mears:  
O 't is a *dreadfull thing* but *once* to *dream*,  
In *Physicke* to make *Royall blood* to *streame*.

Tis *Bloud* of *blonds*; for, while it is *bloud-warme*:  
And carries *life* with it through all the *Veines*.  
It doth preserue the *subiects* blood from *harme*,  
That cold of *fears* to freeze else strait constrains:  
When 'tis the *life-bloud* of a kingdoms *Arme*  
Which, while it's lively, her whole *state* sustaines:  
O then how precious ought (in all mens eyes)  
Such *bloud* to be wherein such *vertue* lies?

*Words*, but in *Wormewood* sleept, are too too weake  
To blazon *Treasons* bitter *tyranny*;  
None but *soule-wounding words* for it are meete,  
Because it wounds the *Soule* of *Soueraigntie*:  
Then *Treason*, thus, my *Muse*, thy *guilt* doth *greete*,  
(Which is the *quintessence* of *villany*)  
*Curst be Thought*, that *thinks* but on that *Thought*,  
That *thinks* thou art not ten times worse than *naught*.

#### The conclusion to Sir Thomas Overbury.

THOU find'st more *honor* in th' vntimely *Grave*  
Deere *Overbury*, than a *King* can haue  
With all *Kings* *pow'r*: for, they can giue no *grace*  
Beyond the span of *life*: Poore *spacelesse-space*!  
Then, *blessed* was thy *death*, how euer *bannd*  
It might be deem'd by thee, for being *ban'd*:  
Sith *Death*, by *poison*, did but reane thy *breath*;  
But with That *poysen*, thou hast *poysen'd Death*.  
So, from his hand his weapon thou did wrest;  
And, for thy *safety*, sheath'd it in his *Brest*  
Yet comes thine *honor*, though it reach thus hie,  
Short of thy *merit* for *loues-puritie*;  
And for as *much* besides, as *Wit* and *Art*  
Can *Value* giue to any *Head* or *Heart*.

Thou wast a *Pythias* to an *Anti-Damon*,  
Who for thy *true loue*, prou'd to thee a *Demon*.  
Had he bene *Damon* in *integritie*,  
A *King* (perhaps) had made a *Trinitie*  
Of *friends* with you; for, your *loue Angel-like*  
Had made him make that *Body-politicke*;  
As whilom did a *Keisar* in like case:  
But *three* can nere make *one*, if one be *base*,  
And *two* be *deare*; sith *Dissimilitude*  
Dissolues the *knot* of *Loues* beatitude,

Fortune on thee, in him, did *smile* and *lowre*;  
*Smile* in his fortunes, in thy *wisdomes* powre:  
But *lowr'd* on thee, when he (false *ladder*) rose  
For thee to *climbe*, to both your *overthrowes*.  
He rose and fell from thee; and thou by him  
Didst rise and fall: but thou, in bane didst swim  
Past *Laethe*; and in *bloud* and *blame* he tydes  
(As far beyond, as *shame*, past *shame*, abides)  
With winds of his owne *sighes*, without one teare  
Of any *ruthfull Eye*, though nere so neere.  
But sith nought stayd him to thee, but the aire  
Of *words*; who would ascend by such a *staire*?  
Thou being on his brest, through want of stay  
For thy *worths-weight*, from thee he fell away:  
But thou camst first to ground, and with the fall,  
Thy bowels brake, all pickl'd with thy gall:  
Thy *Ghost* yet (if she knows what *mortals* do)  
Must needs exult, and have compassion too,  
To heare thy praises peald-out as they be;  
And see such justice *done*, on *earth*, for thee.  
Yea, as thy *Ghost* had leane in *wrathfull moode*,  
To surfet with thy *foes* delicious-*blood*,  
Which from the hie in place, still headlong, streams  
Through thy late *soveraigns* dearest of *Diadems*,  
To fress the *flowers* thereof, and her so cloy,  
That she, as sicke therewith, is greeu'd with *ioy*.  
So as thy shrill *Vindictae's* now do ring  
With groanes about the *Palace* of the *King*:  
As if thy *soule*, in blisse, in some degree  
Did suffer paine with sufferers for thee.  
And if she (plagu'd) in life did hell endure,  
Through their *close* hate who did thy death procure,  
Tis *openly* reveng'd, so home, that all  
The world may see thy *worths-weight* in their fall.  
For as pure *gold* best knowne is by the *TEST*  
In fire: so, that deere *vertue* of thy *Brest*,  
In flames of *Loue*, and fi'ry tryals tride,  
Doth make thy *Worth* in *greatnesse*, far more wide  
Than *Time*: for when, he (stretcht out) is laid forth  
Thy glory shall entombe him in thy *WORTH*.

FINIS.



*THE SCOURGE OF FOLLY.*

[1611.]



## NOTE.

Our text of 'The Scourge of Folly' is the original undated duodecimo of (probably) 1611, from the very beautiful exemplar of it in the Library of the Marquis of Bute, which was purchased at the Daniel Sale. On a later edition (1625) in quarto, which has a continuation by one A. H., see our Memorial-Introduction, and Notes and Illustrations at the close. Prefixed to our printed is an autotype facsimile of the first engraved title-page, allusions to which are found in contemporaries, as noticed in *supra*. Collation: engraved title, six leaves unpagged, and pp. 264. The 'Passages before the Book' (pp. 5-7) are as nearly as possible a specimen of *literatim* reproduction of the text. Thereafter and throughout it has not been deemed expedient to adhere to the arbitrary capitals, italics, etc., albeit faithfully giving the author's own orthography and general punctuation.—G.

AD CBE L





# The Scourge of Folly.

Consisting of satyricall Epigrammes, and others in honor  
of many noble and worthy Persons of our Land.

Together,

With a pleasant (though discordant) Descant  
vpon most English Proverbs: and others.



At London printed by E. A. for Richard  
Realmers son at his shop at y west gate of Pauls



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*[Illustration here of Witt scourging Folly, who is elevated, with bared  
buttocks, on the back of Time. Witt has a legend, 'Nay vp with  
him if he were my brother.' See facsimile.]*

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AT LONDON : *Printed by E. A. for* RICHARD  
REDMER sould at his shop at y west gate of Paules.





## PASSAGES BEFORE THE BOOK.

TO THE MOST NOBLE THEOPILVS,  
LORD WALDEN.

 GREAT Lord, whome *Fortune* doth with *Time*  
conspire,  
(In likelihood) to make to re-assume  
The State whereto thy Grand-Sires did aspire,  
Whose Fames remaine in sweet-eternall *Fame* :  
To make thy GREATNES by thy Goodnes more ;  
And to oblige my *Heart* to honour both :  
Accept this *Scumme* of Wit, that flies before  
The breath of *Laughter*, lighter then this *Froth* :  
Whose Order is confus'd most to be  
To meete with Order when it's most confus'd  
Which ierkes my selfe ; for, so it's oft in me ;  
And lights, where ere it Order sees abus'd :  
Then, if so light a Guift thou take in gree,  
It shewes the more the waight of Worth in Thee.

*Your Lo : truly, as humbly denoted,*  
I. D.

### To the Printer.

*Printer*, Thou telst me good Bookes will not sell,  
Most men (thou say'st) are now become so ill :  
Then heere's a Booke belike should like them well ;  
*For*, *Foolery*, in Folio, it doth fill.  
*Then print this same, with Foolery in print*  
*Most men approve, the World is at this stint.*

### Of the Printer.

THE *Printer* praises me most vncessantly,  
To make some *lines* to lash at *Lechery* :  
For that (sayth he) so relish will the rest,  
That they will sell, and still be in request :  
For most men now (set on a merry Pin)  
Laugh to see others plagued for their sin.  
*Then, Reader, thinke when thou seest such a Straine,*  
*Its for the Lecher's paine, and Printers' gaine.*

### Of Alchymists and Satyrists.

*As counterfet ceyning is put vpon Alchymists,*  
*So Libelling lightly is set vpon Satyrists :*  
*But as the one makes Lead, Siluer at least :*  
*So, the other would make a Man of a Beast.*  
*By heat of strange Fires,*  
*They seek their desires.*

### To the World.

*Praise*, or *Dispraise* (mad World) all's one to mee  
For, bad's the best from them that bedken bee.  
Or, if thou couldst *praise* iustly, or *dispraise*,  
Neither, my *minde* should either *fall* or *raise*  
From what it is : which so itselfe conceales,  
That, past itselfe, no place for either leaues :  
For *Praises* are but Puffes (as all men are)  
*Dispraises*, Snuffes : Then, if we them compare.  
They will fall out to be but *Ayre* or *Winde*,  
That's lesse substantiall farre then That behinde.  
Then, 'tis no hap at all to scape a *Scape* :  
And, light's the *minde* whereof *Winde* marres the Shape.

### To the Reader.

If sowrest *Natures* sweetely (oft) sustaine  
The bitterst words that fooles vnwares do glue,  
Wisely dissembling what the minde doth grieue,  
And with the cleare from crime, they laughter faine :  
Then how much more is this dumbe sencelesse *Spy-all*  
(My brainelesse Booke) to be dispens'd withall ;  
That points at nought but *Vice* in generall,  
Much like a lifelesse Finger on a *Dyall* ;  
Wherein, as in a Mirrour, some may see  
The true *Idea* of their *Mindes* disease ;  
Then, if the image do their *Mindes* displease,  
Let them (informd thereby) reformed bee.  
*And seeing closely it bewrates thy blame,*  
*Mend it as close, and laugh to cloke the same.*

*To the censorious precise.*

THIS idle paines I may not cast away,  
 Sith with the bad it meetes to turne them backe :  
 Least going forward they might goe to wracke ;  
 But heere, with pleasure, they are causd to stay.

The *Wits* that in *FAMES Collender* do shine  
 With golden *Characters* (most radiant)  
 The double-Headed *Hill*, for This did haunt ;  
 And at *Abuse* (in this kinde) did repine.

He that once held the *Helme* of this great STATE,  
 Thought it no cracke of credit, wracke of Wit,  
 By singing thus, to haue a merry fit,  
 When he his *Minde* (turmoild) would recreate.

Nor that *Geneua* Doctor (most precise !)  
 Who made the *Hebrue* Bible *Latine* talke,  
 Not dainty made to make his *Muse* to walke  
 About this *Bus'nesse*, *Wits* Soules exercise !

Then though (perhaps) true Wisedome rather would  
 To *Vulcan* sacrifice these pleasant *Straines* :  
 (Stretcht to all *Eares* from my all drawne-out *Brainses*)  
 Yet Wit, though wilde, we should from Wracke with-hold.

Though it, heere shew'n (perhaps) appears too light,  
 Yet (*Foole*) will not my *Bable* so forgoe  
 For *Londons* Towre ; and why? why, will ye know?  
 The *Towre's* a *Body*, these are *minde* and *Spright* :  
 For as the *minde* the *Body* farre exceeds,  
 " So Wit doth *Wealth*, because the *Minde* it feedes.

*Of Iesting and Iibing.*

A Iest or libe, at first sight, haue their prooffe  
 Whether the same be strong, or meane, or weake ;  
 Then let the speaker marke (for his behoofe),  
 The motions of their lookes that heare him speake :  
 For if the Iest haue Sap, or libe haue pith,  
 The hearers laughing, will bewray their liking :  
 Applauding *Wits* facete conceit forthwith :  
 For *Spleene* is tickled by *Wits* subtile striking.

But if their lookes be settled, cease to iest ;  
 Thy fault it is (not theirs) that they are sad ;  
 For if the iest be good and well exprest,  
 They'l (*volens volens*) laugh as they were mad.

From whome (as from our lawfull Iudges) wee  
 May not vnto our partiall selues appeale ;  
 Or if they laugh as t'were of curtesy,  
 Which each quicke Wit (observing them) may feele,  
 Then think the Iest is gracelesse ; or, if good  
 Their *Wits* are weake, or els in froward moods.

*Of Mirth.*

*Mirth* in a *meane* doth please ; meane mirth displeases :  
 (I meane that *meane* that yeelds a Rellish double)  
*Meane* in the soundest *sence*, *Sence* nere diseases :  
 But mirth too meane, sound *Sence* doth nought but  
 trouble.

Now how to hit the right *moode* of this *meane*  
 (That soundeth sweetely to the soundest *Sence*,  
 And to auoid the other which doth leaue  
 On base conceit borne vp with *Impudence*)  
*Iudgement* must scanne, and (scanning) censure it :  
 Ah, would she might, and *Folly* cease to scan,  
 Then men might passe the Pikes with compleat *Wit*  
 Of *Envy*, that still girds the witty man.

Of *Iests* there are innumerable kinde,  
 Some sharpe, some blunt, some close, some wondrous  
 broade,  
 Simple, compound, sweete, bitter, like their mindes  
 From whome they come, or in whome make aboad.

All are not currant that do goe for Iests,  
 Nor all Iests like not all, Though some like some :  
 What some desire some other most detest :  
 Why then, of all, this is the totall Summe ;  
 When Iests agree with *Persons*, *Time* and *Place*,  
 Then Iests and Mirth haue ever greatest grace ;  
 But I, desirous to delight each *minde*,  
 Haue made an holch-potch heere, of euery kinde.

*Of the Booke.*

IN *minde* beholding (with the which I see)  
 The two-fold Hyre of those that publish Bookes,  
 Most good, if good, most bad if bad they bee,  
 Assigned by *Him* that all *Mens* workes ore-lookes ;  
 And how some weene (and weene as Wisedome would)  
 Saint *Pauls* *Epistles* dayly Soules conuerting,  
 In Heau'n inuest him with new Crownes of gold,  
 When others, whose leawd Bookes Soules stil peruerting,  
 Are euer plagu'd with fresh supply of paines,  
 Eu'n as the harmes they do, do still increase :

Which Harmes (like hammers) hãmerd so my *Brainses*  
 That from my purpose I resolu'd to cease :  
 But when I thought how much a smart Reproofe  
 With men preuailes, from faults them to deterre ;  
 I thought these Bobs might serue for somes behoofe,  
 Whose vitious manners stray from Vertue farre.

But yet, Reproofe should shunne all publike shame,  
If sacred Lawes of *Loue* were well obseru'd :  
Its true (most true) and I checke none by name,  
But shew, vnseene, the shame they haue deseru'd :  
*Then come what will, it's out : (Fates speed it well)*  
*Hanging in Iudgement's Scales, t'wixt Heau'n and Hell.*

*Again.*

AT *Stationers* Shops are lyes oft vendible,  
Because such Shops oft lye for *Gaines* vntrue :  
But *Truth* doth lye there oft contemptible,  
Vnsold, sith old ; but lyes are often new.  
Then should my Booke sell well, sith full of lyes ;  
Ah, would they were : Nay sure they *Leasings* bee,  
In saying such and such do villanies ;  
When none so nam'd commit such villany.  
But I vse *namelesse* Names, *because their shame*  
*Should light on No-body, that beares the blame.*

*Of Poetry.*

O Paradise of *Wit* ! Heauen of conceit !  
Ambrosian *sweet* that most the *Muse* doth cheare,  
Celestiall *Poetry*, high *Thoughts* RECEIT ;  
How art thou fall'n from *Fauors* highest *Spheare*,  
That wast the *Loadstone* to each *Heart* and *Bare* ?  
If *Satyres* drew thee downe from *Fauors* height  
To light vpon the leawd, the World to feare ;  
Content thee with thy fall, sith 'tis deceit  
To winke at clearest faults, with *Eyes* as cleare ;  
Then scorne their frownes whome iustly Thou dost smite,  
And though their Backes be galld yet make them beare,  
How ere the Iades the while may wince or reare :  
*For shouldst Thou sooth vp sinne, Thou sure shouldst*  
*fall*  
*From good mens fauors, Angels, God's, and all.*

*Of Good and Ill.*

*Ill* IS no more then IS a meere *Defect* ;  
Defect of GOOD *Is ill*, yet *Ill* IS not :  
For what IS was made *good* : then, no *Effect*  
But *Defect Ill* is ; yet IS *Ill* a *Blot*.

Yet *Ill* IS not ; because not made it is :  
For *All* that IS (besides the MAKER) was  
Made good ; so good, that nought was made amisse :  
Then *Ill* IS nought, which nought can bring to passe.

But is *Ill* nought ? why then it IS, though nought :  
But *Nought* is nothing : then, IS Nothing ? No.  
Yet is it *Nought*, descending still from *Ought* :  
So then it IS, and yet it is not so.

*All this is true ; if so, then* Nothing IS,  
*Which cannot Bee ; and yet it IS amisse.*

*Vpon the making of one friends face on the Bord, where*  
*another was made ; the first being put out with*  
*coulor, for the second thereon to bee painted.*

Though my bad face defaceth my good Friends  
(His vnder mine inter'd, and mine, the *Tombe*)  
*Fortune* and *Art* haue done it to these ends  
That as two Hearts two heads should haue one *Roome*.

The buried *Face* liues with the *Principall* ;  
In *Nature*, one ; in *Art*, the other is :  
Then his face couerd, my *Face* (couering) shall  
Shew, as a *Monument* of *That* and *This*.

If *Time* consume mine, as the *Monument*,  
T'will meete with his then, kept from wracke in mine ;  
And then shall his, mine (ruind) represent,  
Eu'n as through mine of yore his *Face* did shine.

*In earnest Passe-time so, our Faces shall*  
*Out-face Times Brassen face, out-facing All.*





## *The Scourge of Folly.*

---

*Against Sosbivs the impudent Leacher, defending his sinne and glorying in the same.*

EPIGRAM. 1.

SAMOCRATE, Naso and Nigidius  
Wrote of the remedy of lust or loue ;  
Which remedy oft cures the lecherous,  
As the most loose that way this way do proue :  
These to good purpose writt : but Sosbivs  
Hath written so to cure that ytching sore,  
That he makes vertue most venerious ;  
And common-nature makes a common whore :  
For when Dame Nature workes, it is (saith he)  
To honest endes, hir meanes, then honest bee :  
But Sosbivs, if that truth bee in thy love,  
Thy mother to bee honest, was a whore.

*Against Dacus the pott-Poet.*

EPIG. 2.

DACUS keepes company and they keepe him ;  
And yet he scornes to bee so kept by any :  
But each where he in Helicon doth swim,  
And for that floud he cannot pay a peny :  
For when the reckning's giu'n, and he would say  
Here's mine ; that floud doth carry mine away :  
So when the shott's requir'd, hē (out of season)  
Reads currant rimes, but giues none other reason.

*Against Valentine the Prodigall.*

EPIGRAM.

VITELLIUS had at one feast seru'd to him  
Two thousand fishes, and seau'n thousand burds ;  
Heliogabalus (that in wine did swim)  
Three hundred ostriches once charg'd his boord ;  
Maximianus euery day did eate  
Fowre times ten pound of flesh, and of strong wine  
Fieue times ten gallons dranke he with his meate ;  
But these are all but babes to Valentine ;  
Who in short time, with feasting did confound  
A thousand pound a yeare of gallant ground.

*Against Glaucus an effeminate Fancy.*

EPIG. 4.

GLAUCUS (a man) a womans lock doth weare,  
But yet he weares the same comb'd out behinde ;  
(So men the wallet of their faults do beare)  
For if before him he that fault should finde,  
I thinke foule shame would his faire face innade,  
To see a man so like a woman made.

*Against painting Nut-browne Dalia.*

EPIG. 5.

DALIA still paints ; so, Nature hurts with Arte,  
And forme with fashion vtterly doth spill ;  
She (glo-worme like) doth shine, if put apart,  
But neere at hand, she lookes as blacke, as ill :  
Then Dalia, paint no more with colours bright ;  
Because, the ground that beares them killes them quite.

*Against Prusus the prating-sterile-bald Statist.*

EPIG. 6.

TH' intelligencer Prusus loues to prate  
Of nothing but great matters of estate ;  
He can anatomize France, Flanders, Spaine ;  
And where their life-blood lies, well knowes the vaine.  
In state-craft he was still his better's brauing,  
Till Kate with her craft gaue him a dry-shauing :  
Yet talkes he but of heads and heires apparant,  
Though his owne head has not one haire apparant.

*Against Lewisius that would haue his Laundresse wash him gratis.*

EPIG. 7.

LEWISIUS to his laundresse being in debt  
For working, washing, and such idle stuffe :  
She band he past to her in sute to set ;  
Which, when she finger'd she was in her ruffe,  
Because so long he held her due in hand,  
And so she tooke aduantage of his band.

*Against Fuscus the vnciuill Lawier.*

EPIG. 8.

FYE Fuscus, fye ; sith th' art so full of Law,  
 I meruell thou so emptie art of manners !  
 For, on thy taile thou sitt'st, and all dost draw  
 That's offer'd thee, without thanks to the owners.  
 Thou mak'st them stand to vnderstand thy minde,  
 While still thou sitt'st (a-sleepe as they suppose)  
 And oft shovt'st out vnsweet replies behinde,  
 As if in spight thou did'st it of their nose,  
 O heauens, Fuscus ! what should make thee thinke  
 That men should watch, and stay, and pray, and pay,  
 For nought but (worse then nought) to smell thee stinke,  
 As if they so should carry it away ?  
 But Fuscus, if thou winn'st by shooting so,  
 I blame thee not to draw and then let-go.

*Against Battus that buyes Books to stay his studies  
stomack.*

EPIG. 9.

BATTUS doth bragge he hath a world of books,  
 His Studie's mawe holds more then well it may ;  
 But seld, or neuer hee vpon them looks ;  
 And yet he lookes vpon them every day :  
 He lookes vpon their out-syde, but within  
 He neuer looks, nor euer will begin ;  
 Because it cleane against his nature goes  
 To know mens secrets ; so, he keeps them close.

*Against Rotundus the nimble Turner.*

EPIG. 10.

A HALL, my Masters, giue Rotundus roome  
 You'l maruell at his tricks, he hath such store ;  
 He turnes as oft as he returnes from Rome  
 Vnto that Faith which hee profest before :  
 But before God, his turning thus so oft  
 May make him fall before hee comes aloft.

*Against Sr Solus his laying out on no returne.*

EPIG. 11.

SIR Solus straight will trauell (as they say)  
 And giues out one for three, when home comes hee ;  
 But three to one he neuer will away  
 Vntill he hath not one to giue for three :  
 For here hee's held by one that him will weare  
 Till shee hath made him bare not worth an haire :  
 Then if he go hee needs must go alone,  
 Because to go with him he hath not one.

*With and against Siluarius the Translator.*

EPIG. 12.

SILUARIUS praise (past praise) in print I sung,  
 For transmigration of the soule of French  
 Into the body of our English tongue,  
 But he from me in like assay did flench :

Wast for he could or would not smooth my rimes ?  
 He could, but would not. Why ? belike the cause  
 Was, sith they roughly rub'd the galls of times,  
 While he (that itcht through want) Times itching clawes ;  
 Shall I excuse thee that thus vvest mee ?  
 Yes : th' art all honest but my part of thee.

*Against Vialia and her ouer-much desire of pretious  
stones.*

EPIG. 13.

VLALIA spends herselfe for precious stones ;  
 They must be precious that are bought so deere :  
 But, were she wise, she would buy marrow-bones ;  
 For all her bones that full of marrow were,  
 Are dry and rotten, sith so deere she bought  
 Those precious stones that brought her quight to  
 nought.

*Against hot-brained-cold-witted Battus.*

EPIG. 14.

BATTUS his braine is burning to the pan  
 And yet his wit feeles no effect of fire :  
 Yet is he held a nimble-witted man,  
 Because his wit doth like a flame aspire :  
 Indeepe, his wit a flame we well may call,  
 Which at the high'st, is hot'st ; yet passing small.

*Of Classus his sleeping at Sermons.*

EPIG. 15.

CLASSUS still sleepes out sermons (as they say  
 That watching haue obseru'd him) : Then we may  
 Say he is like a coarse, the Preacher making  
 His funerall sermon to his neighbours waking.

*Against Lassus the rediculous quarreller.*

EPIG. 16.

LASSUS is strong and most vindicative,  
 Yet weakely manageth his bralls with blame :  
 With his owne shade (if foes should faile) hee'le striue,  
 And yet of euery foe he gets but shame :  
 Then may we say (experience prouing it)  
 He hath a giants will but dwarfish wit.

*Against gandy-bragging-vndoughty Daccus.*

EPIG. 17.

DACCUS is all bedaub'd with golden lace,  
 Hose, doublet, ierkins, and gamashes too ;  
 Yet is he foolish, rude and beastly-base ;  
 Crowes like a cocke, but like a crauen does :  
 Then hee's (to prise him nought his worth beneath)  
 A leaden rapier in a golden sheath.

*Against proud poore Phryna.*

EPIG. 18.

SITH Venus had hir mole, Helen hir staine,  
 Cynthia hir spots : the swan hath sable feet ;  
 The clearest day some cloude, the smoothest plaine  
 Some hole or hillock ; why should Phryna frett ?  
 When she is saied to haue a ruby nose  
 Sith that is riche, and all her rarenesse shoves.



*Against bousing Bossus the woman-queller.*

EPIG. 19.

BOSSUS wil bowse, and bragges he can ore-bear  
 (Or make them deadly drunke) an hoast of men ;  
 When he is foxt he plaies the bull and beare,  
 And makes all men and women feare him then :  
 He plaies the bull with women, or the horse,  
 (But none but mares loue horse-play) and the beare,  
 He plaies with men, who (like doggs) feele his force,  
 That, at the ale-stake baite him not with beere :  
 Yet one to ten (like Huncks) he them doth spoile,  
 But ten to one hee's but a beast the while.

*Against Thraxus his close pastime.*

EPIG. 20.

THRAXUS once kissing a lasciuious whore,  
 About his waste her grappling armes did cast,  
 As if from her he should depart no more :  
 Vnlock (quoth he) what mean'st to make me fast ?  
 If thou (to catch a wood-cocke) snare me so,  
 Ile flutter in thy cocke-shoote till I go :  
 But better (Thraxus) then to do so ill,  
 Still (wood-cock like) to hang but by the bill.

*Against Formias brauery and vncessant prating.*

EPIG. 21.

KEEP'ST thou a parrat and a parrakyt ?  
 Why so good Formia, tell me Formia why ?  
 Is't for thou dost in prating so delight ?  
 Or for they be so gaudy to the eye ?  
 Thou art more gaudy, and prat'st more by farre ;  
 Then spare thy birds, or gauds, and prating spare.

*Of Kate's Baldnesse.*

EPIG. 22.

Bv's beard the goate, by his bushe-taile the fox,  
 By's pawes the lion, by his hornes the ox,  
 By these all these are knowne ; and by her locks  
 That now are fall'n, Kate's known to have the pox.

*Of hir exclamation against Busie-bodies.*

EPIG. 23.

KATE still exclaimes against great medlers,  
 A busie-body hardly she abides,  
 Yet she's well pleased with all bum-fiddlers,  
 And hir owne body stirring still besides :  
 I muse her stomacke now so much should faile  
 To loath a medlar, being an open-taile.

*Against an olde Fornicator.*

EPIG. 24.

OLDE men can more then young, wine's powers command,  
 By reason of their reason, and their age :  
 And can more easily Lust's stormes withstand,  
 Raisd by the fouds of wines vnruely rage ;  
 But yet when olde men quaffing still are seene,  
 Their heads are white (like leekes) their tiales are greene :  
 For when olde vessels still, wine-fraught do saile  
 Their poopees will leake, and loose be at the taile.

*Against the use of Prudence.*

EPIG. 25.

THEY say bright beauty is faire Vertue's inne ;  
 That I deny ; for Prudence being faire  
 And yet a puncke no vertue is therein ;  
 Yet to that signe of vertue men repaire  
 For loue of both ; where they finde (with a trice)  
 Prudence, a puncke ; a vertue turn'd to vice.

*Of wise fooles, or foolish wise men.*

EPIG. 26.

OH ! for an epigram to make the wise  
 (Like fooles) laugh at it till their hearts do breake :  
 Why then haue at it ; O Inuention rise,  
 And tickle wisest heart-strings till they ake,  
 Make fooles of wise men onely with a iest !  
 That is a iest ; yet 'tis in earnest so ;  
 For none so wise but (like wise fooles at least)  
 Will laugh at fooles that wit in folly show.  
 Especially, when they with foynes of wit,  
 The foes of their vpholders home do hit.

*Against Clophus the Time-observer.*

EPIG. 27.

CLOPHUS his small eies his large conscience shoues ;  
 His great head and large cares, his little wit :  
 Yet is he held the ferret of Gods foes,  
 And wise as Salomon, al times to fit ;  
 Fits he all times ? and Gods foes ferret too ?  
 Then doth he more than angels well can doe :  
 Yet angels at no time can be more strong  
 Sith they can (if they list) do right or wrong.

*Of Grantus his grosse wit and wombe.*

EPIG. 28.

GRANTUS his too grand Panche is neither fit  
 For action, nor for contemplation :  
 His wombe's too grosse to haue too fine a wit,  
 Sith he is young and with fat ouer-growne.  
 But were he fatt as brawne, yet old and staid,  
 He might bee wise, and still (like bacon) feede  
 On witts prouision, that his youth puruaid,  
 Which vs'd in age, makes witt bee wise in deede.  
 But Grantus' youth and belly are so great  
 That he would starue if witt were all his meate.

*Against licorish Florella.*

EPIG. 29.

FLORELLAS wombe is full (that see I well)  
 Of Persian delicates hir mawe is full ;  
 Such fulnesse of her mawe so made her swell :  
 For, kine well fedd the sooner take the bull :  
 Then, sith she long'd for such sweete puffing bitts,  
 She (like a mother) hath these swelling fitts.

*To mine honored friend Sir James Murray Knight.*

EPIG. 30.

THOU beeing brother to my best belou'd,  
I must for that and for thyselfe beside,  
Ranck thee among more honor'd friends (approu'd)  
Wherein I range the powre of all my pride.  
Yee brothers were within your mothers wombe  
Made Muses minions ; for from thence ye drew  
Pure Helicon to that yet emptie roome  
Your braine pan, filled with arte, ere arte ye knew.  
There virtually ye both rare poets were,  
Here actually ye rarely shew the same ;  
That's seld, but bright ; as that starre did appeare  
To light the wise to finde out Wisdom's ame.

Then sith the lawrell's yours by right of birth,  
My Muse must lawrel-crowne your fames on Earth.

*To my deere friend Io. Murray, Esquire, brother to  
Sir James, &c.*

EPIG. 31.

MURRAY, I muse what coulors I should vse  
To paint thy nature out, and deck thy name :  
When I bethinke me of thy phenix-Muse,  
I feare all coulors wilbe found too blame.  
She, like that rare Arabian bird, is such  
That richest words by Rhethoricians vs'd  
Wilbee but shadowes, or not all so much ;  
Then, neede her painter's skill be heau'n-infus'd.  
Thy mother-witt and science are of powre  
To make selfe-faireness fowle and fowlenes faire :  
Then sith my Muse too heavy is to towre,  
Ile say no more but this,—I do despaire ;  
For Arte may paint the coales or flames of fire  
But light and heate about all arte aspire.

*Against Graxus his vpholding his honour.*

EPIG. 32.

GRAXUS vpon his reputation stands,  
Once touche but that, and straight he fights therefore.  
But basely he will draw an heire in bands  
To cousin him, or helpe him to a whoore.  
Filche like a rag-man, like a ruffin sweare ;  
And forswear like a iuror, oft forsworne :  
Drunke every day (for want of wine) with beere ;  
And yet to haue his honor toucht doth scorne.  
Alas poore man ! his honor is so thin  
That it is neither toucht, felt, heard or seene.  
But Graxus if thy sole repute bee bralling,  
A bandogge is thy better by his balling.

*Against Phryne her light-heauinesse.*

EPIG. 33.

PHYRNE is light, and yet she hath two bummes  
Like a ful payre (at least) of mountanetts :  
I maruell then from whence her lightnesse comes ?  
Faith from those bums, which she, through lightnesse,  
setts  
(For ballone-balls) to hire to all that play,  
Who must, in time, quite volley them away.

*Of Tobacco.*

EPIG. 34.

A QUESTION once arose touching tobacco,  
Whether the fume thereof were moist or dry,  
Twixt Witt itselfe and one that witt did lack-o :  
Witt said it dride, and shew'd the reason why :  
A dogge you know (quoth he) doth neuer sweate.  
True said the other : (where was Witt the while ?)  
And that to him did seeme a wonder great.  
So 'tis (quoth Witt) and at the foole did smile :  
The reason is if phisicke do not faile  
He, sleeping, takes tobacco at his taile.

*Against Marcus his fire-works.*

EPIG. 35.

MARCUS his wifes great modesty doth hate,  
And swears hee loues the impudence of Kate :  
For to a lustfull humor, modestie  
Is nothing but a cooling card, saith hee ;  
Well Marcus, if such coolers thou dost loth  
Thy Kate perhaps will coole and burne thee both.

*Authorities for Marcus his hate-full loue.*

EPIG. 36.

PHAUORINUS vs'd to praise the quartaine-feauer ;  
Ouid, beyond the moone would nutts commend ;  
Virgill, a gnatt, and Homer, honor'd euer  
The fight of froggs, which do the most offend :  
If these pure Wits most praise what most abhorre  
What maruell ist though Marcus praise his whore.

*Against faint-hearted bragging Bomelio.*

EPIG. 37.

BOMELIO braggs how many he hath beaten,  
And then hee looks as if he them had eaten :  
That's like himselfe ; for hee's a better eater  
(Trye him who hath a stomack) then a beater.

*Of Calistus.*

EPIG. 38.

ONE call'd Calistus calues head, in a fume,  
But he therein was fowly slander'd ;  
For calues heads haue sweete teethe, free from the  
rheume,  
But he hath not one sweete toothe in his head.

*Of Lutus his perfect taste.*

EPIG. 39.

LUTUS by chance once drinking his wife's water,  
Sware, of the caske it tasted filthily ;  
Lutus thy taste is true, but nere the later,  
The tongue herein hath told a filthie lye :  
For from no caske it came, vnlesse it bee  
A caske that makes a hed-peece but for thee.

*Of Colonus his leafe on his shin.*

EPIG. 40.

COLONUS hath a leafe vpon his shin,  
 But such a leafe as nere will fall nor fade;  
 It's Morbus marke, much matter is therein,  
 A rendezous for humors hot it's made:  
 Faire fall the man; for when the leafe doth fall,  
 Hee's like (a pox vpon't) to dye withall.

*Against Brutius his good Angells.*

EPIG. 41.

BOUGHT you your benefice? say Brutius, say:  
 Or came you by the same some other way?  
 To it you came (you say) you came not by it:  
 But first ere you came to, you did come buy it.  
 You must come by, you say, ere you come to it,  
 You say but true herein, and you did doe it:  
 For if you came to, ere by it you came,  
 You came on wings not feete vnto the same.  
 Came you (like God) vpon the wings of winde?  
 That were miraculous, against your kinde.  
 Or els, like Dedalus, on wings of art?  
 You learning lacke, you cannot play that part.  
 You could not come on any eagles wings,  
 For, they cannot sustaine such sinfull things.  
 What wings good Brutius then supported you  
 To scape so many lets o're which you flew?  
 Came you on angels wings? yea so you say.  
 But were they good or ill that fled that way?  
 Good, you protest; and I protest with you,  
 They were the best that way that euer flew.

*Of Crispus and his formall beard.*

EPIG. 42.

CRISPUS doth spend his time in labour sore  
 To bring his beard in fashion if he could:  
 Quills, irons and instruments he hath good store,  
 To fashion it and make it fashion hold.  
 But all his other parts he quite neglects,  
 Of minde and body (fowly out of frame):  
 For sith in's beard, bye all his soule's affects,  
 With all the body's glory, grace and fame,  
 There is great reason he should still controule  
 That wayward part that onely makes the whole.

*Of Dolls taking Tobacco.*

EPIG. 43.

DOLL dranke tobacco, and away she flonge,  
 But going she let-goe, and downe she fell;  
 Which shewd the powder and the peece were stronge:  
 Yet for recoyling breech't she would be well,  
 Least that her breech another time should bee,  
 Apt to let-goe and after to let-flee.

*Of Clophus his helpes in arguing.*

EPIG. 44.

CLOPHUS hath two great helpes in reasoning,  
 Although his reasons neuer helpe his sence;  
 Yet he in disputation still is king  
 Through brutish ignorance and impudence:  
 Put by your helpes and with you Ile dispute,  
 If not, I yeelede more reason being mute.

*To the no lesse strange then farre-renowned Peregrine;  
 Exchequer of richest tongues: Arsenall of artes, millitary  
 and liberall: Index of Authours diuine and humaine:  
 Fontaine of Conceits acute and solacions: Mountaine  
 of Fancies transcendent and beauntious: and finally, the  
 delight of mankinde, Master Thomas Coriel.*

Now are we launching to a sea profound,  
 (Where some may saile, but all may well be drown'd)  
 Thee to discover, for their publike weale  
 That for wit traffick and for science deale.  
 Care stirre our compasse, Wit our course direct;  
 So may we finde in thy cleere intellect  
 Thy parts abstruse; which base plebeians view not,  
 And to thy daies, all wisdom's-searchers know not.  
 Thine eyes (O blest! and for that, glorious eyes)  
 To search those vnouth seas did enterprise  
 Where Venice hangs (a pearle between their breasts)  
 Both which they pen (with firy maw) digests  
 To vent into one volume; where we may  
 See Venice, and those seas their loynes display  
 To shew their secrets: Fy, O fy, that we  
 Should see that sight, and not enamor'd be  
 Of thy so subtil skill; that sets them out  
 (As nurses do their babes) bare all about.  
 Some speake of Chyna, some of Iapan speake,  
 And quaintly set them forth in euery creeke:  
 Vaine men! they labour but to please themselves,  
 But thou describest the citties, seas and shels,  
 That much import vs, which we stil frequent;  
 But theirs is but vaine Trauells' excrement.  
 For, what hane we to doe with Chyna? Iaua?  
 Or with strange wasts of wilde America?  
 What with Earth's vtmost confines? what with all  
 That *terra incognita* wee do call?  
 No, no (alas) their wits are but so, so,  
 To go to these for nothing but to go:  
 But thou (the rarest of all witty crewes,  
 Master of arts and tongues, that fame pursues)  
 In choyce discretion, wentst but to those places  
 Wee vse in all our tenses, moods and cases.  
 That tunne which is not past a myle about  
 On Earths vast globe; yet thine eye found it out,  
 And hast so well made its dimentions knowne,  
 And what it holds hast so exactly showne,  
 That now (as it were hanging at his eares)  
 It to th' untrauell'd Ignorant appears:  
 And if he list to try it by his touch,  
 Thou tell'st it is found among the Douch:

Of Heidelbergh, thou sayst it is the TYNNE ;  
 That holds inough, if it at waste should runne  
 To drowne the country twenty miles about ;  
 Which ne're was noted till thou foundst it out :  
 For what could euer such a moate descry,  
 But thy great trauell, and more peirring eye ?  
 We call it moat respectfully, because  
 To Earths proportion it no neerer draws.  
 In which regard, thy glory is the more,  
 That soundst it for our comfort : we adore  
 Thee Coriet for it, as the Pagans erst  
 Adored Bacchus, who found wine out first.  
 Thy booke that is forth-comming in thy brest,  
 (Of this discour'ry) shall relate the rest :  
 And what thou dost diuulge in this rare booke  
 Must needs be truth, or (barely) like her looke,  
 Sith it is said, ' The wise and innocent  
 Tell euer true their tydings and intent.'  
 But O that booke of bookes is such a thing,  
 As makes all wits the praise thereof to sing :  
 And Wits of note do strue, most notably,  
 Which shall vp-lift it hard'st against the skye  
 In praise for this Discou'ry, so renownd  
 And good for vs ; for sacke doth make vs sound.  
 In which aduerture (rightest man-diuel)  
 Thou didst eu'n thine owne excellence excell,  
 So as selfe-worthies admires thy worth ;  
 Which for thy glory, thus we flash it forth.  
 Thou in pure zeale (a vertue most diuine)  
 Didst beate a Iew, till his eyes stream'd bryne :  
 Which vertue dimmes the Malta-knights ; because  
 To high exploits, reward them chiefly draws ;  
 Which thou dost scorne ; for zeale (that makes thee flame)  
 Holds gaine a staine, but takes it out in fame.  
 When grapes thou chewedst and the Almaine boore  
 Did borish out-rage to thy teeth therefore,  
 A dramme of Tully trowling from thy tongue,  
 So charm'd his rage that he (then) lay along  
 As (in a rapture) drown'd with admiration  
 Of thy deliueries fluent inundation :  
 That thou the while (like Orpheus in hell)  
 His grapes did'st rauish and the slaue compell  
 T' adore thee as a god. O tricke of Schooles !  
 (Which vulgar-bloud men euen in the boyling cooles)  
 How should we celebrate the boundlesse fame  
 Of him that with thee straight made fury tame?  
 O Coriat ! never more to be forgot,  
 Wee do confesse thy praise wee do but blot  
 With ynke which falls too fast from our rude pen,  
 Who art esteem'd the ioy or mirth of men.  
 But O the workes which thou dost still ore-see,  
 Do marke thy Muse of Nine the teithing shee,  
 To feede Apollos priests (sith now they fat not)  
 With marrow of Arts rheyne and Learning's what not ?  
 Thy fore-head (rendeuous of outward sences)  
 Holds common sence and their intelligences ;  
 Which to the middle region of thy braine  
 Conuaises them all, thy iudgement to maintaine  
 Against all contradiction and dispute,

To raigne ore Wits, as monarche absolute.  
 In thy heads-taile, the catalogue is found  
 Of all the works that grow in Learning's ground :  
 Where with a question (without question) wee  
 Their nature and thine art may (ready) see.  
 Thy presence (like the presence of the sunne)  
 Doth cheare the place, thy beames do ouer-runne  
 And makes the company that it possesses  
 Swim in delight, though drown'd in deep distresses :  
 The strange meanders of thy Wits vagaries  
 Do grauell all disputing in St. Maries  
 (In Oxford call'd the Austines) nay, then all  
 That logick learne or letters liberall.  
 Thy most sharpe-pointed iudgement, that doth pierce  
 The hard'st positions both in prose and verse,  
 May be admir'd but not express'd bee  
 In verse nor prose. O then be rude by mee,  
 Tender thyselfe, if these rude times of ours  
 Neglect thy wit, as being past their powers  
 Of apprehension : so, thou maist, in time  
 Climbe Honers hill with feete of prose or rime :  
 And be enthron'd in Glories ebon-chaire,  
 To which there is no other certaine staire  
 But thy most stiffe perfections and degrees  
 Of vertues, sweeter then the hony bees.  
 But all thine all is more then all too much  
 For Mercury himselfe to taste or touch.  
 Therefore as Zeuxis drew a vaile on that  
 He could not well with Arte delineate :  
 So must I doe by thee and draw a line  
 As blacke as iet to hide thy glories' shine :  
 Which if my cunning failes not, shall be this  
 Coriet still seemes no more but what he is.

*Of Starchus his stout standing to it.*

EPIC. 45.

STARCHUS will giue the stab ere take the lye,  
 The lye is loathsome to his manhood's maw ;  
 Twill not goe downe except a man be by ;  
 That makes the same digest meate ne're so raw :  
 Then if he say thou lyeest in thy throte,  
 He takes it in the throte, and standeth still ;  
 Because men might his foe for lying note :  
 For lye he doth not (though he stands but ill)  
 That standeth still when he is said to lye :  
 But so he stands that so the lye might lye.

*Against Sotus the Vsurer.*

EPIC. 46.

SOTUS liues well, they say ; that's richly liues,  
 But gets his wealth by vsury and wiues :  
 The death of wiues hath made him better liue,  
 And vsury hath taught him how to thrue :  
 So twixt them two he now liues well (they say)  
 For he doth nothing els but watch and pray :  
 He watcheth like a wolfe his prey to catch,  
 And then he praies on that which he did watch :  
 Thus he with watching and with praying too  
 Liues well, yet doth he but as deuils doo.

*Of Helens welcomming Paris.*

EPIG. 47.

FAIRE Helen from her high *heptaphonos*  
Beheld her loue, her deere, her secret friend,  
With cheekes more blushing then the crimson rose  
As if her hue told what she did intend  
Th' ensuing night ; when, playing with her guest  
She wan much pleasure though she lost her rest.

*Of Cornutus and his costly wife.*

EPIG. 48.

CORNUTUS saith his wife shall cleanly go :  
Cleanly, Cornutus ? costly thou wouldst say :  
For thou thy substance dost on her bestow,  
To clad in gilden gownes a clod of clay :  
But who a gold-finch faine would make his wife,  
Makes her (perhaps) a wag-taile all her life.

*Of Cozius his free-cure.*

EPIG. 49.

THE couetous empericke Cozius cureth all  
Sane those that stand in neede of phisick's skill ;  
You will inferre (perhaps) his skill's but small :  
Well, God forgieue you then if you so will :  
But sure one's wife that barraine long was thought,  
He, gratis cur'd, and got with childe for nought.

*Of Drusus his deere Deere-hunting.*

EPIG. 50.

DRUSUS, in stealing of a deere, was killd,  
So dyed he ere he had his belly filld ;  
Thus (like a flea, in seeking but for food  
Ere he was full) he lost his life and blood.

*Of Corax the Advocate.*

EPIG. 51.

CORAX is eloquent but yet doth fill  
His eloquence for money ; which is ill.  
Why so ? Because it's aire (in Rhethorickes name)  
Which should be common, none should sell the same :  
But if that Corax for it had no hire  
He scarce would haue fruition of the aire.

*Against Caluissius his forgetfulness.*

EPIG. 52.

CALUISIUS all forgets, himselfe withall ;  
He can remember nothing done or said ;  
And sure his memory was very small,  
When for his wife he got with childe his maide ;  
But if by Law thou needes must answer this,  
Say thou forgotst thyselfe ; and true it is.

*Against vnnaturall poets.*

EPIG. 53.

A STRONG imagination (as it's said)  
Of soules effects the Muses most doth aide :  
Why then I muse how some imagining  
To play the poets' well with much musing ;

Yet they imagin but their owne disgrace,  
Their highest imaginations are so base !  
It is because (like giants against the gods)  
With Nature they will needes be still at ods.  
But Nature, them subduing, it befalls,  
She, as her captines, makes them Naturals.

*Of Guacus his wise Beard.*

EPIG. 54.

If wit bee fix'd on the longest beard,  
And wisdom waiteth on such excrements,  
As Guacus weenes ; why then it's like that heards  
Of wildest goates haue wisest governments :  
If they are wise whose chaf's haue longest heare,  
Then goats' and Guacus' wisdom hath no peere.

*Of the kinde heires of these vnkinde times.*

EPIG. 55.

FOR that the mighty Nabuchadnezzar,  
From man turn'd beast, from beast turn'd man againe,  
And was restor'd vnto his former honor :  
Yet when at last Death had this changeling slaine,  
Euilmoradac his deere sonne and heire,  
His carcase did deuide in gobbets small ;  
And gaue it crows, and kites and fowles of th' aire,  
Because he should turne king no more at all.  
That was an vnkinde part to part him so ;  
The heires this Age affords afford more loue  
To their deceased sires ; for, did they knowe,  
They should againe from death to life remoue,  
They would not part them (for that part were euil)  
But they would giue them wholly to the deuil.

*Of the strength of Cornutus his faith.*

EPIG. 56.

CORNUTUS saith Religion changd hath bin  
Thrice in his time, and he hath changd with it ;  
He once beleeu'd good-workes did heauen win ;  
Then thought sole faith obtain'd that benefit :  
Yet was perswaded in Queene Marie's time,  
That workes were they that gaind the blisse of heauen ;  
But after-times held faith in workes a crime,  
And of his faith in workes haue him bereauen ;  
Yet for his faith, O tis omnipotent !  
But holds good-workes to be but workes of men,  
Whose words, workes, thoughts, are all but impotent :  
Thus what of yore he lik'd, he lothes agen.  
But were his faith then's workes no stronger growne  
Hee ne're would take his children for his owne.

*Against painted Pero.*

EPIG. 57.

PERO is faire, but yet her face she paints ;  
So pictures are made faire, though boords or blocks :  
I muse with coulors she her face acquaints,  
And die with sallendine her sable lockes ;  
When those that gallop by, will say and swear  
She painted bath her face and dide her heare.

*Of Grantus his curtesie.*

EPIG. 58.

GRANTUS the malt-worme, at an ale-house dore,  
 Straue with another who should first goe in ;  
 In kindnesse he the other put before :  
 How long (quoth he) haue you thus curteous bin ?  
 I know the day not long since hath bin ore you  
 No man should in an ale-house goe before you.

*Against Afraniaes impudency.*

EPIG. 59.

AFRANIA can not blush ; for blushing comes  
 From shame of our owne faults which we conceiue ;  
 How should she blush when impudence benums  
 Her sence of shame wherewith she should perceiue ?  
 Then is shee shamelesse ? yea the very same :  
 Yet the lesse shame she hath the more's her shame.

*Against Menus his Solitarinesse.*

EPIG. 60.

MENUS delights in solitary cells,  
 And places most remote from all repaire ;  
 He loues to liue where Desolation dwels,  
 And loaths the sunne for lightning of the aire.  
 Its true indeede (obscur'd) he haunts the hole  
 Which no man will come neere but such a foole.

*Of Plasmus the Alchymist.*

EPIG. 61.

PLASMUS the poore and bare Gymnosophist,  
 Contemplates of the sunne, the moone and starres ;  
 Besides he is a perfect Alchymist ;  
 He makes th' elixer which so many marres ;  
 Ripley and Kelley of his skill did faile  
 Yet scarce he hath one ragge vpon his taile.

*Against Sophron his darke and dull writing.*

EPIG. 62.

SOPHRON the poet most obscurely writes,  
 And yet he thinks his fame's as bright as sunne ;  
 Each woord a sentence weighe, which he indites,  
 To wit, a sentence of damnation :  
 His lines lacke sence, in vtter darkenesse framde ;  
 Good reason then his writings should be damnd.

*Of Amphilocus forr-sight.*

EPIG. 63.

AMPHILOCUS with cleere fore-sight descries  
 Future euent ; and of strange wonders tells :  
 That counsell-close which in God's bozome lies,  
 He can disclose by most almighty spells ;  
 Yet he bewicht himselfe could not for-see  
 That he should (as he is) a cuckold bee.

*Of Anchurus his kindnesse to his country.*

EPIG. 64.

ANCHURUS in t' a gulph himselfe did cast,  
 To saue his friends and country-men from spoile ;  
 Kinde-heart he burnes, and still away doth waste,  
 Whose bowels with most bitter torment broile.  
 That others by his plague (such was his care)  
 Might of that euer-burning pit beware.

*Of Gammer-Gurton her young tooth.*

EPIG. 65.

ZANCLES a man a hundred foure yeares olde,  
 (As bookes report) had young teeth in his head :  
 Which worke of Natur's for a wonder tolde,  
 Because in such olde iawes young teeth were bred :  
 But now it's common, it no wonder is,  
 Old men, and women too, haue oft young teeth.  
 To giue an instance, what say you to this ?  
 Old Gammer-Gurton lately married with  
 Young Hodge for man, which of a boy she bred ;  
 Because she had a young tooth in her head.

*Against Rufus his throwing at all.*

EPIG. 66.

AT all, quoth Rufus, set ye what ye dare :  
 Ile throw at all and 'twere a pecke of gold :  
 No life lies int', then coyne Ile neuer spare :  
 Why Rufus, that's the cause that all is sold :  
 For with francke gamesters it doth oft befall,  
 They throw at all till throwne quite out of all.

*Against Seruus his Conformity.*

EPIG. 67.

SERUUS is like a durty soft-knit hose  
 That serues each leg ; and he as fitly serues  
 The seruile turnes and humors base of those  
 Whose fauours any way his state preserues :  
 Stockings are chafte and knockd, if soild with mudd,  
 And so must he, els he will ne'er be good.

*Against Lawrentraes lying.*

EPIG. 68.

IN lying lyeth all Lawrentraes grace,  
 Who to and with men lyes, in deede and word ;  
 She paints herselfe, so lyeth in her face ;  
 Then gut'rall lauds she doth her knaues affoord,  
 So, in her throat she lyes ; and in her heart  
 She needs must lye, when for an abiect fee  
 She loue pretends to swaines of no désert ;  
 So she, in summe, has all, as all may see :  
 Then sith still thus she lyes, twere good for her  
 Still to be whipt to make her still to stirre.

*Of Bad-Debtors.*

EPIG. 69.

BAD-DEBTORS are good lyers ; for, they say  
 Ile pay you without faile on such a day ;

Come is the day, to come the due is still :  
So still they lye, sith stand in debt they will.  
But Fucus hath so oft li'de in this wise,  
That now he lyes in Ludgate for his lies.

*Against illegitimate Friscus the Comedian.*

EPIG. 70.

Go to now Friscus, tell me if thou canst,  
Where thou wast borne? and of what parentage?  
I see thou art aliue, and life thou wantst  
In time; then Time can tell thy birth and age.  
Thy name (thou saiest) is,—well let-go thy name,  
Because (perhaps) thou art not sure of that;  
But to the world thou camst as others came,  
Thou saist (good Friscus) and thou hist it pat;  
For, thou camst to the world the common way,  
Borne of a common woman, but to play.

*Of Perusius his loosenesse.*

EPIG. 71.

PERUSIUS swears his purse not pursy is,  
Because it is (like him) exceeding loose:  
Both must be bound, or weare away for this:  
But let them weare,—of them's none other use:  
Then sith hee's loose and his purse laxatiue  
Twere sinne to give them a restorative.

*Against Pigmaliions Indiscretion.*

EPIG. 72.

PIGMALION carues, and that with mickle heed,  
Dead stones like liuing men by Cunning's forces;  
He makes stones men; but he good man (in deede)  
Himselfe makes like a stone by sencelesse courses:  
If he make men like stones, and stones like men,  
Pigmalion's pictures are his betters then.

*Against affecting Andocides.*

EPIG. 73.

ANDOCIDES in Rhethoricke euer rowles:  
Whereat admire poore bodies and good soules;  
No word proceeds from his most fluent tong,  
But it is like the burden of the song  
Call'd Callino, come from a forraine Land,  
Which English people do not vnderstand.

*Of lascinious Laurentia.*

EPIG. 74.

CORNEUS, that Thessalian beautilous maide  
Who rauished by Neptune (as it's said)  
Obtaind to be transform'd to a man,  
And had the guift no edge could hurt her then;  
Which transformation and which goodly guift  
Laurentia hath obtaind; for she can shift  
As well as men and master her good-man,  
And fight, and scratch, and sweare, stare, curse, and ban:  
And for her flesh, it's of such perfect prooffe  
No weapon hurt it can, it is so tuffe:  
But euery weapon that on it dare venter

Twill spoile it quite if in the same it enter.  
Then they that loue their weapens, wealth and honor,  
Draw rather on a piller than vpon her.

*Of Alphinnus the Hard-head.*

EPIG. 75.

HORNES, hoofes and teeth (as Aristotle holds)  
Come from one cause, by nature so assigned;  
Heere-hence it is, Hornes those beasts' heads vphold  
Whose vpper lawes are toothlesse made by kinde.  
Be it by kinde or vnkinde accidents,  
Or els because that toothlesse is each chap;  
Alphinnus' browes beare such horn'd ornaments,  
That he (Hard-head) can hardly weare his cap;  
Let graue philosophers the cause dispute:  
His wife, and he, and I were best be mute.

*Against Annas the great Tydings-bearer.*

EPIG. 76.

ANNAS hath long eares for all newes to passe;  
His eares must needs be long, for hee's an asse.

*Aguine.*

EPIG. 77.

ANAS the Latines call a ducke or drake;  
And we a gull do English Annas make.

*Of Casars loue to Poets.*

EPIG. 78.

THE Romaine Publius and Laberius,  
(Two poets whome great Cæsar fauored).  
Their skill that Cæsar held most serious  
Though by most Casars now disfaoured:  
Why should not poetry please these great Kesars?  
It is because those Kesars are not Casars.

*In praise of Sr Henry and Sr Phillip Sidney,  
Syre and Sonne deceased.*

EPIG. 79.

LIBIAN Psilly people, which are sed  
To poyson serpents with their carcasses;  
Were late (as England knowes) in England bred  
(If enuy be—as she's—of serpents' races)  
For two, hight Sidneies, father and the sonne,  
That serpent slue, with deeds done in their flesh;  
Not fleshly deedes, but deedes that fame haue wonne;  
Which fame (yet flourishing) Time will refresh  
As long as reuolution of the spheares  
Lends life to Time; no time their fame out-weares.

*Against overweening Wit.*

EPIG. 80.

If wit would weene of what wit (weening) might  
Itselfe beseeame, and (reasoning) reason right,  
Happy were wit, and happy were the head  
Where such vncompast wit is compassed.  
Crowne, murall, nauall and emperiall,  
Varied in glory super-celestiall.

Inuiron would those euer-blessed browes ;  
 Lasting as long as perfect knowledge knowes.  
 Men-gods, Gods men, Gods good men, good Gods  
 men

(In tearmelesse time) they tearmd, and should be then  
 Worlde-blessing creatures, creatures like Creator ;  
 Heralds of heauen to blaze the armes of Nature :  
 But Wit ore-weening, his powres' armes extending  
 Reason to rase, and still with Truth contending,  
 Contending for contentions sake accurst,  
 Makes of heauen's center, hell ; and what is worst,  
 Monster of Nature, Nature still oppugning,  
 Thyselfe (vnaturally) thyselfe impugning :  
 Ore-weening wilfull Wit, ah woe to thee,  
 Author of ills that ill of euills bee.

*Against Iustice Clophinus his erronious position.*

EPIC. 81.

IVSTICE Clophinus holds (what wise men hate)  
 That simple men best sute a citties state :  
 If one more then himselfe do wit reueale,  
 Hee's no fit member for his common-weale :  
 Plaine simple men (saith he) to wit, plaine fooles,  
 Should gouerne simple men by Reasons rules :  
 If this may be, the reason would I know,  
 How fooles that reason want should reason show.

*Of Tobacco.*

EPIC. 82.

TOBACCO is a weed of so great powre,  
 That it (like Earth) doth what it feedes deuoure.

*Against amorous Andrugio.*

EPIC. 83.

ANDRUGIO liues, yet onely liues by loue ;  
 None but she-saints his hot deuotion serues :  
 A world of which his praiers dayly moue,  
 To grant that grace which he weenes, he deserues.  
 Now sits he in a corner with crost armes,  
 And with a sigh together brings his sides :  
 Now (as agast) he starts at Loue's alarms,  
 Then from his head his haire, by lockes, deuides ;  
 Now quarrells with his starres, then with his state,  
 Now with his Loues (the load-starres of his life) :  
 Now loues he them, and then he them doth hate,  
 Now seekes a rope, and then he seekes a knife :  
 And now and then, and then and now he fares  
 As he were franticke : fie, fie, what a moile  
 He makes with all the garments which he weares ;  
 And with his head his hands keepe leuel-coyle.  
 Now this hand scratcheth ! and by and by the other,  
 And now he sits, and then about walkes he ;  
 Now doth he swell as if he had the mother,  
 And then he winks as if he could not see :  
 Thus for his Loues, hee's mad, deafe, dumbe and blinde,  
 And yet is bated of all woman-kinde.

*Against Sardinus the Leacher.*

EPIC. 84.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS saith that sparrows liue  
 Scarce three yeares out (we needes belecue him must)  
 And for the same this naturall reason giues,  
 Because so oft they doe the act of lust :  
 I maruell then Sardinus is so old,  
 When he is cocking still with euery trull ;  
 Alas, the reason easily may be told,  
 For hee's no sparrow but a common bull :  
 Then turne him to the kyne, God blesse the beasts !  
 For they the kill-cowes company detests.

*[Hierus' gift out-done.]*

EPIC. 87.

HIERUS a Boeotian shepheard swaine,  
 Once entertaining in his cottage poore,  
 Mercury, Neptune and Ioue (heauen's soueraigne)  
 Gaue him a sonne, hauing no childe before :  
 If meaner states then gods, in these hard daies  
 Should welcome be where some faire women were,  
 They would (no doubt) bee't spoken to their praise,  
 Franker then gods, of such rewards appeare :  
 For where these gods gaue one and gaue no mo,  
 Perhaps these men would giue a brace or two.

*Against iesting Iouius.*

EPIC. 88.

IOUIUS will iest, but can abide no iesting ;  
 And loues mens wiues but would have none loue his :  
 He loathes to feast, and yet he smels out feasting,  
 Nor spend himselfe but others spoyle he is.  
 O honyed humor ! who will Iouius blame  
 To loue himselfe, sith none els doth the same.

*To the happy, as honorable, Sr Robert Carre.*

EPIC. 89.

BRIGHT Carre that carri'st so much royal grace  
 As doth the coach of Phoebus in his pride ;  
 So good thy carriage is, so right thy race,  
 That soueraigne fauour will be still thy guide.  
 It's no meane vertue so high grace to beare  
 Without some cracke in carriage, wracke in pace :  
 But thou runnst sure on wheelles of loue and feare  
 To Honors tropicke, fraught with soueraigne grace.  
 Looke to those wheelles then, let them not decay,  
 And they'l ore-runne the big'st rubbs in thy way.

*[Lean-fat Recusant.]*

EPIC. 90.

A leane (yet fat) recusant being confinde  
 Vnto a Iustice' house, whose wife was great ;  
 (Not great with childe, but hugely great with meate)  
 At supper thus began to grope his minde :  
 To *hoc est corpus meum* what say ye (she sed)  
 Marry (quoth he) I say it is well fed.



*Against subtil Philargus.*

EPIG. 91.

PHILARGUS is a subtil disputant  
 Passing well-seene in logicall conclusions ;  
 But yet he is a monstrous miscreant,  
 And in the State the seeker of confusions :  
 So fares it with each knaue, if learn'd he bee,  
 The better learn'd the verier villaine hee.

*Against the great Swearer Mezentius.*

EPIG. 92.

MEZENTIVS speakes no worde but God he mindes ;  
 If not whole God yet (at the least) some part ;  
 Nay all his seuerall parts of sundry kindes,  
 Bloud, wounds, death, soule, nayles, flesh, sides, guts  
 and heart :  
 And though by him these parts be still exprest,  
 Yet is he but a most blasphemous beast.

*To the right honorable my very good Lord, Phillip,  
Earle of Mountgomerie.*

EPIG. 93.

To thee being lull'd asleepe in Fortunes lapp  
 In highest heau'n of Earthe's felicities ;  
 I send these rimes (while thou dost take a napp)  
 As ditties vnto Fortunes lullabies ;  
 To make thee dreame (if thou can'st heare asleepe)  
 That Fortune fawnes on wisemen, fleeres on fooles ;  
 Shee fleeres in scorne, sith fooles no footing keepe  
 On ground of grace ; but are like ucking-stooles,  
 Now vp aloft, then straight orewhelm'd belowe ;  
 Being seates of shame belowe, and at the high'st.  
 Let wisdom guide thee then, while fortunes flowe,  
 So shalt thou scape the rocke cal'd 'Had I wist' :  
 But had I wist thou hadst bene borne from mee  
 On Fortunes floud, I would haue followed thee.

*To my much honored and ever remembred Lord, the  
Lord Hayes.*

EPIG. 94.

THOU gau'st me in'trest in a parte of thine,  
 Not knowing me or mine : Then needes must I  
 Giue thee (beloued lord) a parte of mine ;  
 That is a parte of my whole memory.  
 When I doe write, I will remember thee,  
 Who didst remember me when once I writ :  
 When I doe speake thou shalt remembred be,  
 And when I thinke Ile mind thy benefit :  
 So whether I doe thinke, or speake, or write  
 I will remember thee, and doe thee right.

*To the most acute and learned Sr John  
Constable Knight.*

EPIG. 95.

RIGHT courteous and as honorable Knight,  
 The loue I beare vnto thy worth and name  
 Prouokes me (weakling) to extend my might  
 To adde one feather to thy towring fame ;

And could I (as I would) new wing the same,  
 It should so pyniend be that it should rise  
 (In spight of stormes) aboue ambitions ame,  
 And quite transcend all crescets of the skyes ;  
 To make the christall heauen with glory flame :  
 But sith aboue my pow'r this vertue lyes,  
 This poore effectlesse offer may suffice  
 To shew my will, and what my wit orecame.  
 But tis Wits praise to yeelede (as most vnble) ✓  
 Vnto the worth of such a Constable.

*To the well worded and ingenious Mr. Richard Marten ✓  
of the Middle Temple.*

EPIG. 96.

SACRED Apollo, man-god, god and man,  
 God among men, with god man deicide,  
 At wit his sunne-bright glory first began  
 By whome in time wit was so rarified  
 That men ador'd him as if god he were ;  
 Such force hath wit in Wits supremacie :  
 Which engine may, in time, thy fortunes reare  
 Vnto high dignity if not to deitie :  
 For be it that thou knowest thy wit is thine ;  
 (Vnwitty we'rt thou if thou knewst it not)  
 Can darkenesse light obscure when sunne doth shine ?  
 Or can eyes see when darkenesse light doth blot ?  
 Kings haue long armes, wide eares, and piercing eyes,  
 They must haue such, or els they be not kinges ;  
 So wit in soueraignty all things discries,  
 And to th' intelligence all knowledge brings.  
 If wit knowes all and leaues itselfe vnkowne  
 It's to itselfe a monster most vnkinde ;  
 Vnlike itselfe vnto itselfe it's showne :  
 And scants itselfe of power to it assignd.  
 To knowe itselfe yet well itselfe confine  
 Is (of meere humane) to be all diuine.

*To the no lesse ingenious then ingenuious Mr. John Dunne. ✓*

EPIG. 97.

DVNNE is the mouse (they say) and thou art Dunne ;  
 But no dunne mouse thou art ; yet art thou one  
 That (like a mouse) in steepe high-waies dost runne.  
 To finde foode for thy Muse to prey vpon.  
 Whose pallat is so daintie in her taste,  
 That she distasts the least vnsauory bit :  
 But that's vnlike a mowse, for he will wast  
 All in his way, and oft himselfe with it ;  
 Not much vnlike some poets of our times,  
 That spoile good paper with their byting pen,  
 Like this of mine ; but yet my doggrell rimes  
 Do byte at none but monsters like to men :  
 And that (I know) thy pen hath rightly donne,  
 Which doing right makes bright the name of Dunne.

*Against Congius his wit-stealing.*

EPIG. 98.

CONGIUS in thirty winters space hath pend  
(The age of man almost) an aged worke,  
For most of it olde authors him did lend ;  
Yet he more fraudfull then a Jew or Turke,  
These honest men would of their due outface,  
And swears he borrowed none : It's true he stale it,  
For men may tracke him plaine from place to place,  
And see him, like a theefe, where he let fall it.  
Yet brasen-fac'd, blinde Bayard he doth cracke,  
He it deuised, as fast as pen could wend  
At idle times, for recreation's sake ;  
And in a yere did it begin and end.  
It's true indeed a yere and some od daies,  
Mounting to some sixe hundred months and more,  
He it compilde (be it spoken to his praise)  
But then I must confesse he laboured sore :  
For night and day he toyld till it was done :  
And filcht as fast as ere his pen could runne.

*Against Fortune-tellers.*

EPIG. 99.

To be a wise-man (as some fooles them call)  
To wit, to tell by wit, euent's future,  
Is for one truth to be beleeu'd in all  
Their grose vntruthes, their practise hath such pow'r ;  
And yet let others lye, and lye but once,  
That onely lye their credits so may cracke,  
That though they after Gospell speak, perchance,  
Their Gospells true, may true beleeuers lacke :  
Then wouldst thou lye, beleeu'd with admiration ?  
Then be a wise-man by thine occupation.

*Of poor and proud Cordelio.*

EPIG. 100.

CORDELIO can abide no fashions new,  
But in his fashion Adam doth ensue ;  
Adam was proud, being naked ; so is he,  
And both from Paradise expelled bee.

*Against Gorgonius his Slownery.*

EPIG. 101.

GORGONIUS goes like one that were not one,  
Carelesse of all whereof one should haue care ;  
His hose vntrust, his stockins and his shoone  
Are both vnty'd, and foule (God wot) they are.  
His bozome buttonles all times of yere ;  
His shirt he chaungeth as the moone doth chaunge ;  
His band is starch'd with grease, French-russet cleare ;  
His beard for want of combing, full of mange ;  
His hat (though blacke) lookes like a medley hat ;  
For black's the ground which sparingly appeares,  
Then heer's a dowe, and there a dabb of fat,  
Which as vnhandsome hangs about his eares.  
His cloake (stone-couler) lookes like a milstone,  
As full of holes as it is full of dust ;

For it with brush was neuer yet o're-gone.  
Nor neuer shall for him (neat lad) I trust :  
And though for want he hath no cause to mone,  
Gorgonius goes like one that were not one.

*Of Brunus his smoothnesse.*

EPIG. 54. [sic.]

BRUNUS his beard is smooth, and smooth his face ;  
His tongue is smooth and smooth his lookes and grace ;  
His hat's as smooth as smoothèd beauer hat ;  
The band is smooth, for satten smooth is that ;  
His hose and doublet smoother then a dye ;  
For they plane satten are or taffatie.  
His bootes are smooth ; for his man (as they say)  
To pull them smoothly on, spends halfe the day.  
He smoothes his friends but specially his foes,  
Least they should be too rough in words or blowes.  
He smoothes his mistris, and his riuals too,  
And smoothly what they will he lets them doo.  
He smoothes all factions and he smoothes all times ;  
He smoothly writes in prose and smoothly rimes ;  
He smoothes the courtier, and he smoothes the carter,  
For he him greetes a foote beneath the garter :  
Yet though he be thus smoothe and hath wherewith,  
His mind is bare and ragged like his teeth.

*Against pure Glaucus his impurity.*

EPIG. 102.

GLAUCUS his braine growes ouer-great with yong,  
Viprous conceits therein abbreeding bee ;  
His pia-mater cannot brooke their thronge,  
Which through it gnawe a way, and out they flee  
(Like plagues out of Pandora's box) to wayte  
Their spoyle that thwart them, or them entertaine ;  
Yet is he held a man of rare conceit,—  
Rare, for it is most impious, vile and vaine ;  
Yet is he pure, and lookes diuinely graue,—  
So hee's a graue, egregious, most pure knaue.

*To my much honored and beloued Sr Thomas Lucy Knight.*

EPIG. 103.

BRIGHT sparke of wit and courage, yet ynow  
To set a worlde of hearts in loue, or fire ;  
Whose influence prouokes my Muses plow  
To cast thy beames abroad that be intire.  
Thou all-belou'd and highly-prizèd iemme  
That in the Courts browes (like a diamond,  
Or Hesperus in heauen) dost lighten them,  
For men to see their way on Glories ground ;  
Of thy most honor'd nature, take in gree  
This offer of my Muse to honor thee.

*Against Lucias Variety.*

EPIG. 104.

FAIRE Lucia's full of Fortunes fauors, which  
Makes her so wanton proud, shee'le fall I feare ;  
(That's common to the yong, if faire and rich)  
Now plaies she with her dogge, then with her deere ;

Now heere she is, then there, now sits, then lyes ;  
 Now sighes, then laughes, and now and then (beside)  
 She for meere loue of alteration, cryes ;  
 Because no one thing long, she can abide :  
 Then things must needes be short and sweete that shee  
 Loues long, yet long in loue she cannot bee,  
 Because she onely loues variety.

[*Courtiers young and old.*]

EPIG. 105.

N<sup>o</sup> 15

A courtier, which long time his time had spent  
 In Court, to learne what to the Court belongs ;  
 Hearing young courtiers chat, his eare he lent  
 To heare what matter issu'd from their tongues.  
 One ouer-weening (as did all the rest)  
 Did make his braggs, he had a courtier bin  
 Not past a yeare, and yet he did protest  
 He in the Court knew every way to win.  
 Another knew the factions, and could fit them ;  
 A third, the humors, and could finely feede them ;  
 A fourth, all offices, and how to get them ;  
 A fift, all policies and who did neede them ;  
 A sixt, could make the great-men serue his turne,  
 Euen as he pleas'd by courtly obseruation ;  
 A seauenth, would learne of no man to returne  
 Courtship for courtship, t'was his occupation ;  
 An eight, could tell what suites might be obtain'd,  
 And nothing worth the suit from him was hid ;  
 The nynth, knewe by the prince what might be gain'd ;  
 The tenth, knewe more then all the others did.  
 When every man his skill had thus bewraid,  
 The ancient courtier lifting vp his head  
 (As one from sleepe, yet heard well what they said)  
 I am (quoth he), a courtier borne and bred ;  
 For from beyond my cradle haue I bin  
 In Court and Camp, and now am forty twice ;  
 Yet trust me truly, now I doe begin  
 To learne, what all you leaped with a trice.  
 Thus young-men scorne to learne in old-mens schooles,  
 Yet olde-men knowe that young-men are but fooles.

*To Mr. Tho. Bastard, and the Reader.*

EPIG. 106.

BASTARD, thine Epigrams to sport inclines ;  
 Yet I protest that one delights me best  
 Which saith the Reader soone deuoures thy lines,  
 Which thou in many houres couldst scarce digest :  
 So fares it twixt the Reader and my Muse ;  
 For that which she compiles with paine (God wot) :  
 This word she chooseth, that she doth refuse ;  
 This line she enterlines, that she doth blot ;  
 Heere's too much ornament, and there it lackses ;  
 This figure's farre-fetcht, out with it againe ;  
 That phrase of affection too much smackes ;  
 This reason, rime doth racke and too much straine ;  
 That simil's improper, mend the same ;  
 This application's harsh, harmonious make it ;  
 Fye, out vpon't, this verses foote is lame,

Let it goe vpright, or a mischief take it ;  
 Yet it runnes ill, the cadence crabbed is,  
 Away with it, for shame, it marres the rest ;  
 Giue it sweet accent ; Fy, fy yet I misse ;  
 Store makes me scarce I know not which is best.  
 Heere is a bodge, bots on't ; farwell my pen,  
 My Muse is dull'd, another time shall serue ;  
 To-morrow she (perhaps) shall too't agen ;  
 And yet to-morrow she (perhaps) may swerue.  
 Well yet at last the poem being pend  
 The Printer it presents to Readers view ;  
 Some foule-mouth'd Readers then (which God amend)  
 So slop them vp that it would make one spew,  
 To see how rudely they deuoure at once  
 More wit then ere their head-peece held perchance ;  
 As if my wit were minc'd for the nonce,  
 For them with ease to swallow with a vengeance.  
 Yet preethee Reader be not so vnkinde,  
 (Though I am bold with thee) to eate me too ;  
 I beg (being thy poore cooke) but thy best winde ;  
 If thou wilt not do this thou'lt little doo ;  
 But f[y], I shall not be beholden to thee  
 A rough ryme choake thee ; eate and much good do  
 thee.

*To the right Honorable, Henry Earle of Northumberland  
 in the Towre.*

EPIG. 107.

If in annoy be any roome for mirth,  
 Or in confinement place for cheerfulness,  
 Then (noble Lord) this booke's abortiue birth  
 Will (lightly) moue thy spleene in heauinesse.  
 Therefore, when Time seemes longest in his traine,  
 And thou wouldst cut it off, or speede his race,  
 Blow but these idle bubbles of my braine  
 Into the aire, and he will mend his pace.  
 The lightest ioyes beguile the heauiest griefe :  
 Some sing in sorrow, some tormented, smile ;  
 Sicke mindes catch hold of all that yeeldes reliefe,  
 And would their anguish any way beguile :  
 Then if these toyes deceaue annoyes in thee,  
 I for my paines haue had the welcomst fee.

*Of a Tobacco-taking Horse.*

EPIG. 108.

AGELASTUS that (during all his life)  
 Ne're laught but once ; and that was when he saw  
 An asse (where thistles grew exceeding rife)  
 How simpringly he did a thistle gnaw.  
 O ! had he seene a horse tobacco take,  
 (As once I saw, and seeing laught heart sore)  
 What mowes and antick mouthes the iade did make,  
 He would haue laught, he could haue laught no more  
 A gamesome wagg did that conclusion try ;  
 Who with tobaccos fume did fill his mouth ;  
 And in his horses nostrills, by and by  
 (From out his nostrills) in abundance bloweth.

Who snuft it vp as he the same would smell ;  
 But finding it (belike) his smell offend,  
 He puft it out againe, (exceeding well !)  
 While from his eies the teares did downe descend ;  
 And made a mouth as he thereat did mewe,  
 Or els as he were ready prest to spue :  
 Who cannot laugh at this bidd mirth adue.

*Against Grillus his greedy gluttony.*

EPIG. 109.

GRILLUS before his soule prefers his tooth,  
 And toothsome fare before celestially foode ;  
 Yet common cates the Epicure doth lothe,  
 He eats but little but it must be good ;  
 The Samos peacocke and the Malta crane,  
 The Phrigian woodcocke and th' Ambracian goat,  
 The dainty lamprey in Tartesia tane,  
 The fine fish Assinellus hardly got,  
 The oysters of Tarentum, fish of Helops,  
 Of Rhodes, and where not? (yeelding dainty cates)  
 The goldny of Cilicia, Chios scallops,  
 The nuts of Tasia, and the Aegiptian dates ;  
 Thus Grillus fares ; yet fareth like a dog,  
 That eats yp all himselfe, hee's such a hog.

*Of Sosbius his getting unlike children.*

EPIG. 110.

SOSBIUS in getting sonnes is more to seeke  
 Then money occupied, that gets the like.

*To mine honorable friend Sr Richard Tracy Knight.*

EPIG. 111.

SIR, you haue match'd with her that was to me  
 What ioy could be in any mortall heart :  
 For her, and for yourselfe (sith one you be)  
 With those I best esteeme, you shall haue part  
 Of what I best esteeme ; that is such praise  
 As they deserue that worthy wiues elect,  
 Which could not be, were you not many waies  
 Worthy ; for likenesse still doth loue effect :  
 Then loue her still for Honors sake, and I  
 Will honor you for that eternally.

*Against Collophus his comelous choyce of a wife.*

EPIG. 112.

IF fainéd louers marry, they will liue  
 Like foes vnfainéd ; but our Collophus  
 Hath wed a widdow, that's full eighty-five ;  
 Yet farre lesse olde then she is lecherous ;  
 He married her for mucke, she him for lust,  
 The motiues fowle, then fowly liue they must.

*Of Crocus burying his money.*

EPIG. 113.

GREAT Alexander faire interd his horse,  
 Augustus to his parrat did the same ;  
 Hellogabalus, balmd his sparrowe's corse,  
 And buried her with sermons in her fame.

But those were Pagans ; so might easily misse  
 The way of Christians through darke ignorance ;  
 But Crocus buries coyne that currant is,  
 And laies it lowe that him it may aduance ;  
 Indeede who builds aloft must found it low,  
 But this if found, him quite will ouerthrowe.  
 Those kings inter'd the dead, but this selfe-theife  
 Doth bury currant coyne, his owne reliefe.

*Of the staid furious Poet Fucus.*

EPIG. 114.

FVCUS the furious Poet writes but Plaies ;  
 So playing writes ; that's idly writeth all :  
 Yet idle plaies and players are his staies ;  
 Which stay him that he can no lower fall :  
 For he is fall'n into the deep'st decay,  
 Where playes and players keepe him at a stay.

*Against Vsurers.*

EPIG. 115.

IT's sad that hares at once (O wondrous thing !)  
 Litter, giue suck, and are with yong conceau'd ;  
 So Vsurers coyne is set, coyne forth to bring :  
 It's borne, and breeding, yealding (if receau'd)  
 Vncessant fruit that ever comming is :  
 Though they by hounds be courst, like hares, for this.

*said ?*

*Of grace, wit, and courage.*

EPIG. 116.

WHAT should I thinke of courage ? if it wants,  
 The wanters are despis'd of God and men ;  
 And if it do abound (in ignorants)  
 Their heart that holds it is the Deuils den,  
 Wherein that hel-hound lies, with all abuse  
 Making it hellish, which God most detests :  
 Then, without grace and wit there is no vse  
 Of that without which men are held but beasts ;  
 But better (wanting it) to want a name  
 Then haue but courage to kill all but shame.

*Of the aduancement of learning.*

EPIG. 117.

THE seauen Arts are Pleyades become  
 And shine in heauen, sith on the Earth they haue  
 No place of stay ; for none will giue them roome,  
 Vnlesse it be a roome to make their graue :  
 But being grauen on the heauens' brasse,  
 They leaue the Earth without art, Follie's asse.

*Against Flaccus the great House-keeper.*

EPIG. 118.

FLACCUS, they say, doth keepe too great an house ;  
 They say but sooth herein, his house is so :  
 But he therein keepees neither man nor mouse,  
 For there is meate for neither ; so, they go  
 From him, though he doth keepe a house too great ;  
 But it he keepees without myce, men or meat.

*Of the force of Venus and power of Gold.*

EPIG. 119.

WHERE gold or golden Aphroditus be  
Of greatest pow'r it (doubtlesse) is a doubt ;  
For prooffe whereof, who see'th and doth not see  
How they do all in all, saue heale the gowte.  
Gold can make Venus yeeld (like Danaë)  
Her golden treasures to hearts' hot desire :  
And Venus can make gold (in golden fee)  
Obay her becke, when she sets hearts on fire.  
Gold can transforme a wise man to a foole ;  
And fools to be esteem'd as most wise men :  
So Venus in her soule-enchanting schoole  
Can teach them wit, and make them fooles agen.  
Yet Gold commaunds no gods, but Venus can,  
Therefore I hold Venus the better man.

*To the right well-accomplisht Knight Sr  
Thomas Coningsby.*

EPIG. 120.

MY better half's the better by a lease  
Shee holds from you, till she (not you) decease ;  
Which once I held till you, (not I) should dye ;  
But it you altdred as it now doth lye.  
Yet sith I am the moiety of my wife.  
And one selfe purse supported eithers life,  
I must confesse I am the better for you.  
Then were I wicked if I should abhor you.  
Abhor you ? No : my selfe I so should hate  
Sith (like my selfe) you better mine estate :  
Then (spight of spight) for you I needs must say,  
Your Sheere and I stay better by your stay.

*A Welshe Iustice of Peace (called Iustice Griffith)  
comming vp aguinste a tearme to London, dyed by the  
way in Oxford ; a poore Welsh scholler sued to the  
executors for a mourning freeze-gowne, who being neglected  
by them, made this libellous epitaph on Iustice Griffith,  
and fext it on St. Maries Church gate in Oxford, as  
followeth :—*

EPIG. 121.

HERE lies Shustice Griffith vnder a stone, (mone)  
For whom the Welsh-man was make great-little :  
Who while he liu'd he fed them with sheese,  
And now he is dead, he clothes them with freeze.

*The Author's reply being a Welsh-man,*

EPIG. 122.

If freeze and sheese were wanting, wanting were  
The grounds that gleeckes (not leekes) for Wales do  
beare ;  
The deuill detesteth God for this alone  
That God hath happinesse, and he hath none.  
And so (it's like) he scornes Wales' sheese and freeze,  
Whose backe and belly wants Welsh freeze and cheese.  
It must be so ; for 'tis a consequent  
Where wealth is halting, wit is impotent.

Heere-hence it is, his wit his wants bewrayes,  
That through wits want on freeze and cheese thus plaias.  
Alas (poore snake !) thou wouldst if thou hadst wit  
Not play on that that is for play vnfit.  
They are no instruments for scoffe and sport,  
Sith life in life, they seriously support,  
And freeze of wooll is made ; which yeelds no sounds  
But such as plaiers on't, with shame confounds.  
And cheese is made of milke : what if it bee ?  
The better t'will with babes and boyes agree ;  
And who to make men laugh play on it shall  
Hee's babe, or boy, or foole, or knaue, or all ;  
Who making milke the meane of merriment,  
Makes that that marres his mirth, Mirths instrument :  
For all the voyce that comes from milke is this :  
When it doth play, it seethes, and then doth hisse.

*Corollary.*

BUT like it is, he playeth thus on cheese,  
That would but could not play in Griffiths freeze :  
He plaid not in it yet he prayd hard for it ;  
But praid vnheard, and vnheard did abhorre it.  
Yet freeze is soft to sence, which sence doth loue,  
But his hard sence the sence to hate doth moue.  
If such repugnancy betweene them bee,  
It's like that he with sence will nere agree.  
God shield he should ; but O, but O, but yet,  
A case of freeze, to keepe him from the wet,  
This Kit (on which I crowd) in tune will set.  
If Wales hath sheese and freeze,  
It somewhat hath to leese ;  
But he wants freeze and sheese,  
And hath but leese.  
Yet Griffith hath left for the sonne of his mother,  
The shauings of the one, and the shreds of the other.

*Against fighting Flaccus his lying too open.*

EPIG. 123.

FLACCUS still brags in earnest (like a iest)  
How brauely he hath fought in sundry fraies :  
Amongst the rest he tels of an arrest,  
Once made on him that all the streete did raise ;  
For he the serieants and the officers  
Made fly like sheepe, or curre-pursued coves ;  
And they that stood he ouerthrew he swears :  
For thus he tells how them he hackes and hewes :  
Heere lies a legg, there hand, or finger lies,  
And thus his flowing tongue runnes all on lyes.

*To the worthy, ingenious and learned Knight Sr Iohn  
Harrington, translator of Ariosto.*

EPIG. 124.

DEERE Knight, thy nature is too like mine owne  
To leave thee out of my remembrances :  
Thy muse of yore this very way hath flowne,  
And plum'd on woodcockes, wrens, and ostridges ;

But now my Muse (with pownces not so strong,  
 Hauing some geese to pull) inuokes thy Muse  
 To beare the burden of her merry song :  
 To make them sorry who the world abuse.  
 Thine can worke wonders in this kinde, and mine  
 (Perhaps) may make them grone she pulls, like thine.

*On the tragical and most vntimely deaths of Sir George Wharton, Knight, and James Steward Esquire, who slew each other in priuate single fight, on Thursday being the ninth of Nouember, 1609.*

EPIC. 125.

If any (tragicke) longs t' extend the bounds  
 Of sorrow past the scope of saddest moode,  
 And with his pen write dry fresh deadly-wounds  
 In lines that may (like torrents) flow with blood ;  
 Or, if he thirst to coole his hot desire  
 Of painting out disasters (drown'd in gore),  
 Or else would offer in Homerean-fire,  
 An heccatombe of numerous-plaints therefore ;  
 Then heeres occasion offerd ; now's the time  
 Wherein he may be more than satisfide ;  
 Here is the center for the rest of Rime,  
 That (circling) flows with blood, in Sorrowes tide.  
 The eye of heauen did rowle the house about  
 Of that fell twi-formd Archer\* at the time  
 That this faire-feller accident fell out ;  
 Whose double glory guilds a double crime !  
 Two foes of honord name in Honors bed,  
 (The field) desirde (like virgins newly wiuies)  
 To lose their valours lusty virgin-head ;  
 And with it lost their fortunes, hopes and liues :  
 The one hight Wharton, noble in his name,  
 And his faire carriage in this blacke debate :  
 The other Steward ; who, prouided fame  
 For both, but bought it at too deere a rate.  
 Now Wharton's gone, and Steward up hath giuen  
 His stewardship, with his last strict accounts ;  
 And both (in fame at least) are now in Heau'n :  
 ' For fame, as farre as Heauen, staine'd life surmounts.'  
 The one, an English honorable heire,  
 The other, of the Scottish royal race ;  
 Yet one, became in furies seu'ring fire  
 And now are one become in Glories grace.  
 Then so made one why should their friends be more ?  
 They well may grieve but haue no cause of hate ;  
 Bloud on both sides alike salues Discords sore ;  
 And should crackt-vnion more consolidate :  
 Then on this ground of so rare vnion  
 Sing Phœbus' priests as rare deuision.

*An Epitaph vpon the death of the most noble Sr Thomas Gorge, deceasing in March, Anno Salutis, 1610.*

EPIC. 126.

WHOME Nature, Arte and Fates conspird to raise,  
 Vnconstant fates haue now abridg'd his daies ;

\* The 9th of Nou. the sun appproching the signe of Sagitarius.

Yet Arte and Nature still his part doth take,  
 And rues his marring whome they erst did make.  
 Nature in seas of teares still sinkes his hearse ;  
 While Arte to heauen would raise the same in verse :  
 For what is said of largest worthines,  
 But may be said of his, that was no lesse ?  
 His spirit, all flame (which doth by Nature mount)  
 Betterd his nature and his worths account.  
 Neere eighty times he saw (by Nature's force)  
 The sunne to touch the tropickes in his course ;  
 So though his nature were refining-fire,  
 Yet (staid with grace which made it long respire)  
 It ne're impeacht himselfe, nor ought beside  
 That vertue should regard, vntill he hide.  
 Then by his want he did the world impeach,  
 Though well his life and death the world did teach.  
 Then though the Earth his corps hath in her gorge,  
 Men keepe the fame and God the soule of Gorge.

*A Tragical Epitaph on the death of Mr. Williams and Mr. Gwinne ; who (like two undaunted Cæsars, or vnyielding Cokes of the game) slue each other with many grisly wounds, in single fight in the Haywood, neere the citty of Hereford ; and lye buried close together in the Minster Church, there.*

EPIC. 127.

HEERE lye two friends who while they stood  
 Did thirst for one anothers blood.  
 Which thirst to quench, they both agreed  
 That one or both their hearts should bleed ;  
 And so, like friends (though mortall foes)  
 Quencht others thirst with mortall blowes.  
 Who fighting close, in life, like fiends,  
 Here lye as close in death, like friends :  
 So they which life could ne're attone,  
 Now lye in death as they were one.

*On the death of the worthy Knight, Sir William Browne, Knight of the Bathe.*

EPIC. 128.

BOTH Browne and bright he was while Earth was his,  
 Now onely bright he is in fame and blisse ;  
 Wit, courage, bounty (three that dwell in none  
 But in bright fames superlatiues alone)  
 In him did hold the glory of their state,  
 Which thus his memory perpetuate :  
 Hee bath'd in streames of brightnesse being Browne,  
 And dying Browne, liues stil in bright renowne.

*In contradiction of some adages.*

*In magnis voluisse sat est.*

EPIC. 129.

IN matters great to will it doth suffice :  
 I blush to hear how lowdd this prouerb liyes  
 For they that owe great summes by bond or bill,  
 Can neuer cancell them with mere good-will.

*Felix qui nihil debet.*

EPIG. 130.

It's true, it's true ; but prouerb, by your leaue  
Were not some men in debt they could not liue ;  
For had they paid their debts, their purse and mawes  
Would let in vacuum spight of Natures lawes.

*Dies adimit agritudinem.*

EPIG. 131.

THIS is the hope of those that liue by spoile ;  
The paine they earne (they wot) lasts but a while ;  
For being hang'd one halfe houre, as they ought,  
The paine is past, or else the hangman's nought.

*Pecunia obediunt omnia.*

EPIG. 132.

To money all things still obedient bee :  
Prouerb thou lyste ; for many heires (we see)  
Make money of their lands, and make it trudge  
For ale and cakes ; so money make their drudge.

*Nequid Nimis.*

EPIG. 133.

By ouer-doing, men haue been vndone :  
By vnder-doing maides haue done amisse :  
Then better end ere such deeds are begun,  
Sith or'e and vnder-doing hurtfull is :  
That make some maides withstand, while men doe woo,  
Lest vnder-doing they might ouer-doo.

*Venter auribus caret.*

EPIG. 134.

' THE belly hath no eares.' No? hath it not?  
What had my Loues when she with child was got?  
Though in her wombe the seedsman sowed tares,  
Yet being battfulle, it bare perfect cares.

*Veritas simplex aratio.*

EPIG. 135.

' TRUTHS tale is simple ;' but each simple tale  
Is not still true ; for Mendax simply speakes ;  
And yet he makes new lyes of learnings stale,  
And still for lyes, as men for liuing, seeks :  
Lyes are his liuing ; who can Mendax blame  
To seeke for lyes sith he liues by the same?

*Bis pueri senes.*

EPIG. 136.

' OLD men are children twice,' as doth appeare  
By good old Dick that hings still at the dugge ;  
Yong girls (he saith) his old-cold flesh doth cheere,  
And maks the same to looke most smooth, and smugge :  
Wilt thou be yong (old Dicke?) then like a boy  
Thou must be whipt, that dost the wanton play.

*Malo nodo malus quaerendus cuneus.*

EPIG. 137.

' A CRABBED knot a crabbed wedge must haue :'  
A bitter pill must purge a bitter knaue :  
Yet though the pill more bitter be then gall,  
Some knaues will bitter be in spight of all.

*Qualis Vir, talis Oratio.*

EPIG. 138.

PROVERBE thou lyste ; for some can wisely speake,  
As if in no one thing they were to seeke ;  
Yet in their actions are but fooles and knaues,  
Sinnes seruile subiects, base affections slaues.

*Bis dat qui cito dat.*

EPIG. 139.

HE giueth twice that quickely giues a guift :  
But some for giuing quickly haue this shift ;  
They'l quickly giue good words, but deeds delay,  
Which in effect is slowly to say nay.

*Nosce Teipsum.*

EPIG. 140.

WHO knoweth not himselfe knowes not his friend ;  
Who friends forget themselves too much forget ;  
But Luscus hauing no friend that will lend,  
And being o'er the eares (poor knaue) in debt ;  
No maruell though he all forgets, saue those  
That minde him still for money that he owes.

*Merx vitroneae putet.*

EPIG. 141.

' WHO are proffer'd stinkes ;' yet stay (good prouerbe)  
stay,  
Thou art deceiu'd as clyents best can say ;  
Who proffring treble fees for single care,  
It's well-accepted, gold is such sweete ware.

*Ignavis semper seriae sunt.*

EPIG. 142.

' WITH sluggards eu'ry day is holy day :'  
And so it is with some that seldome sleepes ;  
For in an alehouse day and night they play  
For ale, the while a colt the reckning keepes :  
Till (like the wooden Troian horse) at last,  
Their liues, and livellhoods the colt doth wast.

*To the sole fast friend of elbo-clokes, countnance of  
obsolete buskins ; and grace of velvet day-capps ; re-  
markable for mellowed wisdom, wisdom abound-  
ing in his private-publike printed poetry ; and  
sententious apothegmes at meales : Maister W.  
Clarke attending without processe, the Starre-  
chamber.*

EPIG. 143.

CLARKE, thou hast wit at will in thy staffs head,  
Which siluer keepes against a raynie day ;  
Yea may interre thee too, when thou art dead ;  
And in distresse it is a staffe of stay.

Thy siluer-head's worne out with wisdomes cares ;  
 But at a stay stands thy stafs siluer head :  
 Silke coyfes still couers thy heads siluer haire,  
 As thy stafs siluer head is couer'd :  
     So, hide it (Clarke) with silke (as fit, as fine)  
 Sith it showes all the hidden wit in thine.

*Of Brunus his iesting policie.*

EPIG. 144.

BRUNUS doth vse to coine a wittie iest,  
 And fathers it vpon some wittie man ;  
 But if it be applauded for the best  
 That e're was heard : he swears he brake it than :  
     Thus Brunus would in iest his wit adorne  
 When he in earnest, is but laugh't to scorne.

*Of Bonosus the great Bowser.*

EPIG. 145.

HESIOD warnes all that loue much wine to drinke,  
 To make the wine wel-neere like water taste ;  
 But should Bonosus do the same, I thinke  
 No well nor conduite ere should run at waste.

*Of Milo the great eater, not long since, in Chester.*

EPIG. 146.

MILO, that with his bare hand slewe a bull  
 And on his shoulders bare, bore him away ;  
 Who that same day his flesh from bones did pull,  
 And all deuor'd, as some good authors say ;  
     Cannot compare with Charles, not Charles the Great  
 Yet greate for eating of greate store of meat.

*Against Mandrus the Vsurer.*

EPIG. 147.

MANDRUS is risen mightilie of late,  
 He gets the deuill and all, by giuing dale ;  
 Gets he by giuing ? a plague on his pate  
 He giueth nought but that which will not stay :  
     That's staylesse time, which he doth precious hold,  
 And sels a little for no little gold.

*Of Fumosus the great Tobaccanist.*

EPIG. 148.

FVMOSUS cannot eate a bit, but he  
 Must drinke Tobacco, so to driue it downe :  
 Without tobacco then he cannot be ;  
 Yet drinkes no ownce that costs him not a crowne :  
 But his crowne couers no inspiring wit,  
 To blow away his crownes at euery bit ;  
     Yet when his crownes do faile, he pawnes his cloake  
 Sith (like a chimney) hee's kept sound by smoake.

*To myne approoued, deere and intirely beloued friend  
 Mr. Iohn Sanderson.*

EPIG. 149.

If sly Vlisses were so much renown'd  
 For seeing many citties, lands and seas,  
 Then must thy lauds no lesse then his, abound,  
 That hast scene more and brought as much from these ;

Nay from but heathen worldes (corrupt as Hell)  
 Th' hast brought a heau'n or worlde of honesty ;  
 Which sly Vlisses could not carry well,  
 He was so charg'd with craft and subtilty ;  
     In which respect thou art more deere to all  
 That Honesty holds Honors principall.

*Against Cinnus the time-reprouer.*

EPIG. 150.

CINNUS is scene in all the librall Artes,  
 Yet seeth not the arte himselfe to rule ;  
 He blames the times, and saith that men of partes  
 The Time should more regard ; so Time doth schoole ;  
     He scooleth Time yet Time may teach him this,  
 That his best partes and artes are quite amisse.

*Of Motus his counterfetting.*

EPIG. 151.

MOTUS still weares his mistris' counterfet  
 Next to his heart ; that so his heart may learne  
 To counterfet his mistresse, so to get  
 The principall ; which he by Art, would earne ;  
     But shee, being for her skill too faire and wise,  
 Giues but her picture for his exercise.

*Against Laliaes disguising her selfe and her husband.*

EPIG. 152.

LALIA doth weare an head beyond an head,  
 And shooes doth weare a foote beneath her feete ;  
 For she is lowe and would be heightened  
 By Arte, sith Nature hath not thought it meete ;  
     And for her husband's wilde and flies her bed,  
 Till he be tirde, she giues him too, the head.

*Of Maurus his sayling in the Fleete.*

EPIG. 153.

MAURUS doth grieve that he committed is  
 Vnto the Fleete for something done amis.  
 Maurus, thou needst not grieve, sith thou art bound  
 But to thy Lands-end, in a Fleete on ground,  
 That stands all stormes, sith water still it shunnes ;  
 Vnlesse an arme of Thames that neere it runnes,  
 Do beare some washing balls to make it sweete ;  
 (For men of honor oft saile in that Fleete)  
     Therefore be quiet, sith thou art secure,  
 And saylest in a Fleete so sweete and pure.

*Of a Theefe hang'd by his Prey.*

EPIG. 154.

A THEEFE once stealing of a sheepe, did tye  
 His legs, to hang about his necke thereby ;  
 And as he went, to rest him he did stay  
 His burden on a stile that crost his way.  
 The strugling prey beyond the stile did fall  
 And hang'd still by the Theefe it hangd withall :  
     So without iudgement, mercy or releefe  
 At the stile's barre the Theft did hang the Theefe.

D



*To my worthily-disposed friend Mr. Sam. Daniell.*

EPIG. 155.

I HEARE thy Muse in Court doth tranell now ;  
Arte speede her feete and Graee (there) speede her plow ;  
If they come short, then gaine by other drifts,  
The more thou getst, the more its like thy guifts.  
If yet too short ; (to ad another size)  
Get one Footes length, thou by thy feete shalt rise  
With Pegasus from Pernasse to the skyes.

*To my well-accomplish'd friend Mr. Ben. Johnson.*

EPIG. 156.

I LOUE thy parts ; so must loue thy whole ;  
Then still be whole in thy beloued parts ;  
Th' art sound in body, but some say thy soule  
Enuy doth vicer ; yet corrupted hearts  
Such censurers may haue ; But if thou bee  
An enuious soule, would thou couldst enuy mee :  
But (ah ! ) I feare my vertues are too darke  
For enuies shadow from so bright a sparke.

*To my much esteemed Mr. Inego Jones, our English  
Zenxis and Vitruuius.*

EPIG. 157.

I ONCE did sup with thee, deere Inego  
For nothing ; then to me thou art not soe :  
Yet deere thou art to me for thy deere worth,  
Which I by speaking-picture would paint forth  
If my small pen thy pencill equall could :  
Then take not what I can but what I would ;  
If not take this (as I began with thee)  
Though thou be deere, thou art not soe to me.

*To my worthy kinde friend Mr. Isache Simonds.*

EPIG. 158.

THINE out and inside both, seeme such to me  
As were I Arthure, thou my knight shouldst be ;  
And at my Table Round shouldst haue a place,  
To shew the worlde how thou sat'st in my grace ;  
But sith that can not be, this may and can,  
Play thou the King of Harts, Ile play thy man,  
But not the knave, though all the worlde we wan.

*To our English Terence Mr. Will: Shake-speare.*

EPIG. 159.

✓ SOME say good Will (which I, in sport, do sing)  
Had'st thou not plaid some Kingly parts in sport,  
Thou hadst bin a companion for a King ;  
And, beene a King among the meener sort.  
Some others raille ; but raille as they thinke fit,  
Thou hast no rayling, but, a reigning Wit :  
And honesty thou swi'st, which they do reape ;  
So, to increase their Stocke which they do keepe.

*To his most constant, though most unknowne friend ;  
No-body.*

EPIG. 160.

YOU shall be seru'd ; but not with numbers now ;  
You shall be seru'd with nought ; that's good for you.

*To my neere-deere wel-knowne friend ; Some-body.*

EPIG. 161.

YOU looke that as myselfe I you should vse ;  
I will, or else myselfe I should abuse ;  
And yet with rimes I hat myselfe vndoo,  
Yet am I some-body with much adoo.

*To my much regarded and approved good friend Thomas  
Marbery Esquire.*

EPIG. 162.

YOUR kindenesse makes me kinde (as flames get flames)  
Which makes me minde you in mine Epigrams.  
And as I shall still loue you, loue me still,  
So shall my wish be euermore your wll ;  
And if you would haue more then this worlds masse,  
I wish you heau'n ; so grata breuitas.

*To my right deere friend approved for such, Iohn Panton  
Esquire.*

EPIG. 163.

IF not to thee to whome then should I write  
My staydst loue and my fastest friend ;  
My bodies right arme, that armes hand as right,  
Yea all in all with me vnto the end ;  
In few (for with true friends, few words are best)  
Thine all, makes all thy friends as glad as blest.

*To my most deere pupill, Mr. Henry Maynwarring.*

EPIG. 164.

YOUR soule (deere Sir for I can iudge of sprights  
Though not iudge soules) is like (besides her sire)  
Those euer-beaming eye-delighting lights  
Which do heau'ns body inwardly attire ;  
For her superior part (your spotlesse minde)  
Hath nought therein that's not angelicall ;  
As high, as lowly, in a diuerse kinde,  
And kind in either ; so belou'd of all.  
Then (noble Henry) loue me as thine owne,  
That liues but (with thy worths) to make thee knowne.

*To my beloued friend Mr. Doctor Gwin.*

EPIG. 165.

WHEN Fortunes fauours are conferred on those  
That best deserue them ; then (and nere till then)  
Looke you for good of her : now, of her foes.  
So being one Ile good you with my pen ;  
That is to say, you are (so say I can)  
For learning, wit and honesty, a man.

*Against the lascivious harlot Citheris.*

EPIG. 166.

O SWEETE, deere sweete, (then gron'd with gladsome-  
griefe)  
Quoth Citheris (long straight) vnto her deere ;  
And with those words, turnd vp her eyes, as if  
Preparing for her shrowding sheete she went :  
Sheets often shrowde her ; but the sheete of shame  
Her ought to shrowd ; for she deserues the same.

*To my louing friend Stephen Boughton one of the gentle-  
men of his Maiestie's Chappell.*

EPIG. 167.

STENTOR the Greeke that with his thundring voyce  
Could drownd the din of fifty showing men,  
(Albee't they made most admirable noise)  
Can not compare with thee, my good Stephen :  
Who with thy voyce dost make each quire to shake ;  
Whose diapassons like great deuills speake.

*Against the contentious knight Sr Mordicus.*

EPIG. 168.

SIR MORDICUS is neuer out of Lawe,  
Since he had ought to goe to law withall ;  
Heel'e trye an action with you for a straw,  
Nay for a looke, and much more for the wall :  
Yet though he thus be still in law and hate,  
An out-law is lesse hurtfull to the State.

*To my much honored friend Sr Edmund Ashfield  
Knight.*

EPIG. 169.

YOU once intreated me to walke with you  
From Hereford but vnto Edenbrough ;  
Because (said you) we liue heere in the hams  
Of this scallid worlde, where neither Epigrams  
Nor Satyrs can preserue it from the itch  
Of scratching, common to the scraping-ritch.  
You went, I staid, but wishèd afterward  
I had gone with you ; yet when that I heard  
A wayne-man brought you backe, and that your inne  
Was but the Towre (a lodging straight and thinne)  
I ioy'd I went not : But fowre yeares expir'd  
And that all things fel out as you desir'd,  
I wisht againe I had beene in your place :  
So ioy'd and grieu'd as Fortune chang'd your case.  
But sith your case is now too bigg for mee  
(You be'ng growne fatt, I leane in lowst degree)  
Let me rest in your heart, and then my case  
I better hold then your old resting place.

*To my right worthy friend and truly generous gentleman  
Henry Sherley Esquire.*

EPIG. 163. [sic.]

COULD I but sett thee forth as I desire  
Or as thy nature Natvre doth attire,  
In these cold watry hues, where all may see  
The glorie of the ground-worke laid in thee :

Then should my coulers (though but thinly laid)  
Adde no small beautie to thy parts displaid.  
But as to lay vpon a curious print  
Faire coulers thick, is not to paint in print ;  
Because each principall deliniament  
Is drownd in coulor of lesse ornament :  
So knowing this, thus thinnly I bestow  
My coulers on thee ; so to see thee through ;  
Who (if my loue my Iudgment not abuse)  
Are farre more faire then well-layd fairest hues.

*Of Iellaes Bruising-fall.*

EPIG. 151. [sic.]

IELLA, why frown'st thou? say (sweet Biddies-nie)  
Hast hurt thy foote with treading (late) awry?  
Thou fell'st withall, thou saist: Ah, that was it  
That gaue the bruize that made thy browes to knit.  
But some thing (without doubt) stood in thy way,  
That made thee fall to thy so great decay :  
Thy crosse was strange (through Fortunes crosse-  
commanding)  
To catch thy hurt with falling and with standing.

*Against Mustolphus his lying.*

EPIG. 172.

WHERE now lies Mustolphus? Euerie where: Why?  
Wheresoeuer he goes he doth nothing but lye.

*Against impenitent Graxus.*

EPIG. 173.

GRAXUS repents not though still he sheds blood :  
He neuer repents him but when he does good.

*Against long lockes in Woers.*

EPIG. 174.

He that's a wooer and yet weares a locke,  
If he gets a wife she must haue a locke.

*To my beloued right well-deseruing friend  
Mr. Iohn Speed.*

EPIG. 175.

SITH thou art Speed, and my good friend withall,  
With speed Ile tell thee thou art prodigall  
Of thy good guifts ; and giust them still for nought  
But for meere fame, which comes where least it's sought.  
But thou deseru'st a farre more worthie fee ;  
In part of paiment, then, take these of mee.

*What a common Gamster is like.*

EPIG. 176.

A GAMESTER'S like the iuy on a wall,  
Which creepes into the ioynts, vniointing it ;  
But when vniointed so, it's like to fall.  
The ioynts together it doth (tottering) knit .  
A gamster so vndoes a sound estate  
With gaming much, but euen as he sincks,  
With tricks he learnes in game (which Truth doth hate)  
He (staggering) is vpheld to pierse some chincks :  
Then they that fall to plaie to end their stay,  
Pray God they fall to worke ; the end of play.

*Of Gallas Prodigallitie.*

EPIG. 177.

WHEN Galla giues faire words, her goods she giues,  
 For other goods she hath not: Then if shee  
 Giues goods so fast, the poore she much relieues;  
 She doth (indeed) if ~~the~~ camelions bee  
 That liue by aire; for her guifts are no more,  
 Which she nere giues but to increase her store;  
 So to herselfe shee's good, not to the poore.

*To my approued fast friend Mr. Thomas Welsh  
 of Mawncell-lacy.*

EPIG. 178.

MYNE other halfe (that like my better part  
 Hast bene more carefull then myselfe of mine)  
 How shall thy worst halfe guerdon thy desert,  
 Sith as it is, likewise it is but thine?  
 It must be thus: Take me and giue me thee,  
 That so made good thou maist requited bee.

*Against lying Mustophus.*

EPIG. 179.

BELEEU it, quoth Mustophus at each word  
 When he doth nothing els but lye or boord;  
 Yet still he cryes beleue it, O beleue it!  
 So still he craues that men should credit giue it.  
 But how should other men him credit giue  
 When he himselfe himselfe doth least beleue?

*Against Aesop the Stage-player.*

EPIG. 180.

I came to English Aesop (on a tide)  
 As he lay tirde (as tirde) before to play:  
 I came vnto him in his flood of pride;  
 He then was King, and thought I should obay.  
 And so I did, for with all reuerence, I  
 As to my Soueraigne (though to him vnknowne)  
 Did him approach; but loe, he casts his Eye,  
 As if therein I had presumption showne:  
 I, like a Subiect (with submisse regard)  
 Did him salute, yet he re-greeted mee  
 But with a Nod, because his speech he spar'd  
 For Lords and Knights that came his Grace to see.  
 But I suppos'd he scorn'd me, by which scorne  
 I deem'd him to be some demi-god;  
 (That's more then King (at least) that thoughts  
 discern)

And markt my fained fawnings, with a Nod.  
 For, I well knew him (though he knew not me)  
 To be a player, and for some new Crownes  
 Spent on a Supper, any man may bee  
 Acquainted with them, from their Kings to Clownes.  
 But I (as Aron with the Golden Calfe)  
 Did grosse idolatry with him commit:  
 Nay my offence was more then his by halfe,  
 He erd against his will, but I with wit:

For, Wit me taught (I thought, for prooue of folly)  
 To try conclusions on this doting *Ass*;  
 I him ador'd too much, but he (vnholly)  
 Took't on him smoothly; But well, let that passe,  
 His golden Coate his eyes dim'd, I suppose,  
 That he could not well see my Veluet hose.

*But if I ere salute him so againe,*

*Crowne him, and Cocker-combe my crowne for my  
 paine.*

*Of choosing a Wife.*

EPIG. 181.

To haue a wily ouer-wittie wife,  
 Is (though a Cato) to be made a foole;  
 Or else to be made weary of this life:  
 For she by all meanes must her husband schoole.  
 And for the most part, wiues of reaching'st wit  
 Haue shortest heeles, and wondrous apt to fall;  
 From which if husbands hold them with a bitt,  
 Thei'l plunge like Furies, head and taile and all.  
 To haue a foole's another miserie,  
 And Fates, in either fortune, are like cruell;  
 For shee'l still madde a man with foolery,  
 And hath not wit ynough to keepe her iewell.  
 If she be faire, shee is a pleasant lure  
 To tice a man to strike vngarded beauty;  
 Besides this plague is past all kinde of cure,  
 For she can nere be taught to know her duty.  
 Then, as in all, the golden-meane is best,  
 So herein chiefly it's more worth then gold:  
 Giue me a wife halfe wise, halfe faire, halfe blest,  
 And not too curst wise, faire, light, yong, nor olde:  
 For all extreames be as extreameley hated;  
 (And iustly too) because they be extreame:  
 Then he is plagu'd and checkt that so is mated;  
 And so doth lothe his life, his wife, and them:  
 For these extreames, together with this wife  
 Oft make men in their garters trusse their life.

*Of Cheris his making of Faces.*

EPIG. 182.

CHERIS, the merry minstrell, makes men laffe  
 With many faces which he (singing) makes;  
 What though at him his hearers scoff or chafe,  
 Because he looks as he were on Aiax:  
 Yet Cheris' face from shame he still doth fence  
 With shamelesse ignorance and impudence;  
 And so seeing coyne (by facing) comes in game,  
 Great men in earnest often do the same.

EPIG. 183.

A threed-bare priest, that almost naked was,  
 Comming on businesse to a fox-fur'd Deane;  
 Who said in scorne to him, poore priest (alas)  
 To go so cold I muse what thou dost meane?

The priest replide, did you but as I do,  
 I nothing doubt but you would sweate with heate ;  
 The well-furrd Deane gaue great regard thereto,  
 And praid the priest forth-with to shew that feate ;  
 D'on all your clothes (quoth he) which if you would  
 I will be hang'd if ere you be a cold.

*Against Women that weares locks like womanish men.*

EPIG. 184.

Shee on her band that weares a locke  
 Another needes beneath her smocke.

[Set-by] EPIG. 184. [sic.]

Zancus doth grieue he is no more set by ;  
 But grieue not Zancus, for thou art set by.

*To the deere and eternal memory of our renowned late  
 English military-knights and chieftaines: Robert,  
 Earle of Essex; Sir Phillip Sidney; Sir Iohn  
 Norris; Sir Francis Vere; Earle of Devonshire; Sir  
 Roger Williams; Sir Thomas Baskerville; Sir  
 Edward Wingfield and Sir Edward Norris, Eng-  
 land's nine Worthies.*

EPIG. 185.

TRUE martiall-skill and Valor's most renownd,  
 While Fame a trumpet hath, or Arte a pen ;  
 Though men be enuious or forgetfull found,  
 Yet Learning hath a clouen-tongue, and then  
 (In firy language) she doth thundring sound  
 The fame of these nine worthies (men of men)  
 Then Death though in the graue thy glory bee,  
 Their fame shall there interre both it and thee.

*To the most noble, ingenious and vallerous knight,  
 Sir Iosselline Percy.*

EPIG. 186.

THY wit and courage (that so strongly moue)  
 Prouokes me to recorde them in my rimes,  
 Who art for both the mirror of our times,  
 Obseru'd and prais'd of all that either loue.  
 Thy courage (in all hazards) is a flame  
 That nought keepe downe, or letteth to aspire ;  
 Thy wit in game and earnest is all fire,  
 That warm'd them well, that puffed much at the same.  
 Thou art as hot-spurre, as the naggs thou rid'st  
 Can best affirme ; who makst them carry thee  
 With griefe and shame, till they quite tyred bee ;  
 That none will now come neere where thou abid'st :  
 It skills not sith to thee they noysome were ;  
 And though they beare thee not, thy goods they beare.

EPIG. 187.

A GALLANT at a Play, that vsde to brall  
 Abus'd as many as but neere him came ;  
 At last they fell on him, while they could fall,  
 Till they by Death had made that tiger tame.  
 For which some were attach'd as murderers :  
 (Though them on him he with strong hand did draw)

So with the cheife were some cheife furtherers  
 Arraignd, condemnd and so trust vp by law.  
 Thus he (like Sampson) on him and his foes  
 Puld a whole house, to both their ouer-throes.

*Of bashfull men.*

EPIG. 188.

COTITTO is the goddesse men must serue  
 That liue in Courte of mighty potentates ;  
 It matters not how well they do deserue,  
 If they be bashfull, base shall be their states.  
 Then serue not there without a face of brasse,  
 For courtiers hold a shamefull man an asse.

*To the highly honored Earle of Ormond.*

EPIG. 189.

GREAT, glorious, feard, and much belouéd Earle,  
 Englands fast friend and Irelands constant stay ;  
 Which Time continues (drawing still away)  
 Vpon thy Countries front a matchlesse pearle,  
 Thy princely partes, howse, fortunes, followers, port,  
 (Which princely make thy person and estate)  
 Are such as thy good name do much elate :  
 And make thy Fame out-flye her own report.  
 And (loe) to nurse thine honorable age  
 How beau'n to make thy beau'n on earth compleat,  
 Hath wi'd thee with a dame lesse faire then great,  
 And yet as faire as wondrous good and sage :  
 O then (bright svnne) thy beames shall ne're decline,  
 While lines to heauen can raise those raies of thine.

*Against Ebriscus his desire of the best place  
 in all Companies.*

EPIG. 190.

EBRISCUS cannot eat, nor looke, nor talke,  
 If to the boords-end he be not promoted ;  
 But place him there, his tongue at large shal walke.  
 From whose discourse much matter may be noted.  
 Matter of state, of manhood, mirth and mockery,  
 Of courts, of camps, of peace and of debate,  
 Of policies, of arts, of feasts and cookery,  
 Of triumphs, tiltings and I wot not what ;  
 But for his wit no matter much it makes  
 Whether he sits at the boord, or on Ajax.

*To the wittily-pleasant S.I.H.*

EPIG. 191.

IN Martials time a pleasant poet liu'd  
 Height Canius, whose spirit doth haunt me still ;  
 If merry Martiall be from death repriu'd  
 By thy mad Muse, Canius repriue I will ;  
 If thou be Martiall and I Canius be,  
 Then all the world will laugh at thee and mee.

*Against Prusus the Simoniacke.*

EPIG. 192.

PRUSUS the parson vaunts that with cleane hands  
 He came vnto his cure ; and so thinke I :  
 His hands were cleane from money, goods or bands :  
 For money not to see's not simony.

But yet he seeing that by coyne the cure  
Must be attained ; he made another giue  
Two hundred angells (which were passing pure)  
That being curde with ease he so might liue.  
This is a vertue pure and breeds good blood :  
How then therewith should his hands be defilde ?  
(Although his hands had vsed it for his good)  
No, no, his hands were cleane and they beguild,  
That sought to him curelesse and impure  
For vsing those cleane creatures for his cure.

[*Kings.*]

EPIG. 193.

SINCE Saint Iohn Baptist lost his holy head  
For telling Herod of his curs'd crime,  
No one with kings will find fault in his steede  
But all doe seeke to sooth the kings and time.  
So they that haue authorite, may sinne  
As if they sinn'd by authority :  
Then kings' high-waies haue lowest falls therein,  
If to their stepps them-selues haue not an eye ;  
Therefore O kings (whose waies are smoth'd of all)  
Looke to your selues if you will neuer fall.

*To the most nobly-disposed Knight Sir Hugh Smith.*

EPIG. 194.

To thee that art the glory of the West  
And comfort of the coast where thou dost wonne ;  
The staffe of stay to all that are distrest,  
To whome (none more) vncessantly they runne ;  
Whose house stands open (as did Abrahams tents)  
To all by-passers of what ere degree ;  
Thou dost enioy no house, goods, lands, nor rents,  
That other men do not enioy with thee.  
Yet spendst thou euen as thou still must spend ;  
Thy hand is open but not too profuse :  
Yet that's of witt not nature, to the end  
Thou maist vse wealth that wealth thou still must vse :  
To thee then (dearest Knight) I doe ascribe  
The glory of thy country, name and tribe.

*Against the bandy-wittold Lotus.*

EPIG. 195.

KING HARRY lou'd a man, els Lotus lyes,  
And that he lou'd a woman none denies :  
Why then he lou'd a man and woman too,  
But lou'd them passing well that well could doo :  
Go too then Lotus sith you are a dooer,  
As is your louely wife (much good may do her)  
He would haue made her rise if she had sunck,  
And lou'd you for a pander, she a punk.

*Against proud crooked-shankt Lucius.*

EPIG. 196.

LUCIUS his eyes are euer on his leggs ;  
What ayl'd thee Lucius still to looke so lowe ?  
Is it sith Pride descendeth in her dreggs ?  
Or for some other cause thou sham'st to shoue ?

Thou art for pride a peacocke, which doth loth  
To looke vpon her leggs : Then Lucius why  
Lookst thou on thine, they being crooked both ?  
Sure there is in't some hidden misterie.  
Ist thy silk stockings of carnation dye ?  
Why man thou knowst they are not yet paid for,  
Therefore methinkes they should offend thine eye,  
Sith they doe minde thee of thy creditor.  
Good Lord ! what then doth make thee looke so lowe,  
Thy head and heart being check-mates with the moone ?  
I knowe (good Lucius) thou thyselfe dost know ;  
Though thou (perhaps) knowst not thyselfe so soone :  
But by thy lookes I well perceauie it is,  
Thou lou'st thyselfe for parts that are amisse.

*Against Rutilus his immoderate desire of fame.*

EPIG. 197.

Now haue we peace with Spaine ; and long may peace  
Continue twixt our realmes : But Rutilus  
Sweares it will be our martiall mens decrease,  
And so may make our foes victorious.  
But when it's answerd, now we haue no foes,  
He sweares againe, the deuill and all we haue ;  
(Although we are in league) and so he shoues  
How well he loues all-sauing peace to saue :  
But Rutilus if all were of your minde  
We should haue warres with all but warres and winde :  
For you delight so much in warres and fame  
That you will damne your soule to seeke the same.

*Against Rontas base pride, light waight, and  
too much affected nicifinity.*

EPIG. 198.

RONTA's the onely widdow now of price ;  
But yet to sell her ware is nothing nice ;  
And yet she is, for she her mayds commands  
To vse with customers, their legs and hands.  
And when she speaks she simpers like a mare  
That eating thistles were with painefull care.  
She lookes like Saturne (sowrest of the gods)  
While all her fingers (ringd like curtaine-rods)  
Successiue appeare her stuffe to shoue ;  
Which she doth prize aloft, though it be lowe :  
For she hath nothing that is not of price :  
Her very stink's too good for al the dice :  
Then if some beast this runt of price would owe,  
He must come to her shop his worth to shoue ;  
Where (if she like it) he may bull this cow.

*Of taking tobacco.*

EPIG. 199.

TOBACCO taken (if right Trinidado)  
Makes many drunke, being taken with a whiffe  
But honyed Robin, mine olde camerado,  
Sweares it hath bin at sea his sole reliefe :

So animates some other friend to take it ;  
Which friend (betweene) he plyeth with the pot,  
Vntill at last hee's forced to perbreake it ;  
And place be-mutes (perhaps) to pay the shot :  
Then (lispig) swears it tith right Trinitatho,  
Ath ere wath tipth : then laughs my camerado.

*Against Laurentia's painted tawny face.*

EPIC. 200.

ACESIAS, Aglaophon and Asclepiodorus,  
Micon, Nealces, Pamphilus, Bubalus,  
Zeuxis, Neciarchus, Pausas, Cephisodorus,  
Cleophantus, Colotes, Apelles, Bupalus,  
Androbius, Philoxenus, Parthasius, Protogenes,  
All which makes twenty with Nichophanes :  
These painters were, but were they now aliue,  
To paint Laurentiaes face would be to seeke  
(Which she doth paint) though they in skill did striue  
With art and coulors to paint out her like,  
For more then al the coulors on the ground  
In her pease-porredge-tawny face is found.

*Against Mall New, the Curtizan.*

EPIC. 201.

NAIS, Minthe, Metra, Phrine, Messalina,  
Abroto Nion, Lensea, Affraneia, Laurentia,  
Citheris, Chione, and lasciuious Licaste,  
Make a bakers dozen, with Astinasse.  
All these were whoores, as I in authors finde :  
The sinkes of shame and staines of woman-kinde.  
Yet for a whoore they all may come behinde.  
Mall New ; oh peace least I be beaten blinde.

*Against Grillus the Glutton.*

EPIC. 202.

GRILLUS his gutts adotheth for his god,  
And makes his kitchin for the same a temple ;  
His cooke, the priest ; his offerings, rost and sod ;  
Diues his saint, and liues by his example :  
And is your gutts your god ? Then I beseech  
Your god to powre his blessings in your breech.

*To my highly-valued friend, Mr. William Hackwell  
of Lincolnes Inne, learned in the lawes.*

EPIC. 203.

THY face doth shew thy hart ; thy tongue, thy head ;  
And doth approue th' inestimable worth.  
In Parliament thy tongue so much hath sedd,  
And all so well, that Enuy sets thee foorth :  
But I that loue thee should doe more then so ;  
Then this thy worth and my great want doth show.

*To my worthily-beloued Mr. William Alexander of  
Menstrie.*

EPIC. 204.

GREAT Alexander (whose succesful sword  
Made him a god with men) achhied no more  
Then thy as happy pen hath well assur'd  
Vnto thy name, which Glory doth decore.

I know thee not, but know I should do ill  
Not to take knowledge of what is in thee,  
When thou hast publisht it with so great skill ;  
Which makes thee ore thy Monarches soueraigne bee :  
For they beeing happy prou'd vnhappy men  
Whome thou hast made most happy with thy pen.

*To the Roscius of these times Mr. W. Ostler.*

EPIC. 205.

OSTLER thou tookst a knock thou would'st haue giu'n,  
Neere sent thee to thy latest home ; but O !  
Where was thine action when thy crowne was riu'n  
Sole king of actors ; then wast idle ? No :  
Thou hadst it for thou wouldst bee doing ; thus  
Good actors' deeds are oft most dangerous :  
But if thou plaist thy dying part as well  
As thy stage-parts thou hast no part in hell.

*To the well deserving Mr. Iohn Fletcher.*

EPIC. 206.

LOUE lies ableeding, if it should not proue  
Her vtmost art to shew why it doth loue :  
Thou being the subiect (now) it raignes vpon ;  
Raign'st in arte, iudgement and inuention :  
For this I loue thee ; and can doe no lesse  
For thine as faire as Faithfull Sheepherdesse.

*Of Flauus his stabbing his laundres to death.*

EPIC. 207.

FLAUVS hath done his laundres now to death  
That oft (before) had done her out of breath ;  
But Death then out of breath, is more amisse :  
True ; yet he scapes for that, but hang'd for this.

*To my worthy and worthily-beloued friend Sir Edward  
Parrham Knight.*

EPIC. 208.

YOU might except against me iustly, if I should  
Neglect to mention you my friends among,  
When as your worthes so deere, so manifold  
Incite my pen to place you in the throng  
Of those for worth I honour : No, it shall  
Shedd ynck vpon your name that still shall shine  
And varnish it with praise, the summe of all  
Wee giue to persons humane or deuine :  
For if minds generous so praised bee,  
I iustly may with that praise pollish thee.

*A Simily betweene youth and Tobacco-pipes.*

EPIC. 209.

LIKE new tobacco-pipes youth must be, needs :  
For if with what is good they well bee fill'd,  
Then that is good comes from their hearts and heads ;  
If badd then badd they cannot choose but yeeld :  
Then when they smell of smoke of fowle desires,  
They must be clensd in Afflictiones fires.

*Of ones mistaking a Mute for a Consonant.*

EPIG. 210.

A LOOSE acquaintance once of me desir'd  
To passe my bond for satten for a sute ;  
But being loth to do what he requir'd  
I of a consonant became a mute ;  
Which he tooke for consent, and satten got ;  
But seeing him mistake the mute so much  
I silence brake, and told him I would not,  
Vnlesse I kept the stuffe that must keepe touch :  
Had I beene stunn'd and pull'd and made a goose.

*To my worthy friend Iohn Poynes Esquire*

EPIG. 211.

Now my hand's in, I may not leaue you out,  
Sith in my hart you are among my friends ;  
And as you go that little Globe about  
Take what you like, and leaue what you offends :  
That small-great world hath frailty great and small  
But take your like and then it's none at all.

*Against Nefarius his base and beastly carelesnes in his lechery.*

EPIG. 212.

HO, Sirrah, boy (which some young Witt do call)  
Looke mee a rodde that may fetch bloud with all ;  
I haue an execution to performe,  
So giue it mee ; and now pull out the forme.  
Nefarius bee content, and take your paine  
With patience if you can ; if not refraine  
From crying like a schoole-boy ; for I must  
Whippe you for lying now you lie vntrust :  
I haue tane you with the manner (too too vilde)  
Vntrusse : to spare the rodd's to spill the childe.  
What? Wilt thou lye as nere man did before  
With one too vile to bee a common whore?  
Fy! out vpon't: a gilden gentleman  
Lye with a rogue-reiectet curtezan!  
Keepe downe your heeles ; nay, take away your hands ;  
And answer mee (in breefe) to these demands.  
Haue not you twice two hundred pounds a yeere?  
Yes. A handsome man? Yes. Sound flesh not decre?  
No. Nor hard to get? O no. Then filthy beast!  
How can thy bumme (here bare) but blush (at least)  
For lying with an ougly common sinck?  
Come hold him downe, Ile whippe him till he stinck.  
To call thee asse, baboone, goate, boare or calfe,  
Is farre too good ; for thou art worse by halfe.  
Then I will call thee cattell: that is all  
That is most nastye, fowle and bestiall.  
Nay yet lie still, I haue but yet begun  
To teach you how you shall such carrion shunne.  
Thou art a reall diuell, whose chiefe blisse  
Is in the place that most-most filthy is.  
It grieues me I haue nought more nought then he  
To which I may most iustly liken thee.

Go to, I say, lie still : or Ile haue bands :  
What! lie you at your guard? pull vp his hands :  
Downe with his heeles : so, so : now golden asse,—  
The simily's too deare,—thou snake of brasse!  
Tushe, brasse is pure gold in comparison  
Of thy base-metled minds corruption.  
O! that I could (that all the world might see)  
Fetch bloud at euery blow I fetch for thee.  
O forlorne filthy foole, what shall betide thee?  
Thou art so beastly no man can abide thee.  
Well, I am sorry but I cannot weepe,  
To see thee looke so like a rotten sheepe.  
Peace lowing cow-babe, lubberly-hobberdy-hoy ;  
Spit out, choke not, cry lowder, there lo, thou boy!  
Now wipe thine nose (sweete babe!) vpon thy sleee—  
What wilt i' faith? Why well sedd I perceiue  
Th' wilt do as thou art bidde : O spare thy mouth,  
And leaue thy sobbing tender-harted youth.  
Froth of infirmity and Slutteries skumme :  
Why how now? Yelling yet? No more, peace, mumme.  
So let him go : Now Sirrah by this time  
You know what tis to be well whipt in rime.  
Goe mend your manners ; fough, go get the gon ;  
Now spare mee as I spare correction.  
Put vp your hose, leaue yexing : so tis well :  
Now none can know thee whipt, but by the smell.  
Another time (if you of force must whore it)  
Take mee a cleaner, or Ile scowre you for it.  
And if thou mendst not then, then I protest  
Ile whip thee cleane past Time and Death, in iest.

*To my much honored worthy friend Sir Oliuer Cheyny Knight.*

EPIG. 213.

ROYALL as honor'd knight : here Loue presumes  
To meate thy worth by leuell and by line ;  
Yet aymes to do thee honor, and assumes  
To grace thee ; if it faile of that designe  
Loue as at hate itselfe shall still repine ;  
For thou deseru'st such measure as I may  
Misse in my numbers rightly to define :  
With which acknowledgement my pen shall stay :  
Sith so it doth thy worth at large display.

*In praise of a Bagge-pudding.*

EPIG. 214.

WHO trusts in fraile mortality shall finde  
Himselfe decei'd in greatest time of neede,  
Since hollownesse is proper to mankinde  
That sounds (like emptinesse) but eares to feede ;  
A big bag-pudding then I must commend,  
For he is full, and holds out to the end ;  
Sildome with men is found so sound a friend.

*Of a pen for a running hand.*

EPIG. 215.

THE hand and golden-pen Clophonian,  
Sets on his signe to shew (O proud poore soule!)  
Both where he wonnes, and how the same he wan  
From writers faire, though he writ euer foule :

But by that hand that pen so borne hath beene  
From place to place, that for the last halfe yeare  
It scarce a sennight at a place is seene ;  
That hand so plies that pen though nere the neere :  
For when men seeke it, els-where it is sent,  
Or there shut vp (as for the plague) for rent.  
Without which stay it neuer still could stand,  
Because the pen is for a running hand.

*Of the Schollers of Oxford and Cambridge.*

EPIG. 216.

OXFORD and Cambridge, Cambridge and Oxford,  
Would both of you I might please with a word ;  
You in your wombes, good and bad clarkes do nourish,  
And (like kinde mothers) tenderly do cherish.  
Though some you breede to amplify your fame,  
Yet other some ye nurse, yourselues to shame.  
So fatally it fares with famous Schooles,  
They send forth famous men, some wise, some fooles.

*To acute Mr. Iohn Marston.*

EPIG. 217.

Thy *Male-content*, or Male-contentednesse,  
Hath made thee change thy Muse as some do gesse ;  
If Time mispent made her a *Male-content*,  
Thou needst not then her timely change repent.  
The end will shew it ; meanwhile do but please  
With vertuous paines as erst thou didst with ease :  
Thou shalt be prais'd, and kept from want and wo ;  
So blest are crosses that do blesse vs so.

*To the ingenious Doctor, M. Ioseph Hall.*

EPIG. 218.

THY *Vowes* hath made me vow to honor thee,  
And heere they shall (in part) perform'd bee.  
Thy scourge of Vice, thy sinne-afflicting Muse,  
Erst plagu'd them throughly who the world abuse.  
And made them grone betweene thy Satyres' fangs,  
As if (for sinne) of hell they felt the pangs.  
For that and for the wit, the grace, the art,  
Thou shew'st in all that from thy pen doth part,  
My pen thus dimly trickes thee ; wherein thou  
May see thy substance shadow'd by a shew  
That scarce is seene : the reason is, thine all  
For my sleight lines is too substantiall.

*Of Clituis.*

EPIG. 221.

CLITUIS (good heart) to his no little paines  
And no lesse cost, now makes a Dictionary  
Of most good tongues the Worlds wide mouth  
contains ;  
But aid inuokes of ignobility :  
Who promise him they will ; and so they doo :  
That's promise faire, but when they see him after  
Affraid they fly, and mute in flying too :  
Which Clituis smelling, flies them too, with laughter :  
Thus fie they either, while the booke doth marke  
His makers fall to take him vp to warke.

To the learned, ingenious and valorous Sir Edward  
Herbert of Mountgomery, Knight of the honourable  
order of the Bathe.

EPIG. 222.

I haue bene fed by thee when plagues haue whipt  
Mee to thee ; when the Plague so scourg'd this Land  
That no place free (almost) was left vnstript  
Whereon a stripe distinctly well might stand.  
For this, and for thine amiable parts  
(That make the whole a most accomplisht knight)  
I am oblig'd to guerdon thy desarts  
With these short lines, that reach not to thy right ;  
But yet to stretch them further by a line,  
Thy worth doth reach to Honors highest signe.

*Againe.*

EPIG. 223.

SOME say (bolde Brittain knight) thou wert too blame  
To fetch that STONE thou found'st in Dangers mouth,  
Sith thou might'st haue miscarried with the same ;  
So, blot the brightest daring of thy youth.  
But how so ere Spight may thy wit impeach,  
It must renowne thy courage, spight of Spight ;  
And for thy wit, I weene it had that reach  
As had, before thee, many a glorious knight :  
Refulgent Essex, in the teeth of Death  
(Death spitting fire-wing'd bullets all the way)  
Engag'd his life (to giue his honor breath).  
At Lisbons garded gates in like assay  
Williams and Skincke, with like rash-hardinesse,  
(As some dare stile it, that dare not do so)  
Made Parma fly his tents, in deepe distresse,  
Mong many thousands which they had to foe ;  
Then sith to follow Fames synnes it was done  
These lines shall be as beames to thy Fames synne.

*Out of Martiall to Maximus.*

EPIG. 224. [sic.]

WILL you be free? no (Maximus) you faine,  
But if you will, then by this meanes you may ;  
You may if you abroad to sup refraine,  
If wine of common grapes thy thirst allay,  
If lauish bowles of rich wines thou despise,  
If with plaine country weedes content thou bee,  
If vulgar lust the vulgar price suffice,  
If little roomes be nothing lesse to thee ;  
If so great pow're of minde to these thou bring ;  
Thou shalt liue freer than the Parthian king.

*Of Dormus.*

EPIG. 225.

OVX time is short, yet Sleepe (Deaths neere alye,  
Like a false balife, or a publican)  
Doth for itselfe take vp the moyetie ;  
So man it feeds that it may feede on man :  
But Dormus still doth sleepe or dreaming go  
To make Sleepe on his time to surfet so.



*To the True Keepers of Honesty.*

EPIG. 226.

THE man that would abound with honesty,  
Needes a sweete friend, or bitter enemy.

*To my worthy friend Mr. Henry Butler.*

EPIG. 227.

Hadst thou a part to play on Honors stage  
My noble Hal, in this ignoble age ;  
Thy wit and courage so that part would act  
As eu'ry action should be most exact.

In few, thy many parts well plaid by thee  
Would gaine of most (at least) a plaudite.

*Of Clausis and his bed-fellow.*

EPIG. 228. [sic.]

CLAUIS hath wed a wife but for the bed,  
And she hath matcht with him but for the borde ;  
And so, for seuerall ends sith they were wed  
They seu'rall curtesies to each affoord :

Yet she (the Border) loues to bourd, or iest,  
(Or as Sir Chaucer tearmes it) with the best.

*Of Sardonius his deuotion.*

EPIG. 229. [sic.]

SARDONIUS swears that God a plague doth owe  
To London, for these signes the same do shewe ;  
There's not a whoore for mony to be had,  
For they in Bridewell are, or place as bad :  
The Players are supprest, the plague to shunne,  
But he is plagu'd thereby and they vndone.  
No money stirring, but hee's faine to ride,  
Ten myles for ten groats by the highway side.

But (watching, and with fasting, pinde) he prays,  
For restauration of whoores, theeues, and Playes.

*Of Poliphemus his sight in Geometry.*

EPIG. 230.

NO Geometricians (though they oft haue tride)  
Haue ere found out a circles quadrature,  
Or giu'n an equal lyne vnto its side,  
The truth heereof lyes in such couerture :  
But Caueleero Poliphem hath don't,  
If the earths globe be thoroughly sphericall :  
For he doth square with all in compasse on't ;  
For which he oft doth step aside with all :  
Whose rule for equall rule is still at strife,  
Till rule by equall lyne doth end his life.

*Of Megs Maruell.*

EPIG. 231.

MARGRET doth muse how she so fat becomes  
That eats but once a day,—to wit, all day :  
Her breasts like balloones, like great globes her bummes :  
One sleepe serues her all night, that is to say,  
All night she sleepes, she snores, she farts, past care :  
Thus fares it with our Mare-great, or great Mare.

*Of Friscus his Attachment.*

EPIG. 232.

FRISCUS so often hath arrested beene,  
That now no one can touch him as he goes,  
But straight he cries *At whose sute ?* who doth weene  
They Seriants are, or those to whome he owes :  
But now arrested at the Foxes sute,  
He keepes himselfe close prisoner, and is mute,  
Well wotting why it him doth prosecute.

*Of Rombus his desire of equality.*

EPIG. 233.

MONEY doth serue vs to none other vse  
Then to make equall Earths vnequall thinges ;  
To feede on mony all men do refuse,  
Yet moneys want the backe and belly brings  
Together close ; so then when rich men fast  
(To fat their purse and make their panches leane)  
They make themselues vnequal at the last  
Vnto their equalls, by a wretched meane ;  
But Rombus to auoid abuse of coyne,  
To equall rich men, from them doth purloine.

*Of Grobius the rich Grasier.*

EPIG. 234.

GROBIUS the Grasier out of grasse and neat,  
Extracted hath a thousand pound a yeare ;  
Yet v'sd no fire, sith him t'would ouer-beat,  
For he is hot, and loues the coldest cheare ;  
Yet feeds he fatt : thats feedeth fatt his beasts,  
But other feeding hardly he digests.

A thousand pound a yeere ! and all doth store,  
Then must he get in fine the diuell and all ;  
Yet (giue the diuell his due) hee feeds the poore :  
Feeds them with hope of foode at's funerall :  
Meane while he bidds them pray and makes them fast,  
That so (beeing faithfull) they may feede at last.

*To my much honored and sincerely beloued friend, Sir Francis Smith, Knight.*

EPIG. 235.

THE small esteeme you of your woorth do make,  
Augments your price (deere knight) in true account ;  
To bee in life, yet pride of life forsake  
Is base (Pride deemes) yet that shall make you mount.  
You and your brothers do so well accord  
That it makes life in grief abound with ioy :  
Who ioyned (like a five-fold twisted corde)  
Hold fast your hearts to comfort in annoy.  
In mine obseruance neuer saw I yet  
So good and kind a confraternity :  
Mirrours to brothers (who themselues forget)  
To minde them by example and the eye :  
Good Knight (to choose) I would haue beene none  
other  
(Seeing what I see) by bloud but borne thy brother.

*Against Tuballus his time-keeping in his ill rule-keeping.*

EPIG. 136. [*sic.*]

TUBALLUS keeps his houres, obseruing times  
As if he were a watch, a clock, or chimes :  
At noone, he hies him roundly to the tauverne,  
And there (as king) that common-wealth doth gouerne  
Till nine at night ; then to the alehouse goes,  
And there a world of matter vndergoes  
Till two next following ; then to bedd he hies  
And sleeps till noone ; and then he doth arise :  
So to the tauerne, as he did before,  
And there till nine at night hee labours sore ;  
Then to the ale, for customes sake hee wends,  
And there till two, time, coyne, and ale hee spends ;  
And then to bedd, and there till noone he sleeps,  
Then vp to drinke : thus houres he duly keeps :  
But keeps no house, nor cannot keepe his house  
For keeping howres, and whoores, and this abuse.

*Of Gellus and Gellaes greatnesse one with another.*

EPIG. 237.

GELLUS (they say) is great with Gella, now :  
Nay shee is great with him by things I know :  
Nay tis a secret sure (if true it were)  
True : by their secrets sure it doth appeare.

*Against Brusius the Broker.*

EPIG. 238.

BRUSUS the Broker lends on nought but clothes,  
Whereon he feeds : so brokers are like moathes :  
For to supply the wants of men that lacke  
They often eat their garments off their backe.

*To a Goldsmiths most faire wife, that alwaies useth to  
stand behinde the deske in her shop, because (perhaps)  
she would not make the sight of her so rich beauty too  
cheape.*

EPIG. 239.

STAND'ST thou behinde thy deske as thou didst feare  
Least some should rate thee as thy ware they rate ?  
Thy fortunes bid thee sell : then (O) appeare ;  
hy beauties beames will so enrich thy plate,  
That it for thee and thou for it wilt sell,  
At thine owne price ; and so fare-ill, or well.

*To my worthy friend William Seager, Esquire, Garter  
principall King of Armes.*

EPIG. 240.

THERE was a time we knew each other well,  
But Fortune sowing ods in our liues' lot,  
Hath made our knowledges the lesse excell ;  
For now each other we haue quite forgot.  
Can we do so, and not ourselues forget ?  
Faith hardly ; but I you acquit from blame,  
And say for kindenesse I am in your debt,  
And owe you too, faith, honor, loue and fame.  
Then least I dye indebted, take these to you,  
You well deserue them, and so much good do you.

*To my elected compotent Iudge of this my too busie idlenes.  
Mr. Iohn Chappertine.*

EPIG. 241.

SITH the delinquent (if he be discreete)  
Seekes of his iudge to winne benuolence  
With all obsequiousnes, then thee I greeete  
(Iudicious iudge) with loue and reuerence.  
For wert thou as well practis'd in our lawes  
As thou art in our lawes of poesie ;  
Thou should'st Chiefe-Iustice bee (at least) because  
Thy iudgement's law thy reason's verity :  
But most for this thy vertues praise exceeds,  
That thou mak'st conscience of thy words and deeds.

*To my kinde and ingenious pupill, Mr. Henry Holcroft.*

EPIG. 242.

YOU had bene better gone ten miles about,  
Then come within my study, when it was ;  
For you (good Sir) no sooner were gone out  
But straight on you a verdict I did passe :  
I said (yet to my selfe) you patient were  
To heare my Muse recount her idle dreames :  
I said you did like Phoebus' ympe appeare,  
Because you lou'd the Heliconian streames.  
This said I, and much more to this effect :  
And in effect this argues you to bee  
Artes friend by vertue of your intellect ;  
Then Arte is strongly bound to honor thee :  
But if I breake that bond through ignorance,  
Yet is it due by that recognisance.

*Against Pattulus the common-drunkard.*

EPIG. 243.

WHY how now, Pattulus, drunke eu'ry day ?  
Preyes sacke on you ? or els is sacke your prey ?  
Were you left by your cousine so much good,  
With sacke to sacke, and spoile your house and blood ?  
Then preethee tell me what meant he to giue  
An almeshouse to the poore, whereby they liue ?  
I guesse the cause, it was to pray for thee,  
Least sacke should sacke thee, and so victor bee :  
Or do (nay now I guesse right as a dye)  
Least like George Duke of Clarence thou shouldst dye.

*Again.*

EPIG. 244.

IT may be Pattulus its as you say ;  
You say you still must drinke, still being dry,  
That is, you must be drunken eu'ry day :  
*In vino veritas* ; you doe not lye,  
And yet you cannot stand to what you doe,  
Because you doe what lies not long with you ;  
Besides you are a crowing crauen to,  
And dare not stand to what in wine you vow.  
So still you drinke, that (drunke) you may be spar'd  
From many a beating that would els befall you ;  
You drunkards dare but neuer are you dar'd,  
Vnlesse it be by madde-men who doe mall you.

Then Pattulus, still arme thyselfe in liqueur,  
And none will touch thy parson but a vicar :  
For vicars and good parsons' soules do cure  
Then must thine (drown'd in sacke) their heate endure.

*Of Poets and their Power.*

EPIG. 245.

TH' Ephesian Hipponax (a Poet grimme  
Exceedingly disfaured in face)  
One Bubalus a painter pictur'd him  
For men to laugh at to his great disgrace ;  
Wherewith the Poet was so sore incens't  
That he gainst him inuective verses fram'd  
And his abusers paines so recompens't  
He durst not shew his face, he was so sham'd.  
But finding still the corsue of his quippes  
To vex his heart and grieue his angry gall,  
To shunne the shame and sorrow that him nippes,  
He men forsooke, and hang'd himselfe withall.  
Thus Poets (if they list) can hurt with ease  
(Incurably) their foes which them displease.

*Against Lubus his indirect purchasing and greedy gathering.*

EPIG. 246.

GO too now Lubus, make no more a-doe  
But tell me where and when and how you came  
By all the lands, and goods, and money too  
Which now you haue : you were not left the same  
Though it were left before you came by it :  
Yet was it left you in some other fashion  
Then sires do leaue their sonnes their wealth or wit ;  
For that is due vnto the generation.  
Two thousand pound a yeere (though pounds were rife)  
By meanes direct is very hard to finde  
Within the narrow compasse of one life ;  
Although one serch'd till he brake his winde.  
Therefore by all meanes you must come by it  
Saue those alone that tend to happy ends ;  
Be happy Lubus, then, while time doth fit,  
The time will come you shall be made amends  
For all your paines ; for you great paines do take  
To damne your soule, your sonne a Sir to make.  
And when you change your false goods for true euils  
See how your sonne (Sir) will ore-rule Sir Diuells.

*Of hot Service.*

EPIG. 197. [sic.]

THE fire by nature doth aleviate,  
And so light women are as hot as light ;  
Who flame outrageously in lust, or hate,  
Which burnes so long till they be wasted quite :  
Then are they light in corpes and quality,  
Which double lightnesse makes them like the flame  
That burneth all it toucheth, or comes nie :  
So burne they all in earnest and in game.

In these flames are to Sathan sacrific'd  
The seemely bodies of vnseemely soules :  
Thus burnt they till they so bee subtiliz'd  
That not one haire can stieke vpon their powles :  
And then their hairlesse scalpes (like dead mens skulls) ✓  
Barely affirme they were vntrimm'd by trulls.

*Of the Pure.*

EPIG. 198. [sic.]

HIMERA, that admir'd Sicilian foud  
Deuided in two channells equally,  
One being salte, the other fresh and good ;  
Is like the mouth that speakes pure openly,  
And yet in corners filthy matches make :  
God blesse the pure from such hipocrisie :  
No doubt but they great heed thereof will take,  
Sith of that sinne they know the ieopardy :  
Yet if their words be sweete and deedes be salt,  
Full well they know (God knowes) that is a fault.

*Of an Anarchy.*

EPIG. 299. [sic.]

BLEMYES (they say) a southerne people are  
Whose mouthes and eyes are plac'd in their breast ;  
Who haue no heads, but shoulders being bare,  
Do serue instead of head vnto the rest.  
And so the people of an anarchie  
Shoulder their heads, because they headlesse bee.

*Against poore bragging Radagon.*

EPIG. 250.

HVBERT DE BURGO nor Pierce Gaunestone,  
Spencers nor Mortimer, Vere, Scroope nor Catesby,  
Ratcliffe nor Louell, Empson nor Dudley,  
Could say as our vainglorious Radagon :  
Bragging his soueraigne most in him doth ioy,  
When he with bragging most doth him annoy.

*Of myselfe.*

EPIG. 251.

A DRIE friend lately thus did write of mee,  
But whether well or ill, the world shall see ;  
*There's none were fitter then thou to endite  
If thou couldst pen as well as thou canst write.*  
This praise is capitall : ah sower't scand,  
Then should my head bee prais'd before my hand :  
But this doth lightly lift my hand so hie  
To fall on mine owne head more heauily.  
If I deserue it, still so let it fall,  
So shall my shame not fame be capitall ;  
If not, that heath-bredde Muse is but a drabb,  
That (Ioab-like) embraceth with a stabb.

*Three larkes for this but Iustice is.*

EPIG. 252.

WHETHER a grace or giurd these lines do close-in,  
Heath will be iudge, which shames the place it growes in.

Haue I for the Schoole thou learn'st in bin loue-sicke?  
And makst thou me but a foole by a Schoole-tricke!  
O once againe for my loue, gentle  
Iohn come kiss me now :  
Mary and will.

*Againe.*

EPIG. 254. [sic.]

If my rimes runne as thine, with faults so full,  
I would my braines were butter'd in thy skull.

*Against a wittold Broker.*

EPIG. 215. [sic.]

I SEE thee sell all baggage ; then I muse  
Thou keep'st thy wife vnsold ; but 'tis no newes.  
For mens worst ware lies longest on their hand,  
And sith thy wife all men may still command ;  
What neede they buy her then ? No, shee will passe  
When thou hast nothing els, for glasse or brasse  
Like a Virginian sauage ; but till then  
Keepe her vnsold to deale with Englishmen.

*Of myselfe.*

EPIG. 255.

MY Muse's motion is too like a colts,  
As quicke as strong, but yet as rough as wilde ;  
Not like the Muse of some dull riming dolts  
Which moues but fooles with motion of a childe.

*Of crooked women.*

EPIG. 256.

Not great nor small can diuine vengeance slacke,  
And crooked women beare it on their backe ;  
But some vpon their bellies beare (like thralls)  
What makes them rise while vengeance heauier falls.

*Against Sextus his misery.*

EPIG. 257.

SEXTUS would haue his sonne faine rarely taught,  
Yet he for his good learning will giue nought ;  
But who will teach him cheapst, to him he hyes  
Where the worst ignorance best cheape he buyes.

*To the rare Painter mine approued friend and good neighbor, M. Row : Locky.*

EPIG. 258.

As Nature made, so thou dost make my face,  
Yet with a better and a worser grace :  
With better, sith thy worke hath glory got,  
With worse, sith thou giu'st life that mou'st it not :  
Yet when crosse-fortune makes me moue the brow,  
Thine without motion, better farre doth show :  
But by ill fortune (oft) though marr'd it bee,  
It had good fortune to be made by thee :  
For thou dost Fortunes furrowes quite out-strike,  
And mak'st it in all fortunes, looke alike.

*Against Classus the wittles prattler.*

EPIG. 259.

If we some liquor seeke but to transfuse  
From one cup to another, we do seeke  
T'apply them so that we it not diffuse ;  
So ought our eares receiue ere mouthes do speake.  
But Classus tongue that but himselfe will heare,  
Vshers his wit but to his idle eare.

*Against proud or wittles Draccus.*

EPIG. 160. [sic.]

DRACCUS his head is highly by him borne,  
And so by strawes are amplest heads of corne.

*Against Glossus.*

EPIG. 261.

Who flatters selfe-conceited Glossus, bee  
Farre past himselfe o're-weening Glossus beares ;  
And so he rightly is compar'd to bee  
An empty pot, still carried by the eares.

*Against selfe-conceited praters in generall.*

EPIG. 262.

THE malady of prating's hard to cure  
Still 'tis by hearing, and the praters eare  
Heares but himselfe ; then can no ligature  
Hold well ; for he' is impatient ought to heare.

*Against wordy Classus.*

EPIG. 263.

If bladders blowne with gold well stuffe we will,  
We must expell the winde that makes them swell :  
So if with wisdom we the minde will fill,  
Wee selfe-conceit from thence must quite expell :  
But selfe-conceit so puffes vp Glossus' minde  
That he were vacuum wer't not for that winde.

*To my beloved friend Mr. Iohn Gough : Register to the Byskop of London.*

EPIG. 264.

WOULD'ST thou deny thy country, yet thy name  
Would tell from whence thy predecessors came :  
Besides thy nature would reueale thy race,  
For thou art bold, kinde, free in heart and face,  
As are true Troians come of Brutus' line ;  
Now dare I not confesse that race is mine,  
Sith it I praised so : But (worthy Iohn)  
Take thou the praise I gaue ; let me alone  
Vntill we meete in Herford, where we shall  
Haue all to take our part in praise and all.

*Against craking Misarchus.*

EPIG. 265.

MISARCHUS drawes more blades then bloud by ods,  
And yet he spoiles more bloud then bloody blades ;  
He (gyant-like) dares fight against the gods,  
And to the buskin topps in wine he wades

Fall'n from the ouer-flowings of the cupp :  
Which makes good bloud (concocted as it ought).  
Bloud-thirsty, he such bloud still sucketh vp  
And spoutheth it against the walls for nought :  
Thus spills he bloud *in posse*, and can tame  
The gods, but not *in esse* but in name.

*Against the insufficiencie of the Malt-Worme Rubus  
his bill.*

EPIG. 266.

RVBUS doth call his nose his bill,  
But sure there is not any,  
But take his hatchet rather will  
Then take it for a peny.

*Of Phrine her wit and will.*

EPIG. 267.

PHRINE is curst yet wisely couers it,  
So hath a wicked will and holy wit.

*To mine honest kind friend Mr. H. H., contenting  
himself with a meane estate and trade of life.  
Perflant altissima venti.*

EPIG. 268.

THY dwelling's like thy minde, that's most retir'd,  
To which when saints of yore had once aspir'd  
They were in heauen conversing with that Powre  
That made them glorious in a life obscure.  
Worlds-glory is but like the lightnings flame  
That quite goes out as kindled is the same ;  
But if ere out it go, it ought doth strike,  
It is the mountaine not the lowely dike ;  
Then Hal content thee with thy state and place ;  
If thou seeke glory, let it be through grace.

*Against Gripsus the griping Patrone.*

EPIG. 269.

GRIPSUS the patrone hath his parson pluckt  
For he a benefice had to bestow  
On any one that would the halfe deduct :  
Yet was the cure and his turne scrubd so.  
Thus patrones liuings giue, to liue thereby,  
For thus with what they giue they lyuings buy.  
So to the curat tis a malefice,  
But to the patron still a benefice.

*Against Marcus his plaine-dealing.*

EPIG. 270.

MARCUS is not an hypocrite ; and why ?  
He flies all good to flie hypocrisie.

*To honest gamesome Garret, at Court.*

EPIG. 271.

GARRET, thou hast found out the way to thriue  
In leauing warre ; and yet in peace dost striue  
By honest knauery and foolish witt,  
To make thee for a princes presence fitt ;

Thou dost no hurt (whateuer good thou dost)  
But when (to make our cloke-baggs deere) thou go'st  
In motley clokes ; yet get thee (if thou can)  
To do the like the worthiest nobleman.  
And wittiest men (perhaps) in motley cloth  
Will shew themselves as wise as Garret doth.

*To my now kinde friend, Mr. Iohn Towne.*

EPIG. 272.

JOHN, when we squabbl'd once thou bewdst me downe ;  
No maruell, when I fought against a Towne.  
I brocht thy blood, but thou didst sluce out mine ;  
Mine the worse lucke, the better hap was thine.  
But twenty yeares and more haue seasoned since  
With friendships sweete, the sowre of that offence :  
Yet hadst thou not at that time cut me downe,  
I had hang'd in hope (alone) t' haue woone a Towne.

*Of a proud lying Dyer.*

EPIG. 273.

TYRBINE the dyer stalkes before his dore  
Like Caesar that by dying oft, did thriue ;  
And though the begger be as proud as poore,  
Yet (like the mortifide) he dyes to liue.

*Againe.*

EPIG. 274.

WHO hath time hath life ; that he denies,  
This man hath both, yet still he dies.

*Againe.*

EPIG. 275.

WHO liues well dies well ; not by and by,  
For this man liues proudly, yet well doth die.

*Of my becing put into the Kings high Subsidy-bookes.*

EPIG. 276.

I HAUE no land (O heau'ns you know my case !)  
Yet vniust cessors say I haue ; and so  
They in the kings high-bookes my name do place  
Equall to those that for knights fellows go :  
And so they may yet set me nothing fourth,  
For fellows to some knights are nothing worth.

*Againe of the same.*

EPIG. 277.

WHAT ! is my portion in this world but rime ?  
Then what reason i'st I so should raised bee  
For that by which some fall but none can clymbe ?  
Then they were sencelesse that so sessed mee :  
For had they weigh'd my gaines in common-sence  
They might have weigh'd my purse but not my pence.

*Againe, of myselfe and my maid, call'd Grace.*

EPIG. 278.

I AM a sinner, yet I gouerne Grace,  
But did shee gouerne mee, I should not sinne :

Shee is my maide, then dare not her embrace,  
Lest sinne I should, and (so) lose Grace therein ;  
For Grace is gracious, and her Master is  
Gratious and gracelesse ; God, that, I am this.

*To my deere wife Mistress M.D.*

EPIG. 279.

MALL, thou art Mal, if now thou be not good  
When Grace (still as thine hand-maide) thee attends ;  
Then sinne thou canst not well in likelihood,  
Yet God and mee thine anger oft offends :  
But I confesse with mee th' art ne're at odds  
But for my good, how e're it bee for God's.

*Againe.*

EPIG. 280.

My Mal, I cannot praise thee as I should  
Sith as my wife (that is my selfe) I hold :  
Yet for the comfort still thou yeeld'st to mee,  
Faine would I tell Posterity of thee ;  
That so I might requite thy wifely loue,  
Thy care, thy paines, (and all for my behoue)  
With one cast of mine office e're wee part,  
And Death deuide our vndeuided hart.  
When first I saw thee thou wert Croft of Croft,  
Which for my lownesse lay too farre aloft ;  
But thou, not thou but He that made all harts  
Made thine affect my yet small-no desarts :  
That (briefely) thou forsook'st thy richer hopes  
And thee confinde in my poore Fortunes scopes.  
But since, how thou hast cheerisht them, and mee,  
I may not say for too much praising thee.  
Yet this strong trvth ev'n wresteth from my pen,—  
Farre worser wiues would fit farre better men.  
Yet when thou wilt thou maist thy goodnesse stint  
But if thou do Ile crosse this praise in print.

*To my louing and deere mother, the citty of Hereford.*

EPIG. 281.

HEREFORDE, haue with thee I nay I cannot haue  
That which thou hast ; for thou hast mirth and ease,—  
I say not slouth, lest I should thee deprave ;  
Yet ease can haue no paine that can displease.—  
Hadst thou lesse ease thy mirth would bee the more :  
For painefull hands in fine make pleasant harts,  
But idle hands make harts to labour sore  
With sorrow that annoyes the other parts.—  
But in thy bozome thou hast many heads  
That make thee often merry at the heart ;  
So the disease is ease which in thee breeds,  
Whereof I had in thee an infants part ;  
For which vpon my knees I dayly pray  
That thou maist fall to worke, and I to play.

*Againe.*

EPIG. 282.

HERFORD thou bred'st me as doth well appeare,  
By this my jibing ouer-gamesome vaine ;  
For thou beart at thy brest (as children deere)  
Such iocund lacks as mock thee for thy paine :  
But if thy liquor make thy bratts so mad,  
Withhold thy dugg, and so they wilbe sadd.

*Againe, in condoling her case, beeing afflicted  
with the Plague.*

EPIG. 283.

BVT O (deere Mother) I doe much amisse,  
To iest with thee, now thou art plagu'd for this.  
I rather should with teares deplore thy case,  
And euer pray, in thy behalfe, for grace.  
The sercher of the heart knows I lie not,  
Thou in my praiers neuer art forgot.  
And nothing now (except mine own misdeeds)  
More grieues my heart then thou for whome it bleeds.

*To my much honored and intirely beloued friend  
Sir Basile Brooke Knight.*

EPIG. 284.

CLEERE Brooke wherein the Muses bathe themselues,  
And nectar'd streames of Helicon do fleete ;  
Whose posey-bancks delight the fairy-elues ;  
Sith all the verdure smells (as Basill) sweete.  
To thee (sweet Muse-delighting Basil'd Brooke)  
These Castall droppes descend from Loues high spheare ;  
But falling through my cloudy braine, they tooke  
Some soile vnworthie thee ; which thou wilt cleare :  
For (like a diamond) though that black thou bee,  
Yet being cleare (as deere) thei'l cleare in thee.

*To my worthy friend Dudley Norton Esquire.*

EPIG. 285.

THOU that attend'st our pole (scarce visible  
But eminent in vertue and effect)  
On whome our world is staidly-voluble,  
For which our world should Him and His affect ;  
Thou art as happy in thy case and coate  
As were the seruants of greate Salomon ;  
Sith thou on wealth and wisdomes flouds maiste floate  
(Flowing from him) till thou be left vpon  
Th' Armenian mount of safety, loy and rest ;  
Where when thou art thou maist thyselfe vn-arke,  
Or make thy seate vpon that mountaines crest.  
And fill the vales with vines past further carke.  
It's the worst fortune I do wish to thee :  
Then through my wish thou maist my will behould :  
My wish is cleare where through thou well maist see  
That though I cannot good thee, yet I would.  
Thy worth with mee is in so high account  
That if I could I would soone make thee mount.

*To mine approued kinde friend and scholler, Humfrey Boughton Esquire, one of his Maiesties gent. Pensioners.*

EPIG. 276. [sic.]

HVMFREY thou hast my heart, for well I wot  
Thou lou'st me well, sith ill I taught thee not.  
But there are some (which yet I tender still)  
Haue taught me now to know I taught them ill.  
Ill paide, with ill? I ill apaide must bee;  
Would I had taught them better, or they mee.  
But noble Humfrey thy braue spirit doth learne  
My Muse (by thine example) to discerne  
Twixt man and man: and sith a man I finde thee,  
I were a beast with braue men not to minde thee.

*To Fulvia in comfort of her heauinesse.*

EPIG. 277. [sic.]

FVLVIA hold vp thy head; why pow'tst thou so?  
Is thy new husband old? I' faith Sir no:  
A Woman's nay's a double yea (they say)  
I did imagine where thine anguish lay.  
Alas (poore girle) thou hast not what thou hast;  
And feeding still art yet constrain'd to fast.

*Against Flavius his vnconstancy and promise-breaking.*

EPIG. 278. [sic.]

FLAVIUS I taught you; and among the rest  
Of what you learnd of me, what you protest  
I taught you to obserue, because you were  
A man whose reputation should be deere;  
But since you taught mee (for so teaching you,  
By your example) how to breake my vow:  
So, you passe me in giuing skill for skill,  
But to giue ill for good is passing ill.  
Well go your way, I learne of you this lore,  
Still to deceaue but bee deceau'd no more.

*Against ouer-weening worthless Florus.*

EPIG. 279. [sic.]

FLORUS doth thinke he is of great account,  
And stands in number of the worthiest men;  
He stands in deede (to make that number mount)  
As cyphers stand in number now and then.  
Then cyphers, beeing nothing, nought bring forth,  
But (cyphers-like) set out the others woorth.

*To Mr. Thomas Bond, Secretary to my right honorable Lord, the Lord Chawnceller of England.*

EPIG. 280. [sic.]

A MOST fast Bond you bee; that well I wott,  
Yet am I free; then well, I know it not;  
But if you will you may on me so set it,  
That bound I shall be neuer to forget it.  
Yet howsoe're you binde mee or you loose mee,  
I am so bound to yours you cannot lose me.

*To my deere friend and Pupill Mr. Henry Twiddy, another of the same, &c.*

EPIG. 291.

LOOKE to your head, your hand to me commit,  
And I will make it pumpe your head for witt  
For letters fiew that may (in letters faire),  
Lure to your hand bright angells through the aire  
Of your faire fame; and when you weary bee  
Of entertaining them, then send for mee,  
And I will helpe you; sith they still are blest  
That angells do deceaue, or with them rest.  
And so (good Hal) I hope though you bee leane  
You'l pray and fast (and keepe your hands still cleane)  
To make you worthy to receaue them still;  
And if you'l vse my seruice, so I will.  
Sith most men now will rather God forsake  
Then angells, which a man a god do make.

*To my beloued friend Mr. Robert Sharpe.*

EPIG. 292.

A LINE or two shall meate my loue to thee,  
But then my Muse must nimble stirre her winges;  
Or els my loue should most penurious bee:  
Not so; for turtles loue, yet cannot singe;  
Yet singe I of thee thus; thy hart I finde  
Worthy of loue, sith tis as good, as kinde.



## Vpon English Prouerbes.

To old Iohn Heywood the Epigrammatist, wheresoeuer.

EPIG. 293.

[\* An anagram.

OLDE Heywood, haue with thee, in *His od Vaine*,\*  
That yet with Booke-sellers, as new, doth remaine.

New Poets sing riming, but thy rymes aduance  
Themselves in light measures, for thus they doe dance.  
Ile gather some Prouerbes thou gatherdst before,  
To descant vpon them as thou didst of yore :  
But yet not as thou didst for now that were sin,  
But as my Muse prompteth,—and thus I begin.

'The good or the ill of all a mans life  
Is the good or ill choice of his good or ill wife.'  
Prouerbiall rime thy reason I loue,  
Yet may not thy reason with reason approue ;  
Sith there is more good and ill in this life  
Then there is in choyce of good or ill wife.  
For soueraigne GOOD is heere to be found,  
And the like EVILL ; for both heere abound :  
The first being life, the last being death,  
Excells both the other aboue and beneath,  
But of this life onely acknowledge I must  
It is most vndoubted what thou hast discust ;  
And as my rimes iumpe in scanning thy sence,  
So iumpe I with thee in iudgements expence.

1. 'The Faire lasts all the yeare : ' so Londons doth ;  
And yet most fowly lyes each house and booth :  
Which fowly lye, to vent their marchandise :  
Then better 'twere it ly'de not as it lyes,  
Or that an howre the Faire might fully end ;  
So should the Faire (though fowle) the lesse offend.
2. 'The weake goes to the wall : ' Then Lesbia's fraile :  
For still against the wall men run her ( )
3. 'Lalus the Iudge sets foote in Malus cause : '  
Thus with his foote the beast still handles lawes.
4. 'The blinde eates many a fly : ' It's true indeede ;  
And so may Seers do for want of heede ;  
For he that writes the Bible in a nutt,  
Hath married with a light and filthy slutt.
5. 'Little or nothing said soone mended is : '  
But they that nothing do, do most amisse.
6. 'Strike when the iron is hott : ' Then Quintus, loe  
Thy whore,—(that can, like iron, all heates endure)  
Is now made hott ; yet strike her not too low,

Least shee giue thee a clappe, thou cans't not cure.

7. Phrina (hot whoore) 'takes pepper in the nose'  
Because her noses pimples some call poxes ;  
Wherewith she peppers both her friends and foes,  
So makes her nose and poope, two pepper-boxes.
8. 'A faire threed, Captaine Porcupine hath spunne : '  
For he his threed of life hath quite vndone :  
Call yee that spinning that vntwines that threed ?  
Then did he (hanging) spinne till he was dead.  
O Hercules, what meanst thou so to spinne,  
To loose the glory which thy fights did winne !
9. 'Hee's lacke out of office, that Iohn was in it : '  
Then Iohns prouing Iacks, lacke honesty or wit ;  
But let me be Iohn till I be a Iacke :  
If I loose my office let my necke cracke.
10. 'It's better sit still then rise and fall : '  
So tradesmen should not occupy at all.
11. 'Misrecking is no paiment' (it is said)  
Yet some misreckon being truly paid ;  
For Dalia that a month hath not been wed,  
Is ere the time she reckond, brought to bed.  
So then I hope it may be truly said  
Though she misreckond she was truly paid.
12. 'Still Fucus casts beyond the moone : ' and why  
The moone still casts him into Lunacy.
13. 'The greatest clarkes are not the wisest men : '  
Much lesse the least are : Who be wisest then ?  
For if wee meane clarks meanely wise esteeme,  
Then wisest, who ? the great that small do seeme.
14. They say that 'many hands light worke do make : '  
But not where they cutt throtes full bagges to take.  
Yet Cossmus lent his hand with others (by),  
To this light worke, which hang'd them heauily.
15. 'Fruscus doth daunce attendance on his puncke : '  
But shee will make him caper when hee's sunke.
16. 'The blinde eates many a fly : ' and that we proue  
In honest men that honest women loue :  
Then are such louers blinde, and eate a fly ?  
Most true, sith I those women did belye.
17. 'No Padd was in the straw' when as there lay  
Kate with her Kitt all night (abrode) in hay ;  
But in the hay was Kate, but now no Padd,  
For now the Lasse is married to the Ladd.
18. 'All men do grease the fatt sowe in the taile : '  
Thou liest grosse prouerbe, they fatt bawds do faile.



19. Fast lende fast finde : ' but Rufus bound as fast  
As bonds could do to pay a debt he ought,  
Sodie quite away, ere quite the day was past ;  
And nowhere can be found though he be sought.
20. ' Be as he may, no bawming is : ' and yet it is a curse,  
To be as now it is, because the world was never worse.
21. ' It is ill fishing still before the net : '  
And thats the cause that I so little get.  
I fish for all, yet seldome get I some,  
Because some other catch all ere I come.
22. ' Hunger still drops out of some noble nose : '  
A bots dry vp that rheume where ere it flows.
23. ' Baccare quoth Mortimer unto his sowe : '  
But wheres a Mortimer to say so now ?
24. ' Morris his manly wife, the breech doth weare : '  
While other men (they say) do weare her gear.
25. ' All women haue no soules : ' but spirits they haue :  
To say who saies it, is a foole or knaue.
26. ' Marcus is shan's against the wool : ' but dryly I  
suppose,  
For of hiselfe his haire falls off, and so falls off his  
nose.
27. ' To powre out oyle into the fire is not the way to  
quench it : '  
O prouerbe (fy) thou art a lyer, as they can tell  
that wench it.
28. ' Dogs barking aloofe bite not at hand : '  
Yes (perhaps) should they forfeit their hand.
29. ' It's true that all men say : ' Then truly I  
Make bookes, write faire ; yet passe no bookes  
thereby.
30. ' Lambard was one of them that God had ho : '  
But t'was when he was hanging to and fro.
31. ' Whether I would not, I cannot the way : '  
Then none hangs at Tiburne but some shewes the  
way.
32. ' The nearer the Church, the further from God : '  
Yea that is some Church that with Him is od.
33. ' Desert and reward be euer farre od : '  
With men so euer but neuer with God.
34. ' Good ryding at two anchors : ' some men do say :  
But oft ryding at one is more then they may.
35. ' Some stumble ouer straws and leape ouer blockes : '  
Marry they are no dawes that leape to flye knockes.
36. ' What some winne in the Hundred they loose in the  
Sheere : '  
But some in the Hundred gets Sheeres well seere.
37. ' When thrifts in the towne, then some are in the  
field : '  
But London doth few such cittizens yeeld.
38. ' Some men to thrine are in the wrong box : '  
Yet there they are getting ; for they get the pox.
39. ' No penny, no Pater Noster ' they say :  
Yes the deuils without pence, many will pray.
40. ' A light lode is heauy to carry farre : '  
Not being angells, for they flyers are.
41. ' Oft things fall out in pudding time : '  
But if they fell in, it were a crime.
42. ' Short shooting looseth the sex : '  
And though they do, yet game they get.
43. ' The last at the pot is the first wroth : '  
Not if he finde there good store of broth.
44. ' He hath pist on a nettle : ' but would he had mist ;  
For a nettle hath stung him on which he hath pist.
45. ' The flyes haunt leane horses : ' those are French  
flies ;  
As for our English, they leane ones despise.
46. ' Wee soone beloeue what wee desire : '  
Then all beloeue they shall aspire.
47. ' Ill newes are commonly true : '  
Not if a lyer made them new.
48. ' The more haste the worse speede : ' (they say)  
Not when we must take a snatch and away.
49. ' By the fruit not the flowre, we know well the tree : '  
But we by the flowres know what gardens be.
50. ' With a little Steele a little man's armed : '  
If his heart be as little with lesse he is harmed.
51. ' There needs no signe at the best wine : '  
But soure may it be growne,  
Ere it be drunke vnknewne.
52. ' Faire wordes breake no bones : ' and yet the  
tongue doth ;  
Then if this be true its not true in both.
53. ' This tongue breakes the bone, itselfe hauing none : '  
But would mine might hold til tongues break  
them could.
54. ' Enery groome is a king at home : '  
Its an homely king that is but a groome.
55. ' If men become sheepe the wolfe will deuoure them : '  
But most become han-dogs because they would  
scoure them.
56. ' None plaies the foole well without wit : ' (they say)  
Then our Court-fooles are foolcs in earnest, not play.
57. ' Zeale without knowledge is sister of Folly : '  
But though it be witlesse, men hold it most holly.
58. ' The cat would eat fish, but for wetting her foote : '  
To eat ere she wash is fowle and wastewe.
59. ' To speake ill of others, is the fift element : '  
Nature needs but fowre ; then the fift's an encre-  
ment.
60. ' Promise is euer the ease to give : '  
But wee fast from promise to obserue the ease.
61. ' The first chapter of foolcs them schaes magnifies : '  
Then the last is confusion, that makes the foolcs wise.
62. ' Giuing is dead, and restoring is dying : '  
Prouerbe th' are well both (you'l ne're leane your  
lying) :  
For many do giue to lye with a drabb,  
And still they restore the lye with a stabb.
63. ' Fire and flax differ : ' not to make fire,  
Like men and women that burne in desire.
64. ' A bitter makes no good hawke ; ' and yet birds of  
prey  
Call'd lemmons, are bitter, though golden and gay.
65. ' Foolcs make the banquets, and wise men enjoy  
them : '  
So at Foles wassells wise men destroy them.

66. 'The end makes all equall : ' Not so, not all ;  
For some then do climbe, and others do fall.
67. 'Secrets are hidden : ' yea so they ought  
But beasts still shew them for a thing of nought.
68. 'A scabb'd sheepe will marre a whole flock : '  
Faith then the shep-herd's a knaue or a block.
69. 'Hee that will live in peace and rest,  
Must heare and see and say the best : '  
But if this rule were generall,  
No preacher there should be at all.
70. 'The taile doth often catch the fox : '  
And by the taile some catch the pox.
71. 'The posterne-dooere, makes theefe and whore : '  
But were that damn'd with stone or clay,  
Whoores and theeues would find a way.
72. 'Good words anoint vs, and ill do vnioynt vs : '  
But friends ill wordes the ioyntes do knit,  
That flatters best words cause to flyt.
73. 'Lyes haue short wings : ' he lyes that so sings :  
For farre do they flye when they be on their wings.
74. 'That tongue doth lye that speaks in hast : '  
This some belyes that speake too fast.
75. 'The Masters eye doth fatt the horse : '  
Not if he haue no other course.
76. 'It's better to glue the fleece then the sheepe : '  
For some rotten bodyes, that drawes too deepe.
77. 'A Fooles paper is a white wall : '  
But it was not so in Baltazars hall.
78. 'All weapons of warre will not arme Feare : '  
But they are ynough to make Hope forbear.
79. 'Choose neither women nor lynnyn by candle : '  
Yes, in the dark, if them men may handle.
80. 'Deedes are males, wordes female are : '  
This makes women wordy ware.
81. 'Hatred with friends is succor to foes : '  
Then blessed were whoores if they succoord those.
82. 'Thus bitt the mare by the thumb : ' (quoth a setter)  
But if he had said by the bum, it were better.
83. 'Claw a churle by the taile and hee'l mute in thy fist : '  
That's but by chance, he hath not still list.
84. 'Hereafter comes not yet : ' but were they one,  
Many in Newgate would be hang'd to be gone.
85. 'Some whores live by losse ; whose tongues runne at rousers : '  
But they soone at butting, their losses recouers.
86. 'A queane hath euer a cloke for the rayne : '  
Then one is richer then I know twaine.
87. 'Neede makes the olde wife trot : ' Nay she but wambles ;  
But for neede I am sure the yong one oft ambles.
88. 'All couet, all lose : ' were this lye but small,  
The world could not stand ; for it couets all.
89. 'It's sed that hungry flies bite sore : ' Then Franck is such a fie ;  
For while the sting is in her taile, she bites most bitterly.

90. 'He runneth farre that ne're returnes : ' but since Tiburne's so neere, some nere returne from thence.
91. 'Something hath some sauer : ' but some things there are,  
Had they no sauer they were sweeter farre.
92. 'Nothing venter, nothing haue : ' but some do venture all  
But in one bottom, till they sinck, and so they haue a fall.
93. 'Nought hath no sauer : ' that I deny :  
For some are starke nought that smell most filthily.
94. 'He may sing before theeues that no mony brings : '  
But if before whoores they sigh while he sings.
95. 'Some hold with the hare, and runne with the hound ; '  
But hardly with men such runners are found.
96. 'Phryne makes much but of her painted sheath : '  
And yet tis but the very gate of Death :  
For all those blades that therein cleanly go,  
Are soild, and spoild, the sheath is painted so.
97. 'As good to play as worke for nought' (they say)  
But Players get much good by nought but play.
98. 'Where be no receauers there will be no theeues : '  
But no Kings receauer this reckoning receauers.
99. 'The Vintner feares false measure : ' How can hee Feare that he hopes his maintenance shall bee ?
100. 'Ev'ry man for himselfe, and God for vs all : '  
So, God should loue those whose loue is but small.
101. 'Young saint, old deuill : ' That still is not true ;  
For some were yong deuills that olde saints do grow.
102. 'Some are in by the weeke : ' and some by the tallow  
Are farre further in than the best weeke can hollow.
103. 'Store is no sore : ' Yes if they be scabs  
Giuen by haksters, or gotten by drabbs.
104. 'Throw no guift at the giuer againe : '  
Yes ; if he giue me a blow Ile thanke him with twaine.
105. 'Lenca sees farre int' a milstone : '  
Nay she doth see into more then one.
106. 'Once Flaccus was a flote : ' (the world did see't)  
But now he sinckes by floating in the Fleete.
107. 'A false knaue needs no brokers : ' but a broker Needs a false knaue (a hangman or a hooker).
108. 'A short horse is soone curried : ' but some short mare,  
Will haue more then the longest carrier can spare.
109. 'Of suffrance comes ease : ' of such it is sedd,  
That suffer at Tiburne vntill they be dead.
110. 'After skies lower we shall haue faire weather : '  
But women looke sower, then storme altogether.
111. 'Whoers set vp a candle before the deuill : '  
Th' are light in darknesse and yet lightly euill.
112. 'To be merry and wise its good' (they say)  
Then fooles that part can neuer play.
113. 'Out of sight out of minde : ' this lye they marke,  
That lye with their drabbs all night in the darke.

114. 'Who wedds ere hee is wise, nere thriues vntil he dyes :'  
Then Mulus cannot thriue, to liue and yet to wiue.
115. 'Proue thy friend e're thou neede : ' that can we neuer ;  
For neede of a friend a man shall haue euer.
116. 'Presse a worrne on the taile and t'will turne againe :'  
So will women (poore wormes) when need doth constraîne.
117. 'Saying and doing are two things : ' but add,  
It was not so when the world was made.
118. 'In space comes grace : ' but if out of rule  
The gracer is either a whore, knaue, or foole.
119. 'Neede hath no law : ' but some great lawyers neede :  
What, coyne? No; conscience in word and deede.  
But if a lawyer lack hability,  
Want's not so rightly called necessitie.
120. 'Beggars should be no choosers : ' then I muse  
So many begg at Court that well may choose.
121. 'All shall bee well, and lack shall haue lill : '  
Not I by this light,  
For shee is too light.
122. 'Soft fire sweete mault doth make : ' then was that kill  
That dryd Astolphus, badd, for he doth smell.
123. 'Hast maketh waste : ' but that makes to marre ;  
Yet better make haste from waste to runne farre.
124. 'It's better giue then take : ' Not so ;  
For better giue then take a blow.
125. 'Marcus his haire growes through his whood ' they say ;  
That cannot bee ; for all is fallen away.
126. 'Light come, light goe : ' Not so for Phryne came  
To Marcus light ; but goes opprest with shame.
127. 'God sends fooles fortune : ' but yet not to all ;  
For some are great fooles, whose fortunes are small.
128. 'The blinde should iudge no colors : ' but they should ;  
For Homer to the life paint all things could.
129. 'There goes the hare away : ' this prouerbe's poore ;  
Then make it rich, and say, 'There rides the whore.'
130. 'What is a work-man without his tooles ?'  
Then the best furnisht work-men are but fooles.
131. 'They hardly can runne that cannot goe : '  
Some bound to a mast finde it not so.
132. 'Some on the matter sett a good face : '  
Yet they haue neither beauty, nor grace.
133. 'I heare not on that side : ' so may they depose,  
Whose eares the Starr-chamber did light them to lose.
134. 'The diuell is dead : ' Nay that Ile ne're beleue ;  
For hee's nere dead while roring boyes do liue.  
*Again*  
'The diuell is dead.' Then haue the damnd crew  
Their maister lost, but they have found a new.
135. 'On that stringe harpe no more : ' (say angry boyes)  
Yes ; till a string the wagg-strings quite destroyes.
136. 'In loue is no lack : ' yes, lack of chinckes ;  
Loue lacks no woe that beggerly lincks.
137. 'So many heads, so many witts : ' Fy, fy :  
It is a shame for prouerbs so so lye ;  
For I (though mine acquaintance be but small)  
Know many heads that haue no witt at all.
138. Some fooles do say 'at their wits end they are : '  
When they were warn'd and yet would not beware ;  
So, when they were at th' entrance of their witt,  
They were vpon the vtmost end of it.
139. 'There are more maids then maukin : ' perhaps so :  
And but perhapps neither, as now maids go.
140. 'Still sowes eat all the draff : ' but some sowes still  
With better things would faine their bellies fill.
141. 'Betweene two stooles the taile to ground doth go : '  
And oft one stoole doth it to water thro.
142. 'Might orecomes right : ' but oft a right knaue  
Orecomes the mightiest a kingdome can haue.  
Braue Harry late French-King can say (beeing dead)  
Rauillack his heart hitt as I the nailes head.  
But God blesse our leamy from such right knaues  
That might still may master Sathans right slanes.
143. 'It's better bow then breake : ' but stouping low  
Olde Sisse did ripp ; then ripp (olde Sisse) er'e bow.
144. 'Hee's a bench whistler : ' that is but an ynche,  
Whistling an hunts-vp in the Kings Bench.
145. 'Sith light gaines purses make : ' I fret  
That mines so light and yet so little get.
146. 'Still mum is counsell : ' Nay tis no aduice ;  
But mummers keepe counsell that winne with false dyce.
147. 'Some to hide faire faults can make faire weather : '  
That's false ; for so they were gods altogether.
148. 'Better at brim then at bottome to spare : '  
But some spend at bottome till beggers they are.
149. 'Euer spare and euer bare : ' Prouerbe you fable ;  
For fooles still get most when they least spare their bable.
150. 'Who that may not as they would, will as they may : '  
But themselues they may hang if their wills say not nay.
151. Lackies. 'Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne : '  
All boyes do goe that choose but to runne ;  
Vnlesse by their feete they be so well sped  
That they (when they list) may runne to the head.
152. 'They that are bound must needs obay : '  
But some loose slanes to this say nay.
153. 'Even reckoning makes long friends : '  
But some such reckoning much offends.
154. 'Misreckning's no paiement : ' but by your leaue  
That's all the paiement some (trusting) receaue.
155. 'Change is no robbery : ' No, that were strange,  
For there were no robbery if there were no change.

156. 'To steale a goose and sticke a feather downe :'  
That is in vse, the wise such geese are growne.
157. 'Phrine will haue an Oare in each mans boate :'  
While she sinks theirs that in her bottom floate.
158. 'Men are oft marchants without money or ware :'  
But women much venture, yet are not so bare.
159. 'When wine is in then wit is out' (they say)  
But when no wine is in, wits most away.
160. 'Hee's high in the instep and very strait lac'd :'  
That's but some leg with a strait buskin grac'd.
161. 'Lenæa hath strooke the ball vnder line :'  
But she wan the game she plaid for, in fine ;  
Yet strake vnder lyne and vnder leg too,  
So did as much as a woman could doo.
162. 'Marc is of Court but not of Councell made :'  
For Court hee's a coult but for counsell a iade.
163. 'Hee may do much ill ere he can do much worse :'  
That takes a poore poets papers, or purse.
164. 'To cast water in Thames is superfluous :'  
Not at an ebbe when brewers it vse.
165. 'Classus of late 'had his whore in the winde :'  
That might soone bee if he had her behinde.
166. 'All's fish that comes to nett :' with some women ;  
Nay sure it's all flesh, and then they are wo-men.
167. 'No end of his goods :' a late knight did kno :  
Some lords are as rich, that will not say so.
168. 'Who is worse shood then the shoemakers wife ?'  
Faith, geese, that neuer ware shoes in their life.
169. 'A scald horse is good enough for a scab'd squire :'  
But not if that scabb pales well for the hire.
170. That epigram passeth all that I know  
With which there is 'But a word and a blow.'
171. 'Scaturus still lookes vnto his wiues water :'  
If shee bee a patient, then it's no matter.
172. 'He winks with one eye while the other doth  
glout :'  
That may well bee ; for, one eye is out.
173. 'Nought lay downe nought take vp :' Nay would  
the nought  
But once take vp well they were as they ought ;  
But they take vp ill still when they lye downe,  
Which makes their bowles trill ill, and not hold  
their owne.
174. 'Some lackes are common to all that will play :'  
In their wiues' allies to hit as they may ;  
But if wiues be common their browes pay for it,  
Because it is for the allies' benefit.
175. 'Men call on the horse that will carry all :'  
But some on such mares more often do call.
176. 'Phryne may put her winnings in her eye  
And see nere the worse :' Still prouerts ye lye ;  
For she wonne the pox, which if she would set  
In her best eye, the sight it would let.
177. 'The world still he keepes at his staues end,  
That neede not to borrow and neuer will lend :'  
But if the world get within him, hee reeles  
Vnder the world, that strikes vp his heeles.
178. Scarce haue some letchers 'Scarburrow warning :'  
When they for god Cupid are martyrd by burning :

- Then they were taken when zeale was too hott  
And knowledge too cold, els burn'd they had not.
179. 'He that comes euery day shall haue a cocknay :'  
And he that comes but now and then,  
Shall haue a fatt hen ;  
But cocks that to hens come but now and then,  
Shall haue a cock-nay, not the fatt hen.
180. 'Caillus is as furious as a lyon of Cotsold :'  
Why that makes his lionesse to make him a cock-  
old.
181. 'Marina fries in her own grease :' Nay soft, of  
that I doubt ;  
For Scaurus she hath shrowdly scorcht ; so some  
she fries without.
182. 'When bale's at the highest, then boote is nighest :'  
Yet when bale's askd of grand-iury men,  
Of a poore prisoner, what booteth him then ?
183. 'Some make a great haruest of a little corne :'  
To make much of a little's no matter of scorne.
184. 'Hunger pierceth walls of stone :'  
So it may yet meat haue none.
185. 'The old mare would haue a new crupper :'  
That's vnder the taile but this should be vpper.
186. 'Phryne's as merry as a cricket' sometimes ;  
But angry as a waspe, when she reads my rimes.
187. 'Wishers and woulders are no good householders :'  
Yet the best householder many times wishes  
He had better meanes to better his dishes.
188. 'Its good to haue an hatch before the dore :'  
Then there's some good in the house of an whoore.
189. 'Follow thou pleasure and still it will flee,  
But flie thou pleasure and it will follow thee :'  
Like some nice lasses that fly them that ply them,  
But them still they follow that euer do fly them.
190. 'The worse dogge that is waggeth his taile :'  
Of that the worst women neuer do faile.
191. 'Weigh iust and sell decre :' That whoores can  
nere ;  
Sith they are too light and sell still too deere.
192. 'Euery man drawes water to his mill :'  
And so do all such women by their will.
193. 'As good is my foe that hurts me not,  
As my friend at my neede that helpes me not :'  
That foe doth wish (in his best mood)  
Worse then that friend ; then not so good.
194. 'Loue lyes a bleeding :'  
But not when hee's breeding.
195. 'Euer the bigger eateth the beane :'  
But they haue the worse when the cake's eate vp  
cleane.

*Again.*

196. 'Euer the bigger the beane doth eate :'  
But euer the lesser eates better meate.
197. 'They say that faire words make fooles faire :'  
Then wise are fooles, for such wordes they gaine.
198. 'The wise man saies there's no accord  
Where euery man would be a lord :'  
That makes the lord so seldome fight,  
Where euery man would be a knight.

199. 'A foole oft puts his finger in a hole :'  
So does the wise man when he plaies the foole.
200. 'Many haue many blocks in their waies :'  
If the blocks had heads they were little staies.
201. 'Sheepes flesh he loues well that dips his bread in  
the wool :'  
Yet some dip it there whose stomacks are dull.
202. 'Before a crippl's ill halting still :'  
If a man do it well, it is not so ill.
203. 'One swallow' (they say) 'no Sommer doth make :'  
Some swallow (I say) till great heat they take.
204. 'Many speak of Robin Hood that nere shot in his  
bowe :'  
And so may archers do as good and pricke with  
shaftes as lowe.
205. 'Batchelers wines and maids children, euer well are  
taught :'  
Indeed so had they need to bee ; for they are  
euer nought.
206. 'Who can hold that will away :'  
Seruants can, for they will stay.
207. 'He beares no more rule then a goose-turd in  
Theames :'  
Faith that's very much ; for it troubles the streames.
208. 'He that strikes with the sword, with the scabberd  
shall be strook :'  
Thats the womanisht reuenge that euer man  
tooke.
209. 'A mouse may in time bite in two a cable :'  
That may she at once and if she be able.
210. 'When the fox doth preach, of your geese beware :'  
Yet once a Fox preacht that bloud did forbear.
211. 'Her tongue runnes on pattens as the world does  
on wheeles :'  
Then her tongue may at pleasure shew a faire  
paire of beeles.
212. 'Hee must needes goe that the deuill doth drive :'  
Not if a stronger helpe him to striue.
213. 'Raw leather will stretch : 'twere better it would not ;  
Sith it's apt to stretch where (perhaps) it should not.
214. 'They say things done vndone can neuer be :'  
But that's a lye, for bankroupts we see.
215. 'There was neuer faire prison, nor loue with fowle  
face :'  
Yes faith but there bee oft both in one place.
216. 'In vaine they rise early that vs'd to rise late :'  
Better late then neuer to looke to thy state.
217. 'It is better play with the cares then the tongue :'  
But some that must lose them thinke this is  
wrong.
218. 'It's good still to hold the asse by the bridle :'  
But he is an asse that still is so idle.
219. 'The faire feathers still make the faire fowles :'  
But some haue faire feathers that looke but like  
owles.
220. 'The fire is neuer without heate :'  
That some well know that ill do sweate.
221. 'The friend that fainteth is a foe :'  
Then is there no friend that I know.
222. 'The meale of the deuill turnes all to bramme :'  
Then hard fare his seruants yet he hath many a man.
223. 'Early it pricks that will be a thorne :'  
Nay early it budds that will be a horne.
224. 'The ioy of the heart, fairly coulours the face :'  
Nay some can do that when they are in worst case.
225. 'A spurred horse of force must trot :'  
So must a mare that ambles not.
226. 'Hee danceth well to whome Fortune pipes :'  
But they very ill she tabbers with stripes.
227. 'A dead bee will make no hony :'  
But from dead bees it's had for money.
228. 'Good words and ill deedes deceaue wise and foolles :'  
But ill deedes can neuer except men be mules.
229. 'Ill goes the boate without the ore :'  
And without rudder ill the whoore ;  
But if they haue both winde and tide  
Full in their poopees, apace thei'll slide.
230. 'Who sits too well thinkes ill too oft :'  
Nay all thinke best to sit aloft.
231. 'Who vseth mee better then hee was vs'd,  
By him I am or shall be abus'd :'  
But with true louers that's vnture,  
Who eu'ry day giue fanors new.
232. 'Who suffers orecomes : 'Nay that's but with some ;  
Some maides suffer men till they be ouercome.
233. 'A barking mastiffe neuer bites :'  
As soone as some still-bralling wights.
234. 'Who hath time and staies for it,  
Often so, hee loseth it :'  
But all haue time that are aloue  
Yet few haue time aright to thrue.
235. 'Who doth euill hates the light :'  
Light women some do loue by night.
236. 'Who hath no children feedes them fatt :'  
Some coockholds are alone for that.
237. 'Who serues the people nothing serues :'  
So nothing he thereby deserues ;  
But best they serue that best do guard  
That nothing ; and earne best reward.
238. 'Who sleepes with dogs shall wake with fleas :'  
But ladies doggs haue none of these.
- Wi. Wall.*
239. 'HARD with the hard, ne're made good wall :'  
Yet know I one (hardy) hardly will fall.
240. 'Its merry in hall when beards wagg all :'  
So thinke not some though oft their wines (there)  
wagg  
About their businesse, but to fill their bagg.
241. 'Wedding and hanging the Destinies dispatch :'  
But hanging to some seemes the better match.
242. 'Look ere thou leape : ' but no good they reape  
That are to be hang'd though they looke ere they  
leape.
243. 'The hastie man neuer wants wo :'  
To this they that flye a whore-house, say no.
244. 'He is as rich as a new-shorne sheepe :'  
So may hee bee fatt though his wooll be not deepe.

245. 'He turned his tippet : ' but as I descerne  
The tippet still turned the Turner Perne.
246. 'A good tale ill told is marr'd in the telling : '  
But the best tale well readd is a lye in the spelling.
247. 'As deepe drinks the goose as the gander doth  
drinke : '  
Or els she were worse then a gander I think.
248. 'Some men can neuer keepe the wolfe from the  
doore : '  
Faith they are as idle as their strength and witt  
poore.
249. 'Better meales many, then too merry one : '  
Yet some are most merry when they eate alone.
250. 'I wott what I wott : '  
Or els thou wottst not.
251. 'Some kisse the child for the nurses sake : '  
If they bee their owne wiues they do not mistake.
252. 'Some men thinke the moone's made of greene  
cheese : '  
Nay if they thinke so those men are but geese.
253. 'Well, well' quoth some, 'many wells many  
buckets : '  
Not so, for one Sise may serue many sockets.
254. 'Its hard to make an olde dogg lye low : '  
But an old bitch is made soone do so.
255. 'Hvsbands be in heau'n whose wiues runne not  
ryott : '  
I much doubt of that, they had (here) too much  
quiett.
256. 'Some do claw where it doth not yth : '  
They claw their elbow when they yth in the brich.
257. 'Some cockolds cappes haue more ease then their  
head : '  
Sith hornes still are sencelesse where ere they are  
bred ;  
And yet some cockolds though their caps be of horne,  
Their heads neuer ake, but highly are borne.
258. 'Hop whoore, pipe theefe, hangman lead the  
dance : '  
Who euer doth lead it, he ends it perchance.
259. 'Some iades there be take the bit in their teeth : '  
But more in their talles ne're taken therewith.
260. 'It's ill putting a weapon in a mad mans hands : '  
But worse in our owne when anger commands.
261. 'It's ill healing an old sore : '  
No : it is good if well paid therefore.
262. 'No playing with a straw before an old cat : '  
Yes ; if one play as she doth with that.
263. 'No cooke but lickes his own fingers, wee see : '  
If they bee in some pyes he shall do it for mee.
264. 'Blacke will take no other hue : ' but it will,  
Or els some blacke women would not paynt so  
stil.
265. 'Some do amend when they cannot appaire : '  
But more do discead then to dispaire ;  
For wee haue had examples too new,  
And more we shall haue, that this is too true.
266. 'Better is the last smile then the first laughter : '  
But the last should be first had I a daughter.

267. 'Ill can they pipe that lacke their vpper lips : '  
But worse do they pipe that lack their nether  
lips.
268. 'God-fathers oft giue their blessings in a clout : '  
But it is so curst that little comes out.
269. 'As good an ynych as an ell : ' not so neither :  
Though some for an ynych take ells altogether.
270. 'Do well and haue well : ' neyther so still ;  
For some are good doers whose hauings are ill.
271. 'Belesue wel and haue well : ' with truth still this  
strines,  
Some thinke they haue wel that haue whoores to  
their wiues.
272. 'A man cannot eat his cake and haue it stil : '  
That may be, vnlesse his retention be ill.
273. 'What are workemen without tooles : '  
Faith workemen still, though counted foolles ;  
Yet were they so they should be able,  
To get their lyuing with their bable.
274. 'No more can we haue of the fox but the skin : '  
Yes, bones to make dice, which now is no sin.
275. 'Who had that he hath not, would do that he doth  
not : '  
Not so ; for some haue no wit nor grace  
And yet they do well and liue in good place.
276. 'Men faine would stop two gaps with one bush : '  
Those men proue but beasts if it be at a push.
277. 'He recouer the horse or lose the saddle too : '  
Do but couer a mare and that maist thou doo.
278. 'Who too much gripeth, the lesse he holdeth : '  
Nay that's not so ; for some do gripe so much  
That all's their owne that they do once but touch.

*Otherwise.*

279. 'WHO too much embraceth still the lesse closeth : '  
But that is false ; for some so much do close  
With their embracing, that they nothing lose.
280. 'They may ill runne that cannot go : '  
Yet some tongues (stutting) still do so.
281. 'Svch beginning, such an end : ' This Ile not applaud,  
For Luce did like a whore begin but ended like a  
baud.
282. 'There be many more waies to the wood then one : '  
But (heere) it's false for our woods are al gone.
283. 'Eu'ry winde blowes not downe the corne : '  
But something as light haue it downe borne.
284. 'It's ill casting pretious stones before swine : '  
Yet some very sowes it makes very fine.
285. 'It went in at the one eare and out at the other : '  
Then braines are still absent, when eares meete to-  
gether.
286. 'It is bad cloth that will take no coulour : '  
But such a cloth ne're was scoured by fuller ;  
For if it be cloth some hue must ensue,  
Vnlesse it be *done* ; and yet that's an hue.
287. 'Hee sets cocke on the hoope in ' you would say :  
For cocking in hoopcs is now all the play.  
And therefore no maruell mens stockes often droope,  
That still vae the cocke-pit to set cocke in hoope.

288. 'Small pitchers haue wide eares:' but so they may fall,  
That their eares may be little or nothing at all.
289. 'Spend and God will send:' but wot ye what followes?  
A staffe and wallet, the galle or the gallows.
290. 'On the house top in anger, soone is a foole:'  
But some in the seller their anger do coole.
291. 'It's fond to spurne against the pricke:'  
But many witty vse that trick.
292. 'The one cannot pisse but the other must fart:'  
Then both are but beasts, as (Prouerb), thou art.
293. 'The leg of a lark is worth two of a kite:'  
That's sith the ones heauy, the other light;  
Then if legs we weigh by lightnesse; in sence,  
The leg of a puncke is meate for a prince.
294. 'We shall haue larkes when the skie doth fall:'  
Then wee shall haue fire to roste them withall.
295. 'Nought is impossible to a willing hart:'  
Yes, many would but they cannot fart.
296. 'Take all things as they come and bee content:'  
So many whores do, and yet pay their rent.
297. 'Prouide for the worst, the best it selfe saues:'  
Then must wee prouide best for whores and knaues.
298. 'Some take ease in their inne:' how can they so,  
When the pox goes with them whereuer they go?
299. 'Hee laughs still that winnes' and yet this truth lies:  
For Marc wonne the pox and yet still he cries.
300. 'Who haue many pease may put the more in the pott:'  
Yet many haue so but they put them not.
301. 'God nere sends mouthes but He sends meate:'  
Yea, if some knew where meat to get.
302. 'When the pigg is proferd hold ope thy poke:'  
So bad women doe and to proffer prouoke.
303. 'Slouth breeds a scab:' but some men by dooing,  
Oft get a scabb that proues their vndoing.
304. 'Early vp and nere the neere:'  
It's false; for then some strike their deere.
305. 'Hot loue is soone cold:' Then it's base desire,  
Which oft is soone cooled by a quick fire.
306. 'The fatt's in the fire:' So may some say  
That by fry serpents are burnt quite away.
307. 'An inch breaks no square:' but lesse of a dagger  
In any man's throte would make him to swagger.  
*Aguine.*
308. 'An inch breakes no square:' but lesse in a dye,  
Makes many so square that some flat do lye.
309. 'An inch breakes no square:' but lesse many times,  
Do make too long by a foote, many rimes.
310. 'Where there is little, a small thing much easeth:'  
Yet some that haue nothing a small thing displeaseth.
311. 'Hvnger makes hard beanes soft to appeare:'  
But an horse thinks allwayes they are good cheere.
312. A prouerb doth say 'that where sadles lack,  
Better ryde on a padde then on the horse back:'  
But I say its better ride on the gallows,  
Then on the best padd, for the ill that followes.
313. 'Let them that bee colde blow at the cole:'  
So may a man do, and yet play the foole.
314. 'Farewell vnkist:' That farwel's vnkinde;  
And rather then so, kisse, though behinde.
315. 'A beck's as good as a Dieu-guard:'  
It neede to be so, it's a Noble's reward.
316. 'A little pott's soone hott:'  
Neuer when it warmeth not.
317. 'If riches bring feare, gold's bought to deere:'  
But would I had solde my hopes for that feare.
318. 'Who can sing so merry a note  
As he that cannot change a grote:'  
Mary that can he that hath a voyce  
T' allure to him the Angells choise.
319. 'Poore poets heads are euer full of bees:'  
But I ne're heard that hony came from these.
320. 'Pouerty parts fellowship:' not euer so;  
For it makes beggers together go.
321. 'All greene things are gay:' but I say nay;  
For some wits are greene that are nothing gay.
322. 'When the belly's full, bones most would rest:'  
But full-bellied women bones most molest.
323. 'A friend's nere knowne till neede (in deede):'  
But need's more knowne then friend at neede.
324. 'All is not Gospell claw-backs speaks;' and why?  
For were it Gospell Gospell oft should lye.
325. 'While the legg warmes the boote harmes:' I, I;  
But Ile warme my leggs and my bootes neuer fry.
326. 'Some thing hath some sauor:' faith, very small:  
Nay a box on the eare hath no smell at all.
327. 'Some tongues runnes before some wits too and fro:'  
Those tongs are too swift, and those wits much to slowe.
328. 'The gray mare is oft the better horse:'  
Ther's no coulour for that: then the better is worse.
329. 'In docke, out nettle:' but nettles in dock  
Oft nettle themselves, as sure as a rock.
330. 'Too much of one thing is good for nought:'  
That make some mens wiues slipp more then they ought.
331. 'Three may keepe counsell if two be away:'  
And so may all three if nothing they say.
332. 'Forbearance is no quittance:' that's not so:  
For some by forbearance are quit of a foe.
333. 'Cuft catt's no good mouse-hunt:' Thats but a iest;  
For wiues that be wild-catts well cuft still do best.
334. 'How can the foale amble when the horse doth trot?'  
Yes, well; for by vse an amble is gott;  
But Marcus the old colt by force of long vse,  
(And coming from trotters) to trot cannot choose.
335. 'Men should not presse much to spend much on  
fooles,  
Away is fish cast that is cast in dry pooles:'  
But if this be true, great men haue small wits;  
For they must bestow on fooles and parasits.
336. 'The cat would haue fish but not wet her feete:'  
But flesh she had rather if it she could meete.
337. 'Hee that will thrive must aske leaue of his wife:'  
That's true if he lackes an halter or knife;  
I am not so cruell to wiues for all that;  
But if husbands aske leaue, they be I wot what.

338. 'Its hard to wiue and thrive in one yeare :'  
Faith, the time is too cheape and the match is too deere.
339. 'Some lasses haue eaten a stake to the end :'  
Their bellies are so big that their backs will not bend.
340. 'Iacke would be a gentleman if he could speake French :'  
The pox he would, hee's neerer it an ynh.
341. 'Phryne doth stand as sh'had a flea in her eare :'  
That's when she hath flead an other an other where.
342. 'Some thinke their feete be where their head shall neuer come :'  
So thinke the hangman when he hangeth vp some.
343. 'Some say it's merry, when knaues do meete :'  
But not when they with blowes do greete.
344. 'Some would faine fie but feathers they want :'  
That is the fyre, the proud or ignorant.
345. 'Tis hard for one man all faults to amend :'  
But harder for women crackt in the end.
346. 'Hee's liuesse that's faultlesse :'  
For some there be liuesse, stinke most wickedly.
347. 'That which is sent by Iohn Long the carrier :'  
Makes him that lookes for't a passing longe tarrier.
348. 'Great boast and small rost :'  
If it be so then farwell frost.
349. 'A man shall as soone breake his necke as his fast  
In a miser's house :'  
Yet stay, make no hast  
To condemne his fare-cost : for it is confest  
That there is no cheare to a misers feast.
350. 'Thought is free :'  
Yet if kings found  
Thou thoughtst them ill, thou shouldst be bound.
351. 'Phryne is often tane in a trip :'  
Yet often orethrowes ere she will slip.
352. 'Who meddles with all things, the gosling may shoo :'  
Then goslings be shoed by geese that I know.
353. 'Fvscus his old wife now lies alone,  
When he lyes with her 'he roasts but a stone.'
354. 'Shee that worst may, doth the candle hold :'  
Faith then she is too yong or too old.
355. 'Some cannot see the wood for trees :'  
As well as lawyers lawes, for fees.
356. 'Some lasses lips hang in their light :'  
And yet their lips and hips are light.
357. 'Some wantons stand in their owne light :'  
Yet their lowe lying makes them light.
358. 'Fancy may boult bran till it be flower :'  
But that will fat but fooles I am sure.
359. 'Loue me little, loue me long :'  
But little loue great loue doth wrong.
360. 'The deuills in the horolodge :'  
I thinke so ;  
For the clockes lye faster (oft) then they go.  
*Otherwise.*
361. 'The deuill's in the horolodge :'  
That's a lye sure,  
For then would his tongue lye lowd eur'y houre.
362. 'As merry as cup and can :'  
Drinke makes the dull ;  
But cannes are most sad when they are most full.
363. 'As merry as pies :'  
Maid's are made by the cup ;  
When pies are most merry their tails they turne vp.

364. 'I trust the bore will no more so deepe wroote :'  
Yes, if he meetes an eringo-roote.
365. 'She is as wise as Waltams calfe :'  
Yet many sucke a bull till she leaues but halfe.
366. 'Fvrther then the wall we cannot goe :'  
The priest that fell in went further then so.
367. 'A groning horse and grunting wife neuer failes  
their master :'  
Yes, if the master haue not life to ply them with  
the waster.
368. 'Some wiues' (some say) 'haue nine liues like  
a cat :'  
If they scratch together the better for that.
369. 'It's a bad sacke will abide no clouting :'  
Yet many a durt-sacke abides none for powting.
370. 'They say that the lothe stake standeth most long :'  
Then many most willing, are in the wrong.
371. 'The crowe thinke her owne bird fairest in the  
wood :'  
Then thinke she of that she ill vnderstood.
372. 'Change of pastures for calues do make :'  
The proverbes a calfe that so doth mistake ;  
For if they be bare and to much defilde,  
By change from the calfe the fat's but exilde.
373. 'He that neuer climb'd neuer yet fell :'  
Yes, from the dunghill, some fall to hell.
374. 'Let patience still in your garden appeare :'  
This lessons but women, still borne to beare.
375. 'Where nothing is, the king his right doth lose :'  
But he hath some subjects that are all or no nose ;  
Then a nose he quight loseth by the last of those,  
As he of the first may (at large) dispose.
376. 'Shamefull crauing must haue shamefull nay :'  
Some shame not to deny ere the praiers pray.
377. 'It's good to beware by other mens harmes :'  
Then neuer would soldier come neere hott alarmes
378. 'Marcus doth buy and sell mee :'  
Then hee's madd ;  
For sure hee'l lose, without more witt he had.
379. 'Marcus' (they say) 'doth tell tales out of schooles :'  
They are no tales ; truth's told by babes and fooles.
380. 'Lvce beares fire in th' on hand and water in th'  
other :'  
But in her chaffendish beares both together ;  
Shee's 'ambodexter, with both hands shee playes :'  
But yet with both leggs she workes nights and  
dayes.
- 'Shees woone with an apple and lost with an nutt :'  
Her bumme is no bilbo, and yet it will cutt  
As keene as a razer that shaues away all,  
And ne're vse sweete-water, nor yet barber's ball.
381. 'Sharkus is shackled for want of a pleader :'  
And so he in Newgate is now a ring-leader.
382. 'Whores still are Clawbackes to knaues but for  
lack :'  
Who stil claw their bellyes as they claw their  
backe :  
But if they were both well clawd with a whipp,  
They would leaue their clawing ; or clawe and  
then skippe.



383. 'Better vnborne' (they say) 'then vntaught :'  
Yet bawds teach to beare well, themselves being  
nought.
384. 'Bee it better, be it worse,  
Do after him that beares the purse :'  
Were this good aduice, then (as Iudas did)  
Wee all should hang ourselves ; which God forbid.
385. 'The great to the grindstone the small's nose do  
hold :'  
Then the small that are noseles, with them may  
be bold.
386. 'Ioan in the darke is as good as my lady :'  
Nay, perhapps better, such ladies there may bee.
387. 'When all candles be out all catts be gray :'  
This none but careless leachers will say.
388. 'Fowle waters good ynough t'extinguish fire :'  
Then fowle befall him that doth fowle desire.
389. 'Still Cupid's arrowes neere the hart do stick '  
But Venus still shootes nearest to the (Pin).
390. 'At his owne bridall it's meete a man bee :'  
Who wedds another's wife, how there is hee?
391. 'The black oxe hath not trode on Phrimes fine  
foote :'  
Proverb you lye, for I saw Phorbus doo't.
392. 'The end of our good beginneth our euill :'  
If so, the best lyuers still goe to the deuill.
393. 'Hee that sells lawne before he can fold it,  
He shall repent him before he hath sold it :'  
Nay diuers sell lawne that no folders be,  
And sell it with ioy sith they tooke it to sea.
394. 'Some bargaine's deare bought and cheape should  
be sold :'  
So many would sell their wiues if they could.
395. 'Though they be of gold none loue their gyues :'  
Yet many do loue golden whores to their wiues.
396. 'Better eies out then euer to ake :'  
But yet were they out the paine would not slake ;  
For he in his head that hath ner' an eye  
Oft eates many a fly though his wife bee by.
397. 'Who so bolde as blinde Bayard?' yes one that  
could see  
Stole the weather-cocke of Paules, and yet lame  
was he.
398. 'I am cast at carts arse ;' may they say that skyp  
Away from the cart, to auoide the whipp.
399. 'Hee that doth gape vntill he be fedd,  
Well may he gape vntill he be dead :'  
The reason is so many mouthes gape  
For every thing still, that nothing doth scape.
400. 'Faire Candida can neuer labour yonger :'  
For shее's in labour being thirteene vnder.
401. 'A beare goes to the stake with more good will :'  
Then some queanes goe to stake ; yet wyn-they  
still.
402. 'Cast an olde shooe after Luscus for luck :'  
That goes to his deere, her deerely to buck.
403. 'The rough nett is not best catcher of birds :'  
No, nor the smooth best catching affords.
404. 'Of sufferance comes ease :' yet some do endure  
The pox all their liues, yet can get no cure.
405. 'Two heads are euer better then one :'  
But if they be wittles, as good there were none.
406. 'The weake hath the worst :' but not euer so ;  
For often weake women strong men ouerthrow.
407. 'The yong cock crowes as he the olde beares :'  
And so sire and sonne alike still appeares :  
So Sharke and his sonne this many a yeare  
Are shutt vp for debt, and alike still appeare.
408. 'Some men still beare two faces in a whood :'  
The whood is badd, or neither face is good.
409. 'Prusus, and's wife, cuts their coate to their cloth :'  
Then the stuffe shrinkes shrewdly ; for th' are  
naked both ;  
So know they by prooffe, and that with good  
speede,  
How *Iudicare* came to their ereede.
410. 'It's ill begging a breech of a bare-arst man :'  
Not so ; for so are Caesars now and than.
411. 'Vnbidden guests no where to sit can tell :'  
O at Baintons, for an angell, excellent wel.
412. 'Olde Sharkus hath a meale-mouth' (as they say)  
Then must his tongue knead dowe there, night  
and day :'  
For it is alway working ; yet still it  
Makes no good cheat, for want of skill and wit.
413. 'A scab'd horse no combe abides :'  
But a scab'd asse each scab still rides.
414. 'Heere is the dore and there is the way :'  
A lailier this will hardly say.
415. 'Lvke laughs in his sleeue :' and thereof he  
braggs ;  
That's easily scene, for he is all rags.
416. 'All's well that ends wel :' Then it is well  
Peter was hang'd, that nere praid till he fell.
417. 'Tyde tarries no man :' But some are so tide  
That still they must needes all commers abide.
418. 'Of a good beginning comes a good end :'  
At end and beginning I may amend.



## To Worthy Persons.

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*To the high and mighty monarch of Great Brittain, my  
most deere Soueraigne, King Iames.*

FOR bounty, clemency and chastity,  
(Three vertues which in Cæsars sildome meete)  
No king that euer swaidd this monarchy  
To rules of grace and peace, hath made so meete ;  
Bloud thou abhorrest, sith (oft) thereon doth fleetē  
Extremity of Law to worlds of wrong :  
But bitter bloud thou makest suger-sweete,  
In the right veines to which it doth belong.  
If some escape those channells, griu'd thou art  
And long'st to stop it straitē (so maist thou long)  
Thou want'st no will, much lesse wit, powre or art,  
To heale thy Commons' hurts and make them strong :  
Then with a ladies hand sith thou wouldst cure,  
The sore's too sore that cannot that endure.

*True Brittaines to their Prince.*

VNTO the Highst we are enforc'd to giue  
Numbers of names His nature so to show ;  
But all come short of that we do beleue  
Is due to Him for Whome all natures flowe.  
So thou His image, whome a god He stiles,  
(That giues no name that Nature doth relect)  
We name by diuers kingly names, the whiles  
Thy nature farre surmounts them in effect.  
And if the minde doth shew her rightest face  
In glasses of the eyes (as some anouche)  
Then is thy greatnesse lesser then thy grace ;  
Though to thy greatnesse greatest peeres do crouche :  
Then greatest branch of Highnes' highest tree,  
Thou being our prince we must great Brittaines bee.

*To the most honorable by vertue, state and place, Thomas  
Lord Ellesmere, Lord Chancellor of England, mine euer-  
approved good lord and master.*

WHILE Loue doth search the cauerne of my braine  
To finde Wits treasure to adorne thy fame,  
I finde (great Master) it doth toile in vaine ;  
Because the mine's too empty for the same.  
For, if in thee wee eye what eyes may see,  
It makes the eye in what it sees delight,  
But if we looke on that vnscene in thee  
(But by effects) it ioyes the minde and spright.  
Thy matter is most formall, and thy forme  
Is most materiall in refined worth :

And both to glory grace doth still conforme ;  
For, all that heare or see thee, sets thee forth.  
Then though thine owne I be, I may auert,  
No king on earth hath such a chancellor.

*To the right honorable commecellor of counsellors Robert  
Earle of Salisbury, Lord Treasurer of England.*

ACHILLES to his friend, Patroclus had ;  
Aeneas his Achates ; Phillip's sonne  
Had his Ephestion ; and Darius made  
Zopirus sterne of his dominion ;  
Scipio had Lælius : but the best of them  
Steeded much lesse then thou, their king and realme.

*To the most noble and right honorably disposed lord,  
Thomas Earle of Suffolke, Lord Chamberlaine to his  
most excellent Ma<sup>tie</sup> &c.*

HEROICK and deere-naturde noble Lord,  
Which doth extend itselfe to good them all  
That follow thee, or doth with it accord ;  
Vouchsafe to let me let thy name to fall  
Out of my pen among thy fellow-peeres,  
With care (past care) which doth to it belong ;  
Whose goodnesse vn to all itselfe endeeers,  
As did thy plaine (yet princely) fathers, long ;  
For which he was a member best belou'd  
That e're this State produc'd beneath the head ;  
Then thine, by his deere nature being mou'd,  
Must gaine like loue but cheaper purchased ;  
That all may say (when thy deere life is done)  
For gayning (cost-lesse) loue, such sire, such sonne.

*To the most noble, learned, temperate and iudicious Lord,  
Henry, Earle of Northampton, Lord priuy-seale &c.*

DEERE Lord ! Thy vertue and admired worth  
Both Time, and Fortune, now makes so to shine  
By that cleere starre ascended from the North,  
That now thy rales in pow'r are halfe diuine.  
Before thy vertues did thy minde but schoole  
To make it capable of power and sway ;  
Which so prepar'd, straight found the way to rule  
By learning long discreetly to obey.  
For though thy forces wanted armes to act,  
Yet that was all their want, and had more skill

Then some that were (in action) thought exact :  
So thou dost gouerne men as Wit doth Will.

For as thou actest now on Wisedomes stage,  
Thine action glorifies thy name and age.

*To the right reuerend father in God, Doctor Abbot,  
Bishop of London.*

MOST graue, iudicious, learned and reuerend priest,  
Whose place, whose grace, whose glory, and whose all  
Are such as we must hemme within the list  
Of those whome wee account most principall.  
There was a time when I (vnworthy I)  
Was knowne to thee ; when thou such vse didst make  
(For mine aduantage) of my quality,  
As loue is bound t' abound (thus) for thy sake.  
The serpents wisdome, doue-like innocence,  
Thy head and heart doth harbour, so that thou  
With grace dost beare high Fortunes eminence ;  
Which for thy woorkes, she doth on the bestow :  
Pardon (great prelate) sith I thus presume  
To sence perfection with imperfect fume.

*To my much honored Lord, worthy of all honorable  
titles, for courage, wit, and learning, William  
Earle of Pembroke.*

LEARN'D and iudicious Lord, if I should balke  
Thyne honord name, it being in my way ;  
My Muse vnworthy were of such a walke  
Where Honors branches make it euer May.  
O could my might with May proportion hold,  
My May should be so glorious, in effect,  
That it should worke what might and glory could ;  
Wherewith thy Glories stile should still be deckt.  
But though I may, I cannot wanting might ;  
Which makes my May to worke as cold as bare :  
So then (like Winter) I must push thy right,  
Although to right thee be my Muses care :  
But when the sonne of fauor shines on mee  
My May may then haue Might to flourish thee.

*To the right noble Lord, worthy of all loue and honor,  
the Lord Vicount Lisle.*

DEERE Lord, while I doe muse to finde out words  
To suite thy worth, I finde the labour great ;  
For still so much true Worthines affords  
That fullest words are nothing so compleate.  
Faine would I do thee honor if I could,  
For many deere respects ; but ah, alas !  
Small is the honor rimes both few and cold  
Can giue thy vertues, which all praise doth passe.  
Learning and armes, together with the Muse  
(Which trinity of powers Artes heau'n sett forth)  
Thy brother did into thy brest infuse  
As to the heire of all his matchlesse worth :  
Then sith Sr Phillip still in thee abides  
There's more in thee then all the world besides.

*To my right noble pupill and ioy of my heart,  
Aulgerounn, Lord Percy.*

TH' Italian hand I teach you ; but their tricks  
I cannot teach ; for they are politicks.

Yet if their politicks you do not learne,  
Do not so much as once but touch the sterne  
Of any state, though you be putt to it ;  
For then it wracks that want No Want of Witt.

*To the honorable and my much-honored Sr  
Iohn Egerton Knight.*

To minde you in my wilde light-footed rimes,  
Which runne like roes till scarce themselves they see,  
Is but a trick (vs'd in these wilder times)  
That scarce with ciuill manners doth agree :  
Yet for my Muse would faine her cunning proue  
To catch you (as men hares with tabers catch)  
She draws these lines to compasse in your loue ;  
For which in game and earnest still I watch :  
And if thereby I chance to compasse it,  
He say your loue is tamer then my witt.

*To the most truly noble knight, worthy of all praise, loue,  
and honor, Sr Iohn Harington, onely sonne to the  
noble Lord, the Lord Harington.*

SHOULD I depaint thee with those shades and lights  
(For rightest coulours will but wrong the life)  
That might but touch thy vertues' depths and heights :  
Arte with her selfe would strue to bee at strife :  
For should I touch thy minde (intangible,  
Fraught with whatever makes or good or great,  
As learning, language, artes immensible,  
Witt, courage, courtesie ; and all compleat.)  
I should but straine my skill to do thee wrong  
Sith Arte itselfe may faile to do thee right ;  
All thy perfections are so great, so stronge,  
As are the paires that gaue those parts such might.  
Thou blest wast in thy tutor too ; (as was  
The worlds first conqueror) for such was hee  
As being dead, his woorth (that price did passe)  
Still liues in mindes that highest valued bee.  
Tovy, although the mother of vs all  
Re-getts thee in her wombe ; thou filst her so  
With glory of thy vertues, that shee shall  
Preserue thy name till she re-chaos'd go  
To purging-flames ; yet they (with voice diuine)  
Shall thunder forth thy pupills fame, and thine.

*To the truly noble knight, Sr Allen Percy.*

WERT thou where euer humane creatures were  
Though sauages of most inhumane kinde ;  
Yet (noble knight) as thou thyself dost beare,  
Thou wouldst among them loue and fauour finde ;  
So faire thy body but more faire thy minde  
Appeares t'externall and internall sence,  
That they the barbaroust heartes would strongly binde  
T'adore thee as some super-excellence :  
So on (deere knight) with thy so happy race,  
While heau'n and earth do thee (in loue) embrace.

*To the most learned and valerous knight,  
Sr Christopher Heydon.*

LEARNING and armes both being much distrest  
For want of harbour (since our Sidney dyde,  
Sith they sought harbour in one single brest)  
At last they entred thine, where they abide.  
Wherein it's hard to say which hath chiefe place,  
Mars or Minuera ; but both so do shine  
That they in thee are glorious for thy grace,  
Which in Fames rubrick thus I enterline.  
Thou guardest that whereat a Chamber shott,  
With many a hott-shott els, and didst returne  
Their broken trash (which they for mischief gott)  
Into their breasts, where it till death did burne :  
So heau'n and earth must eccho lowd thy fame,  
Sith they are greatly pleasurde by the same.

*To the learned, iudicious, and my much-honoured alye,  
Sir Francis Louell, Knight.*

DEERE knight, I am thine owne, by bonds as strong  
As bloud can make, or humblest loue compose ;  
Then thee I may not praise, sith praise they wrong  
Who praise themselves. But Truth will this approue :  
Thou art much more then thou wilt seeme to bee ;  
Yet bee thou wilt what best beseemeth thee.

*To my much honored and affectionately beloved  
Sir Edward Walgrave, Knight.*

THOU leonine-lambe where conseruation sweete  
Giues all content to all that worthy are ;  
Yet ready to give Wrong a sharpe regreete :  
So knightly entertainest thou peace or warre.  
Could I aduance thy crest on Glories helme  
With lines immortall, I would recollect  
My drouping powres (which tolde doth ouerwhelme)  
And place it there in signe of Worths effect.  
For if true Worth doth truest glory gaine,  
Thy fame's as bright as thy worth's right and plaine.

*To the thrice noble, learned, and renowned knight,  
Sr William Sydeley.*

FAME that acquaints my Muse with rarest men  
Now makes thee subject to her tongue, my pen.  
Thy rare perfections she should much neglect,  
Should shee not set thee forth as Fame's elect !  
Fortune to thee (as to fewe learn'd beside)  
Giues great estate, and thy state dignifide ;  
But should shee giue thee what thou dost deserue  
Shee should exhaust hir store thy turne to serue :  
Sith thou turn'st all which now thou dost possesse  
But to the seruice of true worthinesse.

*To the royall, ingenious, and all-learned knight,  
Sr Francis Bacon.*

✓ THY bounty, and the Beauty of thy Witt  
(Comprised in Lists of Law and learned Arts,  
Each making thee for great *Imploiment* fitt  
Which now thou hast, (though short of thy deserts)

Compells my Pen to let fall shining *Inke*  
All to bedew the Baies that deck thy Front ;  
And to thy health in *Helicon* to drinke  
As to her *Bellamour*, the Muse is wont :  
For thou dost her embosom ; and, dost  
Her company for sport twixt graue affaires.  
So vtterest Law the liuelyer through thy Muse :  
And for that all thy Notes are sweetest Aires ;  
*My Muse thus notes thy worth in eu'ry Line,*  
*With yncke which thus she sugers ; so, to shine.*

*To my right Worthily-beloued Sr Iohn Davies Knight,  
Attorney generall of Ireland.*

GOOD Sir, your nature so affects my Name,  
That both your *Name* and *Nature* are mine owne :  
And in their loue to both, affect your fame ;  
Yet hauing not like fortunes, liue vnknowne.  
And (Loadstone-like) did not your nature draw  
Mine to the Poynt which yours did once proiect,  
These hard *Rimes* to digest (as rude as raw)  
No Cause should e're haue brought to this effect.  
But yet to imitate our Friends in ill  
Is much more ill ; and too vnkinde accord :  
Of *Ill* you write too well ; and so I will  
(If so I can) to make *Ill* more abhord :  
*Then if you like these Purgings of my Braine,*  
*He nere beleene that ought it yeelds is vaine.*

*To the immortall memory and deserved honor of the  
Writer of the Tragedy of Mustapha, (as it is written,  
not printed) by Sr Fulke Grevill, Knight.*

SWELL proudly Numbers on words' windy seas  
To raise this buskin-poet to the skies ;  
And fix him there among the Pleyades,  
To light the Muse in gloomy tragedies.  
Vpon Times scowling brow he hath indorc'd  
A tragedy that shall that brow out-weare ;  
Wherein the Muse beyond the minde is forc'd  
(In rarest raptures) to Arts highest spheare :  
No line but reaches to the firmament  
Of highest sense, from surest ground of wit.  
No word but is like Phebus luculent ;  
Then all yeeld luster well-nere infinite :  
So shine bright scenes till on the starry stage  
The gods re-act you in their equipage.

*To the most noble and vallerous knight, Sr  
Robert Mauncell.*

GLORY of Wales, and splendor of thy name,  
True Valors home ; whose more then manly heart  
Still death out-dares ; whose earnest is thy game  
By sea or land, and loy'st but in his smart.  
Hold Muse, no more, to tell what all he is,  
Would aske a volume greater farre then this.

*To my much honored, approoued, and beloved friend,  
Sr Iohn Sammes Knight.*

To you these gamesome measures nimble moue,  
To shew in earnest how my Muse desires  
To shew how much shee honors you for loue,  
Which I haue proued in Afflictions fyres :

*hat  
document*

No greater prooffe Mistrust itselfe requires :  
Then as to him I loue for tryed trust,  
And loues the mirth that well the Muse attires,—  
I send these toyes to read, which vent I must,  
Or Mirth will madde my braines, which them inspires,  
To see the follies which in all appeare ;  
And mee among the rest, who still do lust  
To ouer runne them in my Rimes' careere :  
Then take and reade, but if they welcome bee,  
Laugh not at them but when you smile on me.

*To the worthy knight, Sir Edward Eston.*

WERE all our knights so worthy (euery way)  
Of their degree as thou ; then should no play  
Nor earnest scoffe, so taxe some (worthily)  
As now they do ; but thy soules clearer eye  
Sees what becomes thy state in euery kinde,  
And dost thereafter ; yea thou seekst to finde  
That which adornee thee in the eye of all  
That are not enuious, proude or partiall :  
Breefly, thou art that which thou seemst to bee,  
And seemest well worthy of more high degree.

*To my deere pupill and highly honord friend,  
Thomas Puckering Esquire.*

I DO protest (alas, that's easily done,  
Sith all the world doth nothing but protest)  
Your beames of fauor warme me like the sunne  
That darts his comforts' beames from East to West,  
From East to West (so farre our fortunes flee  
Each other fro) from you the rising East  
To mee, the falling West, they stretch'd bee ;  
Where till they higher rise they lowely rest.  
And though (like Thetis) I them entertaine  
With streames of brackish teares, rais'd high by ioy :  
Yet this good do they by their rest obtaine ;  
They do their vertue kindly so imploy,  
That when they rise againe to set in mee,  
I may receaue the same, and shine through thee.

*To my good friend, Rich. Rauenscroft Esquire.*

A CROFT I made my wife, which bare to me  
A crophe of care, and Barne the same to inne :  
But thou art Rauens-croft, and rauens bee  
Spoilers of crofts, and cropps that are therein :  
But if the crofts containe but croppes of cares,  
They do but well to spoyle them in the growing ;  
For better were it they should beare but tares  
Then beare but that that is lesse worth the mowing.  
If thou be *Rauens-croft* then, clens'd is thy croft  
From all that hurtfull is ; for lawes correct  
Those that do kill them, sith they beare aloft  
That which the aire below doth but infect.  
Then sith my half's a Croft, as is thy name,  
For that I loue, but more for thy good fame.

*To my most louing and intirely beloued Pupill, Mr  
Arthur De-la-vale, attending the right honourable  
and most happy Earle of Dunbarre.*

THY name is of the Vale : thy nature, not :  
For it is kinde and truly generous :  
As are thy worthy brothers (well I wott)  
Then is thy nature highly vertuous :  
Yet being lowly too as is the Dale,  
Thy name thy nature fits, deere De-la-Vale.

*To the Lord Chancellors retinue and attendants.*

MASTERS, nay fellowes, though you maisters be,  
Fellowes in cloth, though better be your coates,  
And fellow Mowse (that pick'st vp many grotes  
Lying at the gate) my Muse saluteth yee.  
The foremost of the crew I bidd adue,  
Busied too much to read myne idle rimes ;  
But fellow *Cowley* (sighing many times  
For some great losse) for solace them should view.  
What great ones are yee gon at first farwell ?  
Nay, take me with yee ; Ile not leaue yee so :  
Our Lord wee mischiefe must before wee go,  
Then let's conspire and keepe him here in hell ;  
And pray that he may here be pain'd thus  
As long as he may good the Land, and vs.

*To my al-to-beloued friend, Thomas Butler Esquire.*

CANNOT leaue thee out, sith I am in  
The lists of thine affection ; nor can I  
So put thee out with coulours masculine,  
But Truth may say I do the life bely.  
To me so faire's the face of thy desert  
That if my lines should reach but to thy right  
I should bee thought to flatter by mine arte ;  
And shadowes would but wrong what is so bright.  
Then in a line thee to delineate,  
Thou art the antitype of what I hate.

*To my intirely beloued worthy friend, Mr  
Charles Walgrusne.*

SOME rascalls brag that gentlemen they be,  
Because their fathers were lords, knights, or squires :  
Yet rebels are themselves to that degree ;  
Running for all their gentry to their sires.  
Our house (say they) hath bin of ancient standing :  
(But then (say I) such heirs stood not withall)  
Before the Conquest long, the Sheere commaunding.  
God helpe your house, for now it's like to fall  
(Say I againe) you, you will pull it downe,  
Your vices' outrage is so violent :  
For vertue still doth vnder-prop renowne ;  
And curtesie in vertue resident.  
If matchlesse curtesie (that winnes each heart)  
Do best bewray from whence a man's descended,  
Thou art well fitted for that noble part,  
Thou plaist it well, for it thou art commended :  
Because in thee it is not counterfet :  
Which makes thee (diamond-like) more deere then great.

*To my worthy friend, Robert Poynts Esquire.*

THY name is antient ; then some still haue beene  
T' vphold the branches while they flourisht greene ;  
Thou art a branch so full of pith and sap  
That in thy house thou stopst each little gap.  
Mistake me not, my meaning's most sincere,  
As now thou art, and thy forefathers were.

*To mine as antient as louing friend, Mr Peter Ferriman.*

Of my heart's Heau'n through loue (though Hel through  
sin)  
Peter thou keepst the keyes ; yet art lockt in.

*To the right well-deserving Mr Matthew Royden.*

MATTHEW, thou hast tane custome (now) so long  
Of artes abstruse, that I do inly long  
To call thee lowdly to attend on Grace  
That leads to glory those that arte do grace :  
'Thou had'st a Muse as potent in her pow'r  
As those in which the Hen'ns all graces powre :  
Then as my rimes equiuocally meete.  
So, double fame, for thy like arte, is meete.

*To the most bountifull house-keeper and deservedly  
beloued Thomas Farmer Esquire.*

The more like God men bee, the better men ;  
And God's most glorious in His helpfull grace :  
If so, such goodnes makes thee glorious then,  
On whome all men do feede in wretched case :  
God is thy Land-Lord, thou His farmer art ;  
Yet Hee's thy husbandman and takes thy part.

*To the learned and discreet Gent., George Caluert  
Esquire, one of the Clarkes of the Councell.*

Y'ARE now the greatest clarke, for your wise pen,  
Which falsifies the prouerbe, which affirms  
The greatest clarkes are not the wisest men :  
But with your place, your place your wit confirms.  
And for thy wisdome, honesty, and arte,  
Thy place though great, scarce answers thy desart.

*To my deere and much respected friend, Arthure  
Maynwarring, Esquire, bearer of the purse before  
the Lo. Chancellor.*

YOU beare the purse ; but most vnlike to him  
That bare it for the Lord our lord adores ;  
That purse had money in't, though not so trim,  
But yours is rich and yet no money stores,  
Besides in shewe he was a saint at least,  
Yet had within the seale of reprobation ;  
But you no saint in shew, but one in brest :  
So are you all quite of another fashion,  
Your purse is monylesse ; but yet it beares  
What some would mountaines make, if one might vse it ;  
But that I dare not do for both mine eares,  
Least that great Keeper say I much abuse it.  
God blesse me from his sentence, and such tricks  
That are not leard in Iustus politicks.

*To my beloued Walter Leigh, Esquire, serieant at armes  
attending the Lord Chancellor of England.*

THINK out and in-side are so good and great ;  
That worthy art thou that great mase to beare  
Before that great-good Lord, that lawes doth mete  
With conscience, sith there is so little here.  
When thou before him bear'st that mighty mase  
Thou go'st before the grau'st and goodliest lord  
That euer yet supplide that honord place ;  
With whose faire stature thou dost so accord  
That when thou go'st before and he behinde,  
You come behinde none in your diuers kinde.

*To my truly honest (and so rightly honourable) Captaine  
Lawrence Masterson, my good friend.*

LAURENCE, the grediorne (that erst broild to death  
A saint that bare thy name) that iron hot  
Got to his sacred fame immortall breath ;  
Which, with cold iron (good captaine) thou hast gott.  
If souldiers may be saints (as some haue bin)  
Then to Saints, Lawrence thou art neere of kin.

*To my deere friend, countryman, and expert Master in  
the liberall science of Musick, Mr Thomas Warrock.*

ONE citty brought vs forth, and brought vs vp ;  
Then drinke I in this Heliconian cup  
To thee an health ; but if the liquor bee  
Not halfe so pleasing as I wish for thee,  
That fault be mine ; for thou deseru'st the best  
For thy rare hand, head, heart, and louing brest.

*To the most iudicious and excellent lyrick-poet,  
Doctor Campion.*

VPOON my selfe I should iust vengeance take  
Should I omitt thy mention in my rimes ;  
Whose Lines and Notes do lullaby (awake)  
In beau'ns of pleasure, these vnpleasant times.  
Neuer did Lyricks more then happie straines  
(Strained out of Arte by Nature, so, with ease)  
So purely hitt the moods and various vaines  
Of musick and her hearers, as do these.  
So thou canst cure the body and the minde  
(Rare doctor) with thy two-fold soundest arte :  
Hipocrates hath taught thee the one kinde,  
Apollo and the Muse the other part :  
And both so well, that thou with both dost please :  
The minde with pleasure, and the corps with ease.

*To my truly-honest worthy friend Iohn Barlowe Esquire.*

If honesty (true Honors playner name)  
May put thee in the regester of Fame ;  
Then I from thence, may take authority  
There to enrole thee meritoriously.  
Thy minde is free from all that thwarts the same :  
Whose noble nature dignifies thy name :  
Then should I wrong thee being my belou'd,  
Should I not praise that which is so approud.

*To the deere memory of Mr. Thomas Francis of Northfolke, brother-in-law to mine approoued friend R. R.*  
 FAME, and my friend (who is most deere to mee)

Haue made me so acquainted now with thee,  
 That for that deere friends sake and for thine owne,  
 Ile make thee longer though not better knowne.  
 Hee is most blest in hauing such a friend ;  
 For though times change, thou holdst out to the end,  
 One and the same in loue ; like that staid Powre  
 Whome thou dost imitate. Then Fortunes lowre  
 Makes thee no changeling : so thy friend and mine  
 Still findes thy goodnesse like that Good, diuine.  
 So do as many as haue need of thee ;  
 For thou to all art helpfull, kinde and free.  
 The House wherein thou harbourst, shewes thy hart,  
 As it the Fermors doth, that takes thy part.  
 The needy, neigh'ring you, can this auerre ;  
 And so can others that do come from furre.  
 Who (vna-voce) say, they finde more good  
 In you then thousands of more liuelihood.  
 Then least that goodness Time should darken quite,  
 These lines, past time, shall keepe them still in sight.

*To my kinde Nephew, Mr. Charles Bowen.*

CHARLES, you are neere me, then I cannot balke  
 You and your name that lye so in my walke ;  
 Yet wil be breefe with thee, sith thou art mine,  
 Thine aunt and all ; then I must needs be thine.

*To the Lady Wroth.*

*In the deserved praise of heavenly Musick : resembling it to God Himselfe.*

THE motion which the nine-fold sacred quire  
 Of angels make ; the blisse of all the blest,  
 Which (next the Highest) most fills the high'st desire  
 And moues but soules that moue in Pleasures rest.  
 The heavenly charme that lullabies our woes,  
 And recollects the mind that cares distract ;  
 The liuely death of ioyfull Thoughts o'rethrowes :  
 And brings rare ioyes but thought on, into act,  
 Which (like the soule of all the world) doth moue,  
 The vniuersall nature of this All ;  
 The life of life and soule of ioy and loue ;  
 High Raptures heauen ; the That I cannot call  
 (Like God) by reall name : And what is this ?  
 But musick (next the Highest) the highest blisse.

*To our English Orpheus, my deere friend M.  
 John Allen.*

WERE I thy Iudge (deere Iacke) for voice and skill,  
 Thou as a mortall angell shouldst be held ;  
 For, when thy heavenly voice mine eares doth fill,  
 My soule hath much more ioy then she can wield.  
 Whereof (not being dainty to thy friend)  
 Thou hast of yore so lifted vp my spirit  
 That (as in rapture) she Heauen's pleasures kend ;  
 For which and for thy loue and other merrit,  
 Vpon this paper-stone Ile graue thy name ;  
 That times to come may know thee by the same.

*To the generous Maister in Musicke, Mr. Henry Oxford.*

NOT for thy person, nor parts musicall,  
 Do I applaud thee (though all pleasing bee)  
 But for the small esteeme thou makst of all ;  
 For which Ile stretch my lines to honor thee.  
 Some haue but musicke somewhat past the meane,  
 Yet are so treble proud of it, that they  
 At no request will act in Musickes soeane ;  
 These become better with their sweetest play :  
 But like a free-spirit (thereby winning harts)  
 Thou art not dainty of thy dainty parts.

*To mine intirely beloued, Mr. Thomas Giles, most expert  
 teacher in the courtly quality of dauncing.*

THOU Master of the seemeliest motions (yet)  
 That e're were taught in measure of a daunce ;  
 Who to thy minde, well mou'd, thy feete dost set,—  
 So one the others fame doth much aduance.  
 In thy profession neuer sunne yet saw  
 A man that hath or can do more then thou ;  
 The quaint proportions that thy measures draw,  
 And thy faire minde (where Vertues motions flow)  
 Makes thee renound, belou'd and still admird,  
 Whereto thy merrits iustly haue aspired.

*To my worthy friend and admired Mr in the Art of  
 Musicke, M. Peter Edny.*

PETER, thy voyce (like Peters sword) doth sheare  
 From Malchus ! No ; from all, their daintiest eare ;  
 And bearest it with thee by thy voyces sound,  
 To heare thy Sharpes and Flats on Musicks ground.  
 Thy iudgement in that arte, thy wit in all,  
 That vnderiudgement of the Wit doth fall ;  
 Thy stalde discretion and thine honesty,  
 With what else graces their diuersity,  
 Are such, that thou maist well calld Peter bee ;  
 For thou art chiefe in Grace and Musicks See.

*To myne approoued and sincerely beloued friend, Iohn  
 Gyffard Esquire.*

WERE but my fortunes (deere Amphialus)  
 In number, weight and measure, neere to thine ;  
 Then should my loue be so ambitious  
 As to attempt to make thee wholly mine ;  
 But as they are, they are (alas the while)  
 Expos'd but to contempt and hate of loue :  
 For friends in loue now meete but at their stile,  
 And as their state doth stand their loue doth moue.  
 Yet as we loue the Highest for highest grace,  
 And of that grace Hee loueth vs againe ;  
 So high and low may each in loue embrace,  
 And so may I your loue in grace retayne.  
 O then your owne free grace still grace in mee,  
 And Ile be bound as much as it is free.

*Again.*

LOU'ING-BELOU'D ; your generous desert  
 Hath from the world, wonne loue, from mee my hart ;  
 Then put your winnings vp into your chest.  
 Where (being prime) myne age puts vp my rest.

*To my deere Scholler, Master Iohn Hales.*

THINE eye is in mine eye, and all the while  
 I write, it followes mee to tax my stile  
 If it should thee neglect, that art to mee  
 A friend, what euer more (if more might be) :  
 But were it in my powr to make thee mount  
 As in my pens to cast thy iust account ;  
 Thou shouldst be what thou wouldst, or oughtst at least,  
 That's equall to a lord : Ile owe the rest :  
 For should I say't, some greater men would grutch,  
 (Being lesse of worth) as though I wrongd them much ;  
 But this (in mine experience) say I can,  
 A nobler nature neede not be in man.

*To my truly louing and beloved friend  
 Mr William Wall.*

WELL, be so still ; be (as thou art) a Wall  
 For thy friends' saueguard and thine owne withall ;  
 Be thou thyselfe and thou thyselfe wilt bee  
 Desirde of all that rightly value thee ;  
 For if my loue my iudgement blinde not, then  
 Thou art more worth then many wealthy men.

*That which was, nere lou'd the Fryer.*

THERE was a time, yea, yea, a time there was,  
 (But that that was, the Fryer neuer lou'd)  
 When he was held a beast that was an asse,  
 But now an asse is often best approu'd :  
 If beasts approued be approued best,  
 This is a beastly world that men detest.

*Epigram.*

WELL, go to World ! tell me thou can'st not skill  
 Of men that are not absolute in ill ;  
 But such as thou to glory dost aduance,  
 After the deuills pipe and thine, must dance ;  
 Yet ere I to your pipe so foote it would,  
 Ile see you tabberd while your hides can hold.

*Against Plumbus the wealthy most miserable Miser.*

PLUMBUS may spend a thousand pounds a yeare ;  
 And iustice is of peace, that shames the Sheere :  
 Yet like a begger goes, stil goes on foote,  
 And neuer yet hath vsed horse or boote.  
 From home to London (three times forty miles)  
 Is but a walke with Plumbus otherwhiles.  
 At night in ale-houses the man doth lye  
 To exercise his pure spirits pouerty.  
 O diuine vertue ! which a man dost make  
 To liue in wealth as though he liu'd in lacke.  
 But Plumbus come to towne, he by and by  
 Heard that his lownesse should be Sheriffe hie ;  
 Then fell he in a feauer, with pure feare  
 That Fortune would o'rethrow him with this reare,  
 And that a royal hand with one pins point  
 (By pricking) would his strong-knit state vnioynt.  
 Which to preuent, he had liu'd as though he hide,  
 In this base fashion ; so his state to hide.  
 But Plumbus much I muse thou worldly art ;  
 When through a leafe, one pricke doth kill thy heart.

*Against Faustine.*

FAUSTINE will not deuorc'd be from her pheere,  
 Though be (it seemes) good reason hath for that ;  
 Yet till he assurde her some good state a yeere,  
 She seemd (wise-wench) beside her wits thereat.  
 But that being done, shee (like a louing wife  
 To please her husband and herselfe beside)  
 An other husband tooke, to stinte the strife,  
 That twixt her and her husband did abide.  
 Fy ont, she should be trust for this amisse ;  
 ' Treasons in trust ' her quarters pay for this.

*To mine approued deere friend Mr Peregrine Browne.*

THY nature with thy name doth one appeare ;  
 For as thou wert a stranger to this life,  
 Thou carst for nought the world esteemeth deere.  
 What car'st for then ? Thy God, thy soule, thy wife.  
 Nay, something els thou carst for ; thats for mee ;  
 Which well I proue : Then thus I honor thee :  
 Thy most true loue to skill and skills deuine,  
 Still makes thee in my heart a Peregrine.

*To my louing and iudicious friend Mr Francis Wye.*

WYE was the nimphe neere which I first did breath,  
 And Wye's the man with whome I loue to liue ;  
 The first, is apt to nourish life and death,  
 The last, but comforts sweete, to life doth glue ;  
 Then Wye I pree thee runne with righter course  
 To mee, then Wye doth wandring from her source.

*Epigram.*

Or late I went vnto the Tower to see  
 A friend of mine, and beeing there, I found  
 The chappell open : where was shewd to mee  
 Where Essex was interd, thats so renownd.  
 Vpon whose graue were pues but newly pight,  
 To keep all eyes from seeing where he lay,  
 Least they to teares dissolue might with the sight ;  
 So, hees a foot-stoole made for them that pray,  
 And men preyd on him too while he had breath ;  
 So men pray on him both in life and death :  
 But noble Essex, now thy lou's so free,  
 That thou dost pray for them that pray on thee.

*To my tenderly beloved friend Mr Nicholas Deeble.*

HEND Nicholas (quoth Chaucer) kinde to me,  
 Should I with my loose lines vndo thy name ?  
 In thy firme lines the world my fame may see ;  
 And shall I quite thee in an Epigram ?  
 Well, sith it is thy luck to bee my friend,  
 Thy luck it is to dropp out of my quill ;  
 For till my memory bee at an end,  
 (In iest and earnest) I will minde thee still.  
 In iest Ile make such mention of thy worth,  
 As shall in earnest shew how deere thou art ;  
 In earnest Nick I will so set thee forth,  
 That thou shalt sell forth-with in any mart.



Yet wert thou myne to sell as myne to vse,  
I thinke no chapman would buy thee of mee ;  
Because thy price should bee so precious,  
As one that for no price would part from thee ;  
Yet if at Hazard thou thyselfe wilt play,  
He set mee for thee ; Nick me then, I pray.

*To my deere friend Mr Charles Fitz-Jeffery.*

GREAT-little Charles (great in thine arte and witt,  
But euer little in thine owne esteeme)  
To thee that now dost minde but Holy Writ,  
These lynes (though louing) will but lothsome seeme.  
Yet sith in Latine thou on such did'st fall ;  
In British now (for now we Brittaines bee)  
I send in such : What? nothing but mine all ;  
That's lesse then nothing in respect of thee :  
But if thou tak'st in worth my lesse then nought,  
He giue thee more then all, when I am ought.

*To most ingenious Mr Francis Beaumont.*

SOME that thy name abreuiate, call thee Franck ;  
So may they well, if they respect thy witt ;  
For like rich corne (that some fools call too ranch)  
All cleane Wit-reapers still are griping it ;  
And could I sow for thee to reape and vse,  
I should esteeme it manna for the Muse.

*To myne intirely beloued Mr Iohn Sandford.*

OVT of the world I go, get thee hence away ;  
What makst in hell with so much honesty?  
Yet keepe it (Iohn), perhaps another day  
T'will do thee good ; meanwhile thy friend (poore I)  
Will sweare for Arte and Nature, th' art as good  
As whomesoe're, if made of flesh and blood.

*To my deere friend Mr. Edward Lapworth, in Oxon.*

I AM your debtor for once praising mee ;  
Wherein you wrongd your iudgement for my sake ;  
But I do right myne in commending thee,  
Though for thy praise my praise may honor take ;  
But howsoere, that Vniuersity  
Wherein thou liust, my doome will iustifie.

*To my kinde friend Mr Charles Best.*

CHARLES thou hast law and thou hast conscience too ;  
So dost in conscience what some others do  
That thrise not by it ; but be ruld by me ;  
Let law and conscience now so bee in thee  
That thou maist liue by lawe, in lawfull wise,  
Sith time now silenceth the too precise ;  
But if thou wilt be mute among thy letters,  
Thou shalt be Best, but worse shall be thy Betters.

*To my beloued kinde friend Mr Robert Davies.*

WHO knows thee by thy nature not thy name,  
Doth know thou art mis-nam'd ; but not amisse  
It is to call the wise vnwise, in game ;  
Sith contraries shew best by contraries.  
Thy witt, will, and thine other requisitts,  
Make thee below'd of all good Wills and Witts.

*To myne ancient friend and kinde countryman,  
Mr Philip King-man.*

WHY King-man Philip? Whist, and me attend ;  
He answer for thee, sith thou art my friend ;  
Thou art a king in ruling thy desires,  
And man for doing that which reas'n requires :  
So do (good Phillip) still, the good is thine ;  
And so shalt still bee, thy good friend, and myne.

*To myne ingenious and learnedly gamesome friend  
Mr Iohn Owen, the short and sweete Epigrammatist.*

LEND me thine hand ; thine head I would haue said :  
(For my hand's firmer though thy head's more staid)  
To add some merry measures vnto myne ;  
Then shall my booke be prais'd (at least) for thine.  
Thou (in the tongue that schollers most approue)  
About Witts center dost so sweetly moue  
Thine orbes of arte, that witts which them obserue,  
Make them for pleasure and for profit serue ;  
Pleasur'd by witt and profitted by skill ;  
So, thyne arts heau'n reuolues thy glory still.

*To my deere friend and country-man Mr Simon Hill.*

SMON, I loue thee as thou wert my sonne ;  
So maist thou well be cald the sonne of Iohn.  
Simon Iohannes then, if thou loust God,  
For His sake loue me and wee'l nere be od.

*To my brother Mr Iames Davies, Master in the Arte of  
Writing in Oxford.*

IAMES, now thou lin'st where I with pleasure lin'd ;  
Yet thrise thou there no worse then there I thriu'd,  
And thou wilt Oxford finde a louing nurse  
To feede thy mawe with meate, with coyne thy purse ;  
And when thou shalt grow Twy-childe, she will bee  
Carefull and kinde (religiously) to thee ;  
Then while thy strength continues, serue her so  
That by thy seruice she may greater grow  
In fame and grace ; so shall she as she should  
Make him, that makes her prais'd more manifold.

*To my brother Mr Richard Davies, Master likewise in  
the same faculty of writing.*

CONFORME thine head and heart vnto thine hand,  
Then staidly they thine actions will command ;  
Thy hand I taught and partly storde thy head  
With numbers, such as stand in cyphers stead  
To make but others mount with praise vndue,  
For nought but nought, which is a cypher true.  
But if thou wilt be measurde by thy gaines,  
Number not words, but number pounds with paines.

Who with a sequence of but onely three  
Would win Worths greatest rest then heere they bee.

*To the truly noble Lord, deservedly ab-be-loued,  
the Lord North.*

MOST noble lord, that truest worthinesse  
Which in thy nature and thy carriage shines,  
Doth presse me now to make them passe the Presse.  
Led thereto by these too-slacke twisted lines.

Thou art a subject worthy of the Muse  
 When most she raignes in height of happinesse ;  
 Into whose noble spright the heauens infuse  
 All guifts and graces gracing noblenesse.  
 In few, there are so many parts in thee  
 (All wholly noble) as thus fixt shall bee  
 On Fames wings when she past herselfe doth flee.

*To the most open-handed, great-hearted and truly noble-  
 minded knight, Sir Iohn Wentworth.*

MAGNIFICK spirit, true heroe, glorious knight,  
 Bounties o'reflowing fount to moist the dry  
 Faint soules of Armes and Art, now drouping quite ;  
 To thee I say but this, Were I (poore I)  
 The hand of Fortune to dispose of hers,  
 Thou shouldst haue all that place men with the starres.

*To the most compleat gentleman Iohn Luson Esquire.*

LIGHT of thy sire and sunne to all that see  
 In prime of youth to beare themselves aboue  
 The compasse of Wits spheares that wheeling bee  
 About the center of but humaine-loue ;  
 Sith heau'n and earth do on thy vertues smile,  
 I must (deere Sir) record it thus, the while.

*To my most deere and best beloued Patronesse, Magdalen  
 Colledge in Oxford.*

O HONYED Magdalen ! sweete, past compare  
 Of all the blisfull heau'ns on earth that are ;  
 Happy are they that in thee liue at rest,  
 As free from ignorance as State-distrest.  
 O that I had an angells tongue to mount  
 Thy praise beyond the pitch of high'st account.  
 Store makes me scarce ; I haue and haue not words  
 To royallize thy fame as Fame affords ;  
 For Fame, and Fortune both, together striues  
 To crowne thy praise with rich superlatiues.  
 (Meere abysses of terene felicity !  
 Diuine inchantresse of the eare and eye)  
 The wings wherewith thou mount'st thyself aboue  
 Are wealth and arte, and what else causeth loue.  
 Liue long together head and corps, and all  
 That's yours directly, is collateral :  
 I haue no guifts your grace to amplifie,  
 But must, with myne aduice, the same supply ;  
 Take heed how you disioyne, or fall at strife,  
 For I obserue all fortunes in this life ;  
 And of them all which I haue seene or prou'd,  
 Yours, onely yours, deserues to be belou'd.

*To my most louing and highly valued friend,  
 Mr Nathaniell Tompkins.*

To pay you (deere Nathaniell) with that gold  
 I once receaued of you, is but right ;  
 Yours gaue mee glory ; then your debter should  
 Giue you the same, with wearing made more bright :  
 But (ah) I cannot, sith you still refine  
 Your worthes, which at the worst, farre passed mine.

*To my worthy beloued friend Mr Emmanuell Gyffard.*

THOU 'God with vs' : that's neere as man with men,  
 May be like God for worthynesse of minde ;  
 Thou last of thy most worthy bretheren  
 That dyde in Honors bedd, wherein they shin'd ;  
 To thee these lines are stretch'd, from his loue  
 Which thou shalt finde all thine when thou shalt proue.

*To my louing and beloued friend Mr Bartholomew  
 Gyffard.*

You are a yonger brother ; but, God shield  
 That I should make you so, were you a child ;  
 No ; I will make you (as you are) a man  
 Of that desert as you both will and can  
 Teach yonger brothers to be generous ;  
 And liue like those that grace not shame, their House.

*To Mr. George Cheyny, my good friend.*

If by these lines you measure shall my loue,  
 The same too short, my loue shall euer proue.

*To my beloued Mr Iohn Hoskins.*

IOHN of all Iohns, if I should stile thee so  
 Thou might'st except against it ; sith it points  
 But at some sott. Then art thou such a one? No :  
 Thy witt (good Iohn's) too nimble in the ioynts  
 To stand for such ; but for witt thou maist bee  
 Iohn of all Iohns ; at least, so held of mee.

*To my Deere cousine and kinde friend Mr Rich. Harries.*

HAD'ST thou a fortune Dick (as thou maist haue  
 And worthy art thou of high Fortunes grace)  
 Thou wouldst be royall, frugall, plaine and braue :  
 All this thou wouldst bee in the hart and face,  
 But this thou couldst not bee without that arte  
 That rules the starres, and fortune can controule ;  
 But such thou hast and yet not such thou art,  
 Because good nature arte doth ouer-rule :  
 For now (as wagg the world) the wildest wagg  
 That sacrifice good nature to ill gayne  
 Be th' only Iudas that beare the baggs  
 While poore disciples moneylesse remaine ;  
 But cousin Dick to cousin Fortune blinde,  
 Steale from her lapp a wench as rich as kinde.

*To my highly vallued Mr George Chapman, Father of  
 our English Poets.*

I KNOW thee not (good George) but by thy pen ;  
 For which I ranke thee with the rarest men.  
 And in that ranke I put thee in the front,  
 Especially of poets of account,  
 Who art the treasurer of that company ;  
 But in thy hand too little coyne doth lye :  
 For of all artes that now in London are,  
 Poets gett least in vttering of their ware.  
 But thou hast in thy head and hart and hand,  
 Treasures of arte that treasure can command.  
 Ah, would they could ; then should thy wealth and witt  
 Bee equall, and a lofty fortune fitt.

But George, thou wert accurst, and so was I  
 To bee of that most blessed company ;  
 For if they most are blest that most are crost,  
 Then poets (I am sure) are blessed most.  
 Yet wee with rime and reason trimme the times,  
 Though they giue little reason for our rimes.  
 The reason is (els error blinds my witts)  
 They reason want to do what honor fitts.  
 But let them do as please them, wee must do  
 What Phœbus (sire of arte) moues nature to.

*To my most honest, louing and wel-deseruing friend and  
 country-man Mr Iohn Guillim.*

WHAT I haue sedd of thee and of thy booke,  
 Is extant ; yet I haue not thee forsooke  
 In loue, but whensoever time doth serue  
 To giue thy guifts their due, that out Ile kerue  
 From Fames rich stock : then Guillim thou art hee  
 That armes hast made (perforce) to honour thee ;  
 But armes nor force can honour thee so much  
 As thy good heart, Integritys none-such.

*To my sonne S. D.*

THE prudent sire, if vertuous (too) he, bee,  
 Forbeares to do that ill, his sonne should see.  
 And so (I must confesse) I should haue done ;  
 But as I shall esteeme thee for my sonne,  
 Ensue mee in my best parts, not my worst ;  
 Els thou of God and me shalt bee accurst.  
 And do as Shem did, seeing his father lye  
 Expos'd to shame, through his ebrietye ;  
 With eyes auerted, he (most blessed childe)  
 His fathers shame most honorably veild.  
 Then Shem ensue ; for if thou follow Ham,  
 The curse will cleaue to thee which thee will damme.  
 Couer my cryme if it do naked lye  
 Exposed to shame in Vertues purer eye ;  
 The rather, sith it was not Bacchus' raigne  
 But wine, call'd wit, that giddy made my braine.

*To myne honest as louing friend Mr Michaell Drayton.*

MICHAELL, where art thou ? what's become of thee ?  
 Haue the nyne wenches stolne thee from thy selfe ?  
 Or from their conuersation dost thou flee,  
 Sith they are rich in science not in pelfe ?  
 Bee not vnconstant (Michaell) in thy loue  
 To girles so gracefull in the hart and face ;  
 Although thereby thou maist a poet proue,  
 (That's poore as Iob) yet euer those embrace  
 By whome thou dost enjoy a heau'n on earth ;  
 And in the vale of teares, a mount of mirth.

*To mine approued and beloued friend Mr Richard  
 Chambers tutor to the Lo. Percy.*

SITH all mens birth is like, yet borne vnlike ;  
 Some borne to state and some are state to seeke,  
 Small state serues Natures neede, if hart be meeke ;  
 Then (the meane's best) ; blowne bubbles soonest breake.

*To my deere and constant friend Mr Tho. Winter.*  
 THOU warmst me Winter : (O strange paradox !)   
 With loue thou warm'st mee, which I safely box  
 In my close heart : but is it hollow ? No :  
 If so it bee tis but to hold thee so,  
 But were thy nature cold as is thy name,  
 My heart, with loue, should rather freeze then flame ;  
 But be it as it will, it hath beene scene  
 Full of Artes flowres, which still make winter greene.  
 For that, and for thy loue as true as steele,  
 Ile Winter loue, sith, (so) I Summer feele.

*Of and against our yong Maister, Master William.*  
 KNOW ye not our yong Maister William ?  
 O t's a wilde youth, and neuer will be tame.  
 But for his nature, Lord ! its too too kinde,  
 And with it still doth beare an Empralls minde.  
 Tush, all our land-lords' ladds would voolles be vound  
 To master William if he had his londe.  
 But the meane while pray God send him good luck ;  
 For yet good (Gelman) hee's as wilde's a buck.  
 This beares Mas William, sith its spoken so ;  
 (For what craft is there to the clouted sho ?)  
 That he may heare it : Then forth-with he puts  
 His hands a kimbow, and so stiffly struts  
 As being proud to be esteemed wilde,  
 And thinkes it best becomes his fathers childe ;  
 Mas-William yet be wilde but for a spirt,  
 Least some too tame do cheat you to your shirt.

*To honest-gamesome Robin Armin,*

*That tickles the spleene like an harmeles vermin.* ✓

ARMINE, what shall I say of thee, but this,  
 Thou art a foole and knaue ? Both ? fie, I misse ;  
 And wrong thee much, sith thou in deede art neither.  
 Although in shew, thou playest both together.  
 Wee all (that's kings and all) but players are  
 Vpon this earthly stage ; and should haue care  
 To play our parts so properly, that wee  
 May at the end gaine an applauditee.  
 But most men ouer-act, misse-act, or misse  
 The action which to them peculiar is ;  
 And the more high the part is which they play,  
 The more they misse in what they do or say.  
 So that when off the stage, by death, they wend,  
 Men rather hisse at them then them commend.  
 But (honest Robin) thou with harmelesse mirth  
 Dost please the world ; and (so) amongst the earth  
 That others but possesse with care, that stings ;  
 So makst thy life more happy farre then kings.  
 And so much more our loue should thee imbrace.  
 Sith still thou liu'st with some that dye to grace.  
 And yet art honest (in despite of lets,  
 Which earne more praise then forced-goodnesse gets.  
 So, play thy part, be honest still with mirth ;  
 Then when th' art in the tyring-house of earth,  
 Thou being his seruant whome all kings do serue,  
 Maist for thy part well playd like praise deserue ;  
 For in that tyring-house when either bee,  
 Y' are one mans men and equall in degree.

So thou, in sport, the happiest men dost schoole—  
To do as thou dost,—wisely play the foole.

*In the right well-deserved praise and honour of my deere  
friend, Mr Philemon Holland Doctor of Physicke,  
who hath giuen Paper no cause to complaine.*

WHEN well I weigh how much obligd I stand  
To thee (rare Holland, subiect of my song)  
Among the rest that hardly vnderstand  
Those authors which thou makst to speake our tongue ;  
And when I minde thy wrongs receau'd of late,  
Whereby this praise for thy last paines was hid  
By envy, malice, or by euill fate ;  
I could not but thus right thee, as I did.  
The pen vnspoil'd, though worne beyond a pen,  
The hand vnwearied, though with toyle oppress,  
The head diseas'd, for ease of Englishmen ;  
(Yet still hold out) in motion (yet) do rest.  
They rest in motion ; restlesse-rest is that,  
Yet thats the rest thy pen, thy hand, thy head  
Deere Holland hath ; which all (vntride) translate  
The greatest volumes greatest braines haue bred.  
Life being so short as from the birth to beere  
Is but a span ; all times may well admire  
How so much may be onely written heere,  
Where toyle makes that short life more soone expire.  
Had I an angells tongue, or else a pen  
Made of his pinion (might I iudge of thee)  
I should so speake and write, that gods and men  
Should see a miracle of thee, through mee ;  
For Nature workes but still to hold her state,  
And for that worke alone neglecteth all ;  
But thy workes do her power in thee abate  
For others good ; that's supernaturall.  
So, th' art a miracle of men, for men ;  
Yet if this miracle be thought vntrue ;  
To thy good heart, from thy head, hand and pen  
Giue what is right, and then is all but due.

To count the volumes most voluminous  
Which thou translated hast with care (past care)  
And art (past art) were but superfluous ;  
For all do know them, sith they famous are.  
Natures great Secretary thou didst teach  
To speake such English, as (though he be high  
In cloudy-matter) English eyes may reach  
His highest pitch, that tries the eagles eye.  
The Roman most renown'd Historian,  
Traians great Masters Moralls (boundlesse bookes)  
Smooth, tranquill, and the rugged Ammian,  
Thou mad'st as smooth to speake as Pallas' lookes.

And for thy last (but so it cannot bee  
If life do last, for still thou wilt be doing)  
There is a worke translated now by thee,  
For which we long, the learned haue been wooing ;  
In this, through thee, we see (as in a glasse)  
The wrinckled Face of graue Antiquity.  
Thy passing Author here himselfe doth passe,  
O're whome thou raign'st while he doth subiect lye.

Camden, whose fame, nor seas nor lands can bound  
(Yet they best know him furthest from our ken ;  
For English least do knowe his voyces sound)  
Is made more famous by thy famous pen.  
For now the English knowes his worthinesse,  
His countrymen now see him as he is ;  
Before, they at his vertue could but guesse,  
And guesse by artlesse aymes, that often misse.

Yet man of Art, behold ! for all this all  
How thou art subiect (that deserust to raigne  
In all mens loues) to hate of great and small,  
That to be learned alone take enuious paine ;  
Who seeke for knowledge onely to be knowne :  
(" For who know most are knowne still most of all ")  
They deeme wit folly,—that to all is showne ;  
And goodnesse badnesse hold, if generall.  
Who knowes the voyce of Enuy theirs do know,  
For Enuy speakes but onely by theyr tongues ;  
Who being a devill, speakes (she cares not how)  
By borrow'd organs which to them belongs.  
Alas poore snakes ! (base Enuius instruments  
Poore in your wit and wayward in your will),  
Yee little learne ; so, hate the ornaments  
Of art in greater wits of lesser skill.  
Did you not doubt your owne defect of wit,  
You would all arts should still be showne to all ;  
And let the best wit make best vse of it,  
For Wits renowne and Letters liberall.  
Yea you would wish the Babylonian towre  
Were yet to build, while all one tongue impart ;  
That so sole witt might be Arts gouernoure,  
Not tongues, that are the essence of no arte.  
But were yee good and would all good should know  
Who enuy this more learn'd, lesse enuious man,  
You would the frankest praise on him bestow  
Who makes th' unlearn'd a learn'd Historian.  
Shall English bee so poore and rudely-base,  
As not be able (through meere penury)  
To tell what French hath said with gallant grace,  
And most tongues else of less facundity ?  
God shield it should, and Heau'n forefend that wee  
Should so debase our owne deere mother-tongue,  
That shewes our thoughts (howeuer high they bee)  
With higher tearmes and eloquence among.  
Then let me muzzle those so dogged mouthes  
That byte and barke at what they should defend :  
" They lyes do loue that hidden would haue truthes,  
And he is Vertues foe that's Errors friend."  
But kinde Philemon, let thine actiue Muse  
Still mount aboue these base detracting spirits :  
Looke not so low as snakes that men abuse ;  
And highest fame shall crowne thy lowest merits.  
Go forward (maugre backward Enuius crabs,  
That still go backe) thy paines giue others' pleasure :  
They play proud Miriams part, thou Ionadabs,  
They skant our learnings lists, thou giu'st vs measure.  
This Camdens-Brittaine, that on wings of Arte  
Flies ore the world, knowne least where most it  
ought ;

There thy free pen to all doth it impart,  
 And mak'st them learn'd that almost are vntaught ;  
 For Camden (whose all time-out-wearing fame,  
 Sith hee the learned hath so often gladdened)  
 Hath by thy pen now multipli'd his name ;  
 For now to Camdens Britaine, Holland's added.  
 Then pregnant Holland Britaine fertile make,  
 With Learnings compost, till the cropp of Arte  
 Be ready for our neighbours sythe and rake,  
 That haue lesse skill then will to take our part ;  
 So shall this soile (when thou art soile or sand)  
 Call Camdens-Britaine Hollands richest Land.  
 The vnfaigned honoror of thee and thine endeours.  
 I. D.

*To the most noble knightes Sr Charles and Sr Richard  
 Percies.*

A line shall compasse both (though it be short)  
 Yee glorifie the country, campe and court.

*To the worthy and most happy gentleman, Charles  
 Walgrane Esquire.*

' Like tree like fruite : ' this prouerb's verifide,  
 In nothing more then in you and your sonnes ;  
 Better dispos'd in life can nere abide,  
 For life in fullnesse ofte to loosenesse runnes ;  
 But yee in all Heau'ns blessings do abound,  
 In goodnesse too ; which iustly is renound.

*To the generous and my sincerely honored friend,  
 Henry Ierningham, Esquire.*

RIGHT generous and truly noble sprite,  
 That cuer held'st the world a world too light  
 To weigh thy heart from heighth of that desire  
 Which loue to roiall virtues makes t' aspire ;  
 Vpon th' unspotted vellem of thy face  
 Nature hath printed characters of grace  
 So plainly, that the darkest eye may see  
 The noble nature that abounds in thee.  
 And sith the world hath known thee long for such  
 At this thyne honors blaze, no mome will gruch.

*To my deere brother-in-lawes, Captaine Richard,  
 Captaine Alexander, and Mr Edward Croft.*

YOU three I must shutt vp with foure strong lines ;  
 Who are to myne like distant as your bloud ;  
 Yare fit ynough t' exploite the highest designes,  
 And good ynough t' effect a publike-good ;  
 Y' haue hearts and heads and hands to make your  
 fame  
 Dart beames of splendor from your ancient name.

*To my worthyly much-estermed friend, Tho. Hawkins  
 Esquire.*

THOU lou'st the Muse, then thee she needs must loue,  
 Who dost conuerse with her at idle times ;  
 Yet all thy motions do but chastely moue  
 Her grace to grace thy well-composed rimes ;  
 Then sith she graceth thee as thou dost her,  
 These lines shall stay thy name while Time doth stirre.

*To my very friend Mr I. H. Epigrammatist, for a fare-  
 well to him and his remembrance.*

THOU lawdst thine Epigramms for being chaste :  
 No maruell ; for the dead are ne're embrac'd.  
 And penall twere to offer light abuses,  
 'Mong doctors, proctors, and graue Heads of Houses.

*To the noble ladies heereafter following.*

DEERE Ladyes, if in these my looser lines  
 Be ought too light for your eyes (starres on earth)  
 Then moue those stars from those vngratious signes,  
 And fix them in the heau'n of purer mirth ;  
 For in the scope of these lines' paralels,  
 Such heau'ns are found against those other hells.

*To the all-admired for true honor and vertue,  
 Dorothy, Countesse of Northumberland.*

REFULGENT lustre of the weaker sex,  
 Who both in country, Court and change of fate,  
 (Which oft might, past themselves, the weaker vene)  
 Hast borne thy selfe, as best became thy state,  
 Who with much more then most precise respect  
 Hast led thine honor through thy passed dayes ;  
 That selfe-suspition ne're did yet suspect  
 But the least trip in all thine honors wayes.  
 Then, O be pleas'd that I (who haue more will  
 Then pow'r by countlesse ods) may celebrate  
 Thine honors praise ; which heauen and earth doth fill ;  
 And make the same both time and death out-date :  
 For sith thou hast so liud, euen Death intends  
 T' reuiue thee in all worlds, beyond all ends.

*To the right noble and most gracefull Lady, Alice,  
 Countesse of Derby, my good Lady and Mistresse.*

THE duty, zeale, and strict respect I owe  
 To you, great lady-mistris ; and the vowe  
 I, with my soule haue made ; that while my pen  
 Hath pow'r to paint the ornaments of men,  
 It neuer shall surcease to linne you forth  
 As a rare iewell, multiplying the woorth  
 Of my deere Lord, sole master of mine all :  
 But sith I cannot paint the principall  
 According to the life, Ile onely tricke  
 The outward lines to make it somewhat like.  
 And yet I cannot : for the same are such  
 As are too dainty for my Cunning's touch.  
 Then will I draw a line to point at it :  
 Looke World tis Shee whose all is exquisite.

*To honor, wit, and beauties excellency, Lucy,  
 Countesse of Bedford.*

SITH hee whose pen is Poesies condit-pipe  
 (Whence flowes a deluge of cleare Helicon)  
 Thy name hath floted from Confusions gripe,  
 And howsd it in Fames heau'nlyest charion :  
 Nay sith Apollos most refulgent sonnes  
 Haue crownd it with the brightest beames of praise  
 That maugre Enui's base detractions,  
 It shall (admird) out-liue Times nights and dayes

How can my novght yeeld ought (or good or faire)  
To thy perfections beames, or glorious name?  
It cannot, no, it can but that appaire, *— in figure*  
Which Arte and Nature in their pride did frame :

If now I play the poet 'tis in this,  
That I bely that which more gracefull is.

*To the right noble, iudicious and ingenious sister of the  
newer-too-much renowned Sir Philip Sidney: Mary,  
Countesse Dowager of Pembroke.*

GODS mee ! how now, what present haue we here ?  
A booke that stood in perill of the presse ;  
But now its past those pikes, and doth appeare  
To keepe the lookers on from heauinesse.  
What stuffe contains it ? Fustian, perfect spruce ;  
Wits gallimallfrey, or Wit fride in steakes.  
From whome came it, a God's name ! from his Muse  
(O do not tell) that still your fauour seekes.  
And who is that ? Faith that is I. What I ?  
I *per se* I. Great I, you would say. No :  
Great I (indeed) you well may say ; but I  
Am little i, the least of all the row.  
You cannot choose but know me now ? no do !  
I am the least in yours and worlds esteeme ;  
I am the same : Madam go to, go to,  
You know me now (I know) though strange you seeme.  
Not yet ? Why then (great Lady) I am hee  
That (maugre Fate) was, is and still will bee  
The triton of your praise,  
I. D.

*To the right noble and my much honored Lady,  
the Lady Frances Egerton.*

YOUR name (deere Lady) serueth either sex ;  
But could you serue your knight with one childe male  
(Although my lord and master it would vex)  
I would not grieue much for't, nor yet looke pale.  
Deere Lady, (deere in nature as in name,  
Which dignifies thy high birthes dignity)  
I sadly pray for what I prate in game,  
To fill his House with his posterity  
Whome I do serue ; if so thou serue him too,  
He say thy blood is royall so to do.

*To the most honored, best-beloued, and matchlesse Lady,  
for honor and bounty, the Lady Harington.*

HONORS transcendent ; fovnt, from whome doth spring  
Mirrours of noblesse, thou whose bosome is  
So fraught with worth as made the mightiest king  
Make choise of thee to breede his earthly blisse.  
Liue as thou art ; for more thou can'st not bee,  
For all that honors Honor then thou art ;  
Who art the very crowne of her degree,  
And mend'st her misse with one most bounteous hart.  
For which it were most sacrilegious  
To Vertues glory if thy vertues' raies  
Should not be still adored by the Muse,  
That now doth finde so few for that to praise ;  
No, though this Temple be profane (I feare)  
Yet in true scale I'll reare thine image here.

*To the noble, vertuous, and honorable Lady, the Lady  
Elizabeth Berkley, daughter and heire to the late  
George, Lord Hundson.*

MOST noble Lady, for the deere respect  
Thy vertue merits, and my darling friend  
Doth owe, and would haue paid thee with effect,  
Had Fate not cross'd what hee did intend ;  
Or Fate, or Hate, or Spight, or rather all  
Conspir'd (betweenes) to frustrat that intent ;  
Which was t' haue honor'd thee with his last small-  
Great-Labour which to thee inscribd he sent.  
But Enuie's Vertves shade ; thy vertue then  
(As much as in her lay) she did obscure ;  
But on that cloud in liquid-gold Ile pen  
Thy praise that clowdes nor earth shall e're immure.  
For this, and home to right thine iniury,  
I thus bequeath all to posterity.

*To the most noble and all-worthily-commended Lady,  
the Lady Wroth.*

A LETTER in your name (deere Dame's) misplac'd  
By Fortune, els it had your nature hitt ;  
The R where now it stands it would haue ras'd,  
And put past O, your genius so to fitt :  
For in the abstract you are WORTH (not Wroth)  
By nature, bloud and by your natiue name.  
And what I say of you I say of both ;  
For man and wife's but one ; then one in fame  
I make you both ; if any odds there bee,  
It is in Wroth but not in Worth's degree.

*To my most deere and sincerely-beloued-worthy pupils,  
the Lady Tracy and the Lady Baskerville, daughters  
to the worthy knight Sr Thomas Coningsby.*

NATURE and bloud hath not more strictly tide  
You each to other (ladyes) then your loues  
To mee (whose parts are but my wants to hide)  
Haue tide me to you, and but Death remoues.  
You are to mee what to your selues you bee,  
In goodnesse growing to abundant grace ;  
Now learne I of you who were taught by mee,  
To follow Vertue with a constant pace.  
If loue requires much sault to season it  
Ere without taint, it lasts (as all do proue)  
Then since ye able were at meat to sit,  
W' haue eaten sault together, in that loue :  
Then if I could I would soone make yee know  
I honor yee in loue, well seasond so.

*In praise of a little mole-like scab, that like a rude scab,  
chanced to take my fancies soueraigne by the hand.*

So pure's the fountaine of her pretious blood  
As if it (through the veynes that it conuay)  
Meetes ought that (like her) is not passing good ;  
It thrusts it out, which in the skin doth stay.  
Yet while it stayes,—a scab, O call it not,  
(Sith it is but her deere blouds cheaper part)  
Nay call it not so much as mole, or spot,  
But Beauties shadow, done by Nature's art.

Or if not so (though so it seemes to sence)  
 Call it Perfections bvt ; wherein she shootes  
 Her angers shafts against the pestelence,  
 To pull infection from her by the rootes :  
 Or if not so, call it Dianaes stand,  
 Wherein shee stood to strike the deere (her hand).

*An innocation of the water-nymph Thames, to well-intreat the land-nymph being in her power.*

THAMES, while thou bearest vpon thy chrestall brest  
 My deerest mistresse, let no waue her wrong ;  
 And let thy bankes with swanny-ranckes be drest  
 To chaunt her praises as she glides along.  
 Though thou hast queenes oft solac'd on thy streame,  
 Yet were they farre lesse great then she is good ;  
 Then be as proud of her as all of them,  
 Sith goodnesse more then greatnesse fames a flud :  
 Then if perfection euer made thee proud,  
 Now be thou proud, for now it is in thee ;  
 Yet when rough windes do fanne thy face too lowd  
 Swell not in pride, but to her humble bee ;  
 Sith when thou hast her, then doth water hold  
 More worth then all the land, though all were gold.

*The Flea.*

WHEN last (deere mistris) I with you did feast,  
 A flea (that with your blood was ouer-growne,  
 Walking abroade her dinner to digest)  
 Did skipp to mee, to make you so mine owne.  
 Which when I had, away with her I went,  
 And sith you are in her, her well intreate ;  
 Yea with my bloud I giue her nourishment :  
 So with our blouds (thus mixt) I make you great.  
 Since when, I do forbear to murder fleas,  
 Least that (vnkinde) our yong I so might spill ;  
 And for your sake I let them bite, with ease,  
 Sith so they ioyne and multiply vs still.  
 And thus do fleas that spott mee eu'ry where,  
 Suck my ranck bloud to make affection cleare.

*The Author louing these homely meates specially, viz.,  
 Creame, pan-cakes, butterd pippin-pies (laugh good  
 people) and tobacco ; writ to that worthy and vertuous  
 gentlewoman whome he calls mistrisse, as followeth :—*

IF there were (O!) an Hellespont of creame  
 Betweene vs (milk-white mistris) I would swim  
 To you, to shew to both my loue's extreame,  
 (Leander-like) yea diue from brymm to brymm.  
 But mett I with a butter'd pippin-pie  
 Floating vpon't ; that would I make my boate  
 To waft mee to you without ioberdy :  
 Though sea-sick I might bee while it did floate,  
 Yet if a storme should rise (by night or day)  
 Of suger-snowes and haile of care-a-wayses ;  
 Then if I found a pan-cake in my way  
 It (like a plancke) should bring me to your kayes ;  
 Which hauing found, if they tobacco kept,  
 The smoke should dry me well before I slept.

*To myne euer-approved deere friend  
 Mrs. Ioyce Ieffrys.*

THYNE head and heart, makes my head, hart and hand,  
 To draw thee in into this list or band  
 Of those whome most I honor ; sith thou art  
 In head as witty as most kinde in heart :  
 Then though I (breefly) thus do end with thee,  
 Thyne name (perhapps) may endlesse bee by mee.

*Of myselfe.*

LORD ! my poore braines how busily I beate,  
 My temples toile with chafing of my hand ;  
 My sleepes disturb, my meales cutt short at meate ;  
 My time consume. Why? Not to purchase land,  
 Nor soule to saue, nor goods to gayne, do I  
 Endure this toile, but meere for the meede  
 Of Fames fraile blast, which with my selfe must dye,  
 Or, after death, can stand in little steede.  
 When from my wits I draw the quintessence,  
 Subliming that too to the highest height,  
 An airy-word is all the recompence  
 That to my lott for all my paines shall light.  
 Perhapps some gull (as witty as a goose)  
 Saies with a coy scue-looke, its pritty, pritty,  
 But yet that so much witt hee should dispose  
 To so small purpose, faith (saith hee) its pittie.  
 Some foole els shootes his bowlt and hath his bvt :  
 He hath a pritty witt, bvt yet (saith hee)  
 Herein (methinkes) he is much ouer-shutt,  
 And then (perhapps) he cauills with a T  
 That was misplac'd, or at the most missuted.  
 T ordurd in his teeth where its well plac'd ;  
 Faine would he flout if ought were to be flouted :  
 And all but his owne witt, would haue disgrac'd.  
 But if some other, better farre affected,  
 Commend my lines and relish my conceite :  
 Here's the reward that all in all's expected ;  
 And what is this but winde of meere deceit ?  
 When Fames fatt-fooles of fame haue had their fill,  
 They stand on tipto, proud of praised skill ;  
 Yet with one stroke Death both at once doth spill.

*Againe.*

THE world that sins not is disoluable ;  
 Creatures are locall, so are finite all :  
 Finite is temp'rall, temp'rall's mutable,  
 And mutable is mortall. Then who shall  
 Depend on fame for his eternity,  
 Rests but on wind and fraile mortality.

*A Conclusion.*

My pen, I feare too lauishly hath run,  
 In too licentious reprehention ;  
 Lines of this nature are vnlike to do  
 That which their rightest reach doth tend vnto.  
 In euill kinde to checke an euill will  
 Mendes not the misse but hardens it in ill.  
 Yet sith Messias Herod fox did call,  
 And Paul, the high-priest teard a whited-wall.

St Iohn the Baptist, vipers called the Iewes,  
 And many taunts like these, like saints did vse ;  
 I hope I may vse some like liberty,  
 To show the world her looser vanity.  
 And though my Muse in iest hath ryot runne,  
 Taxing these times for sinne, in earnest, done,  
 Yet may I say (my conscience telling mee)  
 I speake but truth, which should from blame be free ;  
 How ere my selfe I willingly may wrong  
 I nere (since Iudgement made my witt more strong)  
 Had pow'r to hurt the simplest liuing creature,  
 So much my spleene's beholden to my nature ;  
 So that with Marius I am carelesse quite,  
 What tongues shall twattle of me (wrong or right),  
 If right it shall approue myne honesty,  
 If wrong, my carriage carries it the lye.  
 I stand not at the mercy of mens lips,  
 That so they foyle, they care not with what slips :  
 Let all tongues walke through all mine actions, I  
 Will stand the while as vprright as a dye ;  
 Where euen squares shall passe among the best  
 To win their loue in earnest and in iest.  
 I know there is not one (if made of dust)  
 Can say I ere deceauid him in his trust ;  
 Nor wrongd him wilfully, vnlesse I wrong  
 Those whom I truly tax with my pens tongue :

Yet sith their names suppressed are, I know  
 They owe them not vnlesse the faults they'l owe.  
 If so they will, they wrong themselues, and mee,  
 To take offence before it giuen bee.  
 I must confesse that nature in me plac'd  
 A pleasant disposition, though disgrac'd  
 With fell disasters that do make the spright  
 To shunne as hell, all places of delight :  
 For gamesome moodes now come from me as hard  
 As if they were with bolts of iron barrd.  
 Yet see how Nature (soueraign of each creature)  
 Breakes ope those barres to shew her subiects nature ;  
 And makes him maugre euery stop and stay,  
 To play with crimes as cat with mouse doth play.  
 Well, farewell Folly, Ile shake hands with thee ;  
 And farwell Mirth, that dost but martir mee ;  
 Into the world we came not to make merry,  
 (Though many of vaine mirth are neuer weary)  
 But for more holy and religious ends,  
 Which breed immortal mirth, that nere offends.  
 Hereafter, what my Muse shall thinke vpon,  
 Shall to that mirth (by Heau'ns helpe) tende alone.  
 Meanwhile these merry-sorry lashes may  
 Driue Time and Times Abuse, with sport, away.

FINIS.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Some of the names in the 'Scourge of Folly' are so purely local and obscure that it were waste of pains and space to try to revive them ; but all in any way noticeable will be found less or more illustrated in these Notes ; wherein very special thanks are due to several antiquarian friends. Trite classical names and allusions are left untouched. All out-o'-common words are recorded and annotated.

## PASSAGES BEFORE THE BOOK :—pp. 5-7.

TO THE MOST NOBLE THEOPHILUS, LORD WALDEN, p. 5, col. 1. This was Theophilus Howard, eldest son of Thomas, first Earl of Suffolk, whose second title was Baron Howard de Walden. He was summoned to Parliament as Baron Howard de Walden, 8th February 1608/9 ; succeeded as second Earl of Suffolk on his father's death in 1606, and died in 1640. l. 4, 'Fume' = sweet-incensed 'fame' : l. 13, 'in gree' = graciously or agreeably, or in good part or kindly.

TO THE PRINTER, p. 5, col. 1 : l. 5, 'in print' a pun = exact or perfectly in rule : *ib.* l. 6, 'stint' = stop or limit.

TO THE WORLD, p. 5, col. 2 : l. 2, 'bedlem' = mad, from Bedlam, *i.e.* Lunatic Asylum : l. 10, 'then' = than, and so throughout, with few exceptions.

TO THE READER, p. 5, col. 2 : l. 13, 'bewrates' = berates.

TO THE CENSORIOUS PRECISE, p. 6, col. 1 : l. 6, 'Helme of this great State.' It will be noted that whoever was intended

did not merely write poetry—as James did—but some one who wrote epigrammatic and light pieces. I had thought of Buckhurst, but he seems excluded. ll. 13-16, 'Geneus Doctor,' etc. qu.—Beza ?

OF IESTING AND IIBING, p. 6, col. 1 : l. 7, 'fuctis' = choice.

OF MIRTH, p. 6, col. 2 : l. 1, 'in a meane' = medium degree : l. 3, 'disasses' = disturbs, or puts out-of-ease : l. 7, 'leane' misprint for 'leane' : l. 12, 'girds' = lashes, jeers at : l. 24, 'hotch-potch' = Fr. *haché en pot*, as Camden, 'being boiled up in a pot' = a mixture. See Bailey, *s.v.*

OF THE BOOKE, p. 6, col. 2. These Lines show that Davies could and did think deeply and gravely, and the *motif* of his Satires must so far extenuate their occasional coarseness : cf. also 'Of Poetry' on p. 7 : l. 15, 'Bobs' = scoffs satirical : l. 22, 'Scoles' = scales.

Vpon THE MAKING, etc. p. 7, col. 2 : l. 9, 'the monument' : Davies has said that his pictured face would be as the monu-



ment entombing his friend's, and then he says by a poor conceit that if Time consume his face (the monument of his friend's) as it does other monuments, then his friend's face will stand for both.

THE SCOURGE OF FOLLY, pp. 8-65. On various of the satiric-names of these Epigrams see our Memorial-Introduction.

Epig. 2, 'Dacus.' This pseudo-name also occurs in Sir John Davies' Epigrams: l. 7, 'shott's' = money.

Epig. 5, l. 2, 'spill' = spoil.

Epig. 7, l. 4, 'band' = collar, with a play on it and 'ruff', the woman's collar, and also 'huft.' 'She' must be a misprint for 'The' or 'His.'

Epig. 8, l. 14, 'draw' = an archery term used punningly: cf. l. 3.

Epig. 10, l. 1, 'A Hall, my Masters.' This was the phrase used for making room and footing space for the dancers. Cf. Marston's 'Scourge of Villanie,' and *Romeo and Juliet*, l. v. 24. Being a commonplace saying, it was used also out-of-doors, cf. 'Jack Drum's Entertainment.' In its origin it was probably an order to servants, retainers, and to marshall themselves and stand to the wall on the occasion of ceremonious visitings or receptions.

Epig. 12: on the 'Silvianus' of this Epigram see the Memorial-Introduction: l. 4, 'fench' = finch.

Epig. 15, l. 3, 'coarse' = corse or corpse.

Epig. 17. Cf. Epig. 2: l. 2, 'ierkins' = jackets: *ib.*, 'gasmashes' = gaiters: also a kind of stockings worn outside the trouser-legs.

Epig. 19, l. 3, 'foxt' = made tipsy: l. 9, 'Huncks' = Harry Huncks, the famous bear, so named.

Epig. 20, l. 6, 'cocks-shoot' = a large net for snaring game: 'Springs to catch Woodcocks' celebrates the whole thing.

Epig. 23, l. 6, 'open-tails': medlers had a similar name.

Epig. 25, l. 3, 'funches' = whore or strumpet.

Epig. 26, l. 9, 'foynes' = thrusts or pushes—fencing term.

Epigs. 30, 31, *Sir James Murray and Jo. Murray.* This Sir James was the eldest surviving son of Sir Charles Murray of Cockpool, and John was his youngest brother. He died in 1620. Sir John accompanied King James I. to England, as one of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, and was created Earl of Annandale, 13th March 1624/5. Epig. 31, l. 5, 'that rare Arabian bird' = the phoenix: Shakespeare's 'sole Arabian bird' (*P. T. 2*).

Epig. 35, l. 4, 'cooling card' = so good a card (as a card of ten) that it cools the courage of the vying adversary.

Epig. 38, l. 1, 'fume' = a rage or passion.

Epig. 39, l. 3, 'nere the later' = nevertheless.

Epig. 41, l. 17, 'angel's wings' = coins so named. On this Epigram, and kindred ones, see the Memorial-Introduction.

Epig. 42, l. 7, 'bye' = error for 'lye.'

Epig. 43, l. 1, 'dranke tobacco.' This was the fashionable and familiar phrase for smoking. Its origin is unknown, but perhaps from the effects of tobacco the taking of it was likened to the taking of alcoholic drinks.

To the no lesse, etc. . . . *Master Thomas Coriet*, i.e. Corial, on whom see the Memorial-Introduction: heading, l. 4, 'solacions' = recreating or refreshing: l. 12, 'they': error for 'thy': p. 13, col. 1, 'Heidelbergh': the famous 'tun' is still one of the sights of the quaint old town: l. 31, 'vertue' = virtue, valour: l. 52, 'trithing shes' = the tenth Muse.

Epig. 46, ll. 7, 8. The pun on 'pray' and 'prey' is very frequent contemporaneously and onward to Thomas Fuller.

Epig. 47, l. 1, 'heptaphones' = seven-voiced (from *heptaphones*).

Epig. 50. The ) should be after 'food' or 'sea.'

Epig. 51, l. 1, 'fill' is an error for 'sill', altered from 'sell' to rhyme with 'ill.'

Epig. 54, l. 5, 'chaf's' read 'chaps': used in Ep. 75.

Epig. 55, l. 4, 'changeting' = in Folk-lore a child changed for the parent's own child, and usually deformed or idiotic: here the reference is to King's bestial metamorphosis. l. 6, 'gobbets' = morsels.

Epig. 57, 'sallendine' = the herb selandine, colandine, swallow-wort: l. 6, 'dide' = dyed.

Epig. 61, l. 5, 'Ripley and Kelley.' Their books are still extant, the former's not without flashes of penetrative insight.

Epig. 65, ll. 6 and 10, 'young tooth in her head' = was lecherous or frisky. 'Colt's tooth' had a similar meaning Henry VIII. i. 3, l. 48.

Epig. 70. 'Frisco.' Ben Jonson in his *Postaster* calls one of the players 'Frisco.'

Epig. 79. The Sidneys. See Epigrams onward. Consult our Memorial-Introduction in Fuller Worthies' Library edition of the Poems of Sir Philip Sidney.

Epig. 80, l. 12, 'blaze' = blazon.

Epig. 83, l. 16, 'leuel coyle' = to lift up the buttock (*lever le cul*, Fr.),—a term used in a game when one has lost and is displaced by another.

Epig. 84, l. 10, 'they,' i.e. the trulls.

Epig. 88, l. 3, 'to feast' = to give or make a feast.

Epig. 89. *Sr Robert Carre*: i.e. Ker. This was the notorious favourite of James I., who afterwards created him Earl of Somerset: infamous for his connection with the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. But at this time he was in power at the Court. Donne and Ben Jonson offered him abundant income. He died, having been restricted to his estate, in July 1645.

Epig. 93. *Philip, Earle of Mountgomerie.* This was Philip Herbert, younger son of Henry, second Earl of Pembroke, by Mary, d. of Sir Henry Sydney. He was created Earl of Montgomery, 4th May 1605, in his father's lifetime, and succeeded his elder brother as fourth Earl of Pembroke, 10th April 1630. He was at this time one of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to James I. He died in 1655: l. 12, 'Had I wist.' So Breton frequently, e.g. in 'Pasquill's Mad-cappe,' p. 9, col. 1, l. 14, 'Wise men will beware of had-I-wist.'

Epig. 94. *Lord Hayes.* This must have been James Hay, another of the special favourites of King James I., but who left a good reputation. He was employed in important embassies abroad. He had for some time the courtesy-title of Lord Hay, and was created a Baron of the Realm in 1615: afterwards Viscount Doncaster, and finally, in 1622, Earl of Carlisle. He died 25th April 1636, and the titles became extinct on the death of his only surviving son in 1660.

Epig. 95. *Sr John Constable*: eldest son of Sir Henry Constable, who was created in 1620 Viscount of Dunbar. He was knighted 7th October 1607, and succeeded as second Viscount of Dunbar in 1645: died in 1666: l. 1, 'crussets' = stars. So Shakespeare, 'burning crussets' (*1 Henry IV. iii. 1*).

Epig. 96. *Mr Richard Marten.* The celebrated Recorder of London later: earlier as having been 'bastinadoed' by the (afterwards) famous Sir John Davies. See Memorial-Introduction to my edition of Sir John Davies. He died in 1618.

Epig. 97. *Mr John Dnn.* The renowned Dr. Donne, then a Wit about town. See my edition of his Poems. He himself played similarly on his name.

Epig. 100, l. 2, 'enue' = pursue, follow, or imitate.

Epig. 101, l. 9, 'medley' = motley: l. 11, 'downe' = fibres of feather, wool, etc., or woolly stuffs.

Epig. 103. *Sr Thomas Lucy.* It depends on the date of this Epigram who is here celebrated. Shakespeare's Sir

Thomas died in 1600. His only son, Sir Thomas, died in 1605, and was succeeded by his eldest son, also Sir Thomas, who lived until 1640: probably the last: l. 9, 'in gres': see on PASSAGES BEFORE THE BOOK: to Lord Walden, l. 4.

Epig. 105, l. 28, 'a trice' = in an instant.

Epig. 106. *Mr Thomas Bastard*. A native of Blandford, in Dorsetshire. After leaving Oxford (or rather, being expelled from his fellowship) he became chaplain to Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, through whom he obtained the livings of Bers Regie and Alwer in Dorsetshire. He appears to have been the Sydney Smith of his age. His passion for satire often carried him into libel. He became ultimately insane, and died in a wretched condition in a prison at Dorchester. He was buried in the churchyard of All-Hallows there, 19th April 1618. His 'Chrestoleros' was published in 1598: l. 6, 'conspilus' = collect or gather: a favourite word with Nic. Breton: l. 21, 'bedge' = botch: *ib.*, 'bots' = worm disease.

Epig. 107. *Henry Earle of Northumberland*. On this nobleman and Davies' relations to him, see our Memorial-Introduction, and his Occasional Poems for one never before printed. Meantime it may be stated here that the authorities failed, after their most strenuous efforts, to prove his connection with the Gunpowder Plot; but he was arraigned at the Star Chamber, fined £30,000, and sentenced to imprisonment in the Tower during the King's pleasure. He married Dorothy, sister of the unfortunate Earl of Essex. He died in 1632.

Epig. 108, l. 7, 'mowes' = distasteful mouth, as one who mews or makes the then disapproving cry at theatres: l. 17, 'mewe' = neigh, with a cat-like sound.

Epig. 110, l. 1, 'more to seek' = more astray.

Epig. 111. *Sr Richard Tracy*: eldest son of Sir Paul Tracy, first Baronet of Stanway, co. Gloucester. He was knighted in his father's lifetime, and succeeded him as second Baronet about 1626. He married Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Coningsby of Hampton, co. Hereford, Knight, 5th October 1605, and died about 1637. See on Epig. 120.

Epig. 115, l. 1, 'sad': error for 'said'.

Epig. 119, l. 1, 'Wher' = Where, whether.

Epig. 120. *Sr Thomas Coningsby*. He was of Hampton Court, co. Hereford: M.P. for Leominster, etc.: knighted by the Earl of Essex, 8th Oct. 1591: ancestor of the Earl of Coningsby. He died 30th May 1635. His Journal at the Siege of Rouen was printed by the Camden Society (Vol. xxxix.) in 1847, and some curious particulars of his life are given by the Rev. G. F. Townsend in his history of Leominster. It has been thought that Ben Jonson intended to represent Sir Thomas by the character of Puntarvolo in 'Every Man out of his Humour,' and there can be no doubt that the gallant knight had a good deal of drollery in his composition. The portrait of Sir Thomas with his favourite dwarf Cricket is at Cashiobury, and was exhibited at South Kensington in 1866 by Lord Essex: l. 6, 'supported': qu.—supporteth?

Epig. 121, l. 2, (mone) error for (mone):

Epig. 122, l. 2, 'gleekes' = jests, scoffs.

Epig. 124. *Sr John Harrington*. The 'Translator' of Ariosto is still remembered: born at Kelston, co. Somerset, in 1561: died 1612. His 'Nugae Antiquae' is quick to-day. Davies refers to his 'Epigrams,' which, with all their license, deserve revival.

Epig. 125. *Sir George Wharton*: eldest son of Philip, third Lord Wharton. He married Lady Anne Manners, daughter of John, Earl of Rutland. Sir James Stuart was eldest son of Walter, first Lord Blantyre, and married Lady Dorothy Hastings, daughter of George, fourth Earl of Huntingdon. Although personal friends, they managed to get into a quarrel, which resulted in a duel at Islington, when they both fell, as told by

Davies. By the King's command they were buried in one grave in the church-yard at Islington, 10th November 1609: l. 8, 'numerous-plaints' = complaints in numbers or verse: l. 11, 'rest' = a resting-place or ultimate subject for verse-celebration: l. 15, 'faire feller': from fair-fall or fair fall you = good attend you: good, upright: l. 38, 'Phabus priests' = poets. Donne was so named contemporaneously.

Epig. 126. *Sr Thomas Gorges*: more accurately Gorges: this was a younger son of Sir Edward Gorges, by Mary, daughter of Sir Anthony Poyntz of Iron Acton, co. Gloucester. He was of Langford, Wilts, and married the widow of William Parr, Marquis of Northampton: died in 1610. His eldest son, Edward, was created Baron Gorges of Dundalk in the Irish peerage.

Epig. 127. *A Tragical Epitaph*, etc. The monument now remains. See on Epig. 165: l. 9, 'atone' = make at-one, or reconcile.

Epig. 128. *Sr William Browne*: Of Northamptonshire, was created a knight of the Bath at the coronation of James I., 25th July 1603. He died (it is believed) in 1612/12.

Epig. 134, l. 4, 'battfulle' = fruitful or fecund: the verb, 'batten.'

Epig. 143, *William Clarke*. Query—the Author of 'Polimanteia' (1595)? There was a William Clark, author of 'Marciano or The Discovery, a Tragi-Comedy' (1662).

Epig. 146. 'Milo, the great eater': viz. of Kent, celebrated by Taylor, the Water Poet, etc. etc.

Epig. 149. *John Sanderson*: There are mss. of this merchant-traveller among the Additional mss. in the British Museum: from Turkey, etc. etc. Among them is a copy of Davies' vene-Letter to the imprisoned Earl of Northumberland. See the Occasional Poems, and related note.

Epig. 150, l. 4, 'schoole' = teach, with qu. 'scold' understood?

Epig. 155. *Samuel Daniell*. The well-known Poet and historical Writer. Born near Taunton, co. Somerset, 1562; died at Ridge, co. Somerset, October 1619: l. 6, 'Footes': the name of some influential courtier probably was 'Foote.'

Epig. 156. *Mr. Ben Johnson*. 'Immortal Ben.' Born 1574: died 16th August 1637.

Epig. 157. *Inigo Jones*. The celebrated architect: born about 1572: died 21st July 1632.

Epig. 158. *Isaachs Simonds*. Apparently a (now-forgotten) Actor.

Epig. 159. *Mr. Will. Shake-speare*. See our Memorial-Introduction on this Epigram.

Epig. 162. *Thomas Marbury*. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, 5th July 1620, and his brother, George Marbury, senior, of Marbury, co. Chester, Gent., administered to his estate on the 29th of the same month. He seems to have been a son of James Marbury of Marbury, Esq., by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Venables of Kinderton, Knight, and evidently held some position in the Government or about the Court (Colonel Chester's 'Registers of Westminster Abbey, &c.'). See my Memoir of *Edward Marbury* prefixed to his Commentary on Habakkuk etc. in Nichol's Puritan Commentaries.

Epig. 163. *John Panton*. He died 7th March 1618/19, and was buried on the 13th in Westminster Abbey, leaving a wife and three young daughters. In his will he bequeathed his mansion-house at 'Brymskis' and estates in cos. Denbigh and Flint.

Epig. 164. *Henry Maynwarring*. The name 'Maynwarring' is frequent contemporaneously: but this seems lost to fame. See onward.

Epig. 165. *Doctor Gwin*. This was Matthew Gwinne, M.D., Professor of Physic at Gresham College: died 1627. He wrote, in Latin, a comedy called 'Vertumnus,' and a

tragedy of which Nero was the subject, besides verses in English, French, and Italian. See Epig. 127.

Epig. 167. *Stephen Boughton*. Born in Buckinghamshire in 1571: B.A. at Oxford 13th May 1594, and became Chaplain in St. George's Chapel at Windsor: minor Canon of Worcester Cathedral, Vicar of Great Marche, co. Hereford, and Sub-dean of the Chapel Royal. He died before the Restoration, but the place and date are unknown. He was first sworn a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal 25th April 1602, as a minister from Hereford and as sub-dean 14th December 1603.

Epig. 169. *Sr Edmund Ashfield*. He was of co. Bucks, and was knighted at the Tower, 14th March 1603/4. He had a grant of Whaddon Priory in Bucks.

Epig. 163 [*sic*]. *Henry Sherley*. Probably the second Baronet of this name, who succeeded to the title in 1622 (born in 1588), and was ancestor of the Earls Ferrers. He married in 1615 Dorothy, youngest daughter of the famous Earl of Essex: died 8th February 1632/3.

Epig. 175. *John Speed*. The Historian: born at Farrington in Cheshire about 1555: died 28th July 1629.

Epig. 178. *Thomas Welsh*. Of Mauncell Lacy, Hereford, grandson of Hugh Welsh, to whom the manor was granted, 37 Hen. viii.

Epig. 179, l. 2, '*boord*' = bound (Fr. *bourde*) fib, jest, gibe, quip: occurs as verb in Epig. 288.

Epig. 180. See our Memorial-Introduction on this important Epigram (so-called). Aesop the player is spoken against by Ben Jonson in his *Poetaster*. l. 2, 'to play': misprint for 'the': or = before [he was] to play. l. 18, '*new Crownes*': probably a misprint for '*few*': l. 32, '*Coches-comb*', i.e. place the fool's cocks-comb on my head.

Epig. 185. '*England's Nine Worthies*': (1) Robert, Earl of Essex: the unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth: beheaded 25th February 1600/1. (2) Sir Philip Sidney: see Memorial-Introduction to his Poems in Fuller *Worthies* Library. (3) Sir John Norris: second son of Henry, first Lord Norreys of Rycote. He was President of the Council of Ministers. Sir Edward Norreys was his younger brother, and was governor of Ostend. (4) Sir Francis Vere: governor of the Forces in the Netherlands: buried in Westminster Abbey, 29th August 1609. (5) Earle of Devonshire: Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, created Earl of Devonshire 21st July 1603: died 3d April 1606. For all time associated with Sidney's '*Stella*,' whom he married. (6) Sir Roger Williams: died in 1595. (7) Sir Thomas Baskerville: there were two; one died in 1597, the other in 1599. (8) Sir Edward Wingfield; younger brother to the celebrated Sir Anthony. (9) Sir Edward Norris. See under 3.

Epig. 186. *Sir Josselline Percy*: seventh son of Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland (and younger brother of Henry, ninth Earl, of these Epigrams, etc.) He was born in 1578. He was concerned in the Earl of Essex's insurrection, but was pardoned by Elizabeth. He died unmarried in 1631. More accurately *Josceline*: l. 6, '*letteeth*' = hindereth.

Epig. 187, l. 5, '*attach'd*' = a law term, laid-hold-on: l. 8, '*trust*' = hanged.

Epig. 188, l. 1, '*Cotitto*' = Cotys or Cotytto, — a licentious Thracian divinity.

Epig. 189. *Earle of Ormond*. Thomas Butler, Viscount Thurles, tenth Earl of Ormond, and third Earl of Ossory. He was Lord Treasurer of Ireland in 1599: died 1614.

Epig. 191, S. I. H. = Sir John Harington.

Epig. 192, l. 7, '*angels*' = coins so named, as before.

Epig. 194. *Sir Hugh Smith*. Of Long Ashton, near Bristol. He married Dorothy, daughter of Sir Thomas Gorges, as before, and was grandfather of Sir Hugh Smith, first Baronet. He died in 1627: l. 2, '*wonne*' = dwell.

Epig. 195, l. 8, '*punch*' = whore, as before.

Epig. 198: heading, '*nici-finit*' = finicalness. It reminds of Shenstone's '*flocci-nanci-nihili-pillification*': l. 13, '*runst*' = bull or (old) cow.

Epig. 199, l. 7, '*perbreake*' = to vomit: l. 8, '*be-mutes*' = dungs: a hawking technical.

Epig. 203. *William Hackwell*: long since forgotten.

Epig. 204. *Mr. William Alexander of Menstrie*. The celebrated Poet and Dramatist, whose works have been recently well-reproduced in 3 vols., 1870, died as Earl of Stirling, 12th September 1640: Davies perhaps likened him to Alexander not merely on account of his name but because of his tragedy of '*Darius*'. l. 4, '*decove*' = decorate, adorn.

Epig. 205. *Ostler*: an Actor speedily forgotten: but note his title of '*Roecius*'.

Epig. 206. *John Fletcher*. Beaumont's friend and colleague: born 1576: died 28th August 1625. The titles of two of his finest Plays are well worked into this Epigram.

Epig. 208. *Sir Edward Parrham*. Of Lincolnshire: knighted 23d July 1603, before the coronation of James I. He died abroad, and a creditor administered to his estate, 12th June 1633.

Epig. 210, l. 8, '*kerpe touch*' = keep the agreement or bargain in good faith. Probably from the custom of shaking hands on a bargain.

Epig. 211. *John Poyner*. Qu.—connected with the '*Globe*' theatre?

Epig. 212. *Against Nefarius*, etc. Coarse as this is, it is very masterly in its Donne-like realism of portraiture. See on it our Memorial-Introduction: l. 13, '*gilden*' = gilded: l. 57, '*yexing*' from '*yex*', = spasmodic or hiccough-like sobbings.

Epig. 213. *Sir Oliver Cheyny*: unknown to the Editor.

Epig. 215, l. 3, '*wonnes*' = dwells, as before.

Epig. 217. *John Marston*. The famous Satirist, whose singular story and Works deserve more attention than they have hitherto received. It is to be hoped Mr. Halliwell's practically useless edition will be superseded. His '*Malcontent*' was twice published in 1604.

Epig. 218. *M. Joseph Hall*. The after venerable Bishop of Norwich: died 8th September 1656. His '*Satires*' are still keen-toothed.

Epig. 221. *Of Clitvia*. See Memorial-Introduction on this.

Epig. 222. *Sir Edward Herbert*. The renowned brother of George Herbert: died in 1648. See my editions of George Herbert.

Epig. 223. *Ibid*: l. 13, '*Williams*'. See (6) on Epig. 185.

Epig. 124 (*sic*), l. 6, '*wodes*' = clothes.

Epig. 227. *Mr. Henry Butler*: unknown to the Editor: apparently an actor.

Epig. 234, l. 1, '*neat*' = oxen: l. 8, '*in fine*' = in the end.

Epig. 235. *Sir Francis Smith*. He was knighted at Whitehall 23d July 1603, before the coronation of James I. He died in 1629.

Epig. 136 (*sic*). See Memorial-Introduction for parallel from Sir John Davies.

Epig. 240. *William Seagerr*. Afterwards Sir William Segar. He was made Garter King of Arms by James I. in 1603, but was not knighted until 5th November 1616. He died in December 1633.

Epig. 241. *John Chappertine*: 242. *Henry Holcroft*: both unknown to the Editor.

Epig. 244, l. 12, '*mall*' = maul.

Epig. 245, l. 9, '*corsine*' = corrosive.

Epig. 197 (*sic*), l. 5, '*corpes*' = body, *corpus*.

Epig. 299 (*sic*), l. 1, '*Blennysses*'. See Pliny, *s.n.*, for this 'Vulgar Error.'

Epig. 251, ll. 3-4. The Epigram referred to is in John Heath's

'Two Centuries of Epigrams' (1610). See our Memorial-Introduction on this. The name is indicated in l. 11, 'heath-bredde Muse,' and in next Epigram, l. 2.

Epig. 252, l. 1, '*gaird*' = gird: l. 7, '*Mary*' = marry.

Epig. 258. *M. Row. Lucky*: unknown to Fame: but he probably painted Davies' portrait, which we have engraved. See our Memorial-Introduction on it and this Epigram.

Epig. 264. *Mr. John Gough*: unknown. The office was usually held, as it is now, by a respectable Solicitor: l. 5, '*of Brutus' line*.' Cf. Humphrey Gifford in his '*Poëie of Gillo-flowers*': 'buds of Brutus' land' (p. 83, l. 14). The Welsh were notorious for their boastfulness of the mythical descent.

Epig. 268, l. 8. A reminiscence of a commonplace of Horace.

Epig. 269, l. 7, '*malifice*': ill doing; i.e. *male* instead of *bene*. There is of course a pun in '*benefice*,' l. 8: Cf. l. 6.

Epig. 271. *Garret*: 272. *John Towne*: unknown to the Editor.

Epigs. 276-7. See the Memorial-Introduction for a full account of this.

Epigs. 279-83. His wife. See Memorial-Introduction.

Epig. 280, l. 18, '*Ferre worser wines would fit ferre better men*.' Cf. Shakespeare's 'I could have better spared a better man' (1 *Henry IV.*, v. 4).

Epig. 284. *Sir Basile Brooke*. He was of Madeley in Shropshire: knighted at Belvoir Castle 23d April 1603: died in 1613. See parallels for Creshard in Memorial-Introduction.

Epig. 285. *Dudley Norton*: a familiar-seeming name, but nothing have I found of him.

Epig. 276 (*sic*). *Humphrey Boughton*. Humphrey was a Christian name in the family of baronets Boughton of Lawford Hall, co. Warwick. Cf. on Epigrams onward: l. 5, '*apaisde*' = satisfied.

Epig. 280 (*sic*). *Thomas Bond*: 291. *Henry Twiddy*: 292. *Robert Sharpe*: unknown to the Editor.

Epig. 293. *John Heywood*. Davies must mean 'old' John Heywood the dramatist, of whose Epigrams and Proverbs several editions were published before 1598: but he died in 1565. See our Memorial-Introduction on his Proverbs.

#### VPON ENGLISH PROVERBES.

P. 41, col. 1, ll. 23-4, '*iump*' = agree. So in Shakespeare, Gifford, etc.

P. 41, col. 2, l. 15, '*guncke*' = whore.

P. 42, No. 22, l. 2, '*A bots*' = a worm disease.

P. 42, No. 42, l. 1, '*stooting*': qu. 'stooping' in falconry?

P. 42, No. 60, l. 1, '*erue*' = eve.

P. 42, No. 64, l. 1, '*bittur*' = bitter: l. 2, '*lemmons*' = leman, a mistress (in a bad sense).

P. 42, No. 65, l. 3, '*wassels*' = wassails, drinking-feasts.

P. 43, No. 83, l. 1, '*mute*' = dung: l. 2, '*list*' = chosen or meant.

P. 43, No. 87, l. 1, '*wambles*' = to move or stir: here, rolls about clumsily or totteringly.

P. 43, No. 103, l. 2, '*haksters*' = hocksters, i.e. fighting bullies or swaggerers, fire-eaters.

P. 43, No. 107, l. 2, '*hooker*' = a thief or lifter.

P. 44, No. 139, l. 1, '*maulkin*': = a coarse-looking wench.

P. 44, No. 142, See Memorial-Introduction on this: '*leany*' = James I.

P. 44, No. 144, l. 2, '*an hun's vp*': an old English air and ballad.

P. 45, No. 172, l. 1, '*glout*' = stares? See Halliwell, s.v.

P. 45, No. 173, l. 4, '*trill*' = trindle or trundle.

P. 45, No. 174, l. 2, '*allies*' = alleys.

P. 45, No. 176, l. 4, '*let*' = hinder.

P. 45, No. 188, l. 1, '*hatch*' = a trap to catch weasels: hatchment: here = a half-door.

P. 46, No. 204, l. 2, '*pricke*' = to hit (as with an arrow).

All honour to Davies as (probably) a Roman Catholic, for this tribute to Fox the venerable Martyrologist and his celebrated Letter against putting any to death on religious grounds.

P. 46, No. 226, l. 2, '*tabbers*': from 'taber,' to beat (as on a drum).

P. 47, No. 265, l. 1, '*appaire*' = make worse, or go further in evil: our 'impair.'

P. 47, No. 280, l. 2, '*stutting*' = stuttering.

P. 47, No. 287, l. 1, '*cocks on the hoope*' = to be lively or merry. In this Epig. l. 1 should certainly be 'on the hoope,' in you would say—the proverbial saying quoted ending with 'hoope.' See Memorial-Introduction on this.

P. 48, No. 290, l. 2, '*seller*' = cellar.

P. 48, No. 307, l. 1, '*breaks no square*' = throws not out of order.

P. 49, No. 360, l. 1, '*horolodge*' = horologe, watch or clock.

P. 49, No. 362, l. 2, '*sad*' = solid.

P. 49, No. 364, l. 2, '*eringe-roots*' = provocative herbs.

P. 49, No. 367, l. 2, '*waster*' = cudgel (Florio, s.v.).

P. 49, No. 369, l. 2, '*powting*' = stirring up.

P. 50, No. 397: a curious forgotten theft.

P. 51, No. 408, l. 1, '*uhood*' = hood.

#### TO WORTHY PERSONS.

P. 51: col. 1, *King James*, i.e. First of England: Sixth of Scotland: l. 2, '*sildome*' = seldom.

P. 51, col. 1, *True Brittaines*, etc. = Britons: l. 5, '*whome a god He stiles*': Psalm lxxxii. 6: l. 14, '*great Brittaines*.' The name 'Great Britain' was then comparatively new. See p. 58 to Fitz-Jeffery, l. 6.

P. 51, col. 1, *Thomas, Lord Ellesmere*, etc. The renowned Lord Chancellor: died 15th March 1616/7. The friend and patron of Sir John Davies.

P. 51, col. 2, *Robert Earle of Salisbury*. Robert Cecil, son of William Cecil, Lord Burleigh: was created Earl of Salisbury 4th May 1605, and became Lord High Treasurer in 1609. He died 24th May 1612.

P. 51, col. 2, *Thomas, Earle of Suffolk*, etc. Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk: so created 21st July 1603: Lord High Treasurer in 1614: deprived 1618. He died 28th May 1626: l. 2, '*to good them all*.' On the frequent use of 'good' thus by Davies see our Memorial-Introduction.

P. 51, col. 2, *Henry, Earle of Northampton*, etc. Henry Howard, second son of the celebrated Henry, Earl of Surrey (beheaded in 1547), was created Earl of Northampton in 1604: Lord Privy Seal in 1608. He died unmarried, 15th June 1614, and the earldom became extinct.

P. 52, col. 1, *Doctor Abbot*. Dr. George Abbot, afterwards the illustrious Archbishop of Canterbury. On 4th March 1610/11 he was nominated to the exalted post. He died 4th August 1633: l. 14, '*unct . . . fume*' = offer incense of praise.

P. 52, col. 1, *William, Earle of Pembroke*. The third Earl of Pembroke: succeeded his father Henry on 19th January 1600/1. He was Chancellor of the University of Oxford. He died 10th April 1630.

P. 52, col. 1, *Lord Viscount Lisle*, etc. Sir Robert Sydney,

younger brother of Sir Philip, was created, 4th May 1605, Viscount L'Isle; and, 2d August 1618, Earl of Leicester. He died in 1626.

P. 52, col. 1, *Aulgermoun, Lord Percy*. Son of Henry, ninth Earl of Northumberland, who died 5th November 1632, when he succeeded as tenth Earl. He died 13th October 1668.

P. 52, col. 2, *Sr John Egerton*. Only surviving son of Thomas, Lord Ellesmere, as before. He succeeded his father as second Viscount Brackley on his death, 15th March 1616/7, and was created Earl of Bridgewater 27th May following. He died in 1649: l. 6, '*tabers*' = beats (as on a drum), as before.

P. 52, col. 2, *Sr John Harington*. He was created Baron Harington of Exton, co. Rutland, 21st July 1603; died in 1613, when he was succeeded by his only son John of these Lines, who died 1614, and the title became extinct: l. 7, '*immensible*' = beyond measure: our '*immeasurable*'.

P. 52, col. 2, *Sr Allen Percy*: accurately 'Alan.' He was sixth son of Henry eighth Earl of Northumberland, and was a Knight of the Bath. He died in 1613.

P. 53, col. 1, *Sr Christopher Heydon*. He was knighted by the Earl of Essex in 1596 at the siege of Cadix. He was of Baconthorpe, co. Norfolk, and died early in 1624.

P. 53, col. 1, *Sr Francis Louell*. He was of Harling, co. Norfolk, and was knighted at Grimston, in Yorkshire, 18th April 1603. He died about 1624.

P. 53, col. 1, *Sr Edward Walgrave*: of Norfolk. He was knighted at Greenwich 19th July 1607. He took up arms on the Royalist side at the beginning of the Civil Wars when seventy years old, and was created a baronet 1st August 1643. He died in 1646. He was ancestor of the Earls Waldegrave.

P. 53, col. 1, *Sr William Sydley*. Of Ailesford, co. Kent. He was knighted at Oxford 30th August 1605, and created a baronet 29th June 1611. He founded at Oxford the Sidleian Lecture of Natural Philosophy: died in 1619. He was grandfather of the brilliant if also notorious Sir Charles Sidley (or Sedley).

P. 53, col. 1, *Sr Francis Bacon*. It were well if the many verse-and-prose tributes paid to Bacon by his contemporaries were brought together. His Biographers have strangely overlooked them. From Davies to Ben Jonson and George Herbert they are weighty and suggestive: l. 6, '*Front*' = face: l. 8, '*Belamour*' = belamour, gallant, best-beloved: ll. 8-11, Miss Delia Bacon might have utilised this to her theory, as well as Bacon's enigmatical phrase to Sir John Davies of 'concealed poets' (see my edition of Sir John Davies' Poems: Chatto and Windus, 1876, 2 Vols.): l. 14, '*yncke*,' etc. = illuminated penmanship.

P. 53, col. 2, *Sr John Davies*. The Poet and Lawyer. See my edition of his complete Works: and also Poems as in last note: l. 11, '*of Ill*, you write,' etc. The reference is to his 'Epigrams.'

P. 53, col. 2, *Sr Fulh Gruill*. See my edition of his complete Works, 4 Vols., in Fuller Worthies' Library: l. 11, '*luculent*' = lucid.

P. 53, col. 2, *Sr Robert Mauncell*. Younger brother of Sir Francis Mansel, first baronet of Muddlescombe, co. Carmarthen. He was a vice-admiral in the reigns of James I. and Charles I.: died in 1656.

P. 53, col. 2, *Sr John Sammes*. There was a family of this name at Little Jotham, co. Essex. He was Governor of Isendike in Flanders, where he died and was buried; but no date is given.

P. 54, col. 1, *Sr Edward Eston*. There was a family of this name in Devonshire, wherein an Edward occurs; but no Knight appears: l. 3, '*taxe*' = accuse.

P. 54, col. 1, *Thomas Puckering*. Probably son and heir of

Sir John Puckering, the well-known Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal, who died in 1596. He was created a Baronet, as of Weston, co. Herts, 25th November 1612, and afterwards lived at the Priory, near Warwick. He died without surviving issue 20th March 1636/7.

P. 54, col. 1, *Richard Ravenscroft*. Probably a relative of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere's first wife. See Memorial-Introduction on l. 1.

P. 54, col. 2, *Arthur de-la-valle*. Arthur, seventh son of Sir Robert Delaval, of Seaton, co. Northumberland, by Dorothy, daughter of Sir Ralph Grey of Chillingham. He died unmarried: place and date not recorded.

P. 54, col. 2, *Thomas Butler*. The name abounds contemporaneously.

P. 54, col. 2, *Charles Walgrave*. Cf. onward '*To Worthy Persons*.'

P. 55, col. 1, *Robert Peynts*. Of Iron-Acton, co. Gloucester: created a Knight of the Bath at coronation of Charles II.: died 1665.

P. 55, col. 1, *Peter Ferriman, Matthew Reyden, Thomas Farmer*: all private friends.

P. 55, col. 1, *George Calvert*. Son of Leonard Calvert of Danbywiske, co. York: born in 1578. He was Secretary to Sir Robert Cecil when Secretary of State and afterwards Clerk of the Privy Council. He was knighted 29th September 1617, and was created Lord Baltimore 16th February 1627. He died 15th April 1632. I have read many of his letters at Hatfield.

P. 55, col. 1, *Arthur Maynwarring*. Probably a younger son of Henry Mainwaring of Kermincham, co. Chester, Esquire. He was buried in Westminster Abbey 10th July 1624, no doubt through his official connection with the Lord Chancellor.

P. 55, col. 2, *Walter Leigh*. No doubt of the Leighs of Stoneleigh, two of whom married daughters of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere.

P. 55, col. 2, *Lawrence Masterson*: unknown: l. 1, '*grid-iorne*' = grid-iron.

P. 55, col. 2, *Thomas Warrock*. Thomas Warrock (or Warwick) was appointed Organist of Hereford Cathedral in 1586. He was father of Thomas Warwick, Organist of Westminster Abbey, and grandfather of the celebrated Sir Philip Warwick, author of the '*Memoirs of the Reign of King Charles I.*' The reference is probably to W. Jr. (See Old Cheque Book of the Chapel Royal [Camden Society], note, p. 207.)

P. 55, col. 2, *Doctor Campion*. The 'sweet Master Campion' about whom all-too-little is known. He appears to have been admitted to Gray's Inn in 1586 and some of his works were first published in 1614.

P. 55, col. 2, *John Barlow*. One of this name was of Hart Hall, Oxford, in 1607, and afterwards published sermons, etc.

P. 56, col. 1, *Thomas Francis, Charles Bown*: private friends. See our Memorial-Introduction: l. 9, '*changeling*' = waverer: l. 14, '*the Fermors*': more recently friends of Wadsworth.

P. 56, col. 1, *Lady Wroth*. Lady Mary, wife of Sir Robert Wroth the younger, of Durants, in Enfield, Middlesex. She was a daughter of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, and niece of Sir Philip Sidney. She wrote '*Urania*,' etc. See also on p. 63.

P. 56, col. 2, *John Allen*: a private friend over-praised as '*Orpheus*.' So too of the next Lines, *Mr. Henry Oxford*, and of the next *Mr. Thomas Giles*.

P. 56, col. 2, *M. Peter Edney*. Dr. Rimbault thinks he was a son of William Edney, who was connected with the Chapel Royal as early as 1569, and died in 1581.

P. 56, col. 2, *Iohn Gyffard*: a common contemporaneous name.

P. 57, col. 1, *Iohn Hales*. Query—the 'Ever memorable Hales'? Born in 1584: died 1656: l. 2, 'tax' = accuse, as before.

P. 57, col. 1, *William Wall*. He is oddly introduced on page 46, under Proverb 239.

P. 57, col. 1, *Epigram*, l. 6, 'tabberd' = beaten on (as a drum).

P. 57, col. 2, *Against Faustine*, l. 1, 'pherre' = husband: l. 7, 'stinte' = lessen.

P. 57, col. 2, *Peregrine Browne, Wye, Deble*: all private friends: l. 1, 'Thy nature with thy name doth one appeare' = Peregrine, i.e. like the noble 'peregrine' falcon: see l. 8.

P. 57, col. 2, *Epigram*. See Memorial-Introduction on this well-turned tribute to Essex: l. 5, 'pues' = pews: 'fights' = placed or set.

P. 57, col. 2, *Nicholas Deble*, l. 1, 'Hend Nicholas', etc. See Memorial-Introduction on this.

P. 58, col. 1, *Charles Fits-Jeffery*. A 'sweet Singer,' whose Poems I hope ere long to re-produce, with certainty of welcome. Cf. p. 51, 'True Brittaines,' with l. 6 here.

P. 58, col. 1, *Francis Beaumont*. The colleague of Fletcher.

P. 58, col. 1, *Iohn Sandford*. Son of Richard Sanford of Chard, co. Somerset, and subsequently a Prebendary of Canterbury, and Rector of Ivychurch, co. Kent. He died 24th September 1629. Like others herein celebrated he has Verses before 'Microcosmos' (which see).

P. 58, col. 1, *Edward Lapworth*. He had the degree of Doctor of Physic at Oxford, 20th June 1611, and became the first Sidleian Lecturer there. He died at Bath, 23d May 1636.

P. 58, col. 1, *Charles Best, Robert Dawes, Philip Kingman*: all private friends.

P. 58, col. 2, *Iohn Owen*. His first vol. of 'Epigrams' was published in 1606. He died in 1622, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

P. 58, col. 2, *Simon Hill*: unknown to the Editor.

P. 58, col. 2, *James and Richard Davies*. See our Memorial-Introduction.

P. 58, col. 2, *Lord North*. Roger, second Lord North, died 3d December 1600, and was succeeded by his grandson, Dudley, third Lord North, who died in 1666. The latter is celebrated by Davies as by Breton. He was 'fast' and racy in youth, but sobered down in age.

P. 59, col. 1, *Sir Iohn Wentworth*. Of Gosfield, co. Essex: knighted 23d July 1603: Baronet 29th June 1611. He died in October 1631 and the title became extinct.

P. 59, col. 1, *Iohn Luson*. No doubt John Leveson, who was knighted 10th December 1611, and died in 1615. He was of Halling, co. Kent, and his sister ancestress of the present Leveson-Gowers. He was one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to Prince Henry. The name was pronounced Luson.

P. 59, col. 1, *Magdalen Colledge*, Oxford. See our Memorial-Introduction: l. 11, 'Merre' = simple, unmixed.

P. 59, col. 1, *Nathaniell Tompkins*: son of Thomas Tompkins or Tomkyns of Worcester, and himself a Prebendary of that cathedral (see Old Cheque Book, as before, p. 206).

P. 59, col. 2, *Iohn Hoskins*: Serjeant at Law: M.P. for Hereford: the intimate friend of Ben Jonson, and eulogised for his wit and skill in composition by Camden, Selden, Daniel, and Donne. He was imprisoned in the Tower for speaking against King James's abuse of his prerogative, but later restored to favour, and made a Judge of the Welsh Marches. Died 1638. See The Dr. Farmer MS., edited for Chetham Society (2 vols. 4to.) by me, for Poems by him.

P. 59, col. 2, *George Chapman*: the Translator of 'Homer.' See Memorial-Introduction.

P. 60, col. 1, *Iohn Gwillim*. The well-known author of the 'Display of Heraldry' (1610). He died 7th May 1621. See the Occasional Poems of Davies for the Verses referred to herein.

P. 60, col. 1, *To my sonne, S. D.* See Memorial-Introduction: ll. 5, 11, 'ensue' = follow.

P. 60, col. 1, *Michaell Drayton*. His Works are at long-last being edited and published: as I write this note Vols. i.-iii. reach me. It is to be deplored that the Editor is modernizing the orthography, thereby rendering his book half useless to students.

P. 60, col. 1, *Richard Chambers*: unknown to the Editor.

P. 60, col. 2, *Thomas Winter*. Of co. Dorset: M.A. of Magdalen College, Oxon. 1602. He translated from the French, and published in 1603, 'The Second Day of the First Week,' in heroic verse. See Memorial-Introduction to our Sylvester.

P. 60, col. 2, *Of . . . Master William*, l. 4, 'Empralls': qu. empyreal or imperial, with a tacit reference to 'emperor' or 'kingly'? Doubtless intended as the rustic corruption for 'Emperor's.'

P. 60, col. 2, *Robin Armin*: the famous Actor, author of 'A Nest of Ninnies,' etc. etc.

P. 61, col. 1, *Philemon Holland*. A native of Chelmsford in Essex: son of Rev. John Holland, who fled to the continent in Queen Mary's days. He practised medicine at Coventry for many years: died 9th February 1636/7, aged 85. His Translations may be put beside North's 'Plutarch': l. 11, 'disceard' = troubled, not at ease: l. 17, 'beere' = bier: col. 2, l. 8, 'artlasse' = unskilful: l. 41, 'forefend' = forbid.

P. 61, col. 1, *Sr Charles and Sr Richard Percies*. Brothers, fourth and fifth sons of Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland. They were both military commanders of repute. Sir Charles died in 1628: Sir Richard at Angers in 1648.

P. 62, col. 1, *Charles Walgrave*. See on p. 54.

P. 62, col. 1, *Henry Jerningham*. Son of Sir Henry Jerningham, Vice-chamberlain and Master of the Horse to Queen Mary. He was of Somerleyton Hall, co. Suffolk. He died 15th June 1619. His son was also named Henry: died a Baronet in 1646.

P. 62, col. 1, *Brothers-in-law*. See Memorial-Introduction.

P. 62, col. 1, *Thomas Hawkins*: a private friend.

P. 62, col. 2, *I. H.* i.e. John Heath. See onward.

P. 62, col. 2, *Dorothy, Countesse of Northumberland*. See before.

P. 62, col. 2, *Alice, Countesse of Derby*: later Milton's friend. See Memorial-Introduction.

P. 62, col. 2, *Lucy, Countesse of Bedford*. Donne and Ben Jonson and all the company of poets celebrated her. See the Memorial-Introduction: l. 11, 'appaire' = make worse, injure.

P. 63, col. 1, *Pembroke*. 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother': l. 5, 'spruce' = trim, gay, etc.: l. 6, 'gallimalfrey' = gallimaufrey, i.e. hotch-potch or mixture.

P. 63, col. 1, *Lady Frances Egerton*. Lady Frances Stanley, second daughter and co-heir of Ferdinand, Earl of Derby. She married Sir John Egerton, only surviving son of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, shortly after her mother became the Lord Chancellor's third wife—father and son marrying mother and daughter.

P. 63, col. 1, *Lady Harington*. Anne, daughter and heir of Robert Kelway, Esq., and wife of John, first Lord Harington of Exton, co. Rutland, who died in 1613. She died in 1620.

P. 63, col. 2, *Lady Elizabeth Berkley*. Only daughter and heiress of Sir George Carey, second Lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain and Knight Marshal to Queen Elizabeth,—by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, co. Northampton. She was baptized 7th June 1576 and married, first, 19th February 1595, Thomas, afterwards Sir Thomas

Berkeley, Knight, son and heir of Henry, eleventh Lord Berkeley, who died 22d November 1611. She married, secondly, 14th February 1621/2, Sir Thomas Chamberlain, Knight, Justice of the King's Bench of Common Pleas, and Chief Justice of Chester, who died in September 1625. She died 23d April 1635.

P. 63, col. 2, *Lady Wroth*. See on p. 56.

P. 63, col. 2, *Lady Tracy*, etc. Elizabeth and Anne, daughters of Sir Thomas Coningsby of Hampton Court, co. Hereford, Knight, by Philippa, daughter of Sir William Fitzwilliam of Melton, Knight. Elizabeth married Sir Humphrey Baskerville of Eardisley, co. Hereford, Knight, and died, his widow, in 1665. Anne married, 5th October 1605, Sir Richard Tracy of Hatfield, co. Gloucester, second Baronet of Stanway, who died in 1637. She appears to have predeceased him.

P. 64, col. 1, l. 2, 'bot' = mark to be shot at.

P. 64, col. 1, *The Flea*. See Memorial-Introduction for parallels.

P. 64, col. 1, *The Author*, etc. L. 7, 'isoberdy' = jeopardy: l. 10, 'carr-a-wayes' = carraways; l. 12, 'hayes' = quays.

P. 64, col. 2, *Mrs. Joyce Jefferys*: d. of Henry Jefferys of Horn Castle, by Anne, widow of James Coningsby of Neen Sollars, co. Salop. 'Some Passages collected from her Account Book' were published in 1857 by the late Rev. John Webb in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxxvii.

P. 64, col. 2, *Of Myself*. See Memorial-Introduction: l. 14, 'scue-looks' = squint: l. 17, 'bault' = bolt or arrow; 'bot' = mark to be shot at, as before.

P. 64, col. 2, *A conclusion*: p. 65, l. 1, 'St. Iohn the Baptist' St. Matthew iii. 7: l. 14, 'twattle' = prate, chatter: l. 18, 'foyle' = file or defile. See Memorial-Introduction on *A Conclusion*.  
A. B. G.





*Paper's Complaint.*

1610/11.





## NOTE.

'Paper's Complaint' occupies pp. 230-246 of 'The Scourge of Folly,' without a title-page; but as it differs so much from the short pieces of the 'Scourge,' and in order that the addition by A[braham] H[olland] might be appended from the second edition of 1624/5, I have deemed it expedient to distinguish it from the others, though with continuous pagination. See our Memorial-Introduction for more on this biographically-historically important Satire and its hits on contemporaries; also Notes and Illustrations at close. 'Paper's Complaint' is dedicated thus in the 'Scourge of Folly : '—

*To my worthyly beloued for wit, spirit, learning and honesty; M. Thomas  
Rant, Conncellor at Law, I dedicate this my Papers-complaint.*

Among the rest of those right deere to me  
For wit, and arte, and spirit, as quicke as quaint,  
I haue made choyce, ingenious friend, of thee  
To patronize white Papers blacke complaint.  
Thou learn'd art in the lawes; then we retaine  
Thee with Loues fee, to smooth our Bill rough-hewn :  
For thou wilt say we cause haue to complaine;  
Which in our pittious Bill at large is shew'n :  
The maner not the matter, we may misse :  
Then looke to that, as we haue lookt to this. —G.

*Papers Complaint, compild in ruthfull Rimes  
Against the Paper-spoylers of these Times.*



HAT heart so hard that splits not when it  
heares

What ruthlesse Martyrdome my Body beares  
By rude *Barbarians* of these later Times,

Blotting my spotlesse Brest with *Prose* and *Rimes*  
That *Impudence*, itselfe, would blush to beare ;

It is such shamelesse Stuffe and irkesome Geare ?

Though I (immaculate) be white as Snow,

(Which virgin Hue mine Innocence doth shew)

Yet these remorseles *Monsters* on me piles

A massy-heape of blockish senceles *Stilles* ; 10

That I ne wot (God wot) which of the twaine

Do most torment me, heany *Shames*, or *Paine*.

No lesse then my whole *Reasons* will some suffice

With mad-braine Stuffe ore them to tyrannize.

Yea Ballet-mongers make my sheetes to shake,

To beare Rimes-doggrell making Dogs perbrake.

Whereto (ay me) grosse Burthens still they ad,

And to that put againe, Light Notes and sad :

O Man in desperation, what a dewee 20

Meanst thou such *filth* in my white face to *stuce* ?  
One railes me with course Rimes, and Chips them  
call,

*Ofals* of wit, a fire burne them all.

And then to make the mischeifs more compleate

He blotts my Brow with Verse as blacke as Iett,

Wherein he shewes where *Ladlow* hath her Scite,

And how her Horse-high Market House is pight.

Yet not so satisfied, but on he goes,

And where one *Berries* meane house stands, he shewes.

An other comes with Wit, too costive then,

Making a Glisten-pipe of his rare Pen : 30

And through the same he all my Brest becakes,

And turnes me so, to nothing but *Aiax*.

Yet *Aiax* (I confesse) was too supreme

For Subject of my by-his-wit-royalld *Reasons*,

Exposed to the ranor of the rude,

And wasted by the witlesse Multitude.

He so adorned me that I shall nere

Moue right, for kinde, then in his Robes appeare.

Whose Lines shall circumscribe vncompast Times : 40

And, past the wheeling of the Spheraes, his Rimes

Shall runne (as right) to immortallity,

And praised (as proper) of Posterity.

Yet sith his wit was then with Will annoyd,

And I enforc to beare what Wit did void,

I cannot choose but say as I haue said,

His wit (made loose) defiled me his Mathe.

Another (ah Lord helpe) mee vilifies

With Art of Loue, and how to subtilize,

Making lewd *Venus*, with eternall Lines,

To tye *Adonis* to her loues designses : 50

Fine wit is shew'n therein : but finer twere

If not attired in such bawdy Geare.

But be it as it will : the coyest Dames,

In priuate read it for their Closset-games :

For, sooth to say, the Lines so draw them on,

To the venerian speculation,

That will they, nill they (if of flesh they bee)

They will thinke of it, sith *Loose* Thought is free.

And thou (O Poet) that dost pen my Plaint,

Thou art not scot-free from my iust complaint : 60

For, thou hast plaid thy part, with thy rude Pen,

To make vs both ridiculous to men.

But O ! my Soule is vext to thinke how euill

I was abus'd to beare sults to the Deuill.

*Pierre-Penniless* (a *Pier* eat such a patch)

Made me (ay me) that businesse once dispatch.

And hauing made me vndergo the shame,

Abusde me further, in the Denills name :

And made [me] *Dildo* (dampned *Dildo*) beare,

Till good-mens hate did me in peeces teare. 70

O they were mercifull therein (God knowes)

It's ruth to rid condemn'd ones from woes.

How many Quires (oan any Stationer tell)

Were bandied then, t'wixt him and *Gabriell* ?

Who brutishly my beauty so did blot

With Gaultie-girds by Pens pumpt from th' inck-pot,

That I more vgly then a *Satire* seemd :

Nay, for an hellish Monster was esteemd.

Flue Grotes (good Lord ! ) why what a rate was that, 80

For one meere raying Pamphlet to be at ?

Well, God forgiue them both, they did me wrong,

To make me beare their choller spude, so long.

churchyard

Herington

Yet if, in Iudgement, I should spend my breath,  
The Doctor foyld him with his Dagger sheath.

The Conny-catcher now plaies leas in sight,  
That wonted was on me to shew that slyght,  
And made more hauock of my Reames and Quires,  
Then all the Neckes are worth of such scalld  
Squires.

No Tearme could scape him, but he scrapèd mee  
With Pens that spirtled me with Villany. 90  
And made me ope a gap, vnto each Gap,  
That leads to shame, to sorrow, and mishap.  
But let him goe, he long since dead hath benee,  
In Body dead, but yet his Name is *Greene*.

What should I speake of infant-*Rimers* now,  
That ply their Pen as Plow-men do their Plow :  
And pester Poasts, with Titles of new bookes ;  
For, none but Blockes such wooden Titles brookes.  
Ay me, how ill-bested am I the while,  
To see, how at my carriage, Carters smile : 100  
And yet such Rascall-writers finde a Presse,  
(A mischief on't) to make me to confesse  
I was in fault for that I did not finde  
A way to flie from such Gulls with the winde.

Then to recount the volumes hugely written,  
Where I lye soild as I were all be ( )  
*Aias*, Ile stand toot, did beecome me better,  
For all's vnsweete, Sence, Sentence, Line and Letter.  
The Sonnes of *Aymon*, *Benis*, *Gowen*, *Guy*,  
*Arthur*, the Worthy, writ vnworthily ; 110  
Mirroure of Knighthood, with a number such,  
I might spend time (past time) them all to touch.

And though I grieue, yet cannot choose but smile  
To see some moderne Poets seed my Soile  
With mighty Words that yeeld a monstrous Crop,  
Which they do spur-gall in a false-gallop.  
*Embellish*, *Blandishment* and *Equipage*,  
Such Furies flie from their Muse' holy rage.  
And if (perchance) one hit on *Surquedry*,  
O he writes rarely in sweet Poesy ! 120

But, he that (*point-blanch*) hits *Enueloped*,  
Hee (Lord receaue his Soule) strikes *Poetry* dead.

O *Poetry* ! that now (as stands thy case)  
Art the head game ; and yet art out an *Ace* :  
An *Ace* ? nay two : (for on thee *Fortune* frownes)  
That's out of Credit quite, and out of Crownes.  
Thou art a Worke of darknesse, that dost damne  
Thy Soule (all *Satire*) in an *Epigram*.

Thou art, in this worlds reackning, such a Botch  
As kills the *English quils*, howere the *Scotch*  
Escape the mortal mischief : but, indeede,  
Their *Starres* are better ; so, they better speede.  
Yet *Poetry* be blith, hold vp thy head,  
And liue by *Aire* till Earthly *Lumpes* be dead.  
But if *Aire* fatt not, as through thee it passes,  
Liue vpon *Sentences* gainst golden *Ases*.

Some burden me, sith I oppresse the Stage,  
With all the grosse *Abuses* of this *Age*,  
And presse mee after, that the World may see  
(As in a soild *Glasse*) her selfe in mee. 140

Where each man *is*, and out of's *humor* pries  
Vpon himselfe ; and laughs vntill he cries.

*Vntrussing* *humorous* Poets, and such *Stuffe*  
(As might put plainest *Pacience* in a Ruffe)  
I shew men : so, they see in mee and *Elues*  
Themselues scornd, and their Scorners scorne them-  
selues.

O wondrous *Age* ! when *Phabus Ympes* do turne  
Their *Armes* of Witt against themselves in scorne  
For lacke of better vse : alack, alack,  
That Lack should make them'so their creditts crack ! 150  
Is want of *Wealth* or Witt the cause thereof,  
That they thus make themselves a publick Scoffe?  
I wott not I, but yet I greatly feare,  
It is not with them as I would it were.

I would it were ; then *Time* should ne're report  
That in these *Times*, Witt spoild himselfe in sport.  
O poore *Apollos* Priests (rich in reproch)

Ist not ynough the base your blame should broch.  
But you your selues (vnhappy as ye are)

Must doo't, as if your diuine *fury* were 160  
Turn'd into Hellish ; to excruciate none  
(To gladd your Scorners) but your selues alone.

And make me beare, to myne eternall shame,  
Th' immortall *Record* of your *Rascors* Blame.  
Can you teach men how they themselves should vse  
When you your selues your selues do so abuse?  
Or sett this *Chaos* of confusion

(The World) in order by abusion ?

Alas ye cannot : For, Men will despise  
The precepts of great Clarks, if so vnwise. 170

Then *Time* redeeme, and in time that amisse,

And I past-time will bear the blame of this.  
For, pale-fac'd Paper cannot blush a whitt  
Though still it beare the greatest blame of *Witt*.

Yet, *Poets* loue I, sith they make me weare  
(What weares out *Time*) my rich and gaudiest Geare.

Yea, those I loue that in too earnest Game  
(Or little Spleene) did me no little shame.

Sith I can witness to succeeding *Times*  
They oft haue me araid with royall *Rimes* ; 180

That rauish *Readers* (Though they enulous bee),  
Such sacred *Raptures* they haue put on me.

Heere giue me leaue (kinde *Reader*) to digresse ;

To speake of their vnhappy-happinesse,  
Who can put Words into the Mouthes of Kings,  
That make them more then seeme Celestiall things.

And can their Deeds so fashion with their *Pen*,  
That, doing so, they should be Gods with men !

Each Moode that moues the Minde they so can moue,  
As doth the *Wit*, the *Will* ; or *Beauty*, *Loue*. 190

Yet, as they were accursed by the *Fates*,  
They can moue none to better their estates.

Who do not onely hurt themselves alone,  
But *Fortune* (that still hurts them) do enthrone  
Among the *Senate* of those *Deities*

That hisse (like *Geese*) at their kinde Galleries.

What bootes the *Brainses* to haue a wit diuine,  
To make what ere it touch, in Glory shine ;

If (*Midas* like) it famisht be with store  
 Of golden Morsels set the same before. 300  
 And for an hunger-staruen Fee (alas !)  
 To make an Idoll of a Golden *Ass*.  
 It's the worst way that wit can vse his trade,  
 For Fee so light with rich praise *Blockes* to lade  
 Yet will I not so wrong my selfe and you,  
 To bid you quite your thriflesse Trade eschue.  
 For, then, in time, I might want change (perchance)  
 Of *Robes*, that do my glory most aduance.  
 No : write (kinde *Patrones*) but let *Patrones* such 310  
 Be prais'd as they deserue ; a littl's much :  
 Because that little good in such is found,  
 That giue but little to be much renownd.  
 Yet write (deere Gracers, that do make me faire)  
 And liue the while (*Chamelion* like) by ayre.  
 Your Lines (like Shadowes) sett my *Beauty* forth,  
 Shadowing the life of *Arte*, Wits deereest worth.  
 When you are gon (for, long you cannot stay,  
 Whose *Brains* your *Pens* pick out, to throw away)  
 I will remember you, and make you liue  
 A life (without Worlds charge) which *Fame* doth 320  
 giue :  
 For, should that life cost this *Age* more than Breath,  
 It soone would gnaw your deereest Fames to death.  
 Mans life is but a dreame ; Nay, lesse then so ;  
 A shadow of a Dreame ; that's scarce a Show :  
 Then, in this Shadow, shadow out that shade  
 That may the world substancially perswade  
 You are halfe Gods, and more : so, cannot dye  
 By reason of your Wits Diuinity !  
 How am I plagu'd with pettifogging *Scribes*,  
 That load mee with fowle lyes for *Fees* and *bribes* ? 330  
 And though wide Lines vpon my Sheetes they put,  
 Close knau'ry yet in those wide Lines they shutt :  
 Which there in *mystery* obscurly lies  
 That those which see it needs haue *Eagles* Eyes :  
 So I a *Laborinth* am made thereby  
 Where men oft lose themselues vntill they dye.  
 Or els a Traitrous trapp, and subtile Snare,  
 To crush rash fooles which runne in vnaware.  
 But that which most my Soule excruciates  
 Some *Chroniclers* that write of kingdomes States 340  
 Do so absurdly sableize my White  
 With *Masques* and *Enterludes* by Day and Night ;  
 Balld *Maygames*, *Beare-baytings*, and poore *Orationes*  
 Made to some *Prince* by some poore *Corporations* :  
 And if a *Brick-batt* from a *Chymney* falls  
 When puffing *Boreas* nere so little Bralls :  
 Or els a Knaue bee hang'd by Iustice doome  
 For Cutting of a Purse in selfe-same Roome ;  
 Or wanton Rigg, or letcher dissolute  
 Do stand at *Powles-Crosse* in a Sheeten Sute ; 350  
 All these, and thousands such like toyes as These,  
 They clapp in *Chronicles*, like *Butterflies*  
 Of which there is no vse ; but spotteth mee  
 With Medley of their Motley-Liuerie.  
 And so confound graue Matters of estate  
 With plaies of *Poppets*, and I wott not what :

Which make the Volume of her Greatnesse host  
 To put the Buyer to a needlesse Cost.  
 Ah good Sir *Thomas Moore*, (Fame bee with thee)  
 Thy Hand did blesse the *English* Historie, 260  
 Or els (God knowes) it had beene as a Pray  
 To brutish Barbarisme vntill this Day.  
 Yet makes the Readers which the same peruse  
 At her vnruely Matters much to muse :  
 For (ah ! ) that euer any should record  
 And Chronicle the Sedges of a Lord,  
 Seiges of *Townes*, or *Castles* ? No, (alas !)  
 That were too well : but Sedges that do passe  
 Into the *Drasght*, which none can well suruay  
 Without he turne his face another way : 270  
 Yet where that is, I may not well disclose,  
 But you may find it, follow but your Nose.  
 As also when the Weather-cock of *Powles*  
 Amended was, this *Chronicler* enrols.  
 And O (alas ! ) that e're I was created  
 Of Raggs, to bee thus rudely lacerated :  
 With such most ragged, wilde, and childish Stuffe  
 As might putt plainest *Patience* in a Ruffe :  
 For this saies one : There was, on such a day,  
 A disputation (that's a Grammer fray) 280  
 Betweene *Paulus* Schollers, and St *Anthonyes*  
 St *Bartholmeus* among ; and, the best *Priue*  
 A *Pen* was of fife shillings price ; Alas !  
 That ere this Doteherd made mee such an Asse  
 To beare such Trash ; and that in such a Thing  
 Which wee call *Chronicle* : so, on me bring  
 A world of shame : a shame vpon them all  
 That make myne Iniuries Historicall  
 To weare out Time, that euer (without end)  
 My shame may last, without some one it mend. 290  
 And then, like an *Historian* for the nonce,  
 He tells how two Knights here were feasted once  
 At *Mounsire Doyssels* lodging (mong the rest)  
 With a whole powderd *Palfray* (at the least)  
 That rosted was : so hee (without remorse)  
 Tells vs a Tale but of a rosted Horse.  
 Good God ! who can endure, but silly I,  
 To beare the burden of such Trumpery,  
 As, could I blush ; my face no inke would beare :  
 For blushing Flames would burne it comming there ? 300  
 But, Fame reports ther's one (forth-comming yet)  
 That's comming forth with *Notes* of better Sett :  
 And of this *Nature* ; Who both can, and will  
 With descant, more in tune, mee fairly fill.  
 And if a senselesse creature (as I am ;  
 And, so am made, by those whome thus I blame)  
 May iudgement giue, from those that know it well,  
 His *Notes* for *Arte* and Iudgement do excell.  
 Well fare thee man of *Arte*, and World of Witt,  
 That by supremest Mercy liuest yet : 310  
 Yet, dost but liue ; yet, liust thou to the end :  
 But so thou paist for Time, which thou dost  
 spend,  
 That the deere Treasure of thy precious skills  
 The World with *pleasure*, and with *profit* fills.

Thy long-winged, actiue and ingenious *Spright*  
Is euer *Towering* to the highest height  
Of *Witt*, and *Arte*; to beautifie my face:  
So, deerey graceest life for lifes deere *Grace*.

Another in the *Chronicle* as great  
As some old Church-booke (that would make one  
sweat 330

To turne it twice) at large (good man) doth shew  
How his good Wife good Beere, and Ale doth brew.  
With which (lest Readers fowly might mistake)  
He many *Leaues* in *Folio*, vp doth take  
To make them brew good Beere, and Ale aswell  
As his good wife; and all the *Arte* doth tell.  
So, for a booke of Cookery one would take  
That *Chronicle* that shewes to brew and bake.  
Heere is strong *Stuffe*, a *Chronicle* to line; 330  
*Worth* varnish will; then doth the *Story* shine:  
Wherein *Historians* still may see the face  
Of *Wit* and *Arte*, their *Histories* to grace.

I must endure all this: but God forgiue them;  
I can no more commend them then beleuee them.  
I scarce would venture Mault, a Pennies price;  
To try the vertue of this *Stories* vice.  
For as it marrd the *Chronicle* before,  
So might it marre the mault, what euer more.  
With rancke Redundance being thus oppress, 340  
I (as for speaking nought) to death am prest.

But now (ah now) ensues a pinching pang,  
A villaine vile, that sure in hell doth hang,  
Hight *Mach-evil* that *evil* none can match,  
Daub'd me with deu'llish Precepts, Soules to catch,  
And made me so (poore silly Innocent)  
Of good soules wracke, the curs'd instrument.  
Now not a Groome (whose wits erst soard no hyer  
Then how to pile the Logs on his Lords fire)  
But playes the *Machiavillian* (with a pox) 350  
And, in a Sheep-skin clad, the Wolfe or Fox.

I could heere speake what hauock still is made  
Of my faire Reames which quarrells ouer-lade  
In right *Religious* cause, as all pretend,  
Though nere so wrongly some her *right* defend.  
What neuer ending Strife they make me stirre:  
For, I am made the Trumpet of their warre.

I pell-mell put together by the Eares  
All *Nations* that the Earth (turmoiled) beares;  
While wounded Consciences in such Conflicts 360  
Dammacions terror euermore afflicts  
In desperate doubts; with Wynds of Doctrine tost  
Still likely in *Faiths* Shipp-wrack to bee lost.  
While learned *Pilots* strue which Course is best,  
Gods tempest-beaten *Arke* can take no rest,  
But vp and down on *Discords* Billowes borne  
In dismal plight, and fares as qlight forlorne.  
But Thou sweet *Concords* Cause, who with thy Hand  
Dost tune the *Deeper*, and highest winds command,  
Looke downe from Thyne eternall Seate (secure) 370  
Vpon Thy *Church* Storme-tossed euery houre;  
And factious Men inspire with better grace  
Then with defence of Sects to *staine* my face.

But wretched I (vnhappy that I am)  
None, no not one, a 'Pistle now can frame,  
T'addresse their Works to any Personage,  
But they (ay mee) must craue their Patronage,  
To be protected from the bitter blow  
Of *Momus*, *Zoilus*, and I wott not who.  
O *Momus*, *Momus*, *Zoilus*, *Zoilus*, yee 380  
In these *Epistles* too much pester mee:  
For, vnder Lords wings *Metaphorkall*  
All *Authors* creepe: a shame vpon them all.  
And men you haue alas so much bewitcht  
That with your *Names* (like *Needles*) must be sticht;  
All dedicating '*Pistles* on my Sheetes':  
For, first of all with you the Reader meetes.  
And now that fashion is so stale become  
That hee in hate, Crosse-wounds me with his Thumbe;  
And ready is to teare my tender Sides  
To make me Scauenger for their Back-sides. 390  
Good gentle Writers, for the Lord sake, for the Lord  
sake,

Like *Lud-gate* Pris'ner, lo, I (begging) make  
My mone to you; O listen to my mone  
Let *Zoile* and *Momus* (for Gods loue) alone;  
Meddle not with them, *Mome's* a byting Beast;  
And men for his name-sake your Bookes detest,  
And make me shake for feare lest in a rage  
They should enforce me weare their *Buttocks* Badge.  
Leaue off, leaue off your *Tokens* of good will;  
The Poesies of old Rings new '*Pistles* spill. 400  
Away with *Patronage*, a plague vpon't,  
That hideous Word is worse then *Termagant*.  
Call for no aide where none is to be found;  
*Protect* my *Booke*; such Bookes O *fates* confound.  
To shew my grateful minds: That's stinking stale;  
Yet in new '*Pistles* such geares set to sale.  
We poore man's present to the *Emperour*:  
O that in '*Pistles* keeps a stinking sturte.  
And not the *Guift*, but giuers poore good will;  
This, this (O this) my vexed Soule doth kill! 410  
This is a *Pill* (indeede) to giue more stooles  
Then Mouthes will fill of forty such fine-fooles.  
This heauy Sentence which I oft sustaine,  
Makes me to grone, it putts mee to such paine.  
Therefore I pray such Writers, write no more;  
Or if you do, write better then before.  
Doth *Nature* new Heads bring forth eu'ry day?  
And can those new Heads no new *Witt* bewray?  
Vnhappie *Nature* or vnhappy Heads,  
Its time for one or both to take your Beads. 420  
The world and most mens *Witts* are at an end,  
Pray for increase of faith, then *Witt* will mend:  
For sure the cause why men too foolish are  
They faint in search of *Wisdome*, through dispaire.  
Hath *Aristotle* left his witte behinde,  
To helpe those *Witts* that seeke, yet cannot finde?  
Hath *Socrates* and *Plato* broke the yee  
To many a Skill and most deuine Deuice?  
And cannot *After-commers* too't arise?  
And with those *Helps* not equall Skill achue? 430

Did they (poore Men) out of meere Industry  
 Attaine to so great *singularity*,  
 Having no Ground, or if Ground, had but little  
 Whereon their lofty Buildings sure to settle.  
 And can no Work-man of this happlesse Time,  
 Add no Stone to it; nor no Dabbe of Lyme?  
 I wrong them now, that would I countermand;  
 They add much Lyme, but neither *stone*, nor *sand*.  
 And this the cause (as some good *Authors* say)  
 Their Workes, with *Winde* and *Raine* do dance the  
 Hay; 440  
 For, they fall downe-right; but the *Raine* and *Winde*  
 Makes them runne in and out as they're inclinde:  
 And could the Weather speake, it would commend  
 Such toward Workes as towards it do bend;  
 And praise (beyond the *Moone*) their muddy Brayne  
 That builds with *mudd* to sport the *Winde* and *Rayne*.  
*Plato* and *Socrates* (the *Mason free*)  
 With *Stone* and *Lime* built too substantially.  
 And *Aristotle* (like a musing foole)  
 Would lay no Stone without good Reasons Rule; 450  
 What boote such BUILDINGS to weare *Ages* out?  
 A goodly peece of Worke it is no doubt;  
 Yfaith, yfaith, their Witts were much misled,  
 To build for others now themselves are dead.  
 The *Winde* may now go whistle while it will,  
 These Waightie Workes for all that stand do still.  
 The *Rayne*, by soaking showres, may fall amaine;  
 Yet sure they stand for all such Showres of *Rayne*.  
 Yea, let all Weathers ioyne their force in one,  
 They all vnable are to stirre one stone. 460  
 A mischief on the Fooles, what did they meane,  
 To wast their Braines and make their Bodies leane,  
 To profit others which they neuer knew,  
 And build for Sots, which after should ensue?  
 Who gape vpon it with great admiration;  
 But dare not stirre a foote from the foundation.  
 Yee neede not feare to climbe, the Worke is sure,  
 Els could it not so many *Ages* dure.  
 And, if a Flaw be found, through Builders blame,  
 Now mother-witt (some say) can mend the same. 470  
 And still yee haue such stedfast footing there,  
 And yet will sinck through slouth or faint through  
 feare,  
 O Heau'ns increase your fayth, and make it strong;  
 For yee through weaknesse, do your wisdomes wrong.  
 The *Soule of Man* is like that *Power* deuine,  
 That in him selfe all wisdomes doth containe;  
 Which *simily* in *Wisdomes* facultie  
 Doth hold, or els there is no *Simily*.  
*Mans Reason* (if stird vp) can mount as hie  
 As *Soules* themselues, and they to Heau'n can flye, 480  
 And from thence view what the *Circumference*.  
 Doth Circumscribe, if subiect vnto Sence.  
*Homer* (though blinde) yet saw with his *Soules* Eye,  
 The *Secret* hid in deep'st Philosophie;  
 In *State-affaire*, and in the high'st *Designes*;  
 All which he measures with immortall *Lines*;  
 Whereat wee rather euer do admire  
 Then feele least seror of his diuine fire.

What *Country*, *Marches*, *Navy*; nay, what *Hoast*  
 Yea what *Mindes-motions* (both of *man*, and *Ghost*) 490  
 Are by Him, so exprest, that he (wee wott)  
 Makes vs to see that Hee himselfe sawe not!  
 His *Illiads* describes the *Bodies* worth:  
 The *Minde*, his *Odissea* setteth forth.  
 For which seau'n Citties straue, when he was gon,  
 Which of them all should hold him as their owne.  
 Then gentle Writers be not so imploud  
 In writing euerlastingly, (vncloud)  
 And let your reason idle bee the while;  
 Let Reason worke, and spare your Writings toille, 500  
 Till by degrees, she lifted hath your Spright  
 Vnto the topp of *Humane-Wisdomes* height.  
 And when ye haue aspir'd about your *Sires*,  
 Then write, a Gods-name, fill my *Reames* and *Quires*,  
 And with huge Volumes build a *Babel-Towr*  
 As high as Heau'n (that shall the heau'ns out-dure)  
 For your *Sonnes* *Sonnes* to climbe; if so they please,  
 From *Errors* *Flouds*, and *Perterbations* Seas.  
 And flatter not, (alas) O flatter not  
 Your selues as wise; for, you are wide (god wott) 510  
 And though yee knew what *Aristotle* holds,  
 Thinke not, therefore, your Braine all truth infolds.  
 For, there are Truthes (beside the *Truth* of *Truth*)  
 That nere came neere his Braine much lesse his mouth.  
 All which (when Pow'rs of the *Intelligence*,  
 In their persute vse all their violence)  
 May well be apprehended though black Clouds  
 Of vtter-darknesse their abiding shrouds:  
 Which cannot bee when Bounds are set to *Witt*  
 In *Plato* his *Plus Ultra* toucht not yet: 520  
 Or *Aristotles* vtmost trauels reach,  
 Where *Muse* made, through the *Marble* Heau'ns, a  
 Breach:  
 And past th' inferior *Orbes* vntill he came  
 Vnto the highest *Spheare* of that huge *Frame*  
 That whoorles the lower with repugnant sway,  
 Yet had not pow'r his mounting *Muse* to stay;  
 But it would pry into th' infernall PLACE,  
 Where *glory* sits enthron'd in greatest grace.  
 Yet these be not true *Wisdomes* Bounds, whose scope  
 Do farre extend about the Heau'nly Cope; 530  
 And more profound then the infernall *Deepe*,  
*Heau'n*, *Earth*, and *Hell*, her *Greatnesse* cannot keepe:  
 And though such *Wisdomes* properly with God  
 And not with mortall men doth make abode,  
 Yet He imparts of His vnbounded *grace*  
 So much as may Heau'n, *Earth*, and *Hell* embrace  
 With *Contemplations* Armes, that all infold,  
 Whose vncomprised reach no *limits* hold.  
 But if, through slouth, those Armes be not extended,  
 In *Earths* *Circumference* then, their *Circuit*'s ended. 540  
 Now, you that seeke by *Wisdomes* to aspire,  
 With *study* impe the wings of your Desire,  
 And you thereby shall scale the highest Height,  
 Although your *Minde* be clog'd with *Bodies* weight:  
 So may ye grace me with eternall *lines*,  
 That compasse can, and gage the deep'st *Designes*.

*Omnia sapientibus factilia.*



A  
CONTINUED  
INQUISITION  
againſt *Paper-Perſecutors.*

By A. H.



ND shall it still be so? nor ist more hard  
To repaire *Pauls* than to mend *Pauls-  
Churchyard*?  
Shall still the Youths that walke the *Middle-*

*lle,*

To whet their stomachs before meales, compile  
Their sudden volumes, and be neuer barr'd  
From scattering their Bastards through the Yard?  
Shall still such fopperie fill vp each Stall,  
And neuer come to a due Funerall  
In so conuenient a place? It is no wonder  
That *Pauls* so often hath beene stricke with Thunder: 10  
T'was aimed at these Shops, in which there lie  
Such a confused World of Trumpery.  
Whose Titles each Terme on the Posts are rear'd,  
In such abundance, it is to be fear'd  
That they in time, if thus they goe on, will  
Not only *Little* but *Great Britaine* fill,  
With their infectious Swarmes; whose guilty sheetes,  
I haue obseru'd walking in the streets:  
Still lurking neere some Church, as if hereby  
They had retir'd to a Sanctuarie, 20  
For murdring Paper so: as in old time  
Persons that had committed some foule crime  
Thus sau'd their liues: Each driueling *Lowel* now  
That hath but seene a *Colledge*, and knows how  
To put a number to *Iohn Setons* Prose,  
Starts vp a sudden *Muse-man*, and streight throws  
A *Packe of Epigrams* into the light,  
Whose vndigested mish-mash would affright  
The very Ghost of Martiall, and make  
Th' Authors of th' Anthologie to quake. 30  
Others dare venter a diuiner straine,  
And \* *Rime the Bible*, whose foule Feet profane

\* *The Bible rimed in a pettish volume like the Battle of Troy.*

That holy ground, that wise-men may decide,  
The *Bible* ne're was more *Apocryphide*,  
Than by their bold Excursions: (*Bertas, thou,*  
And thy Translatours, I absolve thee free  
From this my imputation: who in lines,  
(Deseruing to be studied by Diuines.)  
Didst maske thy *Sacred Furie*, whose rare wit,  
Did make the same another Holy Writ, 40  
Who, be it spoken to thy lasting praise,  
Gau'st *Sunday* rayment to the *Working Dayes*.

Others that ne're search'd new borne Vice at all,  
But the *seuen deadly Sinnes* in generall,  
Drawne from the Tractate of some cloyster'd Frier,  
Will needs write Satyrs, and in raging fire  
Exasperate their sharpe Poeticke straine,  
And thinke they haue toucht it, if they raile at Spaine,  
The Pope and Deuill; and while thus they vrge  
Their stinglesse gall, there's none deserue the scourge 50  
More than themselves, whose weakness might suffice  
To furnish Satyrs and poore Elegies.

To runne through all the Pamphlets and the Toyes  
Which I haue seene in hands of Victoring Boyes,  
To raile at all the merrie *Wherrie-Bookes*,  
Which I haue found in Kitchen-cobweb-nookes:  
To reckon vp the verie Titles, which  
Doe please new Prentices, the Maids, and rich  
Wealth witti'd Loobies, would require a Masse 60  
And Volume, bigger than would load an Asse:  
Nor ist their fault alone, they wisely poysse,  
How the blinde world doth onely like such Toyes.  
A generall Folly reigneth, and harsh Fate  
Hath made the World it selfe insatiate:  
It hugges these Monsters and deformed things,  
Better than what *Iohnson* or *Drayton* sings:  
As in North-Villages, where euery line  
Of *Plumpton Parke* is held a worke diuine. 7

If o're the Chymney they some Ballads haue  
 Of *Cherry-Chase*, or of some branded slaue 70  
 Hang'd at Tyborne, they their Mattins make it,  
 And Vespers too, and for the Bible take it.  
 If a Choise-Piece should come into their hand,  
 T'would be as hatefull as a yellow-band  
 Was at the first ; so if vpon the Wall  
 They see an Antique in base Postures fall :  
 As, a Frier blowing wind into the taile  
 Of a Baboone, or an Ape drinking Ale,  
 They admire that, when to their view perhaps  
 If yee should set one of *Mercators Mapps* 80  
 Or a rare piece of *Albert Durer*, they  
 Would hardly sticke to throw the toy away,  
 And curse the botching Painter ; see, alas,  
 The doting world is come vnto this passe,  
*England* is all turn'd *Yorkeshire*, and the Age  
 Extremely *sottish*, or too nicely *sage*.  
 To passe a thousand other, doe but looke  
 Of late how they abus'd the Noble *Duke*.  
 What steel'd patience could behold those Dawes  
 Praeuaricate the *Muses* sacred Lawes, 90  
 And blabber forth *His* Funerall, in Rimes,  
 I needs must say, much like these wretched Times ?  
 To heare the noselesse Ballad-woman raise  
 Her snuffing throat to *His* ill-penn'd praise :  
 Or the oft-beaten fellow make his mone,  
 Who in the streets is wont to reade *Pope Ioane* :  
 To see each Wall and publike Post defil'd  
 With diuers deadly *Elegies*, compil'd  
 By a foule swarme of *Cuckoes* of our Times,  
 In Lamentable Lachrymentall Rimes : 100  
 By this I hope, y'haue wrong'd him what you can  
 By those abortiue Broods of Barbican,  
 And such like *Magasines* of wofull things  
 Such as I nor the sober *Poet* sings.  
 Haue you yet not to soile *His* spotlesse life  
 Ended those begging Chartells to *His Wife* ?  
 Who, could she but haue rais'd her wofull Eies,  
 Had thought them Libells and not *Elegies*.  
 And yee who with more secrecie did write  
 Lines which you thought too precious for the light, 110  
 In reseru'd Manuscripts, for shame giue o're  
 Your hard-strain'd numbers, and disperse no more  
 Your heauy Rimes, which seeme by quicker Eie  
 Would make one quite abiure all Poetrie,

And studie *Stow* and *Hollinshed*, and make  
 Tractates of Trauells, or an Almanake :  
 But sure the names were falsified, nor can  
 I thinke a Schollar or a Gentleman,  
 Would doe *His Memorie* so foule abuse :  
 Sure t'was some Ballad-broker did traduce 120  
 Their Fame, or th' *one-leggd varlet* who doth sing  
 His roaring *Non-sence*, to a triuiall Ring  
 Of Prentices, about some arrant sent,  
 Or Boies, who, then leaue a Lacke a Lent  
 To heare the noise, or women who stand there,  
 And at *O-Hone* ring forth a readie teare.  
 Touching the State, Ambassadors or Kings,  
 My Satyre shall not touch such sacred things :  
 Nor list I purchase penance at that rate,  
 As some Spoile-Papers haue deerely done of late. 130  
 And such as these, whose names are iustly spred  
 Vnto their shame, are to be pittied,  
 Rather than blam'd ; But to behold the wals  
 Batter'd with weekly Newes compos'd in Pauls,  
 By some *Decaied Captaine*, or other *Rooks*,  
 Whose hungry braines compile prodigious *Books*,  
 Of *Bethlem Gabors* preparations, and  
 How termes betwixt him and th' *Emperor* stand :  
 Of *Denmarke*, *Swede*, *Poland*, and of this and that,  
 Their Wars, Iars, Stirs, and I wote not what : 140  
 The *Duke* of *Brunswicke*, *Mansfield*, and *Prince*  
*Maurice*,  
 Their Expeditions, and what else but true is,  
 Yea of the *Belgique state*, yet scarcely know,  
 Whether *Brabant* be in *Christendome* or no :  
 To see such *Batter* euerie weeke besmeare  
 Each publike post, and Church dore, and to heare  
 These *shamefull lies*, would make a man in spight  
 Of Nature, turne *Satyr*ist, and write  
 Reuenging lines, against these *shamelesse men*,  
 Who thus torment both *Paper*, *Presse*, and *Pen*. 150  
 Th' Impostors that these *Trumperies* doe viter,  
 Are, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and (----)  
 Who if they doe not soone *these matters mend*,  
 I'lle shortly into th' world, a *Satyre* send,  
 Who shall *Them* lash with fierie rods of Steele,  
 That euer after *They* my jerks may feele.

*Mysteria mea mihi.*



## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

P. 47: VERSE-DEDICATION TO M. THOMAS RANT. This Lawyer is unknown to fame.

P. 75: PAPERS COMPLAINT, l. 9. '*Monsters on me piles*.' Note the grammar of plural nominative with singular verb: l. 16, '*perbrake*' = vomit: l. 18, '*sad*' = solid, heavy in contrast with 'light': l. 19, '*devocs*' = devil: l. 20, '*sluce*' = flood: l. 21, '*raies*' = fouls: *ib.*, '*Chips them call*.' This designates Churchyard's 'Chippes,' etc., 1575, 1578, etc.: ll. 25-28, '*Wherein*,' etc. The reference is to the same author's 'Generall rehearsall of Warres,' etc., 1579, being virtually a continuation of the 'Chippes': also his 'Worthines of Wales,' etc., 1587: l. 26, '*pight*' = pitched: l. 32, '*Aiax*': Sir John Harington's 'Metamorphosis of Aiax,' etc., 1596, with a pun on 'a jack': ll. 43, 44, '*wit*...' with *Will*, etc.: a kind of proverbial saying adopted by Breton for title of one of his manners-painting books, 'The Will of Wit' (1599). There is no allusion however to Breton: ll. 47-58. It seems manifest that Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis' is here satirised, albeit Barkstead's 'Mirrha, the mother of Adonis or Lustes Prodigies' (1607), or 'The Scourge of Venus' might possibly be meant. Yet the '*eternall Lines*,' (l. 49) suggests Shakespeare: ll. 59-62. Davies candidly acknowledges here the 'blots' of his 'Scourge of Folly': l. 65, '*Pierse-Pennilesse*,' etc., Nash's famous book—perhaps with most salt of wit of any by him: l. 65, '*a Pies* eat such a *patch*': *pie* = a kind of oath, origin and meaning unknown: '*pies*' is old provincial French for *poisson*, and there may possibly be a curse equivalent to the fate of Jonah: '*patch*' = fool or bumpkin: l. 69, '*dampned*' = damned, some obscene piece by Nash which has not survived, but which Harvey hits also: l. 76, '*Gaulie-girds*' = galling jests: l. 84, '*The Doctor*'—This was Dr. Gabriel Harvey, Nash's antagonist as well as Spenser's friend: l. 85, '*The Conny-catcher*,' etc. This is Greene, as shown by l. 94: his 'Notable Discouery of Coosnage... lewd persons called conny-catchers,' etc., 1591: l. 88, '*scalld*' = scabbed: an abusive term, as is '*scurvy*,' etc.: l. 97, '*pester Poasts*': the then way of advertising, viz., by bills on posts and pillars: l. 98, '*brookes*' = endures: l. 107, '*Aiax*,' see on l. 32: l. 109, '*Aymon*,' etc., well-known heroes of ballads and chap-books: l. 116, '*spurgall*' = gall with the spur as a horse: l. 117. In the margin here is this Author's note: 'These words are good: but ill vsd: in ouer-much vse savouring of witlesse affectation:' ll. 117-119 seem to hit Marston among others. 'Blandishment' and 'surquedry' were two of his favourite words, as also 'equipage': l. 119, '*Surquedry*' = arrogance: l. 121, '*in* and out of *humor*': Ben Jonson's renowned Plays of these titles: l. 122, '*Vntrussing humerous Poets*.' Dekker's Satiro-

mastic or The untrussing of the humorous poet (Ben Jonson) is here intended: l. 158, '*broch*' = impale on a broach or spit: cf. 'excruciate,' l. 161: l. 204, '*rich praise*.' See Memorial-Introduction on this whole paragraph: also on the '*Chronicles*,' l. 240 onward: l. 249, '*Rigg*' = harlot: l. 259, '*Moore*' = Sir Thomas More, viz., the 'Histories' of Edward V. and the Duke of York, and of Richard III.—reprinted by Singer 1821: l. 266, '*Sedges of a Lord*' = sieges: qu. a hit at Essex and the siege of Calais? cf. Dyche's Dictionary s. v. 'siege,' and also Halliwell: l. 278, '*a ruffe*' = in a rage: l. 291, '*And then*,' etc. All this looks like girds at John Taylor the Water Poet, but see under l. 240 onward: l. 324, '*in Folio*': qu.—used ironically as a blind to veil attack on Gervase Markham? possibly, and yet improbably: l. 344, '*Mach-euill*': the illustrious Machiavelli, the scare of his contemporaries: l. 388, '*Crosse-wounds*' = dints the page with his thumbnail in cross-wise: l. 393 onward. Contemporary epistles-dedicatory abound, wherewith to illustrate the forms and phrases satirised. See Memorial-Introduction: l. 440, '*Hay*,' a light-moving dance: l. 522, '*impe*' = to add a new feather in place of a broken one—a hawking term.

P. 80, A CONTINUED INQVISATION, etc., l. 23, '*Lowel*' = worthless person: l. 25, '*John Setons Prose*'—qu. a school-book? l. 27, '*Packe of Epigrams*'—this was the *mode* from Sir John Davies and Hutton onward: l. 28, '*mish-mash*' = a confused mingling, botch-potch: l. 32, '*Rime the bible*': Doubtless the wicked reference is to Henoeh Clapham's 'Briefe of the Bible, drawne first into English Poësy and then illustrated by apte Annotations &c.' 1596: 1597: 1608. ll. 35, 36, '*Bartas, thee, and thy Translatours*': a compliment to Joshua Sylvester: l. 54, '*Victoring Boyes*'—qu.= 'hectoring or boastful boyes': l. 59, '*Loobies*' = awkward dull fellow: a lubber: l. 66, '*Johnson or Druyton*'—noticeable references to the early neglect of these poets: l. 68, '*Plumpton Parke*'—not now known apparently: l. 74, '*yellow band*'—a species of 'band': they were coloured with 'yellow' starch—put out of fashion by Mrs. Turner, who poisoned Sir John Overbury, but it came up again in 1616: l. 85, '*turn'd Yorkeshire*'—which had a bad name for vice and stupidity: ll. 88, 106, The Duke and The Wife: The Author's notes on margin in these two places have been cut away in both the British Museum and Bodleian copies; and no other is at present known. Probably the Editor may be able to give them in the Glossarial Index: l. 103, '*sobber Poet*'—qu. the Water-poet again, John Taylor, who is laughed at in l. 55?: l. 122, '*arrant*' = errand.—G.



# THE MUSE'S SACRIFICE.

1612:



## NOTE.

My own copy of the 'Muse's Sacrifice' was formerly Mitford's, and since its acquisition Mr. J. O. Halliwell Phillipps has been good enough to make me a present of another. I have seen a third exemplar. Curiously enough, all three have the title-page in manuscript. No copy is in either the British Museum or the Bodleian. Poor copies were sold, in Lloyd's sale for £21 and in Bindley's for £20. In 'Humours Heauen on Earth' (Grenville copy) in the British Museum, there is inserted an autograph copy of one of the poems in the 'Muse's Sacrifice'—and its various readings and Scripture texts are given among the Notes and Illustrations, whither the reader is referred for notices of various persons introduced in these poems. Throughout, our text is a reproduction in integrity of the original, albeit its abundant italics are somewhat irritating. It makes a tiny 12mo: introductory, 12 leaves: the book itself, 172 leaves.—G.



The Muse's  
S A C R I F I C E,  
Or Divine  
*Meditations.*

Printed by W. B. ...

---

By JOHN DAVIES  
*of Hereford.*

---



1612.

# TO THE MOST NOBLE,

and no lesse deseruedly-renowned La-  
dyes, as well Darlings, as Patronesses, of the

*Muses; LVCY, Countesse of Bedford;*

MARY, Countesse-Dowager of Pembroke;

and, ELIZABETH, *Lady Cary,*

(Wife of Sr. Henry Cary:)

Glories of Women.



HE Muses, sacrifice; I, consecrate;  
They, unto Heau'n; I, to you, heav'nly

THREE:

They, my poore Heart; I, my Loues rich  
Estate,

together with my Rimes, that rarer be.

But what can be more rare than richest Loue,  
sith so rich Loue is, now, so rarely found?  
Yes; measur'd-words, that, out of measure, moue  
the Soule to Heau'n, from Hel that's most profound!

A vex'd Soule for Follies, that betray  
the Soule to Death, some call the nether Hell:  
Thence moue my Measures; and, doe make such way,  
that they all Lets to giue way, doe compell.

These Rarities, which my poore Soule confines,  
her treble-Zeale to you (three Graces) brings  
For Grace, as glorious as the Sunne that shines  
(as bright, as chearefull) on inferiour Things.

Such Grace you haue, by Vertue, and by Fate,  
as makes you Three, the Glory of these Times;  
The MVSES Darlings, and their Chaires of STATE;  
Shapers, and Soules of all Soule-charming Rimes!

BEDFORD, the beaming-glory of thy HOVSE  
that makes it Heau'n on Earth; thy Worths are such,  
As all our WITS make most miraculous,  
because thy WIT and WORTH doe worke so much.

For, WIT and SP'RIT, in Beauties Livery,  
doe still attend thine all-commanding EYES;  
And, in th' Achieuements of thine Ingenie,  
the glosse thereof, like OTT, on Sable lies.

The Wombe that bare thee, made thy noble Breast  
abound with Bountie, yer thou knew'st thy Fate;  
Where furnisht was that Bountie with the best  
of Honors Humors, giuing Her the Mate.

For which, all Poets Plowes (their Pennes) doe plow  
the fertil'st Grounds of ART; and, in the same,  
Thy still-increasing Praises (thicke) doe sow,  
to yeeld Æternitie thy Crop of Fame!

PEMBROKE, (a Paragon of Princely PARTS,  
and, of that Part that most commends the Muse,  
Great Mistresse of her Greatnesse, and the ARTS,)  
Phœbus and Fate makes great, and glorious!

A Worke of Art and Grace (from Head and Heart  
that makes a Worke of Wonder) thou hast done;  
Where Art, seemes Nature; Nature, seemeth Art;  
and, Grace, in both, makes all out-shine the Sunne.

So sweet a Descant on so sacred Ground  
no Time shall cease to sing to Heav'nly Lyres:  
For, when the Spheares shall cease their gyrring sound,  
the Angels then, shall chaunt it in their Quires.

No Time can vaunt that ere it did produce  
from femine Perfections, so sweet Straines  
As still shall serue for Men and Angels use;  
then both, past Time, shall sing thy Praise & Paines.

My Hand once sought that glorious WORKE to grace;  
and writ, in Gold, what thou, in Incke, hadst writ:  
But Gold and highest Art are both too base  
to Character the glory of thy Wit!

And didst thou thirst for Fame (as all Men doe)  
thou would'st, by all meanes, let it come to light;  
But though thou cloud it, as doth Envy too,  
yet through both Clouds it shines, it is so bright!

Where bright DESERT fore-goes; a spurre is Praise  
to make it runne to all that glorifies:  
Of such Desert, if ought eclipse the Rayes,  
it euer shames FAMES publicke-Notaries.

CARY (of whom Minerva stands in feare,  
lest she, from her, should get ARTS Regencie)  
Of ART so moues the great-all-mouing Spheare,  
that eu'ry Orbe of Science moues thereby.

*Thou mak'st Melpomen proud, and my Heart great  
of such a Pupill, who, in Buskin fine,  
With Feet of State, dost make thy Muse to mete  
the Scenes of Syracuse and Palestine.*

*Art, Language; yea; abstruse and holy Tongues  
thy Wit and Grace acquir'd thy Fame to raise;  
And still to fill thine owne, and others Songs;  
thine, with thy Parts, and others, with thy praise.*

*Such nerwy Limbes of Art, and Straines of Wit  
Times past ne'er know the weaker Sexe to haue;  
And Times to come, will hardly credit it,  
if thus thou gine thy Workes both Birth and Graue.*

*Yee Heav'nly Trinary, that swayes the State  
of ARTS whole Monarchie, and WITS Empire,  
Lise long your Likes (vnlike) to animate  
(for all Times light) to blow at your Arts Fire.*

*For, Time now sweels, (as with some poysonous Weeds)  
with Paper-Quelkchose, neuer smelt in Scholes;  
So, made for Follies Excesse; for, they feede  
but fatten not; if fatten, tis but Fooles.*

*What strange Chimeraes Wit, (may Folly) frames  
in these much stranger Times, weake Wits t'affright  
Besides themselves! for, Wits Celestiall Flames,  
now spend much Oyle, yet lend but little Light!*

*And what they lend, is (oft) as false, as small;  
so (to small purpose) they great Paines doe take  
But to be scorn'd, or curst, or loth'd of all  
that, by their false-light, foulely doe mistake.*

*For, to gine Light that leads light Men awry,  
is Light that leads to Darknesse; then such Light  
Were better out, than still be in the Eye  
of Men, that (so) doe, lightly, runne from RIGHT.*

*For, while such Light doth shine, the Multitude  
(like Moates in Sunne) with their Confusion plaies;  
Not weighing, o'er their Heads, how Errors Cloud  
the while, doth threat, t' o'erwhelme them many waies.*

*By pouring downe the Haile of hard Conceits  
'gainst God and Goodnesse, that doe batter both:  
Or else, by saddest Showres of darke Deceits,  
borne as the fickle Winde of Fancy bloweth:*

*By Lightning; that doth still more hurt than good;  
while Errors Thunder-claps make sowre the sweet  
(Yea, sweetest) drinke of Nature (our best Bloud)  
that doth with Melancholy-madnesse meet.*

*By all that may (at least) gine some offence  
to compleate Vertue, Wisedome, Wit, and Art:  
For, Ignorance, hath oft more Insolence,  
than puffing Knowledge to take Errors part.*

*Disease of Times, of Mindes, Men, Arts, and Fame,  
vaine Selfe-conceit, how dost thou ply the Presse  
Of People and the Printer, with thy shame,  
clad in the Coate of Eustian-foolishnesse?*

*For, all that but pretend t' haue Art or Wit,  
so trauell with Conceit, amisse concei'd,  
That, till the Presse deliuer them of It,  
their Throwes are such as make them Wit-berrean'd!*

*Yet, if the Issue of their crazed Braines  
doe chance (though monstrously) to come to light;  
Lord! how they hugge it, like the Ape that straines  
her young so hard, in lous, as hils it quite.*

*What Piles of Pamphlets, and more wordy Bookes,  
now furse the World! wherein, if Wisdome looks,  
She shall see nothing worthy of her Lookes,  
vnlesse the idle Likenesse of a Booke!*

*But WIT's most wrong'd by priuiledge of Schoole:  
for, Learnings Drunkards now so ply the Pot  
(Of Incke I meane) Posteritie to foole,  
as shames Wits Name, although they touch him not.*

*Some that but looks into Diuinitie  
with their left Eye, with their left Hand do write  
What they obserue, to wrong Posteritie,  
that by this Ignis fatuis roame by Night.*

*Some search the Corpes of all Philosophie,  
and eu'ry Nerue and Veyne so scribble on,  
That where it should be Truths Anatomie,  
they make it Errors rightest Scheleton.*

*Some others on some other Faculties,  
still (fondly) labour, but to be in Print:  
(O poore Ambition!) so, their Folly flies  
abroad the World, like Slips, that shame their Mint.*

*But Poesie (dismall Poesie) thou art  
most subiect to this sou'raigne Sottishnesse;  
So, there's good Cause thou shouldst be out of heart,  
sith all, almost, now put thee vnder Presse.*

*And Wit lies shrowded so in Paper-sheets,  
bound Hand and Foote with Cords of Vanities:  
That (first) with all Obscuritie it meetes;  
so, tis impossible it ere should rise.*

*But you Three Graces, (whom our Muse would grace,  
had she that glory, that our Phillip had,  
That was the Beautie of Arts Soule and Face)  
you presse the Presse with little you haue made.*

*No; you well know the Presse so much is wrong'd,  
by abiect Rimers that great Hearts doe scorne  
To haue their Measures with such Numbers throug'd,  
as are so basely got, concei'd, and borne.*

*And, did my Fortunes not expose me to  
contempt of Greatnesse, sith so meane I am,  
I should, with Greatnesse, greatly scorne it too,  
sith Fame for Versing, now, is held but Shame.*

*But, in that Veyne lies not that Maladie;  
no, It is found, and holds Arts purest Bloud,  
Which therein flows to each Extremitie  
of Arts whole Body, for the publike-good.*

*Here-hence it came, that diuine Oracles  
(Apollus Dialect, great God of Art)  
Were still exprest in measur'd Sillables,  
sith squarest Thoughts most roundly they impart.*

*In which respect it's meet't to make Records  
of memorable Accidents of Time:  
Of Princes Lines, and Actions of great Lords:  
which Poets, first, did Chronicle in Rime.*

*Nay, they were first that Natures Workes obseru'd,  
and Booke it out for young Philosophers:  
Yea, they were first, by whom, is still conseru'd  
the knowledge of Heau'n's motions, and the Starres.*

*Who sought to finde each Substance separate,  
and, in their curious Search, found what they were;  
And, to the Life, did them delineate  
on Arts faire Front, that there, more faire, appeare!*

*Then, Poets were the first Philosophers;  
first State-observers, and Historians:  
First Metaphisickes, and Astronomers,  
yea, first Great-clarks, and Astrologians.*

*And, therefore, were they, in the Worlds first Age,  
pow'rfull 'st Perswaders; whose sweet Eloquence:  
(That euer, staidly, ranne from holy Rage)  
was the first Rethoricke sprung from Sapience.*

*For, should we giue this Emperesse but her due,  
(Emperesse of speech that Monarchizeth Eares)  
We must confesse, she can all Soules subdue,  
to Passions causing Ioy, or forcing Teares.*

*It is a Speech of most Maiestick state,  
that makes Reas'ns Forces not to be with-stood:  
The Tethys, that doth still predominate  
th' outrageous Ocean of our boyling blood!*

*For, it doth flow more fluent from the Tongue,  
and, in the flowing, carries all with it,  
Which but attempts the Torrent to impugn  
and Rockes of Art remoues, to Seas of Wit!*

*Succinct it is, and easier to retaine  
(which with our Wits and Wills doth best agree)  
Than Prose, lesse subiect to iust Measures Raigne:  
for, Prose from Measures Rule is (loosely) free.*

*And, for it's after vs'd, it cloyes the Eare;  
nor so compos'd of Measures Muscicall;  
And not allow'd that Beantie Verse must beare,  
nor yet the Cadence so Harmonicall.*

*It's not adorn'd with choise of such rich Words,  
which heau'nly Poesie gracefully doth beare;  
Nor licens'd that fine phrase, Art Vers affords,  
then, to diuinit Spirits it should be deare:*

*For, tis the Honie of all Rethoricks Flow'rs,  
the Quintessence of Art, and Soule of Wit;  
Right spirit of Words, true phrase of Heau'nly Pow'rs;  
and, in a Word; for Heau'n, all-onely, fit.*

*But Time these Times, it seemes, in Malice chous,  
to mischief Poets; for, it ne'er brought forth  
To this wilde World (mad-merry still in Prose)  
such worthy Poets, yet so little worth.*

*And, how should they be otherwise? for, they  
can twist no Lines, that hold eternall Rime,  
On Rockes of Art; but much Time turnes away:  
so, get but Fame and Famine in that Time.*

*For, Time they spend in that which none regards,  
but such as would, but can no Larges giue:  
While other Arts, more poore, get rich Rewards:  
so, Phoebus Sonnes, by Luster, onely, liue!*

*The Painter, that is Master of his Skill,  
and but with Earthly Coulers paints (alone)  
Meere Formes of Beasts, hath oft Reward at Will;  
but, Poets Paintings, though diuine, haue none.*

*But Painters, sith to Poets they draw nye,  
(saue that they draw inne Gold (vnlike them) still)  
And, paint so liuely in dumbe Poesie,  
I wish their gaine as great as is their Skill.*

*For, Pictures speake, although they still be dumbe;  
and what they cannot speake, they recompence  
With Demonstration; so, can Soules d'er-come,  
as soone by silence, as by Eloquence.*

*But Trades (that doe but Case the Corps aright  
with our owne Cost, (which oft they teeth, at least))  
But aske and haue: when they that clothe the Sp'rit  
in Vertues Robes, are paid but with a least.*

*Whick Iesters Memories I wish may be  
'mong Trencher-Buffons, Fooles, and Naturals,  
Preseru'd by Poets for Posteritis  
to weepe or laugh at, as the Humor falls.*

*For, Poets best preserue the fame or shame  
of good or bad: sith with their pow'rfull Penne,  
They giue the Vertuous an immortall Name;  
but, make the vicious liue, still loth'd of Men.*

*No earthly Matter (howsoeuer wrought,  
though it (withall) be rais'd above the Clouds)  
Can Fame vphold, but it will fall to nought:  
for, Earth, in Time, her bruest Buildings shrouds.*

*Those Threatners of the Skye, proud Ilium,  
Byrza of Carthage, Towre of Babilon,  
Where are they now, with all their state, become?  
are they not all, to all Confusion gone?*

*Where's Neroes golden-palace, that drew drye  
(had it bene liquid) fressh Founts of Gold?  
Asinius Pollio's Court of Liberty,  
so rare for state, are now turn'd both to Mould.*

*Nay, that proud Pyramed is come to nought,  
that, fight neere Memphis, seem'd to propp the Skie,  
Whereon, three-hundred-threescore-thousand wrought  
full twenty Yeeres, before it rought so hie!*

*Some Authors say, the Ground-works of the same  
tooke up an hundred Furlongs in the Round :  
Which higher rose, aspiring, like a Flame,  
yet now, of this, no Sparke is to be found.*

*Much lesse doth any Author testifie  
what King (of Fame desirous) rais'd the same :  
A most iust plague to checke their vanities,  
that so in Lime and Stone, entombe their Name.*

*What rests of Scaurus Amphitheater,  
than which, I wot not whether all the Cost  
Caligula and Nero did conferre  
on all their Buildings, most admir'd, were most !*

*The Scene whereof, three Stages did containe,  
whereon three hundred Collumnes and threescore  
Of rarest Marble (deckt with many a Veyne  
of orient Coulors) held up eyther Floore.*

*Which Pillers, eight and thirty Foote in height,  
were each but of one Piece, in each Degree ;  
Wherein an hundred thousand people might  
be plac'd, secure, the Spectacles to see.*

*And (in the midst) the Stage was all of Glasse,  
made thicke, to beare the Actors waight thereon ;  
Three Thousand Copper-statues all did grace ;  
besides some Gold, and some refulgent Stone !*

*And onely for a Month (no longer then  
the Playes were playing) was it to endure :  
Yet, being but a Romane Cittisen  
that made it such, his Fame still sutes his pow'r.*

*The rather sith he, to adorne the Muse,  
this Cost bestow'd ; or else (perhaps) his Fame  
Had beene, with Neroes, much, but monstrous ;  
the Muse alone then, well renounes a Name.*

*Yet, now her Agents are so poore become  
in Minde and state, that, for an abiect Fee,  
They'l honor (to their shame) but HONORS skum ;  
yea, Deifte a Diu'll, if he be free.*

*But, strong Necessitie constraines the same,  
(as Israels Singer did the Shew-bread eate  
By like constraint) yet, they are Lords of FAME ;  
and, where they charge with it, there's no retreat.*

*For, though Time-present see it mis-bestow'd,  
yet if Wits Engine it doe rarely raise,  
Of Times to come, It shall be so allow'd,  
that both the prais'd and praiser, they will praise !*

*Yet, speaks a Language few doe apprehend ;  
so few affect it : for, wee nought affect,  
But what our Vnderstandings comprehend ;  
no maruell then the most this Art neglect.*

*Nay, were't but so, yet Poesie still should finde  
some grace with some, whom Art makes great, of vile :  
But now such thinke, it but distracts the Minde ;  
for, broken-Braines such great-Ones Poets stile.*

*Vnfit for serious use, vnfit for all  
that tends to perfect Mans Felicitie ;  
Light, idle, vaine, and what we worse may call,  
yea, though it were the Skumme of Vanitie.*

*And would these Truths were all true Falacies,  
(though Poets need to none of these incline :  
For, personall faults are not the Faculties,  
that is not onely faultlesse, but diuine.)*

*But tis too true in many that professe  
the Art ; though Leaden Lumps : for, none can swim  
In Helicon without that Happinesse,  
which, from his Mothers Wombe, he brought with him.*

*And, tis as true, if Grace and Gouernment,  
doe not containe the Minde, in Raptures high,  
But it, of Wit, may make so large extent,  
as it may cracke the strongest Ingenie.*

*So may it doe in other Mysteries,  
and that which we most praise, may most impeach :  
Diuinitie it selfe may soon't doe this,  
if Grace with-hold not from too high a Reach.*

*Then, let this Arte (which is the Angels speech)  
(for, to the High'st they speake in nought but Hymnes,  
Which, in the Wombe, they doe true Poets teach)  
be freed from speech, that but her glory dimmes.*

*Then let the ignorant-great-highly-base  
reuite her ne'er so much, they but bewray  
Their owne Defects thereby, and giue but grace  
to Folly, darkned with Arts glorious Raie.*

*But no great Spirit, (whose temper is diuine,  
and dwels in reall-GREATNES) but adores  
The Heau'nly MVSE, that in Arts Heau'n doth shine  
like Phœbus, lending Light to other Lores.*

*To you therefore (that Arte predominate,  
great in your Vertue, Skill, and Fortunes too)  
My Muse held meet't these Flights to consecrate,  
sith you most grace the Muse in most you doe.*

*And as the Sunne doth glorifie each Thing  
(howeuer base) on which he deignes to smile :  
So, your cleare Eyes doe giue resplendishing  
to all their Objects be they ne'er so vile :  
Then, looks on These and Me, with such a Glance,  
That both may shine through your bright Countenance.*

The vnfaired lover,  
honoror, and admirer  
of your rare Perfections,  
Iohn Daues of Hereford.



## PREAMBLES.

The Sacrifices of God are a contrite Spirit :

*A contrite and a broken Heart, O God, thou wilt  
not dispise. Psal. 51. 17.*

A Broken Heart (deare LORD) thy Grace respects,  
as Loues best Sacrifice ; then, breaks my Heart  
To make it sound thereby, in his Affects ;  
and Sinne (that wounds It still) from It to part.



*How is it (Lord) that whoso seeks thy Face  
must with the whole-heart seeke the same to see ?  
Yet Broken-hearts as soone doe get thy Grace ;  
so, whole or broken, are all One to Thee.*

> *Then, breake my heart, to make it whole ; that so  
(being broken quite, and made whole afterward)  
It, in thy Kingdome, still may currant goe,  
made flat to take thy Print, with Pressures hard :  
That, though the Fiend abuse thy Forme in mee,  
It, through thy Test, may currant passe to Thee.*

---

*Another of the same.*

---

**A***S in the Sacrifices of the Law,  
there was an Alter, Priest, Host, Fire and Wood :  
So This to That, in likenesse neere doth draw ;  
and wants but holy-Fire to make it good.*

*The Alter, is my Hope ; the Host, my Heart ;  
the Priest, my Faith ; my Loue, the Fuell is :  
All these (O Lord) are ready ; but the Art  
to fire the Fuell, wants ; then, doe thou This.*

*I am but Passiue in this holy Act,  
Thou the sole Agent : yet, O make me fit  
To worke with thee together in this Fact,  
with all the Forces of my Will and Wit :  
And sith (deare Lord) all things so ready be,  
Gine Fire, to sacrifice my Heart to Thee !*

---

*Another.*

---

**D***escend sweet hallow'd Fire from that high FLAME  
that euer burnes in LOVES eternall Brest ;  
consume this Sacrifice, and let the rest  
Licke vp my Teares for Sinne about the same :  
That Mis-beleeuers thereby still may know  
There is no GOD but he that fir'd it so.*

*I am no Prophet, Seer, Saint, nor ought,  
that may expect such Faunour ; but a Wretch  
made meeke by Sinne ; yet Hands of Faith doe  
stretch*

*To thee, whom men prophane, doe set at nought :  
If Faith then, with thee worke this wondrous Feate,  
They will confesse my God as good, as great !*




---

*To ouer-curious Critiques.*

---

**Y***ee ouer-curious Eyes (that nought can please  
produc'd by Art or Nature) O auert  
Your All-deprauing-benefull looks from these  
pure Flames, that Sacrifice our dying Heart.  
Here are no Nouels (which yee most desire)  
nor ought vnusnall ; but, here shall you see*

*What hath beene said of old, in new Attire,  
with our Thoughts interlac'd ; so, ours they be.*

*The Spider-webbe, which in her Wombe is bred,  
we prize no more for that : nor, estimate  
Pure Honie lesse, for being gather'd  
from many Sweets ; nay, more (much more) for that :  
What we haue gather'd, is from others Flowres ;  
And, what is added, is from sweet'st of ours.*

---

*To the Indifferent Readers.*

---

**T***O pray, in measur'd Sillables, is strange,  
Familiars with peruersenesse may conceiue :  
But PIETIE herselfe, allows this Change :  
and, for our Learning, doth Example leaue.*

*Her Friend (sweet Psalmist) sung his Soules-Conceits  
in sacred Numbers ; and, the Heau'ns did Charme  
With pow'rfull Verse : so, those commanding-Heights,  
he wanne but with his Muses mighty Arme !*

*All Christian-Churches (howsoe'er at odds)  
with Psalmes & Hymnes beate Heau'ns resounding  
Wall :*

*Nay, more, the Pagans sing vnto their Gods ;  
and, which is most, the Angels most of all :  
Then, sith both Heau'n and Earth This still doe use,  
He shames himselfe that for this blames our Muse.*

---

*The Author, of, and to his Muse.*

---

**M***Y Muse is tirde with tyring but on Leanes  
that fruitlesse are ; yet, leaue ill fruits behinde :  
Shée onely workes for Ayre, that but deceiues :  
so, workes for nothing, but deceitful Winde.*

*And what she seisseth, as her Subiect, is  
but vaine, if it be light ; and lightly what  
Shée preyes vpon, is such : then, now on This,  
shée needes to pray, for preying so on That.*

*O Muse, didst thou but know thy native kinde,  
(being all diuine) thou ne'er would'st waue thy wings  
In that which doth but onely marre the Mind ;  
but, endlesly, about Celestiall Things.*

*Th' will be deplum'd for pluming so on Trash,  
And (like a Flesh-flye) lighting but on Sores ;  
Then, in Arts fairest Founts, thy Feathers wash,  
to flye to him that Heau'n and Earth adores !*

*Thy Raptures else, are but such Rauishments,  
as are reproachfull, penall, lewde, and light :  
But Raptures farre above the Elements,  
doe shew thy Vertue in the fairest flight.*

*O then, thou great vmlimitable Muse,  
(that rests, in motion, in th' ETERNALS Breast)  
Inspire my Muse, with grace her pow'r to use  
in nought, but what to thee shall be address :  
So shall that Spirit that made thy Dauid sing,  
Make Dauides too, (a Begger) like a King.*



# THE M V S E S

## S A C R I F I C E.

### *A Confession of sinnes, with petition for grace.*



Trinall Vnion, *God* creating *Gods*,  
O sole resistes all-effecting *Pow'r*,  
When wilt attone twixt mee and thee the  
*ods*?

Till when, eternall I account each *how'r*.

I am (O Lord) thy *Creature* re-created ;  
Made, marr'd, re-made, by *Loue*, by *Sinne*, by *Grace* :  
Shall *Loue*, and *Grace*, by *Sinne* be so defeated,  
That *Loue* should lose her labor ; *Grace*, her place ?

Thou art the *Salue*, and I the mortall *Sore* ;  
Yet with one touch, thy vertue can reuine me :  
To heale this *Sore*, a Speare thy heart did gore,  
(Kinde *Pelicas*) that thy *Bloud* might relieue me.

Thy *Hands* that form'd, reform'd, and me conform'd  
Were to a *Crosse* transfix'd for my sake,  
To help my hatefull hands that sinne inorm'd ;  
Then can those helping *Hands* their *Cure* forsake ?

Thy *Head* was crown'd with Thorny *Diadem*,  
To cure mine, crown'd with *Sinnes* sweet-pricking  
*Roses* :

Thy *body* (ah) did *bloud & water* streame,  
To wash away *Sinnes* soile, which mine encloses.

Thy *Feete* were crosse-wise nail'd to a *Crosse*,  
To heale mine, swolne with running into *vice* :  
On thy faire *Skin* *whips* did my *Crimes* engrosse,  
So freedst thou me from them with bloody *price*.

Then can such *Loue* now leaue the thing it lou'd ?  
Is *Sinne* so sowre to turne sweete *Loue* to *Hate* ?  
To dye for *Sinne*, it thee alone behou'd,  
And yet shall *Sinne* thy *Deaths* desert abate ?

O God forbid ; sith *Sinne*, and *Death*, and *Hell*,  
Thou on the *Crosse* didst conquer throug thy death,  
And by the pow'r thereof their pow'r didst quell  
To lowest *deepes*, and it restrain'd beneath.

Besides, thou saist (but *Truth* what canst thou say ?)

A *Gulph* is set the two *Extremes* betweene ;  
Twixt *Heauen* and *Hell* no entercourses may  
(By meanes thereof at any time) be seene.

I am in *Heauen* ; for, in thy glorious *Wounds*  
By *Faith* I hide me, from *Sinne*, *Death* and *Hell* :  
If Sathan (for my plague) would breake his *bounds*,  
Those *Gulphes* of *grace* to stay will him compell.

Then keep me in thy *Wounds* (my soules sole heau'n)  
From whence if out-cast, I to *Hell* must fall ;  
Where out-cast-like of *Hope* shall be bereau'n :  
If rest of *Hope*, then rest of *Help* withall.

But help me (Lord) else hopelesse shall I be ;  
Thy help the *hopefull* neuer faild at need :  
Then, sith my *hope* of *help* alone's in thee,  
Let speedy *help* my ready *hope* succeed.

Vpon thine *Hand* thine hand hath writ my *Name* ;  
Then reade thy *Hand*, and saue me by the same.

### *A Sinners acknowledgement of his Vilenesse and Mutabilitie.*

Spare me (deare Lord), my *doies* as nothing be,  
Consum'd in *Sin*, then which is nothing worse :  
Yet *Sinne* is nothing : yet can well agree  
With nothing but thy *vengeance* and thy *curse*.

Yet is it that, without which none can lue,  
Sprong from our *Proto-parents* (rootes of *strife*)  
Linckt to that *Curse* ; that *Life* a crosse doth glue,  
not crosse of *Life*, but crosse in *Books* of *Life*.

Then happy *that*, that *Life* yet neuer had ;  
(*Life* that still subject is to such a crosse)  
And haplesse I that lue in *life* so bad,  
Where *life* is found with *lifes* eternall losse.

Ah what am I, but slime, durt, dounge and dust,  
Graue-monsters food, *Wormes* pittance (most impure)

Sprung from the *earth*, & vnto *earth* that must?  
*How, where, or when*, I (sure) am most vnshure.

Abortiue Brat of damn'd *Concupiscence*,  
 Hels heire, Heau'ns hate, eternall food for *Pire*,  
 A *Gulph* of *griefe*, and *Sincke* of foule offence,  
 Scum of vaine *Pride*, and froth of damn'd *Desire*:

Copemate of *Beasts*, and to a Beast transform'd,  
 A *Dungeon* darke, a loathsome *Lump* of *Earth*,  
 Fardle of *filth*, prodigious, foule, deform'd,  
 Dishonours vassalle, curs'd childe of *Wrath*:

Patterne of *Vice*, and Mould of *Vanitie*,  
 Made of the *Molds* that marres whatere it makes;  
 Errors misse-masse, where lost is *Veritie*,  
 Or blinded so, that still wrong course it takes:

A Bramble *Bryer*, an vse-lesse barren *Plant*,  
 A Dogge, a Hogge, a Viper most vnkinde,  
 A Rocke of wracke, dry well of eu'ry *Wast*,  
 A *Weather-cocke*, more wau'ring then the winde:

A *thing* of naught, a naughtie *thing*, that marres  
 What *Goodnesse* makes; a damn'd incarnate Deuill;  
 Contentions Source, *Loues* hate, still causing iarres,  
 A banefull weede, and *Roote* of eu'ry euill:

What shall I say? A Map of *miserie*,  
*Confusions* Chaos, *Frailties* Spectacle,  
 The *Worlds* disease, *Times* vglyest *Prodigie*;  
 Th' abuse of Men, and Shames Subtecture.

Mortall, and to a Bubble suteable,  
 Whose flesh as *Flowres*, whose life as *Houres* con-  
 sumes,

Of matter made, more then most mutable,  
 Yet (sure of certaine death) of life presumes:

Fraille life, which more it lasts, the soomer worne,  
 The longer drawne, the shorter is the date,  
 Hedg'd in with cares, as with an Hedge of Thorne;  
 Whose piercing pricks the minde doe vulnerate.

If merry now, anone with woe I weepe;  
 If lustie now, forth-with am water-weake;  
 If now aliue, anone am buried deepe;  
 That houre that glads the heart, the heart doth breake:

One while I laugh, another while I lowre;  
 Now ioy in *Griefe*, and then in ioy I grieue;  
 Now wake in *Care*, then sleepe I straight secure,  
 Now I dispaire, then Hope doth me relieue;

Now sigh for sinne, then sinne, so sigh in vaine;  
 Now minde I Heau'n, then Earth excoigitate;  
 Now fast and pray, then feast and prate againe;  
 Now labours end, then labours renouate;

Now am I loose, then lose I libertie;  
 Now sound, then sicke: now vp, then downe I fall;  
 Now am I safe, and then in leopardie;  
 Now overcome I, then, put to the wall;

Now I discourse, then (mute againe) I muse;  
 Now seek the World, then search I for thy *Wales*;  
 Now am abus'd, and then I doe abuse;  
 Now hate, then loue; now praise, then straight dis-  
 praise;

Now This I long for, by and by for That;  
 This now delights me; then with that am cloyd;  
 Now would haue this, and then I wot not what:  
 And thus with This, and That, am still annoyd.

To count the count-lesse vaine varieties  
 Wherewith this mortall life surrounded is,  
 Or to recite our vaines in vanities,  
 I may (as of the *Starres*) the reck'ning misse.

All that this earthy Boowle on breast doth beare  
 Is subject most to most vnconstant state:  
 One moment makes as if they neuer were,  
 And eu'ry minute draws them to their date.

The heate, the cold, the hunger, thirst, and all  
 The miseries that life (fraille life) annoy,  
 (Which swarming hide this *Globe* terrestriall)  
 No Tongue can tell, thogh all their pow'rs employ.

*Death* seconds these, (if not the second *Death*)  
 Who with his fatall Fanne sweeps all away,  
 At *All* (saith he) whose nostrils bound their breath;  
 Thus carelesly (at *All*) with *All* doth play.

One dyes with *Sickness*, Thought another kills;  
 With Hunger this, with Thirst that man doth pine:  
 Some Water choakes, an Halter others spils;  
 Some Fire consumes, some Beasts deuoure in fine.

This man he murders with the ruthlesse Sword;  
 That man with Poyson he doth suffocate:  
 With Bullet this; that with a bitter Word  
 He ends; and others end with worse Fate.

No Flesh (though fram'd in height of *Natures* skill,  
 With composition more then halfe diuine)  
 But it is subject made to death, vntill  
 Th' Immortall doe that mortall flesh refine.

Thus all he ends; yet none their ends fore-know,  
 A secret t'is, to *Death* himselfe vnknowne:  
 Whom he must strike, thy finger (*Lord*) must show,  
 Nor dares he shoot till thou the Mark hast showne.

To some he is thy mercies Minister;  
 To other some the Engine of thy wrath:  
 This sadnesse to my Soule doth ministrer,  
 For, bleeding Conscience many faintings hath:

But wash the same with thy sweet mercies dewe,  
 And it annoint with vnction spirituall,  
 Then health, and rest, and peace shall straight ensue,  
 Which to my Conscience will be cordiall:

I haue discours'd to thine all-bearing Eares  
 My dismall plight, in dolefull Elegie,  
 With Tragick accents, accents causing teares,  
 (Sad teares) attending matchlesse misery:

Thy pitties Eare therefore, bowe downe, O Lord,  
To these most pensive, and most last complaints :  
Let mercies Eyes, with pitties Eares accord,  
To cheare the conscience that with bleeding faine :  
In hope whereof my soule shall rest in peace,  
Till thou vouchsafe to send her full release.

*A Confession of a Sinner, acknowledging  
the misery of human frailtie.*

Celestiall Lord, Creator of this ALL,  
Embracer, Prop, and Ruler of the same,  
Whose vnscene Eye beholds the generall,  
And singly seest at once this double Frame,  
O vaile that Christall-cloere all-seeing eye,  
On vtter-darknesse, that, Lord, that am I.

Mine Intellect is darke, darke my soules sight ;  
My body darke (darke dungeon of my soule)  
Is opposite (for darknesse) to thy light,  
What can be darker, or more vgly foule ?  
Thus darknesse struing much more darke to be,  
(Hell being too light) infus'd itselfe in me.

O Iustice Sunne with Taper-pointed beames,  
Dart through this Darknesse, open loopes for light,  
By which the influence of thy lights leames  
Through my darke soule may be dispers'd quight :  
For what is that which extreame darknes cleares  
▪ But extreame light of lights, when it appears ?

Where extreame darknesse harbours, there is Hell,  
In me (deare Lord of Heauen) that hell is plac't,  
My heart (hard hart) wherein all horrors dwell,  
With vexing thoughts (like Fiends) away doth waft :  
My Conscience quite confounded with my misse,  
Is lowest Hell, where highest Anguish is.

Descend sweet Christ, and harrow with thy Crosse  
This hell of Conscience, free my soule from thence ;  
It is thine owne (deare Lord) it is thy losse,  
If it doe perish through my sinnes offence :  
Why, sinne is nothing ; then for thing of nought  
Lose not my soule (poore purchase) dearly boght.

In Deaths dark shade (o'er-shadowed with my sinne  
Vpon the black pit-brinck of deepe Despaire)  
I lye, (deare Lord) halfe out, but more halfe in ;  
Help, help, O help, Lord heare, Lord heare my prayer  
Now, now, O now, if euer, help me now,  
I sincke, I sincke, help ere I sincke too low.

Remember Lord, Lord call to minde againe  
The drops (strange drops) of *Water* mixt with *Bloud*  
Which from thy paine-prest Body ranne amaine,  
What time on ground it lay in pensue moode :  
If then thou praid'st that Cup might passe from thee,  
I well may pray let this Cup passe from mee.

A Cup of cares, confected by sowre sinne,  
Baning my Soule with bitter operation :

Let this Cup passe before I doe beguine ;  
Least it effect my cras'd soules damnation.  
O thou that felt'st fraile mans infirmities,  
Respect fraile Me, else in despaire I die.

Whose Faith (too like a feather in the winde)  
Is tossed with the least temptations blast :  
With doubtings daunted ; when the faithfull fade  
A calme in conscience till such stormes are past :  
But I (vile wretch) am tossed to and fro,  
With eu'ry Storme that rise, or Blast that blow.

See Lord (ah see) see, see, how all my Veynes  
Do pant with paine, through sense of my misdeedes :  
Behold my Heart, wherein all sorrow reignes,  
(Griefe-wounded heart) behold it how it bleedeth :  
O poure therein thy precious Balmes of grace,  
That from thy wounded Heart doe runne apace.

Where's Much forgiu'n, Loue must there be much ;  
Forgiue me Much, much more shall be my loue :  
I haue Much to forgiue, no sinner such ;  
My Sinne surmounting, Loue shall be aboue :  
Forgiue me then, and I in Loue will strue  
To match that more then Much thou dost forgiue.

Be thou for me vnto the *Old of dayes*,  
My Daysman so, to stay his angers heate ;  
That for thy sake he would vouchsafe to raise  
His vengeance siege, which my Soules wrack doth  
threat.

O tel him to his Grace, I (weakling) yeeld,  
And giue him praise and glory of the Field.

O pray him bend his pu'sance on the proud,  
Whose brazen Necks will rather breake then bowe :  
I, creeping on my knees, doe seeke for shrowde,  
Till Tempests of his fury ouer-blow :  
And like a Spaniell at his Masters threat,  
In humble wise fall prostrate at his feete.

With eyes vp-lifted slowly by degrees,  
And lifted so, are throwne downe straight againe,  
With face confounded on his humbled knees,  
Inuoking mercy, yet doth mute remaine :  
O so, euen so, doe I (poore wretched I)  
At foote but of his Foote-stoole crouching lye.

If this may moue, and mouing may prouoke  
Thy sans-beginning Sire in Loue to stay  
Of his iust vengeance the resistlesse stroke,  
(A touch whereof doth Rockes to powder bray)  
I will ascribe the praise (O Christ) to thee  
Sith for thy sake alone, he spareth me.

My strength's not stony, nor my flesh yet brasse ;  
O no, then weaknesse much more weake it is ;  
Apt still to fall, more brittle farre then glasse ;  
Compos'd of that, that's more then most amisse :  
O how vnable then am I to beare  
His heauy vengeance stroke, that rocks doth teare ?

With hands of Mercie stay my sincking Soule,  
Which were, in mercy, mercilessly wounded,

For me (vile wretch) and for my trespasse foule,  
That *Grace* might o'er abound where *Sin* abounded.  
They are not shortned since they rack'd were  
For *Sinnes*, that *Sinnes* sinnelesse so appeare.

With those same *hands* (deare Lord) my Soule sustain  
Opprest with *Poiss* that made thy *man-hood* groane:  
My *load's* as great, though farre lesse be my paine,  
Whose sinne's as great as all the *worlds*, alone:  
Then *Worlds* of *Sin* when on my backe I beare,  
What meruell is't I faint, if not despaire?

Froth of *Infirmities*, and *Weaknesse* skumme,  
I am no other; how then should I beare  
The heauy sentence of true *Iustice* doome  
If to this Load of *Sinnes* it added were?  
None but a *God* and *Man* can beare that waight,  
Sith *God* & *Man* bow'd vnder-neath that fraight.

I am farre spent, o be not farre from me,  
I panting labour neere the latest gaspe.  
My Soule dismai'd, not knowing where to flee,  
With hands of *Hope* (wan *Hope*) at thee doth graspe.  
Fasten their fingers, giue them strength to hold,  
As Ancors sure, in roughest *Tempests* would.

Kind Lord, sole comfort, hope of each poore wretch,  
With Eyes conuerting *Peter*, looke on me:  
Those glittering Sunnes their beames of comfort, stretch  
To curs'dst sinners if they contrite be:  
Then, let those sacred Sun-beames gild with *grace*  
My blacke despairing Soule, and rue her case.

---

*The longing of the Soule  
to be with God.*

---

Soule-searching Lord, and sole selfe-searching God,  
Let my poore Soule thy *unknowne* sweetnesse  
know.

Thy staying *Staffe*, & sin-correcting *Rod*  
On me, on me (sweet *Loue*) in loue bestow.

Strength of my weaknes, my great weaknes strength,  
guide thou my Goings, stay my stumbling feete:  
My stumbling feet establish (*Lord*) at length,  
in pathes that are as pure, as sure and sweet.

Eyes of mine Eye, let my dimme Eye behold thee,  
(Dim'd with the bellish mist of damn'd desires)  
Ioy of my heart, o let my heart infold thee,  
and take my *Spirit*, that still to thee aspires.

O Beauties *Beautie*, wound my heart with Loue:  
*Life* of my life, let my life liue in thee;  
In thee I hane my being, liue and moue,  
Of me but thou, then who should *moue* be?

Celestiall *Bridgrooms*, kisse thy Spouse, my Soule,  
With kisses sweet of vnconceiued *peace*;  
On thy transpierced *palme* her name enrowle,  
With thy sinne-purging *blood* my sinnes release.

Melleffuons *Sweetnesse* (sweetning sweetest *sweets*)  
Sweeten my *Sowre* (sowre Leauen of offence)  
Season my *fleshes* Lump with matter meete  
For Sacrifice sweet-smelling to thy sense.

O *Goodnesse*, let me (*Badnesse*) thee embrace  
With hold-fast armes of euer-lasting loue:  
O *Well* of Life, in this dry barren place,  
Quench thou my thirst for thee which here I prone.

Be thou to me a plague-preuenting Towre,  
When *plagues* engirt my Soule with fierce assault:  
My forcelesse force, then strengthen with thy power,  
that if o'er-borne, yet not through my *Wills* fault.

Doe ope the entries of my deafned Eares,  
Deafe with the dinne of words, breath'd by *despair*:  
O thundring Voyce, that Hel from Heauen heares,  
Breake through the *bars* that let thy words repaire.

O let the *deeper*, in dreadfull harmonie,  
Their Billowes tune vnto that awfull voyce;  
Let *Heauen* and *Earth* (in ioynt conspiacie)  
with it accord, to drownd *Sinnes* hellish noyse.

Turn thou mine Eles, with fearful Lightnings flash,  
From Eye-bewitching Objects of offence:  
Deaden my *flesh*, my *bones* to powder dash,  
That dead to *Sinnes*, may quicken in *thee*, hane sense.

Increase thy Streames, lay ope the water-springs,  
That Earths foundations (proplesse) may appeare;  
My earthly thoughts, all soild with earthly things,  
Thy *troubles* streames (through *mercy* straind) will  
cleare.

O *light* vnscene (enlightning all that see)  
Lighten mine eyes that they may see thy *light*,  
That *light* that with no *darknesse* can agree,  
O *light* of *lights* present that to my sight.

Sauour of life, giue new life to my *smell*;  
That on the sent of thy diuine perfumes,  
I may runne after thee through *Heauen* and *Hell*,  
Through *comfort*, or through *care* that life consumes.

O touch my sensuall ill-affected *Taste*  
With *finger* of thy sweet life-giuing *Loue*,  
That it may proue the *sweetnesse* which thou *hast*,  
Which may thy sweetnesse to my soule approue.

Giue me a *Minde* to minde thee, *Heart* to loue thee;  
*Soule* to adore thee, *Spirit* to discerne thee:  
A *Reas'n* that may in reason most approue thee,  
And Reason most, for that doth most concerne thee.

O liuely *Sweet* / o sweet Life-giuing *Life*;  
O let my Loue in thy Loues life be bounded,  
The life of *loue* porcellus'd from *strife*,  
which liuely *life*, with lonely *loue's* surrounded!

O *life* / my life, life without which I die,  
(O *labyrinth* of *life*, o *maze* of *loue*!)  
Where shall I finde thee? sweet *loue*, when shall I  
my loue to *loue*, and life to *life* remoue?

O where art thou, thou great all-mouing *mouer* ?  
Can clouds encompass thy vncompast Greatnes?  
(Thou endlesse *life*, vnlimitable *louer*)  
No, no sweet *loue*, then show to me thy sweetnes !

Be neere me in my *heart*, my *minde*, my *mouth*,  
Neere in my *hearing*, and each other sense :  
Neere in mine *age*, and neere me in my *youth*,  
neere in mine *end*, to end without offence.

Through ardent *loue*, I pine away for *thee* ;  
For want of *thee* (deare *sweet*) my *Soule* is sad ;  
Then longd-for louely *loue*, appeare to me,  
And with thy glorious presence make me glad.

Thy sense-refreshing *sent* my *Spirit* reuiues ;  
To minde thee's *Nectar* to my thirstie *Soule*,  
Thy *Inspiration*, *Consolation* giues,  
Such consolations as all *cares* controule.

But yet, ô yet, euen as the chasd *Hart*  
For water thirsts, so thirsts my *Soule* for thee ;  
For thee (sweet *loue*) for thy *soules soule* thou art,  
Without which *soule* can my *soule* liuing be ?

O when shall I (deare *Lord*) vnworthy I  
Appeare in thy pure Palace *Christline* ?  
My mounting *Spirit* (wing'd with *Desire*) doth flye  
Aboue itselfe, to see that Court of thine !

Ioy of my *soule*, when, when (aye me) ô when  
Shall I with eyes immortall, see thy glory ?  
Alas I liue a dying life till then,  
Till when my longing *soule* can be but sorry.

O why turnst thou (my *Ioy*, my hearts desire !)   
Thy Sunne-eclipsing glorious *face* from me ?  
Where art thou hid ? *Earth*, *Water*, *Aire* or *Fire*  
Cannot containe the smallest glimpse of thee !

Then where art hid ? (ô changelesse fairest *Faire*)  
For whom my rauisht *soule*, in *loue* doth languish,  
The smell of whom *lifes ruines* doth repaire,  
Though *life* assailed be with mortall anguish.

But ah (aye me) I see, I see thee not,  
And that I cannot, kills my louing heart ;  
Yet when I heare thy voyce I haue forgot  
What me annoyd, and ioy suppresseth smart.

But why (ah why) from me hid'st thou thy *face* ?  
Perhaps thou saist, *Man* cannot, liuing, see it :  
Bee't so (sweet *Lord*) I faine would *death* embrace,  
To see the same ; so be it, ô so be it.

Here let me dye, that I may see thee There,  
There, where my *Soule* so much desires to see it :  
That life as death I hold that holds me here,  
Then let me dye, so be it, ô so be it.

Faine would my *Soule* this fardle of my *Flesh*  
Lay downe at gastly *Deaths* vnleshy feet,  
That, being consum'd, I may resume afresh  
immortall flesh, for thy pure presence meet.

O *Christ*, my *Jesus*, take my *spirit* to thee,  
(My *spirit* aspiring clogg'd with *fleshes* waight)  
It's jaild too long, it longs let loose to be,  
And euery moment for release doth waite.

My *Ioy* draw thou my *heart*, that ioyes in nought  
but in thy ioy, sole ioy of blissefull hearts :  
To thy true *ioy*, whose *griefs* such blisse hath bought,  
which *blisse* my *griefs* (with ioy) to blisse conuert.

Enter into me, *Sweetnesse*, make me sweet,  
Sweet *Ioy* possesse me, make me (sad) reioyce :  
Eternall *light* shine on me, make me meet  
To see and know, and loue thee as my *Choise*.

The cause I loue not, is, I know thee not :  
I know thee not in not perceiuing thee ;  
I not perceiue ; for, *darknesse light* doth blot,  
*Light* shines in *darknesse*, yet *It* cannot see.

Who sees thee, knows ; who knows thee stil doth loue,  
Who *sees & knows*, & *loues* thee loues his *soule* : [thee,  
To see, to know, to loue thee, *grace* must moue me ;  
For *flesh* doth fancie *by-pathes*, filthy foule !

Who *knowes* thee, shall of force himselfe forget,  
Who *loues* thee as his life, his life will loath ;  
Yea, lose his life, that he his life may get,  
Immortall making *Soule* and *Body* both.

But I alas (accurs'd that I am)  
For externe *ioy*, from interne *blisse* doth range ;  
My fairest *sollace*, is my foulest *shame*,  
My *sense* betraid, the best for worst doth change.

Here-hence it is, I like not that thou lou'st :  
I (wretch) loue outward, but thou inward *Ioy* :  
I *fleshly* pleasures, *spirituall* thou approu'st ;  
I abiect things, which things thee most annoy.

Thou art in *Heauen*, and I in *Earth* doe dwell,  
Nay, *Heau'n* of *Heau'ns* is thine abiding place ;  
But I in *Earth*, as low as lowest Hell  
Remaine, and ioy in paine, in senselesse case.

Thou *light*, I *darke* ; thou *good*, I passing *bad*,  
Thou *ioy* I *griefs* ; thou *loue*, I lump of *hate* ;  
Thou *wise*, I *fond* ; thou *mecke*, with *pride*, I mad ;  
Thou *rich*, (most rich) and I in *starving* state.

Then how (deare *Lord*) should so great difference  
Be reconcil'd, and linckt in vnitie ?  
Ah here's my feare, here's all my diffidence !  
Then help, ô help, help holy *Trinitie* ;

In that all-doing powerfull *power* of thine,  
Mend mine *amisse*, and me to Thee combine.

### *The Complaint of a Sinner.*

I N the vexation of an humbled *Spirit*,  
Deuoured in the depth of wretched State :  
With feare and trembling I approach thy sight,  
As one, deare *Lord*, as poore, as desolate !

Neare to thy *mercies founts*, myselfe I set,  
Vpon the *Banckes* of thy rich *Graces* streames ;  
That my dry *Soule* may so therewith be wet,  
Before the *Sunne* of *Iustice* scorching *Beames*.

Lo, I a *masse* of rude vnformed *Clay*,  
Present myselfe to thine *All-making skill* ;  
To doe all my deformities away,  
And to informe my *Will*, reforme my *Will*.

Great is my boldnesse so to tempt thy *Grace*  
With such presumption ; but (deare Lord) let me  
Make bold thy loue (still tendred) to embrace,  
Lest strange to *It*, I might be strange to *Thee*.

Yet, when I waigh mine owne vnworthinesse,  
Together with thy *Loues* high dignitie ;  
I am too bold with *It*, I doe confesse,  
To entertaine *It* to such misery.

I am too vile to loue, or to be lou'd  
Of thee (deare Lord) the life of dearest *Loue* ;  
Yet by thy *Loue*, to *loue* I still am mou'd,  
Though I thy *loue*, to *hate*, doe euer moue.

Thou dost command (giue, what command thou dost,  
Then what thou wilt command, *It* shall be done,)   
That I should loue beyond mine vttermost,  
As thou dost loue beyond comparison.

In *Loue* thou mad'st me, onely but to loue ;  
And me re-mad'st in loue, to loue alone :  
Thou threatnest me, if I vnloving proue ;  
And wouldst that we, though two, shold be as *One*.

Yea, for my loue thou (ceaselesse) so dost woo me,  
That seeing me (in loue) quite dull and dead,  
Thou giuest me *Thee* ; that I should giue me to thee,  
In forme of *Flesh*, as thou in forme of *Bread*.

Lord, what am I, that thou shouldst woo me so,  
And seeke t' inflame my loue with thy *Loues* heat ?  
What am I to Thee, but a *world* of woe ?  
A little *World*, of *Sinne*, past measure great !

A *Crosse* of *Crosses* ; for, so crosse I am,  
That eu'ry thing I doe, is quite athwart ;  
And, that which is most crosse, I blesse the same  
As that which most agrees with my curst-heart.

And what art thou to me but *peace* and *rest*,  
*Saluation*, *Joy*, and whatsoe'er is *good* ?  
By whom I (most accurs'd) most am blest,  
Who mad'st me blamelesse in thy blessed bloud.

Then of such *pledges* of thy *Loue* possess,  
And that but loue alone thy loue doth craue :  
O giue me that which thy loue doth request,  
And I will giue thee what thy *Loue* would haue.

*III*, I can giue *Thee* : that, is onely mine ;  
But *Good*, I haue from *Thee*, thy gift it is :  
If thou wilt none of *mine*, then giue me *thine* ;  
Take *that* from me, deare *Lord*, and giue me *this*.

Thou art not pleas'd but with what's onely *thine* ;  
Yet, I am *thine* ; and yet not pleas'd thou art :  
If thou haue nought with me, but what is *mine*,  
Although I gaue to *thee* me dearest *heart*.

For, as it is my *Heart*, it's most vnclane ;  
And all vnclannesse thou dost most detest :  
Then, thou art both the *cause*, *effect*, and *means*,  
That thou dost loue *it*, as thine *interest*.

Yet, as mine owne I haue (what haue I not  
with *it*, that is not absolutely *good* ?)  
My *Christ* ; but, ah, alas I haue forgot  
Thou gau'st him first, & bought'st me with his *bloud*.

But yet *that's* all I haue, (that's all in all)  
To giue thee, as *goods* common vs betwixt ;  
To me Hee came from *Thee* ; to thee Hee shall  
For me, in *passion*, with my *passions* mixt.

If *mine* be such, as make *his* much the more,  
Then *his* are much more meritorious :  
And yet if *Mine* be couer'd with his *gore*,  
They will deserue thy loue, and fasten vs !  
Then take him *Lord*, I haue none other shift  
To show my *Loue*, but with thine onely *Gift*.

---

*The thirst of the Soule after God,  
the Fountaine of Life.*

---

Mine beaunly *Head*, giue me, thy *Member*, grace  
Thee to desire ; desiring, *thee* to seeke ;  
Seeking, to finde ; finding, to loue thy face :  
And, louing, lothe what is thee most vnlike.

To my *Heart*, *Faith* ; to mine *Eyes founts* of teares ;  
To my *Soule*, *griefe* ; to that *griefe*, *ioy* of *Spirit* :  
To my *Faith*, *Hope* ; to my *Hope*, *Loue* and *Fear* ;  
And, vnto all, giue all direction right.

O *Loue* essentiall ! increatd *Loue* !  
*Loue* infinite ! the *Fount* of *Loue* and *Grace* :  
With pow'r o'erflowing all the *pow'ers* above ;  
Or whatsoeuer is in blessed case !

How can I choose but loue *thee* ? how can I  
But with such flaming *Loue* be fired quite ?  
That fires the whole *Worlds Vniuersitie*,  
Yea, well-nigh burnes, & melts the same out-right !

O *God* ! thou art the most abstracted *GOOD* ;  
Which, yet abstracted, art much more abstract !  
Which is *Loues Object*, and *Lifes* liuelihood :  
Which doth my *Loue* to *Loue*, in *Loue*, conct !

How can I choose but flame, so set on fire  
With *loue*, which burns whatere, in loue was made ?  
What, but that *Loue*, can quench my *Loues* desire ?  
Or me, to *Loue*, so pow'rfully perswade ?

And if I cannot loue *Thee* for thy *Loue*,  
Nor for thy *goodnesse* being more then *GOOD*,  
Yet, me thereto should Profit more then moue ;  
For, of all *Good* thou art the boundlesse *flood*.

Youth loues the *Eld*, from whom *it Being* draws ;  
The *Members* loue the *Head*, by whom they liue ;  
And all *Effects*, by nature, loue their *Cause* ;  
Sith *It* to those *Effects* doth *Essence* giue.

Then sith thou art my *Cause*, my *Head*, my *Sire*,  
Looke what *Thou* owe to *These*, by whom they be,  
(Nay, more ; for, thou art all in all intire)  
That *LORD*, and more then *That*, I owe to *Thee* !

Thou gau'st me *Being*, ere my *Sire* it gave :  
For, with *Thee* was *I*, ere *I* was of *Thee* !  
And now preseru'st the *Being* which I haue,  
Better then by the *Head* the *Members* be.

Thou dost effect what in me wanting is ;  
(And from my second *Cause* my wants proceed)  
Then what can *cause* so good effect as this,  
But thou whose *Will* is still in *act* and *deed* ?

Looke what I *am* at best, I *am* by *Thee* ;  
And when at worst, in *thee* my hope still is :  
For, as no one, but Thou, could fashion me ;  
So none, but Thou, can mend my least amisse.

Then what I am in *deed* or else in *hope*,  
(When I am blest in both) of thee I *am* :  
Thou art my *Soule* and *bodies* vtmost scope ;  
Thou mad'st them both, then oughtst to haue the  
same.

If then Thou be my *Beauties beauty* ; yea,  
The *beauty* of my *Soules* diuine'st Part,  
(For Thou of *beauty* art the bancklesse *Sea*)  
Who then but *thou* should wholly haue my *Heart* ?

O Loue, that burn'st in *Heauens* eternall *Breast* !  
O Dart, that woundest the whole *Trinitie* !  
O more, much more, then *Crosse*-wound me at least ;  
And let that *Fire* still burne me till I die.

O let my *Soule* melt *Lord* in thine applause,  
Through holy-raging *Flames* of quenchlesse Loue ;  
O *cause* of *causes* this vouchsafe to cause ;  
And let these *Flames* their force vpon me proue.

O holy, holy, holy *Trinitie* !  
Most holy *Father* ! and most gracious *Sonne* !  
Most louing *Holy-Ghost*, in *Vnitie*  
A *Trinitie*, and but one *God* alone !

When, when, o when will you *thrus* dwell in mee ?  
And make me one with you, as one you are ?  
Of *three* make, *four* ; and one of *one* and *thrus* :  
Your *Essence* keepe, let me your *goodness* share.

When will it be ? o when ? o were it now !  
Shall I ne'er see it ? o how long delay !  
O tedious tarrying ! how, o *LORD*, o how  
Shall I straight rest in thee, mine onely *stay* ?

Haste thee, my *Jesus*, haste (deare *Loue*) make haste,  
I cannot stay ; then come (my *Joy*) o come ;  
My haste so great, and I but *Time* doe waste,  
Till I thy *Loue*, and *Time* doe ouercome.

O my *Soules Centre* ! my *Wils* sweet repose !  
Light of my *Mindes Eye* ! my *Thoughts Paradise* !  
Heau'n of my *Heart* ! Companion of my *Woes* !  
*Slane* of my *Sores* ! *Cure* of my *Maladies* !

*Joy* of mine *Exile* ! and my *Guide* therein ;  
Breath of my *Nostrils* ! End of my *Desires* !  
*Iudge* of my *Life*, *Forgiuer* of my *Sinne* !  
O all in all, whereto mine *All* aspires !

If thou be *these*, and all in all to mee,  
Can I forget thee during but a *Thought* ?  
If so I should, let me remembered be  
With pinching plagues to minde *thee* as I ought.

If I so much forget my selfe and *thee*,  
Let my right *Hand* forget her cunning quight :  
Nay, let me not remember what I see ;  
That *Memory* so wrong'd, may minde thy *right*.

No sleepe mine *Eyes*, no rest mine *Head* shall haue,  
Till thou my *Head*, within my *Heart* doe rest :  
Then enter *Loue*, to enter o vouchsafe,  
It is but what thou offer'st I request :  
Then let this offer of my *Will* and *Loue*,  
Moue me to *that*, to which thou me dost moue.

*An acknowledgement of Gods gifts, with  
desire of union with the giuer.*

I F we for fading *Gifts* are euer bound  
To loue our *Friends* (for *Gifts* still loue do breed)  
And if the *Fire* doe more, or lesse abound,  
According as the *Fuell* *It* doth feed :

Then o ! how great a *Flame* of endlesse loue  
Should (o deare *Lord*) still feede vpon mine *All* :  
Sith past all measure I thy *bounties* proue ;  
And feed'st this *Fire* with *Vnction-spiritual* !

If the whole frame of *Nature* ; nay, sweet *Lord*,  
If *Heau'n* and *Earth*, and all they doe containe,  
Be but meere *Gifts*, which thou dost me afford,  
Then how shold *Loue* but in me more then raigne ?

And that so much the more, because there be  
In thee, besides, all *Causes* causing loue ;  
Which, in their high'st perfection, are in *thee* !  
Then, can such *Motines* but much more then moue ?

If *Goodnesse* I respect, in *thee* it is  
As farre from Limit as *Similitude* :  
For thou art (*LORD*) the boundlesse *Sea* of *Blisse*,  
Because thou art the high'st *Beatitude*.

If *Beautie* I regard, then *thou* art *Hee*  
That art the *Fount* from whence all *Beauty* flowes :  
Whose *Faces* the *Angels* still desire to see,  
Whose Influence their *Faces* ouer-flowes !

If *Bounty* ; then, who is so liberall  
As thou (selfe-*bounty*) that dost, *gratis*, giue  
All, and much more (in *deede*) then all, to *All* :  
By which they more then liberally doe liue.



If *Riches*; who so rich as *hee* that owes  
 What not? If *Being*; or what can *be* beside:  
 If *Friendship*; who so kinde? who, for his Foes,  
 Did Death, with torment, willingly abide.

If *Likenesse* be a *cause* that *loue* effects;  
 Then who like *that*, by which I *am*, but *thou*?  
 For thou mad'st *it* like *thee* in all respects,  
 Saue that, like *thee*, it knowes not where, nor how.

And, if the *END*; for which we all things doe,  
 (The *Finall END*) be infinitely lou'd;  
 Then who mine *ALPHA*, and *OMEGA* too,  
 But *thou*, to whom, by *Nature*, I am mou'd?

From thee to Thee, by onely *Natures* skill,  
 I come, and goe; but goe not as I came:  
 For, I came from thee iust, as thou art still,  
 But doe returne oppress with *sins* and *shame*.

If then to be thine *Image*, with the rest,  
 Be seu'rall *motiues* (strong) of *Loue* intire,  
 Then what ought that to be bred of the best  
 Nay bred of all, but *Loues* eternall fire?

For, as the *Sea* is greater then each *Floud*,  
 Which from, and to her Bosome euer moues:  
 So, is thy *Goodnesse* greater then each *Good*;  
 And thy loue more then other lasting *loues*.

Ah Lord! what made thee make me, but that *loue*?  
 What to redeeme me but that tender moode?  
 Of nought thou mad'st me (which can nothing moue  
 Being Nought) and me redeemest, to make me good.

O let me stretch the *armes* of mine *Affects*,  
 To hold thee to the *Breast* of my *desires*:  
 O *cause* of *sweetnesse*, cause these sweet *effects*;  
 And make my *Breast* the *Furnace* for these *Fires*.

The *Iuy* still doth clip her neighb'ring *Trees*,  
 Because thereby *it* is aduanc'd oft:  
 Then will I cling to *that* on *Caluarie*;  
 Because, thereby, I shall be rais'd aloft.

The *Iuy* spreads her *branches* not so farre,  
 Nor by a *Cedar* so aduanc'd can be,  
 As my *Soules* pow'rs increas't in vertue are,  
 And made to mount by vertue of *this Tree*.

Then O that all my *bodies Limbes* were *Armes*,  
 That I, on eu'ry side, might *it* embrace!  
 Thy *Crosse* (O *Christ*) doth blesse al *thine* from harmes;  
 And with ioy comforts them in woefull case!

O *Christ* that did the *Crosses* Tree ascend,  
 That so thou mightst draw all things vnto thee;  
 O draw me then, let my life with thine end;  
 That so my life, with thine, may endlesse be!

Thou that didst *Deitie* to *Manhood* knit  
 (Two *Natures* so in *Nature* different!)  
 Making one person of them, infinite,  
 To make me *one* with the *Omnipotent*,  
 Grant that the vertue of that *VNION*  
 May euer make vs more entire then *ONE*.

*A thankfull remembrance of our preser-  
 nation notwithstanding our manifold sinnes.*

With wounded *Spirit* I salute thy *Wounds*,  
 O all-bewounding *Sacrifice* for *Sinne*!  
 For, my *Soules* health from thy *Hearts* hurt redounds,  
 Because thou dyedst to liue my *Heart* within.

With what loue shall I quite such wondrous *Loue*,  
 That comes from such vheard-of *Clemencie*?  
 Who art *thou*, and who am I, that can moue  
 Hea'ns *God* t' immure himselfe in *miserie*?

That thou whose *Glory*, *Glory* itselfe admires,  
 Sholdst deigne to dwell in *durt*, more vile then *dung*:  
 Sith *Holinesse*, sweet *Lord*, thy *House* requires,  
 Which hardly rests where many *vices* throng.

Hea'n is thy *Seate*, the Earth thy *Footstools* is;  
 (For *Hea'n* and *Earth* thy *Majestie* doth fill!)  
 Then why, great *God*, art thou well pleas'd with this  
 That thou art made but *Mud* for *mine* so ill?

For, if the *Hea'n*, nay, *Hea'n* of *Hea'ens* be  
 But too too small thy *greatnesse* to containe;  
 Then how can my *heart*, lesse then *nought*, hold thee?  
 How in a Bit of *Wormes-meats* canst thou raigne?

O *Wonder*! that all *Marnels* farre surmounts,  
 He that vpon the *Cherubins* doth ride,  
 And views all *Deepths* from thence, himselfe dismounts  
 That he may in my *Heart*, (deepe *Hell*) abide!

It not suffiz'd thy glowing *Charitie*  
 To giue me *Angels* for my *Guards* and *Guides*,  
 Nay, wast not onely pleas'd for me to dye,  
 But dwelst in me to giue me life besides!

There dost thou visit, in the kindest kinde,  
 The *Sicke* (sore sicke!) to giue him health thereby!  
 Sore sick in *Body*, but more sicke in *Minde*:  
 And raise the *Dead*, that willingly did dye.

My *Soule* exulteth (with ioy rauish'd)  
 Whenas I minde that *Miracle*; how once  
 A *Prophets* dead *Bones* rais'd to life the *Dead*,  
 Onely by touching those life-giuing *Bones*!

If those dead *Bones* had such reuiuing pow'r,  
 Then, what shall not Gods liuing *Body* doe?  
 The liuing *Body* of *Lifes* *Gouernour*,  
 Must needs giue endlesse *Life* and *Glory* too.

And if dead *Bones*, conceiued in *Sinne*, haue might  
 To giue life to a sinfull *Bodie*, dead;  
 What shall *that* doe conceiued by thy *Spirit*?  
*That*, must needs life-inspire eu'n senselesse *Bread*.

My *Soule* though dead in *Sinne*, yet touching *Thee*  
 By *Faith*; and in thy *bloud* being sanctified,  
 Can it but more then liue in *Thee* and me,  
 When *Thou* therein dost more then still abide?

And sith that *Corpes* was rais'd that crau'd not life,  
By touching those dead Bones ; then, Lord let me  
(That, as my *Husband*, clip thee, as thy *Wife*)  
Be rais'd to life, that beg the same of *thee*.

I cannot thinke (because I thinke of *thee*  
as more then *Grace* it selfe !) that thou hast borne  
My sinnes, and in my sinnes, dost beare with mee ;  
that of thy *Grace* I shall be quite forlorne.

O ! can my *Soule* but melt to thinke how oft  
thou mightst haue slaine me, yet didst vse thy knife  
To prune, and make me grow in *Grace* aloft,  
and slu'st my *Foes* therewith that sought my life ?

How many thousand *Soules* now burne in *Hell*,  
that haue (perhaps) sinn'd lesse then sinfull I ?  
Who held thy *Hands* when I did so rebell,  
that I should liue when *Soules* lesse sinfull dye ?

My sinnes cry to *thee*, and *thou* stop'st thine Eares  
lest thou sholdst heare them ; & the more they cry,  
The more thy *deafnesse* to them still appeares,  
as if thou didst their clamorous suite deny.

I doe but sinne, and *thou* dost me but saue ;  
if I flye fast from thee, thou followest faster :  
Though I be tir'd with *Sinne*, thy *Mercies* haue  
no *meane* to tire : but *meanes* my *Sinnes* to master.

The more I sinne, the more thou humblest mee ;  
so, mak'st me know my selfe, by knowing *Sinne* :  
Nay more, it puls me from my selfe to *thee* ;  
so, though I lose my selfe, yet *thee* I winne.

O strange disposing of the worst of *Ill* !  
meere Concord of maine *Contradiction* :  
That which puls from, doth draw together still,  
where *loue* drawes *Discords* to make *Vnion*.

So then, my *Faults*, as if they *Vertues* were,  
wrought for my good, by *thee* that hast the *skill*  
To beare with men, to make them sinne forbear ;  
and so, through *Grace*, to pull good out of *Ill* !

Yet didst thou whisper in my *Soules* right *Eare*,  
that I should doe no ill for such good end ;  
But mad'st me (sinning) *Sinne* to hate and feare :  
(in loue) for that it did thee (LOVE) offend.

With *Thornes* thou dost hedge-in my narrow *Way*,  
that if I ere so little step awry,  
They straight doe pricke me, and so make me pray  
for help to *thee*, in whom all *help* doth lye.

And as the *Hunter* stoppeth vp each *Gap*,  
wher-through the wild *Bore* may escape vncaught :  
So, dost thou stop my way with each *misse-hap*,  
when I would runne away from *thee* to *nought*.

Am I escapt from out thy *mercies* Hands ?  
thy Hand of *Justice* puls me in againe :  
So *Mercy* holds me, by which *Justice* stands  
to help to hold me safe by *ease* and *paine*.

Haue I a Will, by Death, to damne my *Soule*,  
(by desprate Death to damne, not mine, but *thine* ?)  
Thou dost that Will with thy good *Will* controule,  
And mak'st my *Will* thy *Will* in spight of mine.

And I resolu'd to sinne presumptuously,  
and, that of purpose to despight thee too ?  
Thou mak'st the *Will* without the *Deed* to dye ;  
and, mak'st me damne the *Deed* ere it I doe.

Would I, for any in diuine respect,  
sell *Heau'n* for *Earth*, and *God* (so) for the *Denill* ?  
Thou *God* dost make that *Would* worke good effect ;  
for, when it proues the *Ill*, it shuns the *euill*.

Is my Hand stretchèd out, my faith to plight  
to blacke *Perdition* ? twixt my hand and *It*  
Thou putst thy hand of *Justice*, which doth smite  
away my hand, before that knot be knit.

The Weapons me thou gau'st my selfe to saue,  
I (monster) did against thy *Goodnesse* bend ;  
And with thy glorious *gifts* I *thee* did braue ;  
so, did I shame my selfe, and *Thee* offend.

The *Tongue* thou mouedst that blasphemèd *Thee* ;  
thou rul'dst the *limbes* that did thy *Members* rend :  
Thou gau'st *Wit* pow'r with *Thee* to disagree ;  
and gau'st *Will* force the giuer to offend.

So, that not onely I ingrate haue bin  
for thy good *gifts*, but haue the same imployd  
As weapons of vnrighteousnesse, in *Sinne*,  
and so with thine owne *Grace* haue thee annoyd.

Thou mad'st all *Creatures* for mine onely vse,  
't allure me to thy gainfull Loue thereby ;  
But, I abusèd thee, by their abuse ;  
so, with thy *Good deeds* did thee damnifie.

So, that through whom the seeing of thy Face  
was to be tane, through them I could not see :  
For I, as *Gods*, did them (in Loue) embrace  
which thou had'st giu'n, to guide me vnto *Thee*.

That I might serue thee, me did all things serue ;  
I did command, that me thou might'st intreat :  
They did me *Good*, when I did *ill* deserue ;  
and when I made thee small, they made me great.

Thou gau'st me *Faith*, and *Hell* the *Fruites* hath had :  
thou gau'st me *Grace*, and *Sinne* hath vs'd the same ;  
Thou gau'st me *Wit*, which *Will* abus'd, as mad ;  
thou gau'st me *Sense*, wherewith my selfe I shame.

Thou gau'st me *Health*, which, sickely, I haue vs'd,  
in riot, surfet, and in all *excesse* :  
Thou gau'st me *Strength*, which I had still abus'd  
in waging warre with thine owne *Mightinesse*.

Thou, for my profit, plaguedst other men ;  
that so, from *Sinne*, I might be kept, with *ease* :  
But I (vnplaguèd) plagu'd by Brethren,  
so farre off was I from remorse by *Thee*.

These *Gifts* I (most vngratefull) *gratis* had ;  
 which (though abus'd) I vsed when I would :  
 And, being *Gifts* too good, made me too bad ;  
 For, *they* made me too proud, and too too bold.

The rage of *Lyons*, *Tygers*, and the like,  
 Is lenified with *gifts*, and turn'd to *loue* :  
 But, with thy *gifts*, to grieue *thee* I did seeke ;  
 Yet still thou mad'st me their increase to proue.

Thou *Man* becam'st to make a *God* of mee ;  
 (at least a *God*, that *Heau'n* and *Earth* doe serue :)  
 And I became a *Diuall* in Deed, to *Thee* ;  
 that wrong'd thee more, the more thou didst deserue.

High'st *Iustice*, shining through thy *Passions* Cloud,  
 could not enforce me it to loue, or dread :  
 Thou had'st no *hole*, wherein thy head to shroud ;  
 but, all this *All's* too little for my head.

Though thou art *God*, Foes *Fists* thy face enorme ;  
 if any touch my *Coate*, I touch them home  
 By word, and deed ; that yet am but a *Worme* ;  
 thou striu'st for lowest, I for highest *Roome*.

Thou wouldst be slaine, to slaughter *Sinne* in mee ;  
 but, by thy death, I life-inspir'd the same :  
 So, thy great *Mercy* made me martyr *Thee* ;  
 and, with the *leues*, I made thy *griefes* my game.

The *Med'cine*, so, thou gau'st to cure my *Wounds*,  
 I venomed to make my *hurt* the more,  
 Which both with *Sinne* & *shame* my *Soule* confounds,  
 sith *Sinne*, by *Grace*, I made more sinfull sore.

If from the *Law*, to take a *cause* to sinne,  
 is much more damn'd then sinne without the *Law* ;  
 What is it then, when *Grace* so vs'd hath bin :  
 and force to fight with *Grace*, from *grace* to draw ?

The wilde-fire of my *Passions* burn'd me ;  
 my *Thoughts* Distractions did me quite deuide ;  
 The *Worme* of *Conscience* rag'd, where thou wouldst be  
 yet these I did (as one in *thee*) abide !

For, mine *Affections* cryed nought but *Peace*,  
 when those *Affections* most did *Peace* impunge ;  
 And when I was in *Hell*, they seem'd in *ease*,  
 so much the old misled *Affections* young.

And *Fury*-like towards *hel* I alwayes made ;  
 but, thou more wayes then all wayes broughtst me back.  
 The Trade of *Vertue*, I held *Vices* Trade ;  
 sith, more then *Vice*, she seem'd to liue in lacke.

How oft haue I beene at the *gates* of *Hell*  
 and could not enter, though I went about :  
 Thou didst the *Diuell* from his charge compell ;  
 so, *Porter* wast thyselfe to keepe me out.

Nay, when I haue beene euen in his *lawes*,  
 and that his *Fangs* were entering in my *Soule*,  
 Till thou didst pul me thence, thou mad'st him pause ;  
 so, came I, as from *Heau'n*, as *Mecke*, as *Whole*.

O ! how can I such pow'rfull *Grace* requite ;  
 that forceth *Iustice* with Her force to ioyne  
 From wracke to saue me in mine owne despight,  
 and made restore, who did myselfe purloine ?

Had I the liues of *Angels* and of *Men*,  
 and, offer'd all to thee in sacrifice,  
 And, if those liues were thrice resum'd agen,  
 and, offer'd vp as oft, t' would not suffice.

T' would not suffice to recompence thy loue ;  
 it were too cheape to quite thy deare desert ;  
 O then can I (wretch) so vngratefull proue,  
 as not to giue thee one poore wretched *Heart* ?

Can I, & can I be so much besides  
*Grace*, *Faith*, *Sense*, *Mather-wit*, myselfe and all,  
 That hauing yet these *gifts* to be my *guides*,  
 doe yet but stand by these, by these to fall ?

If I be lost, it must not be in *Hell*,  
 (though ne'er so dark) for there thou foundst me out :  
 It must be somewhere, which no *where* can tell ;  
 for where that is, both *Time* and *Place* doe doubt.

It cannot be in *Hell* ; for, thou art there ;  
 then *Heau'n's* thy Seat (ah ! would I there were lost)  
 Nay, not in *Place* ; for, thou art eu'ry where !  
 Then not in *Time*, which, ere *It* was, thou knowst !

If then in *Heau'n*, nor *Hell*, in *Time*, nor *Place*,  
 where then ? in myselfe lost, I cannot be :  
 Yet, lost I am, if I doe lose thy *grace* ;  
 which found me when I stole my selfe from *thee* !

But yet, if needes I will be lost, at last,  
 (for *grace*, at last, saues none against their will)  
 No *Lost-child* euer was lockt halfe so fast  
 from losing ; and, deserueth halfe so ill.

The worst of *Ill*, made worse with *Ill* made *Whole*,  
 is too too good for one made worse then *That* :  
 Too little he doth lose, to lose his *Soule*,  
 that, maugre *grace*, still does he cares not what.

Therefore (dear *Lord*) let me not enter in  
 this strict reuisall of my *Sinne* and *grace*  
 The lesse to make excusable my *Sinne*,  
 but, thereby more, much more, thy *Loue* embrace.

For these *Confessions* written by my *Hand*  
 against myselfe, against myselfe will goe  
 To thy *Tribunall* ; and against me stand,  
 if now I doe not euer *Sinne* forgoe.

Then let thy *Wounds* be once more open'd  
 (deare Christ) to wash me in thy reeking *bloud* :  
 Reuiue me, by thy death, that being dead  
 (still dead) to *Ill*, I may still liue to *good*.

O ! iuycie *Bunch* of *Soule*-refreshing *grapes*,  
 (hard press'd in the *Wine-press* of the *Crosse* !)  
 Make druncke my thirstie *Soule*, that (gasping) gapes  
 for thy pure bloud, to purge mine, being too grosse.

Mine *Ire, Pride, Lust, Presumption, Hate* and *Scorne*,  
yea, all my *Sinnes*, (which I can ne'er recite)  
I cast into thy wounds, which wide are torne;  
O keepe them There then, from thy *Fathers* sight.

As much as *those* confound, *these* comfort me;  
nay, more, much more, sith more thou canst forgiue  
Then I can sinne, although I quartred *Thee*,  
if when the deed is done, through *grace* I griene.

Mellefluous *Sea* of *Comforts* most diuine,  
Meridian *Light*, whence springs true *glories* Day,  
With both o'erwhelme me, till through both I shine  
in perfect *glory* by thy *glories* Ray.

Let not my *Deedes*, or inofficious *Sloth*  
doe or omit, what should not, or be done:  
For, both are cursed by thy blessed *mouth*,  
sith *Ill* to doe, and good omit, is one:  
But, let this *leagus* be constant to the end;  
For they but mend to marre, that marre to mend.

And *Wisedome*, at our *wisedome*, doth but scoffe,  
When we doe ill, that good may come thereof.

*The sighes of a Pensive Soule, groaning  
under the burden of sinne.*

W<sup>H</sup>o art thou *Lord*? thou *Lord* whose magnitude  
admits no *Name*! and what, or who am I  
That dare but thinke of such an *Altitude*,  
farre past the reach of highest *Angels* Eye?

What am I but a *Sacke* of *sickenesses*;  
*Immodestie* itselfe; *Dust, Clay, Durt, Dung*;  
*Slyme, Food* for *Wormes*, lesse, slymie *Carkasses*;  
with *filth*, much more vncleanly, mixt among!

Meere *gall* of *bitternesse*, true *Heyre* of *Hell*,  
begot twixt *Sinne* and *Sathan*, life of *Death*:  
*Rebellion* in the abstract; *Vices* Shell:  
the breath of *Sinne*, that baneth but with breath.

*Gods* griefe, *Mens* plague, and *Angels* sole annoy,  
sith sad I make them by vncessant sinne:  
Let to the sorrow which doth cause their *Joy*  
sith mine *example* hinders some therein.

In *Counsaille*, blinde; in *Actions*, most vnwise;  
In *thought*, vnstaid; vnconstant in *desire*:  
Then *Nothing, lesse*; yet *great* in mine owne *Eyes*:  
for, past myselfe myselfe would faine aspire!

In summe; I am the totall *summe* of *Ill*;  
ill in my *flesh*, and euill in my *sp'rit*,  
Worse in my *Wit*, and worse in my *Will*:  
this, *Lord*, is hee thou would'st to *thee* vnite!

But what? and who art *thou*? thou namelesse *GREAT*!  
sith thou art great, beyond all *quantitie*!  
How good art thou? thou *goodnesse* most compleate,  
for, thou art good beyond all *qualitie*!

Beyond all measure, thou art (onely) wise,  
thou art (alone) *eternall* without *Time*:  
In *pow'r* almightie, with all-seeing *Eyes*;  
in *Iudgement*, deepe; in *Counsailles*, most sublime.

But what! goe I about to bring *thee* here,  
within the compasse of *description*:  
Thou art as farre past *Compassse*, as past *Peere*,  
being *immense* and infinite alone.

If *Men* or *Angels* could, nay more, couldst *thou*  
by deed or word, thine *Essence* once define,  
Thou art no more thyselfe; in deed, or show;  
for, thou all *Bounds* dost in thyselfe confine.

Of *Thee*, therefore, no *search* can notice giue,  
further then that thou art most infinite;  
And *that* to know, is onely to beleue  
that so thou art in *wisedome, grace, and might*.

The *Sunne, Moone, Stars*, with bright *beames* glorifide,  
in presence of thy *glory*, lose their *Light*:  
The *Cherubins* (like *Bastard Eagles*) hide  
their *Eyes*, that cannot brooke thy *glories* sight.

The sturdy *Pillars* of th' *Etheriall* Frame  
do trembling stand, when thou but knit'st thy *brow*:  
Yea, all the *Pow'rs* therein shrinke at the same,  
and (with those *Props*) with *fear* and *ren'rence* bow.

Whose *Voyce* doth make the *Mountaines* melt like waxe,  
whose *Check* confounds the *order* of this *All*,  
Whose *Breath* consumes thy foes, as fire doth flaxe:  
in few; thou art what thou thyselfe canst call.

Then how dare I (vile Clod of base *Contempt*)  
approch the presence of such *Maiesty*:  
That is from all impuritie exempt,  
and I, a *Sincke* of all *sordiditie*?

To touch the *Arke* was death; and, one did dye  
for touching *It*, being at the point to fall:  
Then woe is me, how dare I (wretch) come nye  
thy sacred selfe, that standest staying *All*?

The *Bethshamites* receiu'd a mortall checke,  
for prying on that *Arke* too curiously:  
And many thousands, for it, went to wrecke;  
then dare I (*Worme*) cling to thy *Deity*?

How can thy *grace* so vile a *Vermine* brooke?  
much lesse embosome such a lothèd *Thing*;  
That leaues offence behinde but with a looke;  
and, like a *Viper*, with a touch doth sting?

What *Concord* can there be twixt *Contraries*?  
can *good* and *euill* be incorporate?  
Then how shouldst *thou* selfe-goodnesse me comprise,  
that am selfe-*euill*, which thou most dost hate?

For I haue beene, O *Lord*, I shame to say,  
what, in times past, I did not shame to doe;  
Who (worse than *Treas'n* itselfe) did (ah) betray  
*God* vnto *Man*, and *Man* to *Sathan* too.

There was a *Time*, I was that franticke Foole,  
that said (at least in Heart) *there is no God* :  
But since thy *grace* my Heart did better schoole  
I thinke not so, by reason of thy *Rod*.

Thy *Rod* recou'ed that my straying *thought*,  
reducing *It* into the way of *Truth* :  
I to mysele, and *thee*, by force was brought ;  
and made repent that madnesse of my youth.

Thanks kindest *Rod*, I kisse thee, for thy grace,  
which, like a *Potion*, did with *Nature* strue,  
To conquere *that* which *Nature* did disgrace ;  
and made me (dead in *Sinne*) in *grace* to liue.

But Lord, how blest, and better had I bin,  
if thy smooth *Staffe* had staid me in the Way ;  
For, thy rough *Rod* doth Loue, by *terror*, win :  
and, *Loue* is lame, that doth by *terror* stay.

But yet let *terror* (as *loues* Harbinger)  
make way to lodge thy Loue within my Heart ;  
Which of thy Loue would faine be Harboureer,  
because thou mak'st it faine by force of smart.

But let thy loue be of my Heart embrac'd  
meerely for Loue : and kept with louing feare :  
Let not my Loue with terror be disgrac'd,  
but let *It*, free from *terrors* Let appeare.

O let me loue *thee*, as thou louest mee,  
thou lou'st me for mysele and thy *Loues* sake :  
Then for thy selfe (alone) let me loue thee,  
without respect of what *Loue* lame doth make.

I now desire (with more then hot desire)  
to be new molt, and cast into the *Molde*  
Of all perfection, by *Afflictions* fire ;  
sith, for thy *Temple*, that refines the *Golde*.

Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst ; then make me cleane :  
Draw me with Cords of *Loue*, made fast by *Fears* :  
Though my *Sinnes* measure passe, thou hast no meane  
in *mercy* ; then, let *mercy* make me cleare.

If thou requir'st *contrition* for my *faults*,  
with *Sinne* and *Sorrow*, lo, I labour sore ;  
A iarring Twin, each other that *assaults*,  
(within the wombe that breeds them) more and more.

If *Satisfaction* thou of me require,  
Lo, here I offer vp my *Flesh* to *thee*,  
To be consum'd in *Afflictions* fire,  
so thou vouchsafe to saue the *Soule* of me.

Poure out thy Vengeance Vials all there-on ;  
make, *it* like Vapor, evaporate  
The *Humors* ill, wherewith it's ouer-gone,  
that *Flesh* from flesh, may so be separate.

O thou whose *Loue* enflames all good *desires*,  
quench thou the thirst of my *desire*, that flames  
To be consum'd in those thrice-sacred fires,  
which mend the formes of *mind*, & *Spirits* frames.

Giue me thy *Loue*, and throw me into *Hell* ;  
for, there thy Loue will pleasure me in *paine* ;  
Yea, *paines*, to bring me *pleasures*, will compell ;  
and make me *Heau'n* by *Hell* so to obtaine.

This onely *Boone* I craue, by *Grace* to be  
arm'd with *Patience*, most inuincible,  
In all thy fiery Tryals made of me ;  
that *Sense* make brooke them as insensible.

Which *Patience* still consociates constant *Loue* ;  
which can endure more then *Paine* can inflict :  
O then let me that *Loue*, in mercy, proue ;  
then proue me with all *proofes* though ne'er so strict.

Thy will be mine, and mine be euer thine ;  
giue me no pow'r to will or not to will  
But as thou wilt : and let no will be mine,  
but that which, maugre *Flesh*, may thine fulfill.

Thou know'st what's best for me ; then, is that best,  
which thou (whate're it be) for me shalt doe :  
Then, let me locke my cares within thy *Chest*,  
when they, too strong, wold my weake *Chest* vndo.

Be thou the *Centre* of my *Soules* desires ;  
and, let them rest in Thee in all vnrest :  
Be thou the *Vnction*, still to feede those fires,  
till of eternall *Light* they be possest.  
To which, as to the *utmost* of their hope,  
Bring thou them (Lord) that art their *utmost* scope.

---

*Of Lifes breuitie, the Fleshes frailtie,  
the Worlds vanitie, and the  
Diuels tyranny.*

---

THou *Eld* of *Dayes*, teach me my dayes to count,  
(deare Lord) mine *End*, learn me mine end to  
know ;

That of the same I may yeeld iust account,  
These *secrets* (Lord) to me, in secret, show.  
To thinke of long life, is, in death, to liue ;  
To think of *Death's* long life, which *Death* doth giue.

My *Time* is in thy hands ; then *It* display,  
That I may know *It*, so to vse *It* well :  
A thousand yeeres, with thee, is scarce a day ;  
But they are more with me then *Time* can tell :  
*In twice fve Ages, Time can tell no more,*  
*Then, no Mans time thrice trebl'd, tels such store.*

Are not my *Dayes* few ? and mine *end* at hand,  
Whose life is like the *shadow* of a *Dream* ?  
What *Substance* is't, by which such *shadows* stand ?  
Is't ought but *Nothing*, in the great'st extreame ?  
If lesse then *Nothing* then, be all my *Dayes*,  
Can I loue Life which *Truth* doth so dispraise ?

A *Ship*, a *Shafi*, a *Shuttle* were too slow  
(Or whatsoeuer else doth swiftly glide)

The flight of *Time* in this short life to show ;  
But, *It*, as lesse then *Nothing*, must abide :  
Then ah ! shall lesse then *Nothing* make me lose,  
*Thee*, *Thing* of *Things*, that dost each *Thing* enclose ?

And, what a lesse then *Nothing* is this *Life* ?  
It's worse then *Nought*, that's lesser then that *Lesse*,  
So fraught with *Mischiefe*, *Sorrow*, *Sinne* and *Strife*,  
That *It* (like *Hell*) is Hold of *Heauinesse* :  
For whoso hath most *ease* and *rest* therein,  
Are most diseas'd (most oft) with restlesse *Sinne*.

No foote of *Ground*, *Earths* dismall face contains,  
That is not ouer-laid with treble *Snares* ;  
A *Flies* foote rests not on *It* without *Paines* :  
Besides *Deaths* danger, and a *World* of *cares* ;  
I speake, but speake with grieve, what I haue found  
On *Earth* ; then, *Earth* of *grieve* is but the *Ground*.

For scarce is one *Temptation* ouer-past,  
But in the Neck thereof another comes ;  
Like *Circles*, that *Stones* cause in *Waters* cast,  
Which chase each other, till the last o'er-comes :  
So and none otherwise *Temptations* striue,  
Which, by the spoile of others, best shall thriue.

Nay, so each other to succede were ease,  
(More then *temptation* vseth to admit)  
But, while the first endures (like swelling *Seas*,)  
Another riseth worse, much worse, then *It* :  
Then in *temptations* *Seas*, with *Waves* thus driu'n,  
How hard is it t'attaine the Hau'n of Heau'n !

The treble *Snares* (fore-mention'd,) three fell Foes  
Doe lay for me, to catch me if they can ;  
The *Flesh*, the *Diuell*, and the *World* are Those,  
Which three still watch to catch me carelesse Man :  
The least of which hath skill exceeding great ;  
Then how should I (poore Wren) their drifts defeate ?

On this side fights my *Flesh* ; the *World* on that ;  
The *Diuell* at my Backe ; and, all as One  
Doe me assaile ; nay, doe *they* care not what,  
So I (thereby) may quite be ouer-throwne :  
And thus, like cunning Foes, they compasse mee,  
That I may haue way, away to flee.

I cannot from my *Body* flee ; because  
It is my Clogge, and I am tide thereto :  
Not must I *It* undoe, for any cause,  
For, so vndone, I doe my soule vndoe :  
If I doe feede the same, my foe I fat,  
That will assault mee much the more for that.

Then must I needes my *Body* beare about,  
Though faine I would forsake *It*, knew I how ;  
And yet the same is alwayes running out ;  
Yet drawes me with't, as *Colts* doe draw the *Plow* :  
It tires my *Spirit*, that toiles to keepe it in,  
From being tir'de in running out to sinne.

Besides, th' inuiourous *World* beleaguers me  
This, that, and eu'ry way, with maine and might ;

And through the Loope-holes of my *Senses*, Hee  
With my weake *Soule*, continually doth fight :  
Which still, thogh faintly, fights to keepe out *death*,  
And oft (poore *Soule*) quite shee is out of breath.

If at those Loopes the *World* repvise doth take,  
*Hee* sets his Slaues to watch me, in my way ;  
That they may, through my slippings, me o'er-take ;  
And so to wound my *Fame*, with sharp *Dispraise* ;  
Or, draw mee els before *Authority*,  
Where I may know what t'is to slip awry.

But, that's a fauour done, against his will :  
Herein his malice mends me ; makes me watch  
My sinfull selfe from running into ill ;  
Lest that these Fiends should me in euill catch :  
For (Lord) thou know'st, they watch not for my good ;  
But how, by mischief, they may suck my bloud.

If *thee* I serue, they call me Hypocrite :  
If I doe not, then Atheist am I nam'd :  
If I giue Almes, tis that beg praise I might :  
So doe I good or euill, I am blam'd :  
Then this thrice wayward *World*, by his good will,  
Will haue me to be *Nothing* ; good, nor ill.

The *Diuell* is a *Spirit* which is vnseene,  
Then how should I auoid his mortall Blowes ?  
Whose weapons are as long, as strong and keene ;  
And sendeth flaming *Shafts* from fiery Bowes :  
The least of which to death my *Soule* will wound,  
If thou confound them not ere they confound.

So then these three strong armed *Enimies*,  
Me ceaselessly assaile to make me fall :  
The *Flesh* suggesteth to me *Luxuries* ;  
The *World* objecteth *Sweetes* ; the *Diuell*, *Gall* :  
And all, as most intire, conspire in *this*,  
To make me ill to liue, to die amisse.

The *Flesh* importunes me with daintie food ;  
With *Sleepe*, *Sloth*, *Lust*, and carnall *Liberty* :  
The *World* doth moue me to ambitious moode :  
The *Diuell* to Malice, Ire, and Treacherie :  
Thus all in seu'rall sort, in one agree  
To pare my *Crowne*, if not to conquer me.

Behold (O Lord) with whom I liue, perforce ;  
I dwell with *Scorpions*, *Vipers*, and the like :  
Which, kill, by *Nature*, without all remorse ;  
And with their stings, they *good* and *bad* doe strike :  
O Lord how long, how long (deare Lord) shall I  
Endure this *Death*, the *Life* of misery ?

*Atheists* and *Infidels* doe neighbour me,  
Besides these foes ; and with them still doe ioyne,  
To worke my wracke ; for, they still boring be  
Betwixt thy *Spirit* and mine, them to vnioyne :  
Among the *Tents* of *Kedars*, thus, I dwell,  
Whose In-mates are as *Serpent-wise*, as fell.

*Example*, more then *Precept*, makes vs good ;  
And, is there none that doth *good* ? no, not one,

Then ah ! what can liue with this *Vipers* Brood  
That is not brought to nought, no not a *Stone* ?  
Then I being *Flesh*, how can I hurt auoide  
By *them*, by whom, eu'n *Stones* are oft annoid ?

In these sore *Conflicts* if I should retire  
Into myselfe, I finde me fraught within,  
With fleshly, worldly, diuellish-damn'd *desire*,  
The three-fold *Bastard* of these *Foes*, and *Sinne*.  
Who will with them conspire to conquer me,  
Then in myselfe, I least secure shall be.

My Heart's more moueable then *Motion* is ;  
Vnconstant, fugitiue, vaine, light, lewd, blinde ;  
Wandering each way, and yet the way doth misse ;  
Yet still holds on that Course, by course of kinde :  
*Agent* and *Patient* tis, in *Sinne* and *Shame*,  
That both *effects* and *suffers* for the same.

And, as a *Mill* doth grinde what it receiues,  
Els grindes itselfe, if nought be throwne thereon ;  
So, doth the *Heart* grinde what the same conceiues ;  
Else grindes itselfe, till it to nought be gone :  
But *it* (by *Nature*) still conceiueth *Sinne*,  
Then *Sinne* (by *Nature*) still is ground therein.

But, if thy *Grace* (Lord) *thou* therein infuse,  
It grindes the same, like flow'r of finest Wheate,  
To make sweet-*Bread*, vnleauened, to vse  
Whenas the *Soule* doth grinde thee as her meate :  
And as the *heart* doth grinde, the *Soule* to feede  
With good, or bad ; so, our liues *happ* succcede.

Sometimes it grindes but griefes, infus'd by *Sinne* ;  
And oft but dusty *thoughts*, and Earthy *carus* :  
*Thou*, when such *Griefs* it grindes, pour'st Ioy therin :  
And me, for *these*, by *griefes*, that Ioy prepares :  
Then may I say, when so the *Mill* doth runne :  
I had beene, if I had not beene vndone.

But, for the most part, it is euer cloid  
(Like an hard *Mill-stone*) with the softest things :  
As fleshly lusts, and vaine *Ioyes* ouer-loyde ;  
And with that *heart-ease* which most torment brings :  
No, that my *Heart*, to them, my *Heart* betraies,  
And all, to spolie it, seeke by all assales.

It is the Shop where base *Affections* frame  
The *Embrión* of *Sinne* ; which, growing great,  
Breakes out to Action, to the *Actors* shame ;  
Vnlesse thy Deed (ó Lord) the Deed defeat :  
Then in the *heart*, the Seate of *Peace* and *Life*,  
I finde the certain'st Death, the surest strife !

Lord help, Lord help me to subdue my Heart,  
Before these *Foes* my Heart do quite o'er-throw :  
O let it labour with a World of smart,  
Itselfe to conquer, and itselfe to know :  
They that so fight, great *Hearts* and *Glory* haue ;  
Then let me fight, my *Fame* and *Heart* to saue.

To saue my Heart, which, though it little be ;  
Yet nought but thine owne *Greatnesse* can suffice :

For tis a Kingdome onely made for thee ;  
Though *Traitors* to *thee*, doe it oft surprise ;  
But chase from thence the traitors to thy *Crowne*,  
That thou maist still, in peace, possesse thine *owne*.

O take away these *Scandals* of thy raigne,  
*Theeues* of thy *Glory* (most vain-glorious *Theeues*)  
For, Tyrant *Pride* would be my *Soueraigne* ;  
Which (for reiecting her) me euer grieues :  
For, *Pride* (deare Lord) is of that spightfull vaine,  
That where she most seekes loue, she most doth paine.

Then *Last*, *Ire*, *Enuie*, *Malice*, *Scorne*, and *Hate*,  
Striue, in me, for me ; but, as much as I  
Am holp by *thee*, doe strive to keepe my *State*  
From vsurpation of their *Tyranny* :  
Which freely I surrender vp to *thee*,  
That freely, twice, did render me, to me.

For, I no King recognise but my *God*  
Worthy to sit as *Soueraigne* in my Heart ;  
Before all *Scepters* I adore thy *Red* ;  
Which drives to endlesse pleasure, though it smart.  
O then away from mee, yee curs'd *Crue*,  
Ye haue no part in me, His onely due.

And come (dear Lord) destroy them in their strength,  
Confound their *Councils*, all their *Drifts* defeat ;  
That I, through *thee*, may winne myselfe at length  
From out their *Hands*, that make me as their *Meate* :  
And let me (so won) lose myselfe in *thee* :  
Where, to be lost, is still most safe to be.

Giue me (ó Lord) that empire o'er my Heart  
That *it* thy *Becke* and mine may still obey :  
For, *that*, and more is due to thy desert ;  
Sith that *due* is much more then I can pay :  
For, I can pay no more then what is mine,  
And I haue nought but sinne, but what is *thine* !

Then as I am oblig'd *thee* to obey ;  
So, *Equitie* and *Profit* doe perswade  
That I should walke no *Way*, but in thy *Way* ;  
For, that's the *Way* by which good *Men* are made :  
Then till I goe away for good and all,  
Let me runne in this *Way*, and neuer fall.

For *that's* to runne that so we may obtaine,  
Else get we paine eternall for our paine.  
If many runne, and labour lose,  
How easie is't to be of those ?

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### The Soule desireth to know God.

---

From out the *Soule* of my most happy Soule,  
I praise thee, mighty Maker of this *All*,  
For that when I was nothing (faire nor foule)  
thou mad'st me of thy *Creatures* Capitall !

For, to thine *Image* didst thou fashion me,  
giuing my *Soule* *Intelligence*, and *Will* ;

That so, at least, she might b'in loue with *thee*,  
sith all things loue their like, by *Nature*, still.

Thou mightst haue made me some detested Worme;  
some Toade or Viper, or some Crocadile:  
Or else some Monster, both in *moods* and *forme*;  
or ought what is most harmefull and most vile.

And, that thou didst not, it was of thy *grace*;  
for, what could I deserue when I was not?  
No, not a *Being* in the basest *place*,  
much lesse *Earths Lordship*, which is now my *Lot*!

And, lest a *Creature*, so resembling *thee*,  
should instantly to *nothing* fall againe,  
Thou me endu'dst with *immortalitie*;  
that I might, in all *Worlds*, still liue and raigne.

Yet seem'd that nothing to thy boundlesse Loue,  
vnlesse, of *nothing*, thou hadst made my *Soule*  
But little lesse, if not some way aboute  
the *Angels*; for, they serue, and I controule.

*Oxen* and *Sheepe* with *Grasse* are satisfide;  
*Fish*, *Fowle*, and *Wormes* with Food of baser kinde:  
But my *Soules* Meate is more then Deifide;  
for nothing but her *God* contents her *Minde*!

For, She is made of that Capacitie  
(because like *thee* She is directly made)  
That *Heau'n* and *Earth* her cannot satisfie,  
sith She shall flowrish most, when these shall fade.

For, though she once began, yet now she is  
eternall made, and truly infinite;  
Then nought but *thou* that hast these *properties*,  
can satiate her insatiate appetite.

Wretch that I am, this *World*, why doe I loue?  
or seeke the fading *glory* of the same?  
Why doe I *riches* seeke and *pleasures* proue,  
that doe the *Soule* vnioynt, and *Minde* vnframe?

These *Husks* suffice not; and, these painted *Fires*  
warne but the bare *imagination*:  
While the *Soule* starues through cold, with vaine *desires*  
bred by that *powers* misinformation.

O no, her *Food's* much more substantiall,  
(*Supersubstantial* I should rather say)  
Because it is so passing *spirituall*,  
as none but purest *Spirits* it relish may.

Then know my *Soule*, know what (by kind) thou art  
thy *Makers Type*, and viue *Similitude*;  
Whole in the *Whole*, and whole in eu'ry *Part*;  
another *God*, of boundlesse magnitude!

How can thy *Palate* then, taste any thing  
(without distast) that is not most diuine?  
Why drink'st of this *Worlds Dike*, and leau'st the  
*Spring*,  
that euer ouer-flowes with *Angels Wine*?

All vnder *Heau'n* is too vnsweete for *thee*;  
for, it's but *Elementall*; still, in strife:  
Nay, nought in *Heau'n*, but the sweet *Trinitie*,  
can feede *thee* fat, or keepe *thee* but in life.

That foode, whose *sweetnesse* rauisheth the *sense*  
of sweetest *soules* diuine *Faculties*,  
Must feed thy *Will*, and thine *Intelligence*,  
else can they not to *grace* or *glory* rise.

That Lord, whose *Beauty Sonne* and *Moone* admires,  
whose *Maiestie* the *Hoasts* of *Heau'n* adore:  
Whose *Grace* is praised by the *Angels* Quires,  
*He that was, is, and shall be euermore*:

*God*, infinite in pow'r and *Maiestie*,  
hath made thee but to fill thee with his Loue;  
Which being infinite in quantitie,  
thine *All*, and *Parts* (all whole in each) can moue.

Hee, onely Hee, can thy *desires* fulfill,  
albe't they did excede *Immensitie*:  
And, being *Three* in *One* can fitly fill  
thine *Vnderstanding*, *Will* and *Memory*!

Then, ô my *Soule* runne out, this *Guest* to meet;  
and him into thee gladly introduce:  
Who is as sweet as great, and good as sweet;  
that vs'd *augment*s, and fades for want of vse.

Then, locke him in the *Closet* of thine Heart,  
where thou, in secret, maist vnfold thy Loue:  
There clip him fast, let him not thence depart,  
till Hee with him, from hence, doe thee remoue.

Who will be soone intreated There to stay,  
because it is the *rest* of his *desire*:  
And needes hee must take *thee* with *him* away,  
if Nuptiall Loue doe make you two intire.

Which dignitie, of my *Celestiall Soule*,  
when well I weigh (deare Lord) I maruell not  
Though in my *Mud*, thy *Sonne* himselfe did roule,  
to seeke, in my true shape, to knit this knot.

But muse I may at mine ingratitude,  
my madnesse, dulnesse, and grosse impudence;  
That doe neglect thy *Loues* beatitude,  
and prostitute my *Soule* to foule *Offence*.

That I should, carelesly, his Loue neglect,  
that is the beaming *beauty* of thy *State*;  
And woo the vgly *Diuell*, in effect,  
thy sacred *Image* to adulterate.

This doth excede all wonderments excesse;  
this *Prodigie*, is more then monstrous;  
That any Soule should loue meere *vglinesse*,  
before meere *beauty*, more then glorious!

How can I thinke vpon thy boundlesse Loue;  
and not pursue myselfe with endlesse Hate?  
That, for my sake, didst hels of torments proue,  
to pull me out of Hell, and damned state.



And, when I view my *Bodies* Edifice,  
I find so many of thy *bounties* there,  
As might the heart of *Hate* to *Loue* intice ;  
for, in each haire-breadth of *it* they appeare.

Th' *Arteries, Sinewes, Nerves, Veines, Ligaments,*  
*Heart, Lungs, Lights* ; and, in few, the *All*, in *All*,  
Are thy *Loue*-tokens, and kinde *Complements*,  
that mak'st thyselfe, through *Lordly loue*, my *thrall*.

Wherein if I should still *Philosophize*,  
I should finde matter still to praise thy name ;  
For this *Mindes* Organ yeelds such *Harmonies*  
as still in silence celebrate thy *Fame*.

This *Wonder* is the Worlds *Epitomie*,  
a little World, true abstract of the Great,  
Yet greater then the *Great* in dignitie,  
though that in quantitie be more compleate.

O ! how should I to grace thy *Grace* be glad,  
for thou that mad'st me not in deed, or sight,  
Blinde, lame, deafe, epilepticke, mute, or mad ;  
but sound in *Soule* and *Minde* ; in *Body*, right.

Yet (Lord) ô yet I want, (for nothing is  
brought from Not-being to a Being blest  
Immediately) sith yet I am amisse ;  
but all things, by degrees, attaine their best.

For, in the Worke of *Nature*, *Sense* perceiues  
that first of all the *Matter* she prepares :  
Then fits *it* to the *Forme* which *it* receiues ;  
but formes *it* not perhaps in many yeares.

Yet she doth not, as lacking *Pow'r*, or *Art*,  
leauē ought imperfect which she takes in hand ;  
Yet, out of hand, she perfecteth no *Part* ;  
but, that shee doth in time, in *Sea*, and *Land*.

Then thou that art her *Soueraigne*, canst thou lacke  
of her perfection in thy *Workes* begun ?  
Canst *thou*, Almighty, see Them goe to wracke ?  
or, through neglect, to leauē them halfe vndone ?

*Effects* vnto their *Causes* onely looke,  
that they from them *Perfection* may receiue ;  
Then, of their *Causes*, if they be forsooke,  
they make a show but onely to deceiue.

Thou art my sole *beginning*, and mine *end* ;  
then end that well which thou hast well begun :  
Thou art my *Cause* ; then me, th' *Effect*, amend ;  
that I from grace, to grace may euer runne.

Thine *Eyes*, all-seeing, see great *Wants* in me ;  
supply those *wants* (deare Lord) and let me want  
Nothing but *wants* that wanting are in *thee*,  
sith what thou want'st, to *thee* is discrepant.

Let no *Blocke* be more dull to apprehend  
that thou would'st haue escape, vntride, then I ;  
Let my *Wit* for thy *foolishnesse* contend ;  
and, let that *Folly* be my *Wisdomes* Eye.

Then, in th' *Egyptian* darknesse of this life,  
I shall behold the glory of thy *Sonne* :  
And shape my course, by him, in *Stormes* of strife :  
for all thy *fooles* doe strine to him to runne.

Then, with that *Protemartire*, shall I see  
(the *Canopie* of *Heau'n* being op'nd wide)  
The beaming *beauty* of the *Trinitie* ;  
that by none, but such *fooles*, can be espie.

Let me be wise in deed, and not in show,  
sith neuer *shades* haue *substances* begot ;  
And they know nothing, as they ought to know,  
that know not they are *fooles* that know *thee* not.

The Foole hath said, in heart, *No God there is* :  
so saith he, sith he knowes not otherwise :  
Then, *Truth* and *Wisedome* cal's him Foole for *this* ;  
because true *Wisedome* in this *Knowledge* lies.

The *Pagan*-wisedome, though it knew, what not ?  
that was beneath the Circuit of the *Sunne* ;  
Yet was that wisedome fondly ouer-shot,  
sith all was vaine *It* knew, when all was done :

For, vnder *Heau'n* (as saith thy sacred *Truth*,)  
remaineth nought that is not more then vaine :  
What wisedome then, from knowing *it* ensu'th ;  
but such as *Fooles*, by knowing *Bables*, gaine ?  
Then let the World still make a Foole of mee,  
So I may onely know myselfe and *Thee*.

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### A Thanksgiving for our Being.

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Lest *Thankesnesse* should close thy *Bounties* hand,  
(which it alone (kind Lord) hath pow'r to do)  
And sith thou giuest what thou dost command,  
if we but stretch our Good-wills hand thereto :

Kinde lib'rall Lord, giue me an able will  
to thanke thee for thy *gifts* ; that by one *gift*  
I may be gratefull for another still ;  
which is of *Willing-want* the onely shift.

I thanke thee then, not onely for my *Being*,  
(being as I *am* the liuely *forme* of *thee*)  
But for that thy high *Providence* all-seeing  
doth strue to make me euer better *Bee* !

For, should thy hand be but a *moment* clos'd,  
I should to *nought* resolute, as once I was ;  
For thou my time of *moments* hast compos'd,  
the last of which I cannot ouer-passe.

Then looke how many moments I exist,  
so many blessings dost thou giue to mee  
Preuenting me with others ere I wist,  
that so my *Being* might right blessed be.

From my *Conception*, to *Natiuitie*  
thou keptst me safe (though strait kept) in the womb,  
My Mothers *Bowels* might haue strangled me,  
but that thy *Mercies* hand still made me roome !

Wherein I felt (ere I could feelee, or see)  
the blessings of thy tender Providence :  
And, lest I should (perhaps) abortiue be,  
thou gau'st me there, full nine Months residence.

Where, how thou fedd'st me, by the Navle-string,  
I may admire, but ne'er the same expresse !  
And how thou didst my *Parts* together bring  
(confus'd in slime) it is no wonder lesse !

The longings of my Mothers appetite,  
her food, feares, griefes, fals, and such accidents,  
Might haue enforc'd her, ere my Frame was pight,  
eft to diffuse me in the *Elements*.

For, when I was an *Embrio*, but a *thought*  
might haue redrown'd me in *Not-beings Pit* ;  
But then thou thoughtst on me, and so hast wrought  
that *Danger*, from her Mouth, me, safe, did spit.

How happily-vnhappy had I bin  
to be made *Man* in possibilitie,  
And marr'd, eu'n as my making did begin ;  
so, straight to finde, and lose Humanitie.

That which we neuer had, we neuer lost :  
therefore for losse of *that* we cannot grieue :  
But, rare *things* had, to lose, doth grieue vs most ;  
for better still dead, then but *now* to liue.

Then to be borne within no *Pagan Clyme*,  
addes no small waight to this great *Benefit* :  
But, come of *Christians*, in good *place* and *time*,  
and, am a *Christian*, much more maketh it.

And am a *Christian* ! O that so I were  
as I am *nam'd* ; and still desire to be ;  
That I might say *I am* ; and so appeare :  
sith but to *seeme* good, is too bad with *thee*.

For *thou* great GOOD, that call'st thyselfe *I AM*,  
dost loue *I am* ; not *was*, nor yet *will be* :  
Then, let me say *I am* (in deede, and name)  
thy *Servant*, that but liues to honour *thee*.

For, sith I haue such *Being*, let me be  
such as *I AM*, not as I am ; that is,  
Such as *Thou art*, most perfect *Pietie* :  
for, *thou art*, *wast*, and *euer wilt-be this*.

Besides, thou hast and dost preserue me still  
from all misse-fortunes, and from sodaine Death :  
Which, in this World (that *dangers* ouer-fill)  
is more then *Fortune* can to *Man* bequeath.

How many haue I scene the *Warres* to weare !  
& might haue seen hang'd, drown'd, staru'd, burnt,  
& torne !

How many poyson'd ! spill themselves, with *fears*,  
with *Pox*, *Plagues*, *Pestilence* how many worne !

The thousands blinde, deafe, dumbe, lame, leperous ;  
besides the *Millions* otherwise distrest  
In *Minde* and *Body*, with *griefes* dolorous,  
make me to see how much my State is blest.

For, that which fell to any one of these  
might me befall, be'ing euill as they be ;  
And, that I haue more soundnesse, loy, and ease,  
it is (to winne my loue) thy loue to me.

If any mortall King should for one crime,  
many condemne ; and saue but one or two :  
And, I, of those condemn'd, should be the *prime*,  
yet first of those two sau'd, should be too :

How would my Heart be rauish'd with his Loue ?  
and how would all my Pow'rs striue him to serue ?  
Then, no lesse Grace thy *grace* doth make me proue ;  
nay, more, much more, thou dost my loue deserue.

For, double thou deseru'st in treble kinde ;  
*Thou* sau'dst my *Soule* and *body*, doom'd to Death ;  
And from all franticke *passions* keep'st my *Minde* :  
therefore I owe thee *Minde*, *Soule*, *Body*, *Breath*.

For, 'tis thy Grace, we be not all consum'd ;  
but, most of all my selfe, that most doth sinne :  
Sith on that *Grace* I haue, to sinne, presum'd ;  
yet still, by *grace*, seek'st me, from sinne, to win.

A *Body* thou hast giu'n me, that doth lacke,  
all that thou giu'st me to continue life :  
And, lest, through want thereof, *It* should to wrack,  
with me those *gifts* are no lesse rich, then rife.

All things thou mad'st for me ; and me for Thee ;  
for me *Ground*, *Graine* ; *Trees*, *Fruit* ; *Mines*,  
Mettall bear :  
*Aire*, *Fowle* ; *Seas*, *Fish* ; & *Fish* & *Fowle*, for me,  
produce most glorious *Pearle*, and *Plumes* to weare !

For me, *Seas*, *Ships* ; *Ships*, *Salles* ; *Salles*, *Winds*  
endure,  
to bring me *Benefits* from forraine *Lands* :  
For me, *Flouds* flow ; *Wels*, spring ; *Springs*, *Water*  
pure  
doe yeeld ; that I should yeeld to thy commands.

*Sheepe*, *Oxen*, *Kine*, *Goates*, *Buckes*, and other *Beasts*  
yeeld *Fleah*, *Fleece*, *Fels*, *Milke*, *Oile*, & *Hornes*  
for me :

For me, the *Hound* doth cry, the *Spaniell* quests,  
to teach me how to cry, with hope, to *Thee*.

The *Hornes* of *Vnicornes* (that precious be)  
are mine, though they do weare them for my sake :  
*Plants* Vertue haue, not for themselves, but me :  
so, things of eu'ry suite, me *Prime* doe make !

What would I more? there's nought hath being got  
on, or in *Earth*, in *Water*, or in *Aire*,  
That eyther feedes, or heales, or sports me not :  
so that this *World* doth nought but me *repairs*.

If I the Elementall *World* transcend,  
to view the Heau'nly *Orbes* ; what *Wonders* There  
*Sunne*, *Moone*, and *Stars*, I see, who all attend  
but for my good, for which they fram'd were.

D

For me, alone, they influence impart  
to these inferiour *Bodies*, serving mine ;  
For me, doth *Time* himselfe in pieces part,  
that I, beyond *Time*, might be wholly thine.

Nay, let me passe the nine-fold *Orbes* of Heau'n,  
and to thy sacred *Mansion* let mee flee ;  
For whom had all thine *Angels essence* giu'n,  
But for thy seruice, and to waite on me ?

To backe me, and defend me from my Foes ;  
to hold me vp, wherere I did decline :  
To comfort me in Soule-afflicting Woes ;  
and, to thy presence bring my *Soule* in fine.

Now if the *Ends*, for which Things formed were,  
be better then the Things (for, so they be)  
Then, better than the *Angels Men* appeare ;  
sith they (it seemes) for *men* were made by Thee.

And, *Men*, and *Angels* fell through onely *Pride* ;  
but, for deare *Mans* Redemption thou didd'st die :  
Yet, for no one of th' *Angels* hast thou di'd ;  
which much augments mans hope, and dignitie !

O then what Heart can once but thought-conceiue  
in what strict Tearmes I stand oblig'd to thee ;  
Sith me thou mad'st most Glory to receiue  
through mee ; as, through the *Eye*, *Men* glory see.

Wake, wake thyselfe, my *Soule* : why sleep'st thou stil ?  
see who it is that hath thus done : for whom ?  
Not for the *Angels*, which obey his *Will* ;  
but, for thee, sinfull *Soule*, his choisest Home !

Cast, if thou canst, a *Number* numberlesse ;  
and, count his *gifts* with Stars, or with Sea-sand :  
The bottome gage, of his *Grace* bottomlesse ;  
Or, if thou canst not, wonder-maz'd stand !

Yet, stand thou with, and for *Him*, while thou art ;  
that is, as long as he himselfe exists :  
That is, while GOD hath but an humane Heart ;  
which is, but while *Eternitie* consists.

As God is GOD, he hath no Heart at all ;  
but, as true *Man* he is, he hath *Mans* Heart :  
Then, GOD, and MAN can ne'er asunder fall ;  
though *Man* from GOD themselves too often part.

But GOD, that hast Mans Heart (and, so, hast mine ;  
sith I am *Man*, although a sinfull one :)  
Still let thy Heart be mine, and mine be thine :  
that I may haue no Heart to grieve or owne.

I greatly doe desire, with great desire,  
to praise and loue thee GOD (Man's hart's repose !)  
But *Praise* and *Loue*, in Mouth, and Heart of *mire*  
(through foulness of that *filth*) their grace do lose.

But, sith all *Creatures* thou hast made for mee,  
(for, whatsoe'er is made, I owe the same !)  
Ile call on *them*, with *me*, to call on *THEE*,  
to giue me grace to loue and praise thy Name.

Then, O yee all his *Workes*, your voyces reare  
(with *man* his *master-piece*) that He would grant  
To me his *Grace*, to sound his *praises* cleare :  
and to supply, in *Loue*, my louing's want.

To make my *Mouth* pure, fit to hold his *praise* ;  
and make my *Heart* cleane, meete to lodge his *loue* :  
That *Heart* and *mouth* may so his *glory* raise,  
while I his *Grace*, in *grace* or *glory* proue :  
That I in *Grace*, and *Glory* may be knowne,  
To liue but for that *praise* and *loue* alone.

### A Meditation gratulatory for our redemption.

WHEN I excogitate the great Good-turnes  
thou hast done for me, O extreamest Good !  
With heate of Zeale, my seathing Marrow burnes ;  
and, flames of feruent Loue doe boile my blood !

Especially, for that when thou had'st form'd  
my *Soule* and *body*, I deforming each,  
Thou, with thine own diere wrack, hast me reform'd  
and, with thy precious blood becam'st my Leach.

Thou mightst, for e'er, haue banish'd me thy sight,  
with the proud *Angel*, and his curs'd *Crime* :  
For, my *fault* was like his ; but, more vnright :  
then, to the same, a greater *Plague* was due !

And, that thou hast not onely spar'd my *Paine* ;  
but, therewithall, bought endlesse *blisse* for me :  
(So that my *Fall* doth fall out to my gaine !)  
I am in straightest bonds oblig'd to Thee.

And, for thou mad'st me, me to thee I owe ;  
sith thou redeem'd me, much more owe I thee :  
And, would, O would, I could myselfe bestow  
to pay that *Mare*, that's lesse then due from me.

And, so much more thou ought'st to be belou'd,  
by how much greater were thy griefes, and *state* ;  
And how much lesse then ought'st to be reprov'd,  
whose life was more then most immaculate !

Who, What, and Wherefore, dost thou suffer, Lord ?  
and, who art Thou, that suffer'st for *mans* sake ?  
O tell me ; for, I will diuulge thy *Word*  
that all things made, men marr'd to re-make.

First, for thyselfe, with what rich tearmes of *Art*  
shall I expresse Thee, inexpressable !  
Ile say, as thou said'st, *Thou art, what Thou art* ;  
because, Thou know'st, Thou wert ineffable !

Thou art a *BEING* more then infinite ;  
and, *being* of thyselfe, proceed'st of none :  
Without *thee*, can no *being* chance to light ;  
for, *Chance* and *being* light by *Thee* alone.

Thy matchlesse *pow'r*, of *nothing*, all things made ;  
thy *Goodnesse* saues all without other aide :  
And, if thou wouldst, to *nothing* They should fade ;  
for, *in*, *for*, and *by* thee, they all are staid.

Thou onely *art* that *art* / and, nothing is  
besides thee, in comparison of thee !  
The Lamps of *Heav'n* their light before thee misse,  
whose *brightnesse* bright'st Eyes are blinde to see !  
All *beautie's Foulnesse* ; *Pow'r infirmitie* ;  
*Wisdomes, Grosse Folly* ; *Goodnesse*, worse then  
nought ;  
Weigh'd with thy more then *All-sufficiencie* :  
more *faire, strong, wise, and good*, then can be  
thought.  
More then most faire, sith selfe-*Formositie* ;  
and, more then pow'rfull, sith *Omnipotent* !  
Much more then *Wisdomes*, sith her *Soules* right eye ;  
exceeding *Goodnesse*, sith her *Continent* !  
Yea, good *thou* art, both to the *good* and *bad* ;  
for *good* and *bad* sucke *sweetnesse* still from thee :  
With good *gifts*, good *Soules*, thou dost ouer-lade ;  
and *good'st* the *bad*, to make them better be.  
Without distraction, thou dost all in *All* ;  
Thou *All* contain'st, yet art in eu'ry *place* :  
And yet, art all alike in great and small,  
yet *here* then *there* much greater by thy *Grace*.  
Thou euer work'st ; yet, euer art at rest,  
resting in endlesse dooing thy good *Will* :  
Thou all vphold'st ; and yet, art not suppress :  
th'art *Good* alone ; and yet, thou suffer'st *ill*.  
Thou *Cause* of *Causes* art ; yet caus'd art  
to punish *sinne* ; yet, didst for *sinners* die :  
Thou art impossible ; yet suffer'd'st smart :  
lower then *Hell* ; yet, more then *Heav'n* hie.  
What shall I say of thy dread *Maiestie* ?  
Thou *Earth* behold'st, and *It* doth trembling stand !  
Touch but the *Mountaines*, and they smoke thereby,  
then *Seas* and *Windes* doe rest at thy command.  
The *Sunne* (with gloomy *Clouds* enuolop'd)  
doth hide his head, when thou (his head) dost frown :  
The *Moone* and *Stars*, with Cloud-cloakes cover'd,  
in their confusion (sham'd) doe, then, lye downe.  
Thou spread'st the *Heav'n's* & marchest on the *deepe*,  
whilst her deep *Base* yeelds dreadfull harmonie :  
Thou mak'st the *Sphearer* both *Time* & *Tune* to keep,  
maugre their *Discords*, and varietie.  
Thou call'st the *Stars* by name, who come at call ;  
and like true *Sentinels* keepe well their watch :  
*Hiperion*, that guides the *Captall*,  
(to thee subordinate) doth key their *Catch*.  
Thou ang'lest for the huge *Leuiathan* ;  
and through his *Nostrils*, mak'st thy *Hooke* appeare :  
Which being hang'd, *thou* playest with him than,  
as with a *Fish*, that hangs but by an *Haire*.  
*Hell* quakes when thou dost volly forth thy voice,  
which *Bandies Earth* as 'twere a *Racket-Ball* :  
The *Heav'n's* shall melt and passe away with noise,  
when thou thy *Creatures* to account shalt call.

Vpon the *Necks* of *Monarchs* thou dost treade ;  
and pau'st the *Pauement* with their *Diadems*.  
The dreadfull *Pow'rs* of thy *Pow'r* stand in dread ;  
and *Glory* itselfe, is blinded by thy *Beames*.  
The *Seraphims* (though glitt'ring-glorious *Spirits*)  
in thy bright presence seeme but *Butterflies* :  
Thou rid'st vpon the *Cherubins*, whose sight  
thy *Beautie* blinds, with raies that thence arise.  
To thee the *Gates* of *Death* lye open wide,  
which, on their *Hinges*, play as thou dost will :  
Nay, *Death* himself doth quake, when thou dost chide  
as if it would his *Soule*, immortall, kill.  
The *Heav'n's* declare thy glory ; *Fire*, thy brightnesse ;  
the *Aire*, thy subtiltie ; the *Sea*, thy Dread :  
The flowers of the *Field*, thy *Beauties* brightnesse :  
thus, all in *All*, thy praise abroad doe spread.  
Such, and so great ! such, and so great (quoth I)  
nay, Lord much more then *such*, or *so*, Thou art :  
For Words defectiue are ; so, needs must lye ;  
but, thou (Lord) art deficient in no part.  
And now, let me recount the wretched wronges  
which so great *Maiestie* hath borne for mee ;  
And, whiles I count, let *Men* and *Angels* Tongues  
found endlesse *Peales* of *Praises* vnto Thee !  
Who, being so sublime, in dignitie,  
did'st from the height of *Maiestie* descend  
Into this vale of deepest miserie ;  
and, cloath'd thee with my flesh, the same to mend.  
Wherein thou suffer'd'st, for my sinfull sake,  
*Hunger* and *Thirst*, in famishing excesse :  
With *Plagues* and *Percussions* ; which did make  
to seeme accus'd thy true *blessednesse*.  
The *Passions* of the *Aire*, thou did'st abide,  
as *Prologus* to thy *PASSIONS Tragedie* ;  
For, *Heate*, and *cold* thy *Body* damnsfide,  
(as needs they must) that hadst no where to lye.  
Whose *Powerty* was such, that *Birds* and *Beasts*  
were much more rich, than *Neasts*, & *Holes* enioy'd  
But thou (deare Lord) hadst neither *Holes* nor *neasts*,  
nor ought besides, wherein thy *Head* to hide.  
Borne in a *Stable* ; Cradel'd in a *Cratch* ;  
begging the breath of *beasts* to keepe thee warme ;  
Wrapped in *Rags*, that courst *Clouds* did patch ;  
which did thy tender flesh lesse warme then harme.  
O sight of force to wonder-rap all Eyes !  
Yee *Angels* all admire this *Noueltie* :  
For lo, your *Lord*, in base *Rags* wrapped lyes,  
to shew the riches of *Humilitie* !  
And, eight dayes after, took'st a *Sinners* Marke,  
that cam'st, indeed, to abrogate the same :  
Soone after, wast constrain'd to vse the *Darke*  
to hide thy *Flight*, that fled'd'st to hide thy *Fame*.

Therefore thou fought'st the silence of the Night  
to be the *Triton* of thy *Lovelessness* :  
Yet, now the *World* began thy *Fame* to spight,  
and in the *rise* did seeke *It* to suppress.

*Herod*, thy Hunter, like a *Blond-hound* fell,  
did hunt for Thee, that He on Thee might pray :  
For, what thou wert, he, by and by, did smell ;  
and, hunted after Thee a likely way.

But, to a Nation, most Idolatrous,  
thou wast constraind, from his pursuite, to flye :  
So, *Innocencie*, Life preserv'd thus :  
for which, deare *Innocents* were forc'd to dye.

Then, *Innocencie*, *Innocencie* slew :  
how then could *It* therein be innocent ?  
For, both are innocent ; yet both is true :  
the first, in deede ; the other, in event.

They lost their blood for Him ; He, his for Them :  
so, both did bleede ; and for each other bled :  
And, both, as *Innocents*, their blouds did streame ;  
He, as their *Head* ; They, *Members* of that *Head*.

O ! had I beene so blest, ere *Sinne* I knew,  
t' haue di'd for thee, among those *Innocents* :  
Or, that I could my sinnes, to death, pursue ;  
or, make them liue like banish'd *male-contents*.

Then would I dye for thee, an Innocent,  
if curst *Herodian* hands would blesse me so :  
O let me trie this deare *Experiment*,  
(although it cost my Heart-bloud) ere I goe.

For when, before my *Mindes* Eye, thou dost come  
in all thy *Passions*, my *desire* doth melt  
My very Marrow, to taste *Martyrdome* ;  
and *Sense* feeles paine till it such paines hath felt !

It may be, that I doe but, *now*, desire  
to doe that ; *then*, I may desire to flye ;  
For, he that was thy *bodyes* hardest *Squire*  
so thought, and said ; but did *It* ; then, deny !

*Flesh*, is a Traitor, worse then hee that solde thee ;  
it will, for Meede, or Dread, the *Soule* betray :  
Nor, in fire, is it willing to behold thee ;  
in fiery tryals then, it shrinckes away.

Therefore, when it a Champion, of such might,  
betraid to feare, I dare not say, *I will* ;  
(No, that's Presumption) but I wish I might :  
for, willing well, without thee, we doe ill.

Then, be with me, strong *Pow'r*, and I will say  
I will ; and will performe, that *will*, in Deed :  
For, where thou art, by *Pow'r*, it's but a play  
in greatest torments (then) to burne, or bleed.

Now, as thy *Body* grew, so grew thy griefes ;  
for, who (deare Lord) can possibly expresse  
Thy *Persecutions*, void of all reliefe,  
saue *Praying*, *Fasting*, *Watching*, *Wearinesse* !

They spake against thee, who sate in the Gate ;  
and common Drunkards *ballads* made of thee :  
That thou might'st say (in worse then *David's* state)  
being poore, *I labour from mine Infancie*.

These were the griefs (dear Loue) thy life did brook,  
but, in thy *Death* what *Sense* ere vnderstood  
What paines thou felt'st ; when (like a rising *brooke*)  
thy *body*, more and more, o'erflow'd with *bloud* !

*Fredome*, made Captiue ; *Mercy*, *Miserie* ;  
*Grace*, quite disgrac'd ; *beauty*, vilifide ;  
*Innocence*, strooken ; *Iustice*, doom'd to dye ;  
*Glory*, quite sham'd ; and, *Life*, crucifide !

O *Heav'ns* ! what can amaze, with Wonderment,  
the *Sense* of *Man* more then *this* ? what shall I  
Call this so strange vnheard of *Loues* extent,  
that ouer-fils all *Names* Capacitie !

In few : now *Grace*, alone, seemes *Sinne*, alone ;  
*Life*, dyes ; *State's*, whipt ; and, *Pow'r* bound to a  
*Post* ;

The *Glory* of the *Father* spet vpon !  
and, in a word, *God*, seemeth to be lost !

In this *Deepse*, further, may my *Soule* not wade,  
my strength is spent ; for, my heart bleedeth in me :  
O glorious *Grace* ! O *Maiestie* vnmade !  
is *this* for me, O boundlesse *Charitie* !

If I, for my *Redemption*, am so tide  
to loue, and honour thee : What shall I bee  
For that thou did'st so many Deaths abide,  
(when one wold serue) to make me more than free ?

With what loue shall I quite this, more then, Loue ?  
with what life shall I imitate thy life ?

With what teares shall I my repose reprove ?  
and, with what *Peace* shall I conclude my *strife* ?

I owe thee more for my redeeming (Lord)  
(sith in the same *thou* Death of deaths didst proue)  
Then for my Making ; (which was with a Word !)  
for, more, much more, thy *Passion* showde thy loue !

For, if for *Cherubins*, or *Seraphins*  
thou had'st thus di'd, 't had beene lesse mervellous :  
But, thou hast di'd for me (a Sincke of sinnes !)  
which, of all *Wonders*, is most wonderous !

What are we, Lord ? or what our Fathers House,  
(we Sons of wretched *Men*) that *Gods* decree *Sonne*  
Doth in such loue and mercie visit vs,  
as through Death, to re-make vs quite vndone,

If in the *ballance* of thy *Sanctuary*  
thou weigh our *body*, t'will be found more light  
Than *Vanitie* ; more graue then *Misery* :  
as if *It* did consist in *Natures* spight !

And, if our *Conuersation* *thou* respect,  
what is it but a *Chaos* of *Offence* !  
The *Goodnesse* of whose *All*, is all *Defect* !  
whose very *Souls* but Hell of Conscience !

Dost thou, O God, then for such *Diuels* die,  
(the *Sonnes of Sathan* most oppos'd to thee!)  
For the Subverters of all *Honestie*!  
for breakers of good Lawes that blessed be?

For thy *Contemners*, for thy *Glories* Clouds!  
for thy *Deprauers*, for the worst of *Ills*!  
For meere curst *Thwarts*, of all *Beatitudes*!  
for thy *Tormentors* that thy *Soule* would kill!

Whose *Hearts*, no *gifts*, can once allure to loue,  
much lesse, with *Menaces*, are terrifide!  
Nor mou'd with heauy *Plagues*, that *Rockes* would  
moue;  
nor yet, with sweet'st *Indulgence*, mollifide!

For *Fiends*, who not suffic'd with their owne vice,  
the *Earth* doe compasse; so, to compasse more!  
And, not contented others to intice  
diue to the *Diuels* to augment their store!

Where, robbing those *Egyptians* of their wealth,  
(to weet, *Pride*, *Envy*, *Malice*, *Blasphemie*,)  
Away they steale (so, all they doe by stealth)  
to make them *Idols* for their *Fantasie*.

Who, when they haue rak't Hell for eu'ry *Enuill*,  
and, got as much as *Hell* can hold, or yeeld,  
They then deuise, themselues (worse then the *Diuel*)  
new kindes of sinnes, that *Hell* yet neuer held:

Adding thereto obduracie of Heart;  
and, doe, their *Conscience*, more then canterize:  
Pleasing themselues (like *Fiends*) in others smart;  
and, for that *end*, doe many *meanes* deuise:

Are these (deare Lord) the *things* for which thou diest?  
the *things* (I say) for, (no *Name* is so ill  
As they deserue;) What, onely must the *Highest*  
dye for vile *Vipers*, that their *Maker* kill?

My *Heart* doth faile, my *Spirit* is extinct,  
when thus I weigh thy *Mercies* with my *Sinne*:  
And wert not for thy *graces* meere instinct,  
I should despaire (deare Lord) and dye therein.

Yet, sith I haue begun to speake to thee,  
O be not angry if I yet doe speake:  
Let *Dust* and *Ashes* once so saucie be  
to aske their *God* what He, hereby doth seeke?

Seek'st thou the loue of such meere *Lumps of Hate*?  
or else the seruice of such *Vermine* vile?  
Alas (great Lord) it stands not with thy State,  
sith where they come, by nature, they defile.

If thy desire of *Marriage* did so burne,  
that Thou thy *Creatures* would'st needes espouse,  
Why then did *Seraphims* not serue thy turne,  
that are more Noble, and thee better vse?

Why of a prepuce Nation took'st a *Wife*,  
which afterwards did Thee betray and kill?  
So, marriedst, as it were, the very *Knife*,  
that cut thy throat; so, seem'dst thyselfe to spill.

What answer'st (Lord) to these too high Demands?  
*I would haue this, because I would haue this:*  
This is thine Answer; and, the reason stands  
vpon thy *Will*, which cannot will amisse.

Then be it (Lord) according to thy *Will*;  
for, so it must be, be it howsoere:  
By life, or death then, let me *It* fulfill;  
that doth by both, *thee*, so, to mee endeere.

For, since *Mans* fall, none passe to *Paradise*  
but by the dreadfull burning *Cherubins*;  
To *Canaan* none, but by where *Marak* lies;  
sith there th' inheritance of ioy begins.

And none vnto the happy *Citie* goes,  
that goes not by the *Babel-Rivers* side:  
And, none *Ierusalem*, or sees, or knowes,  
that through the vale of *Teares* nor goe, nor ride.

The way to *Heau'n*, is by the gates of *Hell*;  
and Wormwood-wine, though bitter, wholesome is:  
Thy *Crosse* (O *Christ*) doth *Heau'n's* strong *Port* compell  
to open wide; for, tis the *Key of blisse*!  
And, sith for me, so well thou loud'st that *Crosse*  
Let me, for thee, count all things else but losse.

### A thanksgiuing for our Vocation.

W Ith all the pow'r and vertues of my *Soule*  
I doe adore thee holy Lord of *All*!  
That when I had no name in thy check-rowle,  
thou wrat'st it on thy *Palme*, and me didst call.

I dwelt, sometimes, in blacke *Oblisions* Land,  
where, in the shade of Death, I sadly sate;  
But, thou (kind Lord) didst reach me, then, thy hand,  
which, from thence, drew me to a glorious state.

Whenas I wandred, in the crookéd wayes,  
that, too directly, led to endlesse *paine*,  
Thou didst thy forces, then, against me raise,  
to put me in thy way, perforce againe.

When thou hadst plung'd me in the *Fount of Grace*,  
so clens'd the filth I was conceiud in,  
Though there I vow'd to keepe me in that case,  
I brake my vow and me re-suncke in sinne.

So that sweet Temple which thou sanctifi'dst  
in me, for thee, I, cursedly, did blesse:  
Raising therein, that which thou least abid'st,  
namely, the *Idoll of Voluptuousnesse*.

Then, liu'd I as an *Out-law*; when, it seem'd  
by Law, or *Fiend*, or *Foe* might me surprise:  
But, I, of *thee* yet, then, was so esteem'd,  
that thou, by Law, didst quit me, in this wise:

The Law requir'd Death, or *Obedience*;  
then, thou, for me, didst more then Law requir'd:  
Which *d'st* for sinne, yet *liu'd* in innocence:  
so thou, thereby, didst more then *It* desir'd!

Yet, ere I once did thinke vpon thy Grace  
I liu'd as loose, as if I had beene bound  
To nothing but to *Persons, Time* and *Place*  
that sought my *Soule* and *body* to confound.

So, past my *Dayes* that rather lookt like *Night* ;  
nay, rather like the *Darkes* that may be felt ;  
Wherein my selfe ne'er came within my sight,  
although I might mine vnsweet life haue smelt.

Then, like blinde *Baiard*, being bold as blinde,  
I ranne, as *Fancy* led me, eu'ry where,  
To doe the *Deedes of darkness*, in their kinde,  
and, with me, others blinded so, did beare.

Then, what was it the *Diuell* could deuise  
to clog a *Soule* with *Sinne*, exceeding *Sinne*,  
But I to doe it was as quicke, as wise?  
the rather, sith my *Soule* did ioy therein.

Then, carnall *beautie* was the onely *Sunne*  
that warm'd me at the heart ; and lent me light :  
A *Light* and *Heate* by which were quite vndone  
mine *Eyes*, & *Heart* ; nay, *Body*, *Soule*, & *Spright*.

For, all confounded were, as they had bin  
no more themselues, but *beauties* shadowes vaine ;  
Attending her in whatsoever *Sinne*,  
as *Toyes*, that had bin stitch'd to her *Traine*.

Then, were my *Feete* as swift as swiftest *Roes*  
*Mans* blood to shed ; and, so thy *Forme* deface :  
My friends to wrong, and treble wrong my foes ;  
to shunne the good, and bad men to embrace.

Then, those things onely, pleas'd best my taste,  
that were distastieue to thy sacred *Sense* :  
And, that time (onely) I esteem'd waste,  
that to thy *Service* had most reference.

Thy Name, to my vncircumcis'd *Eare*,  
was harsh, and fill'd the same with all offence :  
Which I did deadly hate, through seruile feare ;  
but, seru'd thy *Foes* with treble diligence.

The *World*, the *Flesh*, and thy *Competitor*  
(that for my *Soule* with Thee do aye contend)  
Made me their *Slaue*, and seru'dst *Seruitor* ;  
so, gaue my *Minde*, thy *Kingdome*, to the *Fiend*.

Thy *Word* to me seem'd most ridiculous,  
as full of *Crackes*, as *Contradiction* :  
And, no lesse witlesse, then most barbarous ;  
so, made I it a *Ground* to play vpon.

The fairest *Church* (then) seem'd the foulest *Haile* ;  
a *Preacher*, like an *Headsmen*, kill'd me quite :  
Words, least diuine, with me did most preuaile ;  
and *Peace of Conscience* still in me did fight.

In briebe, I was, for which my selfe I hate,  
such, as on whom *Vice* show'd what she could do  
When she did light but on a low estate :  
for, what *Deedes* shee deu's'd, my *Hand* was to.

In this time of my young, yet doating, *Age*,  
thou didst expect me (*Lord*) and lent'st me breath :  
Yea, didst attend me, like that *Princes* Page,  
that alwayes put his *Lord* in minde of *Death*.

O altitude of *Grace* surmounting *Grace* !  
O magnitude of *Mercy* most extreame !  
How many settings-out, in such a *Race*,  
haue beene o'er-taken with thy *Furies* *Streame* ?

Yet I, most blessed-curs'd-blessed I  
haue (by the *Mercy*, more then most diuine)  
Beene suffer'd to be tir'd with *vanitie*,  
and, yet preseru'd, till brought to *Grace* in fine.

Had *Iustice* hands, which, then, still vrg'd were,  
drawne me before her High *Tribunall Throne*,  
And, by a *Quest of Angels*, tride me there,  
I had beene cast, and more then ouerthrowne.

But, blest be thine vnconquer'd *Patience*,  
that me forbore, till I to sinne forbore :  
And, blessed be thy *Mercies* prepotence,  
by which, I warded was, and bid beware.

Forcing into my *Soule* the feare of *Hell*,  
the sight of *Sinne*, *Lies* vaine and short expence,  
With thy *Lawes* strictnesse ; all which still impell  
my *Heart*, though *Steele*, to melt in penitence !

Yea, when my feet were fast in *Follies* *Stockes*,  
thou didst by *Grace* (past *Grace*) extort from me  
Whole *Flouds* of *Teares*, from two most flintie *Rocks*,  
(my *Heart*, and *Eyes*) for, so, offending thee.

And, when I fled from thee, as if it had  
beene matter of small moment *Thee* to flee,  
Thou follow'dst me (I being worse then mad)  
to keepe me from the *Furies* following mee.

Thus long we straued, and, struing long, at leaugh  
thou didst preuaile, and tam'd my *Cottish Will* ;  
Yet 'twas by holy *Fraud*, and mightie *Strength*,  
which claw'd me while they did restraine me still.

For, no lesse was thy *Mercies* skill herein,  
then thy *Pow'rs* force : for, sinfull *Soules* to cure  
Showes skilfull *Grace* : and, *Men* that most doe sinne  
to iustifie, bewraies almightie *Pow'r*.

And, O how many *Graces* giu'st thou me  
with this meere giuft of my *Vocation* !  
Firme *Faith*, sure *Hope*, and perfect *Charitie*,  
with all the *Vertues* that attend thereon.

And though I cannot be assur'd *Lord*,  
to serue thee to the end, and meeke withall :  
Yet, doe my *Faith* and *Hope* rest on thy *Word* ;  
which sure doth stand, though oft (vntrue) I fall.

Thy *Spirit* likewise, doth witnesse to my *Spirit*,  
that thou dost loue me more than tenderly :  
Sith in thy *Loue*, thou mak'st my *Loue* delight ;  
which loue erst loth'd thy *Loue* mortally.

Blessèd be thou, therefore, great Lord of *Grace*,  
for giuing me thy deare adopting *Spirit*,  
To nurse, and teach, and rule me in my *Race*,  
and, *thee* and *me*, vniynde, to re-vnite.

And, blessèd be that euer-blessèd *DAY*,  
wherein that *Ghest* did make my *Soule* his Inne :  
And be that *Houre*, and *Moment* blessèd aye,  
wherein my *Will* gaue way to let him in.

That *Day* was the true *Sabboth* of my rest ;  
that *Day* I left th' *Egyptian* seruitude :  
That was my second *Birth-day*, truly blest,  
who, then, was borne to all *Beatitude*.

It was mine *Easter-day*, wherein I rose  
from Death of *Sinne*, vnto the Life of *Grace* !  
It was the *Day* my Heau'nly *Husband* chose  
to marry me ; and, Coort me face, to face.

Let *Iob* and *Jeremy* ban their birth-Day,  
this will I blesse with Heart, Mind, Mouth, & Pen ;  
Sith, then, the *Angels*, in their best array,  
saluted me, as their Co-cittizen.

Wherein *God* call'd me Son, and *Christ* dear Spouse ;  
the *Holy-Ghost* his *Temple* ; and when all  
The Holy *TRINITY* did trimme the House  
of my poore *Soule*, that ready was to fall.

Deare Lord ! with what deare *Words*, or dearer *Deedes*  
no, dearest *Words* and *Deeds* are all too weake  
To match thy *Mercies* ; but my *Soule* must needs  
quite breake, if not into thy *Praises* breake.

Ile sing to *thee* as *Dauid* once did sing,  
*O Lord, how glorious are thy Workes of Grace* !  
And as the *Angels* Peales of *Praises* ring,  
so, will I praise thee though my voyce be base.

The worke of my Creation shew'd great Loue ;  
and that of my Redemption, more exprest :  
Yet that of my Vocation most did moue ;  
but, that, that Iustifide me past the rest !

The gift of *Glory* (still to *Saints* assign'd)  
is great, so great, that none may greater be ;  
Yet to *be* iustified, is, in his kinde,  
as great a gift, and no lesse laudeth thee.

To make Men iust that are in sinfull case,  
is more then to make iust Men glorious :  
Sith greater ods there is twixt *Sinne* and *Grace*,  
then is twixt *Grace*, and *Glory* ; *God*, and *Vs*.

My *Making* and *Redemption* had but made  
m' excuse the lesse, and my *Damnation* more ;  
Except my *Soule* thou hadst made iustly glad,  
in iustifying me that sinnèd sore !

Whiles, therefore, on these things I meditate,  
my *Soule* entrancèd lies ; as if she were  
No more my *Senses*, or my *bodies* Mate,  
but, were transform'd to *Admiration* here.

What shall I render Lord ? ô how shall I  
remunerate, (ô that can ne'er be done :)  
Or how shall I but praise thee worthily ?  
but, such praise doth my pow'r no lesse out-runne.

O that the *Organs* of my *Soule* were such,  
as, with thy *praise*, they *Heav'n* and *Earth* might fill ;  
I would therein reioyce much more then much,  
but, Lord, accept the freedome of my Will.

For, could it make *thee* more then what thou art,  
(though more cannot be wisht, much lesse conceiu'd)  
I would performe a right Well-willers part,  
and make thee what it could, for *Grace* receiu'd :  
Then, let my *Will* be aided by thy *Might*,  
That *Will*, in Deed, may praise thy *Name* aright.

---

*Of Gods vnutterable Being, with desire  
of the Soule to be swallowed up  
with the loue of his Maiestie.*

---

O Past-beginning, and immortall *Sp'rit* ;  
eternall, and incomprehensible :  
Incircumscrib'd in Maiestie and Might ;  
seene all in *All*, yet most insensible :

Immutable, impassible, most iust ;  
inscrutable ; in mercy, most compleate :  
From whom they came, and vnto whom they must  
that doe beleue thou art as good, as great :

Who by thy ne'er-too-much applauded Word  
hast framèd whatsoe'er created is ;  
One blessèd *TRINITY*, in true accord  
of perfect *Vnitie*, and boundlesse *blisse* !

If that great *Patriarche*, *Father* of the *Iust*,  
(who albeit thou deign'dst to call thy Friend)  
Yet in respect He *Ashes* was, and *Dust*,  
did feare to speake to Thee, that Eare did lend :

Nay, if the highest Orders of those *Spirits*,  
that, in thy presence, burne, through loue of *thee*,  
Dare not, vpon thine *Essence*, fixe their sights,  
lest they, through *glory*, should confounded be :

If these so pure, so deare, so holy Ones,  
so fearefull are to speake, or looke on *thee*,  
Who albeit they sit themselues on *Thrones*,  
yet, in thy sight, through loue, so awfull be :

How shall a Shorelesse *Sea* of *Misery*,  
a *Sincke* of *Sinne*, a *Sacke* of filthiest *dung*,  
(All which, ah woe therefore, deare Lord, am I !)  
once dare, to *thee*, to stirre or Eye, or Tongue ?

But, sith (sweet Lord) I can no way obtaine  
that awfull reu'rence, which is due to *thee*,  
Vnlesse mine Eyes still fixt on *thee* remaine,  
and made amazèd with thy *Maiestie* :



Vouchsafe me leaue (dread God) vouchsafe me leaue  
to lift mine Eyes vnto thy Throne of *Grace*;  
O let thy brightnesse, mine Eyes, splendor giue;  
and blinde them not that long to see thy Face.

I see (dread Lord) *thou*, onely, *thou* art Hee  
that dost transcend our vnderstandings reach;  
And yet, by vnderstanding, well I see  
they see *thee* best, to whom thy beames doe stretch.

Then, O most bright, faire, wise, kinde, liberall;  
most stable, simple, subtile, gracious;  
Secret, yet knowne; vnscene, yet seeing *All*:  
vn mou'd, yet mouing; in rest, making vs:

Whom *Latitudes* dilate, nor *Bounds* restraine;  
*Varietie* doth change, nor *Passions* moue:  
*Rest* makes not idle, nor *Workes* puts to paine,  
who art not hurt by *Hate*, nor holp by *Loue*.

From whom, *Oblision*, nothing can detract;  
to whom, *Remembrance*, can as little adde:  
Who art Dilated most, yet most Compact:  
not grieu'd in *Sorrow*, nor in *Solace* glad:

To whom there's nothing past, much lesse to come;  
sith *Time* and *Place* still present be with *thee*:  
Of all this *All* thou art the totall Summe;  
beyond which nothing is, much lesse can be!

For, th' art in all things, yet art not included;  
but yet, in all things, art thou, by sufficing:  
Thou art without all, yet are not excluded;  
but, without all things, thou art, by comprising.

Th' art vnder *All*; yet subject vnto none;  
but vnder *All*, that *All* might rest on *thee*:  
And farre about *All*, yet not proud thereon;  
but, *All*, about; that *All* might gouern'd be.

Perfect in *All*, in *none* deficient;  
Great without bounds, & Good without compare:  
Present in each *Place*, yet in no *Place* pent;  
yet, whole in *All*, and *parts*, in *All* that are.

In *Pow'r*, and *Wisedome*, most-most infinite!  
in *Counsaille*, wonderfull; in *Iudgement*, iust;  
Secret, in *thoughts*; in *word*, and *Promise*, right:  
glorious in *Deedes*, which glorifies our *Dust*!

Past all extent, thy *Loue* doth farre extend;  
whose *Mercie's* more, then most indefinite:  
Thy *Patience* more, than *Pow'r* can comprehend:  
because it is no lesse then is thy *Might*!

What shall I say, great-good, good-great-great Lord!  
I feare, in these my Words, I doe offend:  
To seeme to circumscribe thee in a *Word*;  
that art without all *measure*, *meane*, or *end*!

Thou art, (O sacred *Sp'rits Angelicall*,  
that haue fruition of Him face to face)  
I lend me a *Name* by which I *Him* may call;  
and may expresse some measure of his *Grace*!

Thou art too great, for GREATNES, ne'er so GREAT!  
and far too good, for GOODNES, e'er so GOOD!  
Who (were it possible) art more compleate  
in GOODNESSE, then thine owne *Trim-unionhood*!

Yet thou (thou nameles Good! who, thogh thus great)  
dost bid vs seeke thee, for, *who seeketh findes*:  
Who, though not to be scene vpon thy *Seate*,  
yet sitt'st thou, scene, in Eyes of humble Mindes.

Thou, thou art He, whom, to forsake, is death;  
and, for whom life to leaue, is life alone:  
In whom, to breathe, is to breathe blessed Breath;  
and, for whom to contend, is *Vnion*.

No man forsakes *thee*, but the forlorne *Foole*:  
and, no one seekes *thee*, but whom thou dost seeke:  
Nor none can find *thee*, but whom thou dost schoole;  
& *thou* school'st none, but whom thy *Lessons* like.

What should I say of *thee*? or how shall I  
thy Goodnesse praise? how shall I celebrate  
The glory of thy, back-*parts*, Maiestie,  
though ne'er so much thou it extenuate?

Ile say as those, whom thou taught'st what to say,  
thou measurest the *Waters* with thine Hand;  
Vpon thy Palme thou dost the *Heau'n's* weigh:  
and, on thy Finger all the *Earth* doth stand!

Thou art that *Ancient*, ancienter then *Dayes*,  
whose *Throne* is like a bright ay-burning *Flame*:  
The *Wheeles* wherof, like *Fire* that Sparks doth raise;  
vpon whose Thigh is writ a glorious *Name*:

Thy *Body*, like a beaming *Chrysolite*;  
thy *Face*, like *Lightning*; thine *Eyes*, *Lampes* of Fire!  
Thine *Armes*, & *Feste*, like *Brasse*, all burnisht bright;  
thy *Voyce* like Thunder, but *It* soundeth high'r.

A fiery Streame, still floweth from thy *Throne*;  
a thousand thousand minister to *thee*:  
Ten thousand thousand waite on *thee* alone;  
and, Millions, by the Thousands, ready be!

Who, with a Beck, nay lesse, but with a Thought,  
rul'st *Heau'n*, and *Earth*, according to thy Will;  
Which, tho most glorious both, thou mad'st of nought  
and, if thou would'st, a *thought* againe would spill!

Help, Lord, for I am in a groundlesse *DEEPE*,  
or endlesse *Mase*, that hath no comming out!  
My *Wits* from drowning, and distraction keepe;  
and, let me goe no more, this *Gulph*, about.

For; he that goes about to tell, with Words,  
what *one* thou art, doth eu'n as if he would  
Quite drowne the *Sea*, within the shallow'st *Faords*;  
nay, more, sith *thou* art much more manifold.

Who ere assisted thee? or thee aduis'd?  
who brought thee vp in Lore? or gaue thee Wit?  
And who thy *Pow'r*, at any time surpris'd?  
or, what *Foe* was not dasht to Dust by *It*?

With whom the Sea seemes scarce a Water-drop ;  
the Islands, and maine Lands, a little Dust :  
The highest Heau'n is but thy *Foot-stooles* Top ;  
and, but into a *Pricke*, thou Earth dost thrust !

The Woods of *Libanus* cannot suffice  
to make Religious Altars fume to Thee :  
Nor all the *Beasts* can serue for Sacrifice  
that on a thousand thousand Mountaines be !

All *Nations*, nay, all *Creatures* whatsoe'er  
(be they Celestiall, or Terrestriall)  
Stand in thy sight, as if they Nothing were ;  
and, in respect of thee, *are* not at all.

For if, in the bright presence of the *Sunne*,  
the *Stars* seeme not to *be*, although they *are* ;  
Then, in thy sight, must *All* to nothing runne ;  
sith, in the same, the *Sunne* cannot appeare.

Therefore, with all created *Essences*,  
ô holy, blest, and glorious *TRINITY*,  
I doe adore, with all obseruances,  
the Scepter of thy dread *Diuinitie* !

Thy *Being's* vniuersall ; most exact !  
then, being such, what should my homage be ?  
And, being *Grace*, and *Goodnesse*, most abstract,  
how can I, wanting both, serenize thee ?

Agnizing, then, the Wonders of thy *Worth*,  
(prostrate, before thy sacred *Mercies* seate,  
With whatsoe'er *Loues* feare can vtter forth)  
I more then celebrate thy glory great.

With those thrice blessed *Spirits*, who laying downe  
their Crownes of *Glory*, at thy sacred *Feste*,  
Prostrate adore thee ; loe, I vaille the Crowne  
of all my *Glory*, to thee, blessed *SWEET* !

My *Glory*, Lord ? alas ! what do I giue ?  
if I haue any, it is more than vaine :  
Then maist thou not that Gift of me receiue ;  
sith it must needes thy sacred *Glory* staine.

Returne *It* then (deare Lord) my *gift* put backe ;  
and, I will giue thee what thou gau'st to me :  
That's *Loue*, and *Feare* ; thou dost no *Glory* lacke ;  
yet, if thou giue it mee, Ile giue it thee.

But not to vs (deare Lord) ô not to vs,  
but to thy gracious *NAME* all glory giue ;  
Which *was*, and *is*, and *shall be* glorious,  
as long as *God* is *God*, or *LIFE* doth liue.

But, vnto vs, *Confusion* onely's due ;  
for, *Flesh* and *Bloud* hath nought to glory in,  
But (that which may decayed *shame* renewe,)  
a bleeding *Conscience*, and a world of *Sinnes* !

But why doth *Sol* giue Light, the *Fires* giue Heate ?  
why's *Water* cold ? *Earth*, thicke ? or *Aire* so thinne ?  
The reason's cleare ; by kinde, they doe that feate :  
so, thou, by kinde, (kinde Lord) forgiuest *Sinnes*.

Where *Sin* abounds, there *Grace* doth o'er-abound ;  
for, tis thy glory (God) *Sinnes* to forgiue :  
For should'st thou *Sinners*, with the *Sinne*, confound,  
then, none should liue ; so, none should glory giue.

For, in the nether *Hell* they praise thee not,  
sith tis the Hold of hedious *Blasphemy* :  
There is the *Land* where all things are forgot  
saue sad *Despaire*, and *Death* which cannot dye.

But, in thine euer-blessèd *Hierarchy*,  
the *holy, holy, holy Lord of Hosts*  
(In Soule-inchanting Heauenly *Harmony*)  
is euer heard through those Celestiall Coasts.

Then, make me such that, in the Life of *grace*,  
I temp'rally may glorifie thy *Name* :  
And, in the Life of *glory*, face to face,  
I may, for euer, much more doe the same.

Consume the cloudy Fancies of my *Minde*  
with sacred flames of thine eternall *Loue* ;  
That, being by that purging fire refine,  
thou maist it, on thy *Trials* Touch, approue.

Then, let thy *Glories Zeale* quite eate me vp,  
that all my *Being* may consist therein :  
So, Ile carowse thy bitter *Passions Cup* ;  
sith to my *Health* (kinde Lord) thou didst begin.

O let my life (poore life) nought else appeare  
but a sweet-smelling Sacrifice to thee :  
Or rather let it be an *Offring* here,  
that, with thy *Loues* fire, may consumed be.

Then, metamorphose me into thy *Loue*,  
let me be quite transmuted to the same :  
That I may euer vpwards, flaming, moue,  
as doth, by Nature, a materiall flame.

O ! bottomlesse *Abyss* of *Charitie*,  
engulph me in thy *Bowels*, let thy *Wombe*  
Receiue *Sinnes* seede, that longs for sanctitie ;  
then, let it still lie buried, in this *Tombe* :  
That, so, I may, quite dead to *Sinnes*, and *Shame*,  
Still liue in *LOVE*, to loue and praise thy *NAME*.

---

*A Repetition of Gods many Benefits,  
and Preservations, with desire of  
the continuance thereof.*

---

V Pon the bended knees of my poore *Spirit*,  
(made poor by thy rich *Mercies* show'd theron)  
Thy *Vertue* I adore, with all my might,  
ô diuine *VERTVE*, *Israels Holy ONE* !

Sith thou, of thy vnlimitable *grace*,  
hast deign'd to make me know thy *grace* and *pow'r*,  
Nay, show'd to me the splendor of thy face,  
which doth my loue, much more then much allure.

For giuing me my *Being*, being *nought*  
before ; and since, and since, for mending me :

Though yet (deare Lord) I *am* not as I ought ;  
yet, as I am, I am most bound to thee.

For that thou dost conserue me in such case ;  
that, as a liuely *Member*, I doe feele  
Thy liuely *Members* dolor, or disgrace ;  
and sinck in Soule, when they (neere falling) reele.

For that thou dost my Natures essence keepe  
from running to the wracke of *grace* and *nature* :  
And, of a Wolfe, for making me a Sheepe ;  
and, of a Cast-away, a costly *Creature*.

A costly Creature I right well may say ;  
sith it thy Heart-bloud cost to make me such ;  
Euen, then, when I was worse then cast away :  
for, I was damn'd before I knew so much.

By thee I am, in sinfull state, preseru'd  
from sinfull state ; which stands where *Sin* doth raig.

By thee I am from *prides* conrect conseru'd ;  
that faine would take out of thy hand thy raig.

If I doe fall, it's when Thou stai'st me not ;  
if I doe rise, it's by thy helping Hand :  
But, I ne'er fall but when I haue forgot  
that by thy *Rod*, and *Staffe*, I rise, and stand.

As many good *thoughts* as my heart ere held,  
he held, in Capitè, of Thee his Head :  
If well my little-World I ere did weild,  
I did it with thy *Power*, but in thy stead.

If none can say *Lord Iesu* but by Thee,  
much lesse, without *thee*, *thee* can any serue ;  
No more then Boughs yeeld *Fruit*, cut from the *tree* :  
then what we worke for (Lord) thou dost deserue.

Therefore, if I haue fasted, watcht, or praid,  
if I haue *Crases* borne, with Backe vnbroke,  
If I haue shed *Contritions* Teares, vnstaid,  
or crost my *Will*, or vp thy *Cruse* haue tooke :

If in my prayers I haue thought on Thee,  
or that they haue presuall'd, or I relieu'd ;  
Or if my *Will* to *Vertue* hath bene free ;  
all these, as gifts, from Thee I haue receiu'd.

How many vertuous Friends, and Ghostly *Guides*,  
how many good *Examples*, *Lights* of life,  
What like *Bookes* hast thou sent me, these besides,  
as *Loue-signes* whilst thou woo'dst me for thy Wife?

All which, to *thee*, I freely doe referre,  
that they, from *thee*, more freely may reflow :  
For, sith *thou* didst all these on me conferre  
ere I was *thine* ; now all Thine I doe owe.

But, to recount the *Perils* I haue past  
(thou being present, pointing out the way)  
Is more then well *Arithmetick* can cast,  
which doe thy mercies, numberlesse, bewray !

And, into what, more than prodigious, Crimes  
I might haue fall'n, hadst thou not me vpheld,  
(Yea, hadst thou not prevented me betimes)  
appears by those that haue in sinne excell'd :

For, neuer did the *Diuell* sinne so much,  
but that a fraile *Man* may commit as great  
If, with thy grace, his Heart thou doe not touch,  
and, with thy *Pow'r*, the pow'r of *Sinnes* defeat.

As many *Meanes*, then, as I had to sinne,  
and fit *Occasions* as I had to fall ;  
So many might my *Sinnes*, and *Falls* haue bin,  
if I by *thee* had had no help at all.

*Occasions*, are so violent, in Pow'r  
that they could *Giant-foying David* fall :  
For, they once tooke him vp into his *Tow'r*,  
from whence he fell, in *part* ; and after, *all*.

*Occasion* is a *Ianus*, which doth looke  
to *Vice* and *Vertue* most indifferently ;  
But, by *Sinnes* watching him, he oft is tooke,  
and made the *meane* of much *Impietie*.

Hee's fain'd to stand vpon an vpriight *Bowle*,  
to show his course is most indifferent :  
Except he meetes with rubs, which make him roule  
out of the way, which way those Rubs are beat.

But, ô ! how often hast thou, with strong hand,  
tane him out of my way, lest I should fall,  
By reason he, in my way, right, did stand :  
for oft I stumble at *Occasion* small.

How oft hast Thou the *FOES* hand manacld,  
because he should not fight, or if he should  
I should be Victor, and not vanquish'd ;  
and so get Grace, sith (tride) I held my *Hold* ?

How often haue I march'd vpon my Foes,  
(the *Adder*, *Viper*, and the *Cocatrice*)  
And neuer was once stung, or hurt by those,  
thou had'st so charm'd the malice of their vice !

How oft hast thou walk'd hand, in hand, with me,  
through *Fire* and *Water*, all vntoucht of eyther ;  
Nay, so their *Pow'rs* were temper'd by *thee*,  
that they wrought for my comfort altogether !

And, how oft haue they quite consumed bin  
who (for not worshipping their senselesse *Songes*)  
Haue, in *Afflictions Furnace*, kept me in,  
the whiles I sang, for loy, in *Sorowes* lawes !

That with the *Psalmist*, I may iustly say :  
I was sore thrust at, that I (so) might fall ;  
But, thou o'er-threw'st my thrusts, with my stay ;  
as Bals quite breake, throwne hard against a wall.

How oft haue my *Sinnes* sold me to thy wrath?  
how often haue I fall'n, yet neuer fell !  
For, in thy Mercy, which no *measures* hath,  
(though I did passing ill) I haue done well !

Though I gaue, *that*, to *Nature*, due to *Grace*,  
and, to my selfe, that, which belong'd to Thee ;  
(Who might'st haue grac'd *Thee* (then) with my disgrace  
yet gan'at thou *grace*, not *shame*, eu'n then to me !

And, though the *Angels* fell for lesse offence,  
and, that proud *Babel-Monarch*, for the same,  
Yet I, as one of more prebeminence,  
escap'd vnscarr'd, in *Body, Goods, and Name!*

I Perils lou'd, yet perisht not therein;  
by many by-ways I found out the right:  
With *Grace* familiar was I made by *Sinns*:  
so, foild I *Sinns* by *Sinne*, and not by fight.

Was euer *Loue* so wonne? was euer *Man*  
so woo'd by GOD! or can my *Soule* conceiue  
How much thy *Mercies* may, that so much can I  
or can I thee of *Loue* (deare *Loue*) deceiue!

O rather of my *Being* quite bereaue me,  
and, turne me to my pristine *Nihil-hood*,  
Then I should, so, of but meere *Loue* deceiue thee;  
that mak'st mine *Evils* doe me so much good.

Burne me (kinde *LOVE*) to *Nothing*, that of *nought*  
thou mai'st, in *Loue*, make *some-thing*, good for thee:  
Of *nought*, thou mad'st me good; mine *Ill*, I wrought:  
then, now, of *nought*, good make me euer be.

Perfect, great Master-builder of mine *All*,  
thy Worke begunne; and let my *Nothing* be  
Apt to be-come, in *Forme*, materiall;  
and, be conform'd to *matter* lou'd of Thee.

Breathe on this *CHAOS* (Lord) and let thy *Spirit*  
walke on the *Waters* of my Humors, vaine:  
My *Darknesse*, palpable, convert to *Light*;  
so, my *Confusion* shall, in *Order*, raigne.

O'er *Sinns*, and *Death*, and darke-darke *Ignorance*,  
in datelesse *Termes* of all *Eternities*;  
The value of thy *Vertue* to aduance,  
which, of thy selfe, aboue all *Heights* doth rise!  
*This is my Hope, which is, because thou ART*  
*Iust in thy Word, and Desde; in All, and Part!*

*For Power and Grace to with-  
stand the Flesh, the World,  
and the Diuell.*

WHEN I looke vp and see the Heau'nly *Sphaeres*  
roule on my *Time*, and my *Lifes Line* therin,  
Thus say I to my *Soule*: *Vaine Soule thy yeeres*  
*are nothing, sith thou nothing dost but stene?*

Yet art thou made eternall (like thy *Sire*)  
and all conceiu'st (like him) beneath the *Sunne*;  
Th' art in my *Whole* and *Parts* (like him) intire;  
and hast (like him) right *Reason* *Ill* to shunne!

And yet, ô yet, thou dost, but *Ill* withall;  
for all that good thou turn'st to *Evill* still:  
Who, through *Infirmities*, to *Sinne* dost fall,  
when thou stand'st highest in grace of *Pow'r*s goodwill.

Then Lord of *Pow'r* and *Grace*, with both so arme  
my falling *Soule*, that she thereby may stand

Against th' *Assaults* of all that would her harme:  
for, she can foile but with thy *Forces* Band.

Great Lord of *Hostes*, *Iehouah*, God of *Pow'r*,  
then leaue me not alone among my *Foes*;  
But strengthen me from thy *Strengths* trusty *Tow'r*,  
that I, by *Thee*, may euer vanquish those.

The *Flesh*, the *World*, the *Diuell*, with their *Bands*  
of strong as fraudfull *Foes*, me still assaile;  
While all my *Pow'r* lyes onely in thy *Hands*,  
which when I hold, I foile; with-held, I faile!

If then thou wouldst I still should Victor be,  
giue me those helps that in thy hand still lye:  
*Flesh* fights not with itselfe; but thou in me  
canst foile it quite, and make it Mercy cry.

The *World* doth loue itselfe (and, so, her Owne)  
too well t'endamage eyther; and doth charge  
Too strongly on me to be ouerthrowne  
by my small *pow'r*, if thou it not enlarge.

And *Sathan*, in himselfe, is not diuided,  
though, in himselfe, still turbulent he be:  
He is too crafty, strong, and well-prouided,  
for me t'encounter, if thou help not me.

Then ô eftsoones (againe, and still againe)  
I thine *assistance* humbly doe inuoke;  
That so I may still vanquish, so, still raigne  
o'er these our *Foes* that euer vs prouoke.

So will I yeeld the *glory* vnto Thee,  
That foilst such *strength* by *Weaknesse*; that's by me!

*The Sinner, confessing his sinne,  
striveth with God (by impor-  
tunitie of Prayer) for Grace.*

Great God! from whom no *thought* can be conceal'd  
sith it thou know'st ere thought; & searchèd hast  
All Hearts, ere they in *Nature*, are reueal'd,  
forgiue my *thoughts*, that giue thee but distaste.

To my *Confusion* needs I must confesse,  
my *thoughts* and *Sinns* are One; and, so, most base:  
And though so base they be, yet n'ertelless  
oft *Grace* they mind; so, *Sinne* presumes on *Grace*.

Lord! how am I deprau'd by *Sinne*, that can  
scarse thinke a *thought*, but I doe sinne therein?  
Then blessed Lord, how canst thou chose but banne  
so vile a *Slave*, so subiect vnto *Sinne*?

I must not leaue Thee thus; no, though my *Heart*  
be well-neere *Flint*, I must not leaue thee so:  
With thee, for *Grace*, Ile wrastle ere we part,  
then let me finde it in mine Ouer-throw.

And if such *Sinne* thou dost forgiue by *Grace*,  
and that where *much* is pardon'd, *Loue* is *much*,

My Loue shall ouer-fill all *Time* and *Place* ;  
such is my *Sinne*, my *Loue* shall then be such !

Deny me not (deare Lord) for I will take  
no *say* of thee ; no ; thou dost me inuite,  
Being heavy laden, to thee ; *o* then make  
me free there-from, lest it doe quell me quite.

And learne me (Lord) to woo thee for thy *Grace* ;  
and winne it, by my wooing, to relieue me ;  
Thou canst soone *lighten* this my *heavy* case ;  
then, thy *Will's* good, with good will then, forgiue  
mee.

Make my *Heart* feeble, although the while it ake,  
some *Signe* of *Grace*, that thereby I may know  
Thou lou'st such *woers* as no *say* will take ;  
and *Wrastlers* such, as will not let thee goe !

Though speake I cannot as I would, my *Spright*  
still woos thy *grace* with *sighs*, then *words* more deep :  
Thou know'st her *speech*, and dost therein delight ;  
then *o* let thy kinde *Answers* make mee weepe.

Thy *Loving-kindnesse* hath the pow'r to strike  
her dumbe with ioy ; and after make her shrill  
In thine *applause* : for, whom thou (Lord) dost like,  
thou still mak'st drunke with *ioy* through thy *good-will* !

Then if I haue found *Fauour* in thy sight,  
or els wilt giue me any hope of *Grace*,  
Make drunke my *Soule* with thy sweet *loues-delight*,  
and let her so (ioy-rauisht) thee embrace.

I sue to thee, for *that* I needes must haue ;  
I cannot be without *It*, sith within  
It's all mine *All* : then, *It* I still will craue,  
vntill by ceaselys *begging*, it I winne :  
Then, grant me *grace* from *Sinne* me still to free,  
Else, by thy *grace*, Ile cry for't still to thee.

*The Sinner confessing he can neyther  
will, thinke, nor doe any good thing  
without Gods preuenting and assisting  
Grace, importunes the same.*

O Thou that from the Bottome of *Not-being*  
didst raise me to *BEE* thus, a *MAN*, like *Thee* ;  
And, ere I *WAS*, through thy diuine *Fore-seeing*,  
didst more then *see* what would become of me ;

Giue, giue me leaue (thou *God* of endlesse *Grace*)  
to enterplead with *Thee* without thine ire :  
Why *AM* I, if thou turn'st from me thy *Face*,  
sith so a *Brand* I am but for *Hell-Fire* ?

I could not choose but *Be* when thou would'st haue me ;  
for how could *nothing* crosse *Almightinesse* ?  
And now I *Am*, am lost, vnlesse thou saue me ;  
but, none thou sau'st that *still* thy *Will* transgresse.

Nor, can I doe thy *Will*, without thou wilt ;  
and if thou wilt, thy *Will* no *Pow'r* can crosse,  
Much lesse my *Weaknesse* ; then, if I be spilt,  
it seemes thy *Will*, although my *blame* and *losse*.

And yet thou sais't, thou wilt no *Sinners* Death ;  
thy *Word* is *Truth* itselfe ; then, if thou would'st  
That I should liue, *o* let me spend my *Breath*  
as those whom *thou*, by *Grace*, from *sin* with-hold'st.

So in thy *Will* (which no *Pow'r* e'er impugnes)  
consists mine euerlasting *Weale* or *Woe* :  
Then, not to *me*, so much as *thee* belongs  
to saue me from eternall ouerthrow.

I can but *Will* ; but, well I cannot *Will*,  
if thou first will it not ; nor euer shall ;  
Then, will it first ; for, I can will but *Ill*  
without thy *Grace* ; so, *Grace* doth all in *All*.

I cannot *thinke*, then much lesse can I *doe*  
ought pleasing thee, without thy *Grace* first got :  
And yet to *doe* it, still thou me dost woo ;  
which, yet, I cannot, if thou *doe* it not :

For, looke what *good* I doe, it is not I  
but thou that dost it *in* and *by* me still :  
Then still I can *doe* all things *in* and *by*  
the (Lord of *Pow'r*) agreeing with thy *Will*.

O then incline my *Will* thy *Will* to doe ;  
and giue me *Pow'r*, with *Will*, else *Will* will faile :  
Will thou but *this*, then me thou need'st not woo,  
because thy *Will* with mine must needes preuaile !  
So, shall there be but one *Will* twixt vs two :  
Graunt this (deare Lord) for *this* I thee *doe* woo.

*The Sinner because of the darknesse of his  
understanding, confesseth his inabilitytie to come  
to the knowledge of Gods will by his  
Word ; and desireth to be holp  
and enlightened by Gods  
spirit therein.*

THou hast commanded (Lord) in eu'ry *Want*,  
that *Man*, thy Creature, still should call on thee :  
And thou his iust *desires* hast said to grant,  
then now (*o* now) thy *Promise* keepe with mee :

For *now*, eu'n from the Bottome of the *Deepe*,  
I cry to thee that art all Heights above ;  
I, crying, call ; or rather, calling, weepe  
for what I want ; that is, thy *Grace*, and *Loue*.

Then, as thou art still soothfast, grant *them* me  
that by *them* still I may thy *Heasts* performe ;  
Then if thou would'st I should obedient be,  
let *Loue* and *Grace* my *will* to *thine* conforme.

Lo, I *intend*, and by thy holy *Grace*  
will still *contend*, thy holy *Will* to doe ;

Then, through the luster of thy brightest *Face*,  
shew it, that I may *know*, and *doe* it too.

Giue *that* which thou hast giu'n me *Pow'r* to craue,  
and *Promise* to obtaine ; thy guiding *Spirit* :  
Thou still dost tender *that* which I would haue ;  
yet cannot take it, if I lacke thy *light*.

A *Chaos* (Lord) of *Darknesse* still I am,  
without th' inlightning *Spirit* still moue thereon ;  
Then let thy *Spirit* with *light* so cleare the same,  
that it may be an *Heau'n* for thee alone.

Vnseele mine *Eyes*, that long thy *Light* to see ;  
for, they are *blinded* with black *Ignorance* :  
Then, *Light of Lights*, to *Heau'n* direct thou me  
the rightest way with thy bright *Countenance*.

Men are of various mindes about this *Way* ;  
some *this*, some say *that* way the world doth lie :  
And to it *Scripture* (*Truths* right *Rule*) doe lay ;  
but *Truth* ne'er lay in such *diuersitie*.

For, *Truth* is *one*, but these are *manifold* ;  
then lead me in this *way*, else stray I shall :  
Incline my *Will* this rightest *way* to hold  
(how euer strait) and in it neuer fall.

O trade me in thy *Path*, I begge of thee  
with all the forces of my *minde* and *mouth* ;  
And when I step awry, straight shew it me  
by *inspiration* of thy *Spirit* of *Truth*.

If in thy *Word* I looke for help herein  
from all *Presumption* keepe my priuate *Spright* :  
For, many *Doctors* so decei'd haue beene ;  
then make my *Soule* still *see*, and *take* the *right*.

Thy *Word's* a *Lanthorne* to direct their *steps*  
that are as *humble*, as *intelligent* :  
Yet oft the *Wise* thy *meaning* ouer-leepes,  
while it's reuealed to the *innocent*.

Thou spak'st therein to all *Capacities*,  
and lispat to *Babes*, to make them know thy *minde* :  
Yet if thou *guide* them not, and ope their *eyes*,  
the *Wonders* of thy *Law* they cannot finde.

Thy *Will* then (*shewne* and *hidden* in thy *Word*)  
is *hid*, though *shewne*, from those not *prompt* by thee :  
Though *Camels* there may *swim*, and *gnats* may *ford*,  
yet *both* may drowne, if (there) *too bold* they be.

In shallow'st places, there, great *Clarkes* haue suncke  
into the depth of *Heresie*, and drew  
Whole *Nations* after them ; yea, made *Kings* drunke  
therewith, while they *Beleeuers-right* pursue.

So then, as none could euer see the *Sunne*  
but by the *Sunne* ; so, none can rightly see  
Thee in thy *Word*, but by reflexion  
of that pure *Light of Lights* that comes from thee !

If so, then light me in that *Light* (thy *Word*)  
sith thou art *Light of lights* ; else may mine *Eyes*

Be daz'led, and (so) drowne me in each *Ford*  
of those pure *Riuers* of thy *Paradise*.

Thy *Word* is *Truth* ; but those it doth misguide  
that know not well thy *Language*, nor will know ;  
Sith they will learne but of them-selues and *Pride* ;  
so, not thy *Word* but they, are erring so.

None can be sau'd without they do thy *Will*,  
which none can *doe*, vnlesse the same they *know* :  
And none can *know* it, much lesse it *fulfill*,  
if it, by speciall *grace*, thou doe not show.

Then, if thou wilt that I shall sau'd be,  
(for thou wilt no mans *Death* that seekes thy *face*)  
Let me be taught to *know* thy *Will* by thee ;  
and make to *doe* it by thy *Pow'r* and *Grace* :  
So shall I *finde* what I am *seeking* still,  
To *know* Thee well, and well to *doe* thy *Will*.

---

*An Inuocation against use of offending,  
or bad Custome.*

---

D EARE Lord ! while I bethinke me of the *ills*  
that me surround ; and waigh the *Woes* I feele  
Through mine owne *fault* (which me with *Sorrow* fills)  
from *Life* to *Death* I ready am to reele.

The *Sunne* of my Care-clouded life hath past  
his full *Meridian* ; and, doth now decline  
To *Seas* of *griefes*, where *Age* doth sincke at last ;  
and, at each breath, *Death* seekes it to define.

Vse of offending, in my pass'd *Dayes*,  
doth passe my strength to *change*, thogh faine I wold ;  
*Custome* (to *Nature* turn'd) my *Nature* swayes,  
and of my *selfe*, the while, I haue no hold.

Yet, if I dye ere so bad *use* I leaue,  
my *life* must leaue me hopelesse at my *death* ;  
For, what I *giue* to GOD I shall receiue ;  
and, as I *spend*, so shall I *yeld* my *Breath*.

I minde to mend ; but still procrastinate ;  
for, my *Familiar*, *Sinne*, is loth to part ;  
And doth my halfe-dead *body* animate  
to vse her still ; so, *wounds*, and *heales* my *Heart*.

But sith I am not sure to breath once more,  
and that my *life* and *death* are well-neere met,  
And *Death* t'eternall *Weale* or *woe's* the *Doore*,  
why sinne I now ? my *lifes* *Sunne* neere is set.

What is in *Sinne*, that it should so bewitch ?  
A bitter-sweete (if *Sweete* it be) and makes  
The *Body* glad, but still the *Soule* to grutch ;  
and eu'n from *life* the *vitall-virtue* takes.

The wisest yet, that euer breath'd this *Aire*  
of *Humane* *Race*, well tride it to be so ;  
Whose equall *Wealth* and *Wisedome* did repaire  
to all in *Nature*, but this *Sweete* to know.

And yet he found the *Sow'r* excell'd the *Sweet* :  
the *Sweet* but short, the *Sow'r* surmounting *Time* :  
Wee want his *Meanes*, his high *Delights* to meete ;  
yet hazard we our *soules* to them to climbe !

Lord, make me wise by his *experience*,  
who, in great *wealth* and *Wisdom*, plaid the *Foole* :  
And for meere *Folly* was at huge expence ;  
then, let his *follies* me still wisely schoole.

Yea, let me learne of *Him* that all doth teach ;  
of whom the wisest learne *Sinnes* swears to shunne ;  
He was a *King*, and *Preacher* ; and did preach  
that *All is vanitie beneath the Sunne*.

If all be vaine beneath, and true he sayes,  
let me about the *Sunne* seeke true *delight* ;  
Which I shall finde by walking in thy *Wayes*.  
so thou (deare Lord) consort me with thy *Spright*.

O then consort me so, and with his pow'r  
enable me all *lets* to ouer-runne :  
Let me not stay one *Minute* of an *How'r*  
to loy in any thing beneath the *Sunne*.

But in thy *Sunne* of *Iustice* let me loy,  
which fills the *Heav'ns* and *Earth* with purest *light* :  
Then, let all other *ioyes* my *soule* annoy,  
that so in *him* I may alone delight :  
Thou canst doe this ; then doubt I not thy *Will*,  
Which still is good ; then my *good-will* fulfill.

---

*The Sinner refers his Will to Gods will  
in all things : desiring helpe for per-  
seuerance therein.*

---

DEARE Lord, and God, true Louer of my *Soule*,  
in my *desires*, I wholly doe resigne  
vnto thy blessed *Will* this Will of mine  
To forme, reforme, direct, and still controule.

And as my *Soule* my *body* moues alone,  
without whose *motion* it would still be still :  
so let thy *Spirit* still moue my *soule* and *will*.  
Else, let them haue no *motion* of their owne.

Let me forsake my selfe for thy deare sake ;  
yea, truly *hate* my selfe for *loue* of thee,  
and let no pleasures *please* or *profit* me,  
If thou (deare Lord) at them *displeasure* take.

I offer vnto thee mine *All*, and *more*  
(had I much more than *All*) to mortifie  
my *senses* and *affections* ; that thereby  
I may (so mortified) liue enermore.

My selfe I (likewise) offer to the lack  
of *sensible deuotion*, *grace*, and *loue*,  
so it may humble me, and make me proue  
Thy *wight* the more in my *sinner* vtter wracke.

I offer (too) my selfe, with prompt desire,  
t' indure all losse, in: *name*, *fame*, *goods*, and *friends*,

all *pleasure*, *paine*, and what else *flesh* offends,  
That by their *waight*, my *spirit* may mount the higher.

In summe ; I offer vp my selfe about  
my selfe, to all *mischance* that can befall  
saue *sinne* alone ; yet, if thy *goodnesse* shall  
Put me in *Hell*, Ile brooke it for thy *Loue*.

And though it be impossible for *Flesh*  
to suffer it ; yet, should my *Will* be prest,  
If thou would'st haue it so, in *Hell* to rest ;  
For *Loue* in quenchlesse flames can *sense* refresh.

Then Loue me (Lord) and still my *loue* enflame ;  
then put me where thou wilt, Ile there abide  
without *repining*, *ire*, or *ghostly pride*,  
With *Martyrs*, that, in *torments*, laud thy *Name*.

But sith by reason of my *Flesh* (too fraile)  
I cannot be so prompt these paines to brooke ;  
then, help me (Lord) but with a *louing looke*,  
And ouer *Death* and *Hell* I shall preuaile.

Looke kindly on me then (deare Lord) and so  
Our *Wills* shall still be one in *weale* and *wee*.

---

*The Sinner desires fruition of the Deitie ;  
and that his Soule should be ever  
the habitation thereof.*

---

ETERNALL LORD, who art more prompt to *heare*  
then *Faith* to *pray* ; of that great *grace* of thine  
Regard the *Boone* I aske in *Loue* and *Faure* ;  
and to mine humble *suite* thine *eares* incline.

Grant me *fruition* of thy *DEITIE*  
that all my *Soule* may so be satisfied ;  
For lesse then *that* can her not satisfie,  
though all els (boundlesse) were still amplifie !

Those *gifts* and *graces* that thy *Grace* may moue  
t' inhabit my poore *Soule*, vouchsafe thou me :  
That with thy *gifts* thy *grace* may be in *Loue* ;  
and loue my *Soule* for harb'ring *them*, and *thee*.

But, in those *gifts* O let her be repos'd  
none otherwise then as they fashion her  
To harbor *Thee* ; (that's, make her well-dispos'd)  
els let her *rest* be restlesse euer *there*.

My *Sonne* (saist thou, deare Lord) *gine me thy heart*,  
O small *request* ! my *Heart*, Lord ! what is it  
But one poore *bit* of *wormes-meate* ? can no *Part*  
of me delight thee, but so vile a *bit* ?

Why, thou didst wholly *gine* thy selfe to me :  
shall I returne thee then but *that* alone ?  
O tis (sweet *Sauour*) most vnworthy *Thee* ;  
for *which* (thou know'st) it's, meekly, wo-begun.

Yet gladly would I *gine* it ; but, it is  
so small, vnclenne, vnquiet, and accurst,

That I doe feare to giue it so amisse,  
sith, of all *gifts*, it's worser than the worst.

Yet take it (*Lord of Loue*) it is thine owne,  
how e'er I haue abus'd it ; make it such  
As thou wouldst haue it ; let it still be knowne  
fit for thy Stampe, vpon thy Trials Touch.

O glorious *King*, what grace is't to our Hearts  
to be accepted and desir'd of thee?  
Then take my *Heart*, yea, all mine other *parts* ;  
for they are safe in thee, but lost in me.

And is this all thy *gaine* (O kindest *Lord*?)  
and is this all our *gift*, one wretched *Heart*?  
And for the same dost thou thyselfe afford?  
then take it to thee (*Lord*) through *ioy*, or *smart*.

For, nothing can I giue thee, but the same  
augments my *gaine* and *glory* endlessly ;  
Then take it *wholy*, set me all on flame  
to melt me into thee by *Charitie*!

For, were my *Heart* as great as is the *Heau'n*  
that all includes ; and, that past *price* it were,  
It should to thee (desiring it) be giu'n,  
sith, I haue thee for it, who hast no *Peere*.

Then, *World* be silent, call it not againe ;  
*Flesh* be as still, permit it still to goe ;  
And *Diuell* striue not ; for, it is in vaine ;  
my *God* will haue it, then it shall be so.

Vade, vade ; for, all you cannot fill my *Heart*,  
my *God* alone can doe it ; and *He* must  
Haue it to fill : then from me all depart,  
that seeke to fill it but with *winde* or *dust*.

And sole *Sufficer*, chaine it still to *Thee*  
with *Adamantine* Linckes of endlesse *Loue* ;  
That through those *Straites* which thou hast past for me,  
it may be drawne to thee, if slow it moue.

Let it attend thee to the *Iudgement-Hall*,  
where thou wast doom'd to death ; and to the *Hill*,  
Whereon thou suffer'dst ; let it taste thy *Gall* ;  
and, on thy *Crosse* let it be fix'd still :  
That being with thee thus *plagu'd*, *disgrac'd* & *slaine*,  
It may with thee be *rais'd*, and *crown'd*, and *raigne*.

*A soueraigne Salue against Sinne and  
Despaire out of S. Augustine.*

D EARE *Lord*, when sinfull *thoughts* doe me assaile  
to thy deare *Wounds* then let me hye with speed ;  
When burning *lust* against my *thoughts* preuaile,  
quench it, by minding me how long they bleede !

In all *Extremes* I finde no *Meane* so good  
as thy wide *Wounds* to keepe my *Soule* still whole :  
They cannot dye that drown'd are in thy *bloud* ;  
for, that is *Aqua vita* to the *Soule* !

Thy *Death* is my *desert* ; then doe I not  
lacke *merits* ; sith thy *Death* destroyes my *Sinne* :  
Thy *Mercy* is my *merit* ; and, my *Lot*  
is *glories* Crowne, through my firme *hope* therein :

For, if thy *grace* be great ; then is it cleare  
my *glory* shall be great : and, the more *pow'r*  
Thou hast to saue, the lesse I *ruine* feare :  
for, *Grace* abounding, makes *Loues* hope secure.

Yet I acknowledge mine *iniquities* ;  
and, *Conscience*, with her thousand *Witnesses*,  
Accuse me of extreame *impieties* ;  
yet will I hope of *mercy* ne'ertheless :

For, where *Sinne* hath abounded, there hath *grace*  
abounded more ; so, loue enflaming in  
The grieu'd delinquent : who doth enterlace  
sweete teares of *ioy*, with bitter Teares for *Sinne*.

For, who dispaire, *God*, vtterly denyes ;  
deny his *Attributes*, himselfe deny :  
His *Iustice* we prouoke ; his *mercies* rise  
but from him-selfe, who is selfe-*Clemencie* !

Then, let my *thoughts* still murmure while they will,  
and aske, *why* such a *Sinner* *grace* should seeke ?  
Yet in a firme *hope* I will continue still,  
sith he hath promised that cannot breake.

Who can doe what he *will* ; and he will doe  
what he hath sworne : which is ; *he will make whole*  
*The broken Heart* for *sinne*, and *grace* it too ;  
yea, *help* contrition in the willing *Soule*.

My *Sinnes* (though great) then, me no whit dismay,  
when his deare *Death* I minde : for, all my *Crimes*  
Can ne'er o'er-match his *Mercies*, if I pray  
for *grace*, to hope in his sure *help* betimes.

His Thorny *Crowne*, and *Nayles*, that him transpiere'd  
assures my *hope* that *He* and I are *One* :  
Which haue his *Iudgements* gainst my *sinnes* reuerst,  
if I but grieue for what I haue misdone.

*Longius* hath clear'd the sad *coast* to his *Heart*  
with his fell *Speare* ; that (kinde to me) made way :  
There rest I now in *ioy* and ioyfull *smart*,  
of *safety* sure, while there, in *hope*, I stay.

Vpon the *Crosse* he doth his *Armes* extend,  
t' embrace the Contrite : then, betweene those *armes*,  
Deuoutly will I throw me till mine end ;  
so, safe I shall be there, from *foes*, and *harmes*.

He bow'd his *Head*, before *Death* brake his *Heart*,  
to kisse his *Louers* with the kisse of *Peace* ;  
Then, still Ile kisse him : so, shall I depart  
in *peace* to him that is my *Sinnes* release.

Sweet *Christ* embrace me then, and *kisse* me till  
I dye to liue, to *clipe* and *kisse* thee still.



*The crazed Soule being almost in dispaire,  
desireth Grace to hope in Gods mercy.*

L Ord, in thy Loue, let me be none of them  
that loue but in a *Calme*; a *time* beleue;  
But when a *Storme* ariseth, doe blaspheme;  
and with infernall *Sp'rits*, thy *Sp'rit* doe grieue.

Thus what I *need*, I *crave*; but what I *fear*  
thou know'st (deare Lord :) I feare I am too bold  
To seeke thy *loue*, because I doe appeare  
no correspondence with thy *loue* to hold:

For, he that merits hate (Lord) how can he  
straight looke for loue? & who hath *shame* deseru'd  
Seeke for immortall *glory*? or, to be  
from *shame* and *paine*, which he deserves, preseru'd?

He moueth but his *Judge* to iustest wrath  
that, being *faulty*, lookes he him should *cleare*,  
Without meete *satisfaction* for the scath  
which he hath done; all these my *hopes* doe feare.

For, he that is to *shame* and *death* condemn'd  
small reason hath to looke for high'st *respect*;  
If but his *death* by *grace* might be redeem'd,  
in sense, it should be all he could expect.

But why, ô why, doe I now call to minde  
what I haue done, to make my *fear*s more rife?  
*Death* I deserue; yet seeke I *life* to finde,  
that liue but to offend the *Lord of life*.

Can I still vexe my *Judge*, yet looke for *grace*?  
and still prouoke my *King*, yet seeke his *loue*?  
Nay, still but buffet my sweete *Jesus* face,  
and yet expect he should my *Jesus* proue?

Alas! how should he? much lesse how can I  
such fauour seeke, that so his *Fauour* wrongs?  
Can *wrong* expect such *right*, in *equitie*?  
ô no: for, *vengeance* to the same belongs!

*Vengeance* belongs to *wrongs* so great, so *plaine*,  
as so to wrong a *MAIESTIE* so great!  
Then *Fear*s perswades me I seeke *grace* in vaine;  
yet *Grace* makes *hope* some *Fauour* to intreat.

I haue neglected to fore-see the woes  
that follow *sinne*, and now would *grace* for-goe:  
I oft haue taken mortall *ouerthrowes*,  
yet scarce haue felt a mortall *ouerthrow*.

I haue encreast my *scars* that fear'd not  
to adde still *sinne* to *sinne*, and *grau*e to *light*:  
Fresh *Wounds* haue opened those before I got,  
to make the *Cure* most hard, or curelesse quite.

And what the *Balmes* of *Grace* had clos'd before,  
I, through the itch of *sinne*, haue opened wide:

Which, through corruption, now are growne so sore  
that scarce I can so sore a *Cure* abide.

The *Skinne*, which growing ouer, hid my *Wounds*  
through breaking out of the *corruption*, gape;  
For, *sinne* the *grace* once granted quite confounds:  
so that I feare I hardly can escape.

For, if the *righteous* man shall perish in  
his *sinne* committed: how much more then shall  
Repentant *sinners* turning eft to *sinne*?  
the *thought* whereof more grieues me then my fall.

The newly dead, Christ quickly rais'd to life;  
but he must *groane* in *spirit*, *weepe*, *cry* and *pray*,  
Yer *Lasarus* be rais'd: for, mortall strife  
*Death* made with *life*, to leaue so long a Prey:

So, it is in *Regeneration*; for,  
the lesse the Soule's defil'd with *sinnes delight*,  
And the more she the *least sinne* doth abhorre;  
the lesse winde of Gods *Sp'rit* reuiues that *sp'rit*.

What shall I doe? I can but *sinne* (deare Lord)  
if so; thou canst but plague, yea, plague with *Death*:  
Sith still I *sinne* then, in *thought*, *deed*, and *word*,  
cut off my *sinne*, or els abridge my breath:

For, *Breath* it is that kindles *sinne* in me  
with blowing at the coales of damn'd *desires*;  
These, through my banefull *breath*, still raging be;  
and quite consume the *grace* that me inspires.

Then, if I did not breathe, I should not *sinne*;  
yet should I loose my *breath* e'er *sinne* bewaile,  
I by that *losse* should but damnation winne:  
then, let me rue my *faults* yer *Breath* doth faile:  
But, if thou wilt that I should longer liue,  
Let me no longer *sinne*, or longer *griue*.

*A desire of the louing Soule, of God, to  
be kissed with the kisse of Peace.*

Kisse me, ô kisse me, with Loues honyed *Kisse*,  
ô dearest Loue, and sweet'st-Heart of my Soule:  
Whose loue is like pure Wine that cordiall is;  
& doth sowre cares, with Comforts sweet, controule.

Thy *Name* is like so sweet suffus'd *Balm*;  
which makes *chast Soules* eu'n sick for loue of thee:  
Whose *Passions* (striving in a blessed calme  
on Sorrowes Seas) to thee still rowling be.

Drawe me (deare Loue) then, after thee Ile runne  
vpon the sent of thy diuine Perfumes:  
My *Loue's* impatient (since it first begunne)  
of this delay, which quite my Soule consumes:  
Then, ô, delay no more to marry mee;  
But wed my Soule that pines for loue of Thee.

*Sith all Gods Creatures are against those  
that are against God, in action, the  
Sinner desireth to be in unitie  
with him.*

AS when a Master hath most mortall Foes,  
his Seruants, and men, made by him, will be  
Most persecuting Enemies to those,  
till with their Lord and Master they agree.  
So, all thy Creatures (Lord) doe rise in Armes  
against great Sinners (if impenitent)  
To plague them with all kinde of killing harmes,  
till they be ruin'd quite, or made repent.  
But being one with Thee, our Enemies  
shall seeke our Fauour, and themselves submit :  
For, when they see our Succour's in the Skies,  
they will adore vs, and acknowledge it :  
Then make me (Lord) my foes straight put to flight,  
By being one with Thee, for whom they fight.

*The Sinner desireth to haue the bent of  
his Will, made appliable to Gods.*

THE Way to Heaue's (that truest Port of Peace)  
is straite and straight vntill at Hell we be :  
Where, on the right hand then, we turne with ease ;  
for, when we passe that Point ; then, well are wee.  
But, being straite, but few that Way doe wend ;  
and being straight, the crook'd misse it still :  
Then, to this Port, but few their course doe bend,  
sith most are crook'd ; euer bent to Ill.  
Then, make vs straight (deare Lord) with handling  
straite ;  
or, bring vs to thy bent with other Art ;  
Wee know thine vpriht Compaſſe hath the sleight  
to bow vs to the bending of thy Heart :  
That we may shoote (and still may winners proue)  
The Shafts of our Indeanours at thy Loue.

*The Sinner inuaignes against his fleshes  
frailtie, desiring God to strengthen it  
with his pow'r, and Grace.*

Vile Flesh, why dost thou so my Spirit impugne,  
That still the Sonne of Righteousnesse I wrong  
who di'd to make you liue ?  
No Moment breathe I, but I breathe out Sinne  
That ends with shame, where Sorrow doth beginne,  
which makes me glad to grieve.  
In thee fraile Flesh, I feele my blood to boyle  
With heate of such desires as make the Soile  
but Sinne, in graine, to beare.  
My Spirits (that in that Blood doe swim with paine,  
Yet floate they, sith false pleasures them sustaine)  
are neere the wracke I feare.

I feare the Rocks of refuge to the Iust :  
For, how, in Truth, should Treason put her trust ?  
Then, truthlesse Traitor, I  
May iustly feare, that Grace, in Iustice, will  
My gracelesse Soule, for Fleshes Treasons, spill,  
which makes me (liuing) dye.

I liuing dye, not as one mortifide  
To sinne ; wherein, as dead, aliue, I hide ;  
The more my grieſe and blame :  
I faine would dye to liue ; but, Flesh doth draw,  
My Life to Death, sith I obserue the Law  
of Sinne, which is my shame.

O thou, whom Iacob wrestled with a space,  
Strengthen my Faith to wrestle with thy Grace,  
that it may let me goe  
(Although it lame my Loynes, and crack my Thighes,  
Wherein strong Sinne still domineering lyes)  
into thy Weale through Woe.

*The Sinner recounting his manifold  
transgressions, and finding himselfe  
thereby in danger of perdition, desireth  
Grace, through a world of sor-  
rowes, to auoid both Sinne,  
and damnation.*

MY Soule (still faint in doing well : and strong  
in working ill) now, now thyselfe retire  
From outward Cares : or else amidst their throng  
poure out thy Sorrowes to thy heau'nly Sire.

Thy scatter'd thoughts (in Fancies lewd, as light)  
gather together ; and with all thy Pow'rs,  
(Vnited) shew thy sinne and curs'd plight ;  
sith meeke Confession, grace for sinne procures.

Weighing my deeds, I finde too light they be ;  
yet, more then I can beare ; nay, me they quell :  
So, am farre lighter, if thou ballance me ;  
and yet my lightnesse weighes me downe to Hell !

Shame shall not let me (though it boile my blood)  
t' vnfold the foule diseases of my Soule  
To him, that can and will (so) doe me good ;  
and, make her Angell-faire, though ougly-foule.

My Time then, to my shame I must confesse,  
(vnto my Soules Physitian, grace to winne)  
Hath all in sinne beene spent ; yet, ne'erthelessse,  
too short I thought it for my shortest sinne !

If I, at any time, did seeming-good  
't was but corrupt, or counterfaite at least :  
And, so, 't was but well done in likelihood,  
being but a sinne well-coloured, at best.

My deeds with ill haue (then) deprauid bin,  
or else of good depriu'd ; so, both accurst :  
And, if my best be nought but cloak'd sinne ;  
what are my worst, but worse than what is worst !

Nor for committing odious sinnes in act,  
but for omitting deedes of *Charitie*;  
(Which *Iustice*, at her *Iudgement*, will exact)  
the *Reprobate* are damn'd; and, so, may I:

For, tis but *halfe* the duty of my *whole*  
to doe no *ill*; but, still, I *good* should doe  
With all the *care* and *forces* of my *Soule*;  
else *ill* I may be doom'd; and damn'd too.

God gaue me *life*, but for his *Seruiue*; than  
I must account how I each *moment* spend;  
And, sinn'd I not; yet, sith I am a *Man*  
that doth no *good*, it's damn'd in the *end*.

And, were my *deeds* vnited, and (withall)  
*clear'd* from *pollution*, and from all *defect*,  
Yet are they nought to *gifts* meere corporall,  
which I haue had, and yet haue, in *effect*.

So that too like an idle *beast* I am,  
that still deuoureth more then he doth earne;  
And lookes for *food* ere he deserves the same;  
nor, doth the *giuers* *gifts*, from *Fates* discerne.

O! out vpon me (most vngratefull *beast*  
abusing *Reason*, as if I had it not)  
What shall I say (deare Lord) I must, at least,  
confesse I haue thy *goodnesse* most forgot.

O! with what *Marble* *Eyes*, on flintie *Front*  
shall I the *glory* of thy *presence* brooke,  
Who art both *Iudge* (of me to take account)  
and *Witnesse* too, as *witnesse* will thy *Booke*!

And yet (alas!) lesse pow'r I haue to shunne  
thy *presence*, then haue *heart* the same t' abide;  
For thou art all in *All*: then, can I runne  
from thee, when thou dost *compass* all, beside!

Yet haue I bin (but in *Ciuilitie*)  
more loath t' offend my meanest mortall *Friend*,  
Then (in good *Conscience*) so great *maiestie*  
that filleth *All*, and *All* doth comprehend!

And haue (I shame to say't) more sham'd to sinne  
in sight of *men*, then in thy dread *aspect*:  
My *Soule* is blinde; so, saw thee not within:  
and mortall *Eyes*, but mortall *things* respect.

And for the *Graces* which thou gau'st to mee,  
to glorifie the *Giuer*, I (vile wretch)  
Haue to my selfe the *glory* tane from thee:  
so, with thy *gifts*, I doe thee still impeach.

I haue not *lou'd* thee for thy *mercy*; nor,  
haue *fear'd* thee for thy *Iustice*: yea, thy *might*  
(Though most *almighty*) I did most abhorre  
When it, in *Iustice*, on me (wretch) did light.

Thou hast to me reueal'd thy *Will*; but looke  
how often I haue glost it with mine *owne*,  
(Were it *within*, or else *without* thy *Booke*)  
so oft hath *thine*, by *mine*, bin ouerthrowne.

And if I reckon right betweene thy *Law*  
and mine *observance*; (though I feare thy *Rod*)  
I must confesse neere *Dauids* *foole* I draw,  
that said in *Soule* (at least) *There is no God*.

I haue obseru'd nought but what my *sense*,  
(deprau'd *sense*) being *Ill*, did hold for *good*;  
Which *Ill* (with all the *Stormes* of foule *Offence*)  
still wrought vpon the *Current* of my *Bloud*.

Mine *Eyes*, are *sharpe*, as *eager*, still to pry  
into mens *worst parts* rather than their *best*;  
And wretch that *little* much, that is awry;  
and, what's most *right*, so make it lesse, at least.

Apt to detract from *others*, and exact  
*praise* to *myselfe* from *others*: thus is it  
That makes me enuy eu'ry witty *Tract*,  
vnlesse it be compos'd by my *Wit*.

As apt (most apt) to *gine*, as *take* offence;  
hard to be pleas'd, displeas'd too *easily*:  
As prompt to *Choler*, as to *violence*,  
but, fearing death; yet (desperate) prest to dye!

In *reasoning* rash; and yet soone (rudely) round  
to *compass* *Faith* to *falshood* (soone) thereby:  
And where *Truth* stands, to throw her on her *ground*  
in beastly rage, vntill shee *seeme* to lye.

False in *Humilitie*, and true in *pride*;  
in *testing*, rough; and rash in *censuring*:  
To *gouerne*, I haue made my *Heart* too *wide*;  
t' obey too *strait*, through *griefes* *strait* *gouerning*.

More then the Mount *Venusius* haue I burn'd  
in vaine *Ambitions* euer-raging *flame*;  
And, all good *gifts* and *graces* haue I turn'd  
to *Fewell*; burning in desire of *fame*.

Thou gau'st me *gifts* whereof the *praise* I sought;  
so, robb'd thee (*Lord*) of *glory*, and (with speede)  
I *wages* seeke, for that which thou hast wrought:  
for, for thy *Workes* in me, I looke for *meede*.

More proud than *Lucifer* (the *Fount* of *Pride*)  
for, he, being *glorious* made, might soone *o'ermee*;  
But I, being bred of but *Slime*-putrified,  
vsurpt thy *praise*; so, much more *proud* haue beene.

Wherein, if thou hast *crost* me, I haue storm'd  
worse than that *Hell-hound*: for, he fell to *Hell*;  
Then easily might fume, being so enorm'd;  
but I on *Earth*, at *ease*, against thee swell.

The *lightest pleasures* make me (lighter) doate:  
but, *easiest paines* doe presse me downe to *death*:  
If *Fates* but *smile*, in *pleasures* Seas I floate;  
and if but *frowne*, it eu'n expires my *breath*.

I foulest *Vices*, vnder vertuous *Names*,  
doe *patronise*: as, extreme *Crueltie*,  
For vpriht *Iustice*; *Loue* of lightest *Dames*,  
for perfect *Zeale*; *Selfe-loue*, for *Charitie*:

*Craft*, for true *Wisedome*; *Pride*, for *Cleanlinesse*;  
*Baseenesse*, for *Meeknesse*; *Doubt*, for *Holy Feare*;  
*Meere Cowardise*, for discreet *Warinesse*;  
*Rashnesse*, for *Manhood*; *Conetise*, for *Care*.

And so of *others* (in none other sort)  
 I vaunt their vice, with vertuous *tearmes* knou'd;  
 And haue an eye but onely to *Report*  
 while I, but *right* to seeme, am *wrong* resolu'd.

All good *Instructions* fall into my *Soule*,  
 as *Aprill-showers* into the *Sea* doe fall;  
 Whose swelling *surges* doe their *drops* controule;  
 and euer turne their *sweetnesse* into *Gall*.

When I haue beene reprov'd for *ought* vnright,  
 I would deny, excuse, or it defend:  
 Or else reproch my iust *reprovers* straight;  
 and so, without offence, would *faine* offend.

If I haue vow'd *denotion*; and (withall)  
 haue *taskt* my selfe with holy *Exercise*;  
 I soone infrin'g'd it (were it ne'er so small)  
 so, loath'd I *Manna*, *Leekes* to gurmardize.

And looke how one that taketh *fire* in hand,  
 but out of hand straight throwes it; cannot hold  
 The heate thereof; so, I doe vnderstand  
 but small effect of *Prayer* made so cold.

As *Cates* vnchewed, haue they past from me  
 without *concoction*, not without *annoy*;  
 For, when I thinke they went away so free,  
 my *Soule* is sicke with *griefe*, and grieu'd with *ioy*.

Thus lose I still my time in going on,  
 and comming off from eu'ry good *attempt*:  
 So, *purpose* without *prosecution*,  
 leaues my best *actions* (idle) in *contempt*.

With but *beginnings* haue I worned my *dayes*;  
 and oft haue fall'd, but in the meere *assay*:  
 Yet, for but *failing*; haue I lookt for *prais*;  
 (ô shame!) sith I *good motions* did obey.

I (likewise) haue beene light in my *Desire*;  
 now *this*, now *that*, and then the *other* face  
 (*Sparkes* of thy *beauty*) set my Heart on fire  
 with *Beauties* grace to *siane*, for want of *grace*.

So, could not walke abroad, but that (anon)  
 my wandring *sight* would giue thy *sight* offence;  
 For, eu'ry sparkling *Eye* mine lighted on,  
 through mine, straight kindled my *Concupiscence*.

For, this (too oft) I haue abus'd the *Muse*  
 thou gau'st me, but to woo thee, for thy *Loue*;  
 But I (lewdie *Louer*) did her *Measures* vse  
 to mete *frail motions*, strongly, so, to mone.

Thus *Beauty* (that should make me loue thee more)  
 I made the *worst*, to rend my *loue* from thee:  
 So, both with *mine*, and *others* gifts, did gore  
 the *Ginners* heart, erst split for loue of me.

And if I made (as seldome so I did)  
 a *Cow'nant* with mine *Eye* that it should gaze  
 No more on *Beauty*; yet (the more forbid)  
 the more, thereby, it glanc'd on *Beauties* Blaze.

Alas! how *brutish* haue I bin the while,  
 that (like a *Beast*) haue sway'd beene by *sense*;  
 And made my *Reason* obey *Affections* vile,  
 repugnant to mine owne *Intelligence*!

O *life* (dead *life*, depriu'd of life of *grace*)  
 how stirr'st thou so, without that *vitall pow'r*?  
 Thou art too *proud*, and yet too beastly *base*:  
 at *highest height* but like a fading *Floure*.

O *Lord* of *life*, a death it is to mee  
 to minde my *life* so drown'd in *deadly sinne*!  
 Which though it *Be*, and *mona*, and *liue* in Thee;  
 yet (as without thee) it hath curs'd bin:

For, I haue made no *scruple* to offend;  
 but with such *boldnesse* haue I sinn'd, as it  
 Had beene a *meane* but to a blessed *end*:  
 so, seem'd to sinne with *Will*, enforc'd by *Will*!

Nay, should I bring my best *deeds* to thy *Test*,  
 they'le prone but *dresse* of meere *Hypocrisie*;  
 Or *Vite* in *Vertues* habit, at the best,  
 which is too bad for basest *Pietie*.

With *Jacobs* voyce, and *Esau's* hands I held  
 my *Soule* to *sinne*, and *good opinion* too:  
 The *wicked* (so) the *World*, at will, doe weild;  
 which faine I would, but that I cannot doe.

The *World's* t' vnweildly for my feeble *gripe*;  
 it still fells from me sith I cannot hold;  
 And, at each *fall*, thou giu'st me (*Lord*) a *stripe*,  
 sith, though I cannot weild it yet I would.

Yea, would much rather then my wilde *affects*,  
 or *ought* that holy men doe take in hand:  
 For, my best *doings*, my iust *doubt* suspects,  
 sith they in doubt of *doing ill*, doe stand.

How tedious *Time* hath seem'd when I haue *praid*!  
 how wearisome the *practise*! tir'd how soone!  
 How much distracted! and how well afraid  
 when it was *done*, though *done* ere well *begunne*!

So was I like but one of *Pilates* Slaves,  
 that croucht to thee (ô *Christ*) but to offend:  
 So my best *actions* are but holy *drames*,  
 that haue more *show* then *strength* to *tebbe* the *Faend*.

Haue I done good to any? if I haue,  
 t'was but of *debt*; and though it were but *lent*,  
 I priske it more, and bragd of what I gane;  
 so, all my *good* was done with *ill intent*.

Haue I discours'd of *things* that heavenly were?  
 In curious *Questions* (lightly) it was done:  
 As where *Heav'n* stands? and *Hell* (if locally) where?  
 not how to come to *Heav'n*, and *Hell* to shunne.

I haue beene prompt to learne, what *Wisedome* would  
abhorre to teach ; and I haue *Eares* and *Eyes*  
To *heare* and *see*, but what she scornes t' vnfold ;  
for, I attend to nothing that is *wise*.

What shall I say (that haue so much to say ;  
for, endlesse *plaint* holds endlesse *Sinne* in chase)  
My *first*, was *filth* ; my *progresse*, *Sinne* ; my *stay*,  
is *double death*, without Gods *treble grace*.

O *Sinne* (the *Soules* death ; and, of *Death*, the life)  
I would not shunne thee, when (at first) I might ;  
And now I cannot without endlesse strife ;  
then, help me *Grace*, with strong *sinne* still to fight.

My *Soule* is tir'd with *vanitie* and *Sinne* ;  
I loath to liue ; and yet I feare to dye :  
Then (wretch) what should I doe but now beginne  
to dye to liue, sith *liuing-death* is nye !

But, ah (alas) could I weepe endlessly,  
it were but meeete mine endlesse *sinnes* to cleare :  
But though I should lament them ceaselesly  
in longest *mortall life*, too short it were.

Yet, will I not dispaire ; no, *God* forbid :  
seau'n times a day, the iustest men doe fall :  
And though, from men, the *fall* and *bruise* be hid,  
yet, thou dost see them both, who seest *All*.

At all *houres* no *man's* *wise* : for, sober *Noah*,  
may be o'er-come with *Wine* : stout *Abraham* too  
Through *terror* lye : meeke *Moses* may destroy  
th' *Egyptian* in his *ire* ; and, so, misdo.

Religious *Joseph*, irreligiously  
swear by the life of *Pharaoh* (faith to binde)  
Gods Darling *David*, hide Adultery  
with murder of his *Servant*, true as kinde.

Wise *Salomon*, the veriest Foole became,  
when *Pharos* Daughter, and his Pagan-*wives*,  
(Through grosse Idolatrie) made him defame  
Gods *truth* : so Blots, the clear'st haue in their liues.

*Saints*, so are call'd ; as eu'ry thing is nam'd  
of whatsoe'er therein most worthy is :  
As *Golden-mines* are stilled so, though fram'd  
more full of *Dross* then *Golden-rarities*.

And so the best *men*, though inherent *Vice*  
may ouer-weigh their *Vertue* : yet, we see,  
Th' are called vertuous by their Vertues price,  
that doth out-price the Vice, though more it be.

Then giue me *courage* (Lord) t' aduance my *Hope*  
to thy great *mercy* (that doth equall thee)  
And let *All*, couerd with the Heau'nly *Cope*,  
for thy deare *Loue*, be but as Doung to mee.

Vaine *pleasures* packe, *Preferments-vaine*, anannt,  
that would but make me quite forget to dye ;  
My *Soule*, ye *Syrrens*, doe no more enchaunt :  
for, if you doe, Ile breake your strongest *Tye*.

And all my *ioy* shall now but be in *griefe* :  
*griefe* for the *ioy* which I conceiu'd in *sinne* :  
So, nought but *dying* shall be my *reliefe* :  
for, *life* well *lost*, immortall life doth *winne*.

Lord, giue me *strength* to offer violence  
to wicked *Customs*, till I breake it quite :  
And, still to strue with *Nature*, *Sinne* and *Sense*,  
vntill they strue no more in *Peace* nor *fight*.

And, for my *Sinnes*, come all *annoyes* on me  
in *royall-armies*, till you blow me vp  
Aboue the *Sunne* ; and all *displeights* that be,  
fall freely on me from my *Sauours* Cup.

Scorne me, proud *World*, still looke on me ascanse ;  
deride me, *Diuell*, plague me, doe thy worst :  
Nay (Lord) from me conceale thy Countenance ;  
so thou, in fine, wilt blesse me so accurst.

And, for I haue despis'd thee ( Lord of *All*)  
let all that *Is*, despise me till I dye ;  
Nay, let *disgrace*, with *death*, vpon me fall ;  
so I may rise to *grace*, and *life* thereby.

O thou, my curs'd Nature, swolne with *Pride*,  
swell not against *contempt* (though ne'er so vile)  
Take all and *more*, if more can be beside  
*contempt* of all ; and, *ioy* therein the while.

For, being nothing, of myselfe, but *Sinne* ;  
or else (besides that *But*) I *Nothing* am ;  
How can or *sinne*, or *Nothing*, *Glory* winne  
but through a *World* of *woe*, *contempt*, and *shame* ?

*Skill*, *will*, and *pow'r* then giue me (Lord) to breake  
this head-strong *Iade*, my *Flesh* ; and, make it glad  
To beare a *World* of *woe* ; to make it meeke ;  
and, but for falling vnder it, be sad.

I am thy *Workes*, then, worke thy *Will* in mee ;  
And, make my *Carriage* (Lord) from *falling* free.

---

*That the vertuous haue the Promises of  
this life, as well as of that to come.*

---

Thy *Friends* (deare Lord) are too much honor'd ;  
thy *Persecutor* to thee reconcil'd,  
Had *Sacrifices* to him render'd :  
so much the *World* is forc'd t' adore thy *Childe* !

The *People* freely their *possessions* sell,  
to lay the Price at thine *Apostles* feete :  
To whom the worst of *Its* doe fall out well ;  
and *Gall* itselfe, to them made *Sugar-sweet* !

Then, what but *Gall* itselfe will *Honey* seeke  
besides the *Honey* of thy sweetest *Loue* ?  
For, who are more exalted then the *mecke*,  
sith *Heau'n* and *Earth* of them doe most approue ?  
Then, if thou make me *mecke*, thou mak'st me more,  
Then *Heau'n* and *Earth* : for, for both will me adore.

*For perfect Vnion with God, and Grace  
to skunne all Lets that may hinder it.*

WHen I (sweet Sauour) minde the *Orison*  
thou mad'st thy *Maundy-night* (with strong  
effect)

Whenas thou praid'st for perfect vnion  
betweene thy *Father, thee, and thine elect.*

I am thereby encouraged to *pray*,  
that in that *Vnion* (though too base I be)  
I may b' included, if so be I may  
(being so vile) so inward be with *thee*.

Which can be hardly (if at all it can)  
without my *Soule* forsake the *Flesh* and *Fiend*  
And all besides *thee*, be it *Angell, Man,*  
or what soe'er, for Thee her onely *END!*

But, this *shee* cannot doe without thy *Grace*,  
thy *grace* preuenting, and assisting both :  
Then grace *her* so that *she* may *thee* embrace ;  
and in respect of *thee*, all others lothe.

By that deare vnexampled *Loue* that made  
*thee* hang all naked on the *Crosse*, vouchsafe  
That I may liue with *thee*, as *nought* I had  
besides : though I the *World* besides, should haue.

And if it may be (Lord) o let me liue  
without the *least Sinne* : for, the *least* that is  
Doth let our *Vnion*, and doth euer strue  
to seuer me for euer from thy *Blisse*.

Then, grant that I my *body* so may keepe  
from all transgressing, that I may not moue  
One Ioynt t' vnioyne vs ; but my *Soule* to sweepe  
from all Pollution, that doth let thy *Loue*.

That, from offending, it may be as cleare,  
as it was made by *thee* (in Thee to rest)  
And though *she* cannot be so *perfect* here,  
yet make Her still *desire* the same, at least.

Yea, make me will no *Ioy* (for that is none)  
that is not in *thee* : and, the *Bread* I eate,  
Let it no more *delight* me than a *Stone*,  
but onely, but to serue Thee, take my *meate!*

And, when my *Palate* proues some Foode too sweet,  
then let me thinke how much more sweet thou art,  
That mad'st it such ; so, make me make it meete  
to make me taste thy *Sweetnesse* in my *Heart*.

So let me vse all Creatures, pleasing *Sense*,  
to send me to Thee, *Cause* of that *Effect*.  
So, in them still, taste but thine *Excellence* ;  
and, by them still, the more the same affect.

Yea, let no *Sweet* (of whatsoeuer kinde,  
that's but cpeated) once my *Soule* allure  
From thee (sweet Lord) or from continuall minde  
of thy deare *Sweetnesse*, that all *Sweetes* procures.

But, *Loue* and *Meeknesse* are the onely *two*  
to make vs *one* (deare *Sweet*) that diuers be :  
Then let high'st *Loue*, and lowest *Meeknesse* too  
make *one* of *two* ; that's, one of *thee* and *mee*.

And, *meek* to make me, let me euer minde,  
*I am nought, haue nought, know nought, nought can*  
*do,*  
*And nought desire ; nor seeke but Grace to finde*  
*to loue thee highly, and be lowly too.*

Then make me rich in *Soule* and poore in *spirit* ;  
rich in good *deeds*, and yet most poore in *thought* :  
When I doe *best*, to weene I *worst* doe merit ;  
and, when most *good*, to thinke I am most *nought*.

So, by the *By-path* (that but Fooles doe finde)  
of true *Simplicitie*, that's iust, and free,  
To runne to Thee, and leaue the *World* behinde  
to thinke me mad, for running so to Thee.

But let me so be still besides myselfe,  
and still besides the Way the *World* doth roame,  
Though it with Flowers be strowde, and pau'd with pelfe,  
yet let me flie it in my hying home.

The *Heau'n-rapt Saint* was so himselfe beside :  
for, bee all earthly Dainties held as Dounge ;  
And while, as mad, the most did him deride,  
he went to Thee a narrow way and long.

Nay, thou thyselfe (dear Lord that all dost schoole)  
because thou didst elect this Way to goe  
And that reiect, attir'd wast like a Foole,  
and so esteem'd : then let me foole it so.

But hide my life in thee ; so, shall I liue  
a light to all that walke in wayward moode ;  
For, them thou hid'st that *good* example giue  
from eu'ry *Ill* ; then let me giue this *good*.

But when I giue it, let me thinke I giue  
the *good* thou gau'st : for, all good *gifts* are thine :  
So shall I rightly thinke, while so I liue ;  
and all the praise thereof to thee resigne ;  
So let me *doe* and *thinke* ; so shall I *gaine*  
True *Vnitie* with thee, in *Ioy* and *Paine!*

*The Sinner in great sorrow for Sinne,  
relyeth on God for grace and comfort.*

O N thy help (Lord) I relye,  
then, poore I  
Perish must, if thou restraine it :  
O then stretch thy *helping-hand*,  
or command  
That I may with speede obtaine it ;  
For, as one forgotten quite,  
out of sight,



And, willing well, without thy *grace* assist,  
I cannot (for my *bloud*) my *will* fulfill.

So, thy *preuenting*, and *assisting* *grace*  
makes my *Will* worke : for, of my selfe, I am  
So fraile, by *nature*, and so beastly base,  
that my best thoughts are more then much too blame.

Then let thy *Grace* my wayward *Will* preuent ;  
and helpe me to performe it, so preuented :  
Yea, make my *thoughts* and *deedes* most innocent ;  
else, let me ioy in nought but *them* lamented :  
Nay, make my *Heart* (deare Lord) so apt to waile  
That it may *weepe*, when I to *weepe* doe faile.

*The Sinner desireth, not to be as he is ;  
but, as he ought to be.*

TO be all *nought*, is nought at all to *be* ;  
and to be sinfull still, is to be nought :  
Yet *Sinners ARE* (though dead in *sinne*) we see ;  
as *Men ARE*, though they are not as they ought.

Deliuier me (deare Lord) from *being* such ;  
(such *being* take from me that sinfull is :)  
For, better *nothing be*, then *be* so much ;  
because so *much* is more then most amisse !

Then let me *be*, not as I *am* ; but what  
I ought to *Be* ; or take me as I *am* :  
Take me to *Thee*, and then I will *be* that  
I ought to *be* : *thine owne in Deed and Name* ;  
For, then I *am*, when I *am* wholly *thine* ;  
But, I *am* not, while I *am* *Sinnes* or *Mine*.

*In respect of the breuitie and vncer-  
taintie of mortall life ; the Sinner  
desires grace, in time, to prepare  
for Death.*

MY stupid *Soule*, now recollect thy *pow'rs*,  
& weigh in *Iudgements* Scales thy present *state* ;  
Thou, in thy *laile*, my *Flesh*, but some few *houres*  
hast now to stay, by *nature*, neere her *date*.

My *Pilgrimage* is almost past ; ô then  
it thee behoues to looke with steadfast eyes  
Towards thy *Countray* (*Home of Happy-men*)  
least, ere thou looke, in straying *pathes* thou dye.

Now faints my *force*, my *sense* impales, my *flesh*  
like wither'd *fruit* now falleth with each *breath* :  
Some *Birds* o'er-aged doe their *youth* refresh ;  
but *Man* growne *Twy-childe* is at doore of *death*,

The *Young-man* may dye quickly ; but the *Olde*  
can not liue long : *misse-haps* may wracke the one ;  
But nought, in *Arte* or *Nature*, long can hold  
the other here ; for, they are almost gone.

Then if *green-years* should sometimes mind the *grau*e,  
the *Gray* must still, that there are with a *breath* ;  
For, *Age* to *Death* is but the *Gally-slaue*,  
that on a *moments* fluxe, whafts *life* to *death*.

To serue the *World* (although I able were)  
small cause haue I to will it ; sith it is  
The *ground* which nought but rankest *Its* doth beare  
and where *men* most esteemed, are most amisse.

I long haue cultur'd this but *finty-field*,  
which yeelds but Crops of *Cares*, *Woes*, *wrongs*, and  
*spight* ;

Yeelding the more *annoy* the more they yeeld ;  
whose very *loyes* are *Tares* that pine the *Spright* !

Then, it is time to change (by heauenly *Arte*)  
the thriflesse *course* of so course *Husbandry* ;  
And with *Remorse* to furrow vp my *Heart*,  
melting the *Clods* with *teares*, that are too dry.

And so to sow *Loues* seedes that faire encrease,  
to fat the *Soule* in vertue, till shee melt  
In flames of *Charitie* (till *Faith* doth cease)  
to giue more *taste* of *heauenly* pleasures *felt*.

And sith my *Spring* is spent, my *Summer* past,  
and to the *Fall* of *leafe* my *Tyme* arriues :  
Nay, sith his frost *Time* on my *Head* hath cast,  
I must prepare for *cold* that *life* deprives.

My *negligence* hath made *sinnes* Earth (my *Heart*)  
to yeeld but poysonous Weeds of *thoughts* impure ;  
Which doe but bane my *Soule*, and get the start  
of *Vertue*, in their growth, by *Customes* pow'r.

Meanwhile, my *flesh* (with heat of *youth*, & *bloud*)  
hath shrunk from cherishing their *root* : yet, lo,  
The *Marrow* of my *Bones* doth yeeld them *foode* ;  
so, thogh I shrink, they, through that *compost*, grow.

And, as one tost at *Sea* with *Stormes* and *fears*  
makes little way, though much he be turmoild ;  
So, he in *vice*, that past hath many yeeres,  
hath had long *time*, but *life* as *short*, as *foild*.

For, *Life* is measur'd by the *good* we *doe*,  
not *dayes* we spend ; sith some, by many *dayes*,  
Get many *Deaths* ; as some haue come vnto  
*Eternall Life* by short *Life*, spent with praise.

What is a *Soulelesse Body*, but a *Clod* ?  
and what's the *Soule* without her *cause* and *life*,  
But *quicke* to *Sinne*, and dead to *Grace* and *God* ;  
*Hell* to it selfe, *selfe-Hell*, or *Hell* of *strife* ?

He is the *Way*, besides which all are wide ;  
the *Truth*, against which all in *error* dwell :  
The *Life*, without which, all in *death* abide :  
in whom to *be*, is onely to *be* well.

O then (deare Lord) let me beginne to liue  
now, in my dying, though hard, late it be ;  
Yet better *late* then *never*, to reuiue  
me, dead in *sinne*, by mortifying me.



It's hard (I grant) that after life's neere spent  
in *mortall Sinne*, *immortall life* t' expect :  
Yet Lord (howeuer late) let me repent  
while *Aire* I breathe, and doe it not reiect.  
Yet *Loue* must cause *remorse* and *hate* of Sinne ;  
for, true *contrition* (which true *life* doth giue)  
Is caus'd by *Loue*, sith we so bad haue beene  
t' a *God* so good : that *di'd* to make vs *liue*.  
Then loue (my Soule) for no *ends* but thine *END* ;  
*By-purposes* are purposelesse : for, *ONE*  
That knowes all Hearts, *Remorse* doth but offend  
that is not for his *Loue* conceiu'd alone.  
Then, to be truly contrite, hard it is ;  
sith it respects but *Loue*, that *Grace* allures :  
Whereof, in but a *scruple*, if we misse ;  
it's but *Attrition*, which lesse *Grace* procures.  
O *Death* ! how sowre is thy remembrance  
to him whose *Soule* is swolne with sweetest *Sinne*,  
And hath thereof a *feeling* ? I (perchance)  
haue so in *shew* ; but more (much more) *within* !  
My *Lifes-bud* blasted was with heate of *blond* ;  
the *Flow'r* then needs must *fade* and *Fruit* decay :  
Nay, *leaves* and *Branch* haue perisht with the *Bud* ;  
and now the *Trunche* is turning into *Clay*.  
Lord, how shall I thus soild with *Sinne*, for shame  
appeare before thy *Glory* ? I (alas)  
Am but *Confusion*, euer out of frame ;  
and was at best ere fully fram'd I was.  
The least of all my *Sinnes* will be (at least)  
a most seuerer *Accuser* : but, the whole  
(Equall to that which thou dost most detest)  
(with but a *thought*) confounds my thoughtfull *Soule*.  
O *Christ*, thy *Wounds*, reuend by my *Sinne*,  
still bleed to my *Confusion* : for, I faint  
At that which others still are strength'ned in :  
so, thy all-sauing *blond* doth me but taint.  
Sweete *Christ*, yet be my *Iesus*, (though I be  
thus quite o'er-whelm'd, with sins confounding *floud*)  
And in thy *blond*, I shed, still rince thou me  
vntill thine *Ire* be quenched in thy *blond*.  
Yea, in thy *Wounds* (as *Ionas* in the *Whale*)  
saue me from drowning in thy *doomes*-profound :  
Let Mercies *Beames* my *filth* of *sinne* exhale ;  
and it dispeece, that it no more be found :  
So shall I, cast on *Safeties* Shore by thee,  
Still praise thy *Grace* for so securing me.

*The carefull Soule because of the momen-  
tany condition of transitory life, desireth  
to wash away the filth of sin with the  
teares of continuall penitencie.*

Sith on this *moment* of fraile *Life* depends  
th' eternal weale or woe of *humane Breede*,  
And that no *meanes* can long deferre their *ends*,  
let *Teares* still feede me (*Lord*) till *Wormes* I feede.

For, *Teares* for *Sin*, doth *Sin*, through *grace*, destroy  
(so kill their *Cause*) whereon who feeds shall liue,  
Where they that *sow* in *teares*, shall *reape* in *ioy* ;  
then let my *Teares* me (dead in *Sinne*) reuiue.

They were thy *foode* (O *Christ*) that couldst not sin :  
and yet, for others *sinne*, still weptst ; then I  
That liue a life that's quite o'erwhelm'd therein,  
had need to weepe till (drown'd in *teares*) I dye.

Happy that *Soule* that on a *Sea* of *Teares*  
sailes (in *Faiths* Ship, by *Hopes* securest *Cape*)  
Vnto the *Port* of *Peace* ; and with her beares  
*Good-workes* that make the *Worker* wracke escape.

This *World's* but *Sorrowes* *Sea*, whereon' mankinde  
is tost with *Stormes* of *Troubles*, that arise  
By *Envy*, *Malice*, or *Fates* wayward *winde*,  
whiles *Life* to *Death*, more swift then *Swallow* flies.

If, in the *way*, a *Calm*e the *Course* prolongs,  
it holds vs but to *griefe*, resembling *ioy* ;

While *Pleasure*, with her charming *Syren-Songs*,  
o'erwhelme vs (in the *end*) in deep'st *annoy*.

Twixt *Silla* and *Charibdis* (*ioy* and *Griefes*)  
fraile *life* still floates ; and wrackes in *Eyther* oft ;  
(Which equally to *Death* betrayeth *Life*)  
but *low estate* lesse sinckes then that *aloft*.

Why should we then prize worldly *things* so much  
which haue no *good*, but as they vs respect ;  
And lightly weigh those *Treasures* without which  
we haue no *Goodnesse*, but are meere *Defect* ?

*Honor* and *Pow'r*, *Health*, *Beauty*, *Strength*, and *Wit*  
are but as *Smoake*, that comes from troubled *fire* :

The more it *growes*, the lesse *continues* it ;  
and, comes to nought whan it doth high'st aspire !

To be in *Princes* *grace* (which all desires)  
procures but *Pride*, which blinds our *Iudgements*  
sight,

While like a *sitt'd Dove*, we (*Lord*) aspire,  
till sou'raigne *haste*, at *height*, doth *sinke* vs quite.

Then tis in vaine, to trust in *Princes* *grace*,  
which *pleasure* or their *profit* may procure ;  
And when these faile, they straight auert their *Face* ;  
but *Lord*, thy *Grace* is euer *true* as *sure*.

Then let me wholly on thy *Grace* depend ;  
yet so, as still I *worke* it to encrease ;

So, it with me shall *worke* too, to the *end* ;  
and, at the *end*, with me, shall rest in *Peace* :

To which (deare *Lord*) vouchsafe thy *Grace* may goe  
With my toll'd *Soule*, that cannot rest but so.

*A short Meditation of the breuitie of life ;  
with an Incitation to make good use  
of the present time.*

WOldst thou be spurr'd to run the *way* of *truth* ?  
then, see how *time* doth run with thee away :  
*Youth* comes on *Childhood* ; *Man-hood* comes on *Youth* :  
on *Man-hood*, *Age* ; and *Age* at *Death* doth stay :

So, *Time* ascends and descends with such haste  
vpon the *Scale of Lifes-gradation*,  
That liu'd we but to mend our *misses* past,  
yet *death* would cease our work ere halfe were done.

*Time-past*, is gone ; in it we cannot mend ;  
*Time-future*, is vnertaine ; then, therein  
We are vnure our ill *bents* to vnbind ;  
the *Present-time* is ours, to cease to sinne ;  
Yet that *Time* ceaseth while we thinke thereon ;  
Then, if we mend not *now, now*, *Time* is gone.

*A short meditation of Mans Miseric.*

What was I, am I, or what shall I be?  
I was nought, am nought ; and, for ought I do,  
Shall be farre worse then nought ! O wretched me !  
why? was I borne for *nought* ; and *worse* too?

This makes me to deplore my Day of Birth ;  
(sith I was borne to so hard exigent)  
As all men doe, that doe enjoy the *Earth* ;  
yet, so enjoy it, as th' are ne'er content.

We hold that Infant but a *Prodigie*  
that in his Birth doth not the *World* salute  
With note of *Present-future* misery :  
for, that's his *Birth-right* cleare and absolute.

In *Sinne* Originall was I conceiu'd ;  
in *actuell Sinne* I lue ; and I may taste  
*Eternall paine* for that I first receiu'd ;  
with that I lue in *now* ; and that is *past*.

I, in the *Wombe* was loathsome ; in the *World*,  
a Sacke of all *Corruption* ; in the *Graue*,  
A Prey of *Vermine* ; and may thence be hurl'd  
to *Hell* : if what *Sinne* spoyle, *Grace* doe not saue.

When I was *nothing*, then was I without  
*Hope* to be sau'd, or *Fear* condemn'd to be :  
Now, of the *first* I *hope* ; but, more doe *doubt* :  
and, of the *last* stand still in ieopardie.

I was such, as I could not then be damn'd ;  
but, *now* am such, as hardly can be sau'd :  
For at the *first* I was in cleannesse fram'd ;  
but *now* by me its more then *most* depraui'd.

Erect (deare Lord) my pristine *Puritie* ;  
correct my *present Vices* ; and direct  
My *future steps* : direct them *Sinne* to flye,  
and, to attaine the *Grace* of thine *Elect* :  
So shall I praise thy Name (with *them*) and say :  
*Blessed be HIM that so inspir'd my Clay*.

*That our Saluation comes from God.*

Lord, thou hast said, thou mad'st not *death* ; then let  
that which thou mad'st not, neuer signorize  
O'er me that thou hast *made* : but *Watches* set  
to keepe *death* from me, when from *Death* I rise.

If thou be *sorry* for my *Death* ; then who  
shall let thy *Joy* in giuing *life* to me?  
If thou *will*, thou *canst* saue me : I not so ;  
I can but *dye*, vnlesse I *liue* by Thee :

For, I can *will*, but can *performe* no *good* ;  
nor yet *will* *Good*, without my *Will* thou moue :  
In thy *good-will* then, lies my *liuelikood* ;  
and yet thou bidst me *labour* for thy *Love* !

But, Lord, I cannot, if thou help me not ;  
that's make me *willing*, and *worke* with me too :  
Nor can I moue a *Man*, but I must *blot*  
without thee ; so, my *Pow'r's* but to vndoe.

For, I *would*, sometimes, that I *can* ; but then  
I know not what I *can* or *would* ; vnlesse  
Thou make me see (beyond my *Natures* ken)  
what I should doe, and it, in *deede*, expresse.

And if I should haue, with my *Pow'r* and *Will*,  
*Knowledge* to guide me ; yet, if that be mine,  
(Without thy *Wisedome*) It will wander still ;  
for, all that tread true *Steps*, must tread in thine :  
Then (O deare Lord) *doe* all for me ; yet so,  
As I may *rest* with thee, and with thee *goe*.

*A serious Meditation of the last Iudgement : worthy to be often minded,  
and repeated.*

D Read Lord, by whom all *Soules* are sentenc'd,  
when I bethinke me of that dreadfull *Day*,  
Wherein thou com'st to iudge the *Quick* and *Dead*,  
I faint, as falling quite, with *Fear*e, away.

When all this *All* shall be reuerst, and made  
a *Chaos* suncke in all-deuouring *Flames* :  
For, *Vengeance* shall the *Vniuerse* inuade ;  
and, change her *Fabrickes* though they keepe their  
*Names*.

A chill-cold Bloud (still flowing from *Dismay*)  
fleets through my *veines*, when through my *brains* doth  
glide

But eu'n the naked *thought* of that blacke *Day*,  
wherein all *Flesh* shall be most strictly tride.

When *Christ* vpon a *Throne* of *Sunnes* and *Starres*,  
reflecting *Beames* against each other so,  
As *Glory* with herselfe shall seeme at *Warres* ;  
shall doome all *Flesh* to endlesse *weale* or *woe*.

For, he shall shake the *Sanctuaries* of *Heav'n* ;  
and, with the *Shocks*, appeare with flames of *fire*,  
And *Millions* of his *Angels*, to make eu'n  
with *good* and *bad* ; in *fauour*, or in *ire*.

Aray'd with all Eye-blinding *Maiestie*,  
infernall *Angels* (his dread *Throne* beneath)  
Wayting, with ougly *Formes*, and hedious *Cry*,  
to execute his *Doom*e of *second Death*.

Where *Hell* still gapeth (greedy) to receiue  
condemned *Caitifes* into quenchlesse *fire*;  
Without *light* flaming, onely but to *griue*;  
and griue, but to *torment*, not *life* expire.

All on a flood of *Fire* shall (sinking) floate  
to cleanse them from *corruption* : n'erthelesse  
The most *corrupt*, though *scur'd*, without the *Boate*  
of *Divine safety*, sincke in deep'st *distresse*.

As high as *Water* in the *Flood* did rise,  
so high, nay, higher shall this *Fire* ascend :  
For, it shall scowre the *Planets* and the *Skies*;  
for, new must *Heav'n* and *Earth* be, in the *end*.

*Rivers*, shall partch ; *Founts*, faile ; and *Mountaines*  
fade ;  
not that their proper *substances* shall cease ;  
But all the *Vniuerse* shall then be made  
most pure, to last, eternally, in *peace*.

The *Sea*, shall *boile*, and all her scaly *Host*  
therein shall *seath* ; and floate vpon her *froth* ;  
The *Earth* vnto this *Sodde*, shall be the *Roast* ;  
and *Skie* and *Aire* shall *baste*, and *burne* them both.

Then shall the *Heav'ns* bright *Studs*, the golden *Stars*,  
drop from their *Sphaeres* ; and showre downe thicke  
as *Hails*.

With *flames* inuolu'd, like fire *Meteors* ;  
for, then shall *fire* gainst *Heav'n* and *Earth* preuaile.

The *Sunne* and *Moone* to *Bloud* (ô wonder) growne  
*boyl'ng* and *broil'ng* twixt sulphurous *Wings*,  
Shal through the glowing *aire* come whizzing down  
like to a fire-wing'd *Ball* that, flying, sings.

The names of *Heav'n* and *Earth* shall yet abide  
after their *Conflagration* ; but, they shall  
be chang'd in *Qualities*, and purifide ;  
for, both shall be much more *Celestiall*.

For, loe, the *Iudge* shall come with *flames of fire*  
in *Chariots* like a *Whirlewinds*, and shall burne  
On eu'ry side, till all things doe retire  
into themselves, and clense them in the *turne* !

Our *Sinnes* haue so the *Elements* defil'd  
that they with *Fire* must needes refin'd be :  
Nay, more ; our *sins* the *Heav'ns* themselves haue soild ;  
then melt they must, from soile to set them free.

*Sinne* all things subject made to *vanitie* ;  
then must they be dissolu'd, sith in that *veyne*  
They vnrefin'd (that's, most vnpure) doe lye,  
that so they may their first pure *flight* obtaine.

For, if the *Heav'ns*, sinne-soiled, must not stand,  
much lesse must *Man*, whom *filth* doth ouer-flow ;  
Both must be purg'd before the *Iudgement* ; and  
immortall made, to come to *Iudgement* so.

The *Subjects* of the *High'st* are *Saints* (at least)  
if so : then *Men* vn-sanctifide are none :  
Then must a *Man*, in *skew* ; in *deede*, a *Beast*,  
be made a perfect *Man*, ere he be one.

The *Citizens* of *Heav'n* are (like the *Place*)  
as pure as *pretious* : for, what enters *there*  
Must be as full of *Glory*, as of *Grace*,  
else downe it must, with *shame*, another *where*.

Then, in this *life*, how ought we minde our *ends*,  
sith on this *life* (that's counted but a *spanne*,)  
Eternitie of *weale* or *woe* depends,  
which ends the *Race* that formerly we ranne.

One *Age* doth *goe*, another *comes* ; and both  
*Time* of their *time*, at vnawares depriues ;  
*Man's* but a *Shade*, a *Vapor*, or a *Moth*,  
that straight consumes the *Time* wherein he liues.

Too like a *Torch*, whose *light* and *lasting* both  
answers his *Substance* ; and the *long'st* can last,  
But while the last *drop* of his *moisture* doth  
the least *spark* of his *glory* ouercast.

*Flesh* is but *dust*, made *durt*, with *bloud* transfus'd ;  
which with a *fillop*, or lesse *force* is spoil'd :  
And, in the *Elements* be'ing eft diffus'd,  
lies *there*, like *something*, next to *nothing*, soil'd.

The *World* (like *Ice*) is slippry, brittle, cold ;  
and, apt to melt, and quickly *shift* his *Formes* ;  
They *stand* still *fall'ng* whom he doth vphold ;  
and who goes carelesse, curelesse he enornes.

What ere it holds is *past* ; and, that's past cure :  
or *Present* ; and, that momentarie is :  
Or else it is *to come* ; and, that's vnure :  
then all it holds are nought but *salacies*.

Yet *here* (ô griefe) fond *Man* seekes sure repose ;  
eu'n *here* where *Nothing* rests but in vnrest :  
Where most men *stand* by others *ouerthrowes* ;  
and where the *worst* in *life*, in *state* are *best*.

Where *Pleasure* *paine* fore-runs ; where *life's* the *brooke*  
that glides into *Lifes Sea*, all-swallowing *DEATH* :  
(Sweete *Streames* to bitter) where *Hells* mortall *hooke*  
lies hid to hold, or draw vs vnderneath.

Like *Herods* glory that's deuour'd of *Wormes* ;  
(our constantest *companions* in the *end*)  
Wher all the smoothest *Calmes* proue roughest *storms*,  
and all in all to *wrache*, vnwares, doe bend.

Where *Princes* *Palaces* (the prid of *Cost*)  
are but rude *Earth*, which *skill* vnperfect formes :  
Their *Gold* but worst *Earths* *Marrow*, at the most ;  
and, all their daintiest *Silkes* but doun of *Wormes*.

*Riches*, but *Runnawayes* ; *Fauours*, but *byes* ;  
*good words*, meere *winde*, that lightly comes & goes :  
Where *Generation* to *Corruption* hyes ;  
and all is but a *dream* of nought but *showes*.

Such as the *end* is, such must be the *meane*  
that tends thereto ; *Corruption* is our *end* :  
Then, all that leades thereto, is most vnclane :  
so, in *uncleannesse* rise we, and descend.

This makes the *Heav'ns* so oft to drowne in Teares  
the *Earth*, defil'd by our *uncleanesse*; and  
So drown'd, as dead, she beares but dearest *yeeres*,  
or *Eares* that are as deare as is the *Land*.

So, with *remorse*, *revenge* to execute;  
so, *stroke* and *strike* at once; to make vs feeble.  
Our *dissolution*, sith so *dissolute*,  
in *love* and *ire*, that *stays* and *makes* to *reels*.

While our *Lives* *Twine* vpon the heauenly *Spheares*  
is reel'd vp strait; & *Time* (whose *turnes* they cause)  
Doth all o'turne: so, *Water* all appeares,  
which *Time* to cast downe quickly, still vp-drawes.

*Time* steals away, as he would giue the *slip*  
to all that breathe; yet, in so stealing, he  
Takes all things with him (like a fraughted *Shippe*)  
that he doth hold, when he doth (fearelesse) flee.

Vpon the *World* he steales, and, with him brings  
a world of *yeeres*, wherewith the *World* doth weare;  
As *Men* can witnesse, and all earthly *Things*:  
for, now they be but *moates* to what they were.

Those she produc'd when she was in her youth,  
were *Ceders* to these *shrubs*: for, she was then  
In her full vigour; and gaue greater growth  
to all she bare; for, *Giants* were her *Men*.

None otherwise then as a *Wife* in yeeres,  
beares none so goodly *Children* as in youth;  
No more this *World* (now ouer-aged) beares  
such as in youth she did, for *Grace* nor *growth*.

She *Giants* brought in youth; but now she ages  
she beares but *Pigmies*, men that scarce appeare;  
Too little to be *Pages* to their *Pages*  
that first she bare; which shewes her *end* is neere.

And so say all that strictly doe obserue  
*Divine* and *Humane* Writings, and the State  
Of all things *past* and *present*; which doe serue  
for *signes* and *demonstrations* of her *date*.

Within *six* *dayes* *God* made the *Vniuerse*,  
a thousand *yeeres* with whom is but a *day*:  
Then it is thought such *six* *dayes* shall reuerse  
his *six* *dayes* *Workes*, that moues but, so, to *stay*.

But, for th' *Elect*, the *foot* of this *Account*  
shall be cut off; then, now the *end* appeares:  
For, all the *passèd yeeres* doe neere amount  
to those *six* *dayes*, that made so many *yeeres*.

The *Worlds* *Parts* are decald (as doth appeare)  
*Etna*, *Parnassus*, and *Olympus* too  
Are not so eminent as erst they were;  
and all that's *done*, seemes quite now to *vndoe*.

Now swels the *Sea*, where erst faire *Cities* stood;  
so, where *Men* walkt, now huge *Sea-monsters* swim:  
And, where the *Earth* was couer'd with her *Floud*,  
now *Citties* stand, vnneere the *Oceans* Brim.

*Hils* suncke, *Flouds* dride, the *Planets* lose their force,  
and *Plants* their vertue; yea, the totall Frame  
Of *Nature's* out of frame: the *Sunne* in's *course*  
is out of course, with age suncke in the same:

For, since the dayes of *Ptolomey* it's found  
many *degrees* more nigh the *Earth* he stoupes:  
So, like an aged *Drunkard*, runneth round,  
till flat he fall: for, more and more he droupes.

The *Artiche* and th' *Antarticke* *Poles* shall wracke  
the *Climes* they couer: and the *Hoast* of *Heav'n*  
Shall ioyn their *Forces* to breake *Natures* Backe;  
and, all confuse to which was *Order* giu'n.

Th' *Astrologers* will haue it end, when all  
the *Starres* possesse their first place in their *Spheares*,  
Which *Platos* *yeere* they stile: the *Hebrew* *Caball*  
will haue it but endure *six* thousand *yeeres*.

Whereto agree *Elias* *Oracles*  
and many a sacred *Saints*, of *times* more late:  
Which *Seers* saw them through the *Spectacles*  
of *Heav'n*-holpe *Gheses*, cleare as most *elate*!

The *World* shall last (say they) two thousand *yeeres*  
without the *Law*: two thousand *yeeres* within:  
Two thousand vnder *Grace*: and then appeares  
the *God* of *Grace*, to cleare the *World* of *Sinnes*.

Then thou that sleep'st (my drowsie *Soule*) awake;  
pray, and be sober; watch, the *end* is neere:  
*Sinnes* fruit full ripe, the *Kirmels* ne'er so black,  
and *Iustice* *Sunne* beginnes eu'n hot t' appeare.

That there shall be a *Iudgement* generall  
the *most* beleuee; heau'ns *Oracles* affirme;  
*Divines* auerre; the *Sybils* too; and all  
the ancient *Poets* constantly confirme.

Then shall the *Creatures* showt, the *Angels* call,  
the *Trumpets* sound, and all *Men*, dead, arise:  
Then shall the *God* of *IUSTICE* sentence all;  
yea, be they *Pow'rs* or *Principalities*!

This *Sentence* shall be strict, and shall condemne  
the *Ill* to *Hell*, where *Paine*, itselfe, exceeds.  
(For, when it meanest is, it's most extreme)  
and where the *Worme* that gnawes the *Conscience*  
breedes.

And all, for euer! Euer! that is it,  
that makes *All* most *intollerable*: for,  
It *Sense* confounds, with griefe; distracts the *Wit*;  
and which selfe-*Patience* cannot but abhorre.

Which to the *Atheist* seemes impossible,  
that *Bodies* so infirme, so soone destroid,  
Should euer brooke such *Paines* immensable,  
and not consume; yea, vterly made volde.

Whereto if it be said, th' *Almighty* will  
at last, raise *bodies* from defect so cleare  
That (cleare'd so) they shall continue still;  
and all *Hels* *wasting* *woes*, vnworne, shall beare!

Yea, *Soules* (though incorporeall) shall, the while,  
of true materiall Fire be pain'd still ;  
How ere it makes our *Humane Reason* reele,  
yet he can doo't, that *can* doe what he will.

For, they shall deeme they in their *Bodies* be ;  
and feele all *Torments* comprehensible :  
For, *Soules* then *Bodies* better *fee*le and *see*  
sith by them onely, *Flesh* is sensible.

As when we dreame, without our *Bodies* we  
deeme vs within ; sith *Sense* vs not forsakes :  
Nay, without *Eares* and *Eyes* we *heare* and *see*,  
more liuely farre, then when our *Sense* awakes :

So, doe the damn'd suppose they in their *Flesh*  
doe suffer ; that but suffer in their *Sp'rit*,  
Sith *Sense* in them so *liuely* is, and *fresh*,  
in entertaining *Dolor* or *Delight*.

Which in the *Fount* of *Truth* doth cleare appeare :  
for, *Dines* had a *Tongue* that was enflam'd  
As he suppos'd ; though but his *Soule* it were :  
but *Atheists* will not know this till th' are damn'd.

For, they except against *Divinitie*,  
*Religion*, *Faith* ; and onely doe appeale  
To *Reason*, *Sense*, and fraile *Humanitie*,  
which ne'erthelesse this veiled *Truth* reueale.

For prooffe whereof ; the *Salamander* lyes  
and liues in *fire*, which he desires to touch ;  
Yea, most is ioyde when most therein he fries ;  
for, hee's most cold, and cooles the *fire* as much.

The *Adamant* ; yea, *Gold* itselfe, if pure,  
endures all force of *fire*, and ne'er doth waste :  
Shall *Stones* and *Metals* then, the *Fire* endure,  
and shall mans *flesh* refinde, in *Fire*, not last ?

A *Peacocks* *flesh*, though dead, corrupteth neuer ;  
(try it who list) and shall it still remaine,  
And *Mans* *flesh*, made by *Death* to last for euer,  
not last ? it shall, though it still liue in *paine* !

*Lime* in itselfe bath *fire* ; yet weares it not :  
and when it's *kill'd*, it's *quickned* ; then, shall we  
Say *Flesh* reuiu'd must waste, if still too hot,  
when *Death*, as from his death, from it doth flee ?

By *Water* that doth coole all other *Heates*,  
the *Lime* is fir'd ; but poure some *Oyle* thereon,  
(Though *Oyle* feedes *fire*) it neyther burnes, nor sweates,  
but rests as cold as any other *Stone* !

If then the nature of quicke-*Lime* be such  
as *Fire* to hold, and yet not dye with it ;  
Why should not *flesh* immortall, doe as much,  
when it's enabled by *Pow'r* infinite ?

Some *Salt* in *Sicily*, cast in the *fire*,  
straight melts to *Water* ; and, in *Water* throwne,  
Crackles like *Fire* : ô ! who can then aspire  
to know the *Cause*, that yet was neuer knowne ?

Th' *Arcadian Asbest*, being once enflam'd,  
will ne'er be quencht : but, lasts an endlesse flame :  
Then why not those that endlessly are damn'd,  
being made *immortall* to endure the same ?

And in *Epyrus* is a *Fount*, wherein  
a *Torch* may lighted be, and quenched too :  
If these *things* are, and more, more strange haue *bin*,  
why should we thinke but *God* can stranger doe ?

Before *Mans* fall, he could not dye ; for, *Death*  
came by his *Fall* : Then, cannot that high *Pow'r*  
That fashion'd him of *nought*, and gaue him *Breath*,  
make him, re-made, eternally endure ?

The *Wonders* which he workes continually,  
are not admir'd, sith they *familiar* be :  
For, *Admiration's* dull'd by *frequency* ;  
else should we wonder at *what* still we see.

The *Face* of *mankinde* wer't not *uniforme*,  
*men* could not be from *beasts* discern'd and shewne :  
And yet had *All*, in all *respects*, one *Forme*  
One from another hardly could be knowne.

Thus, *Likeness* with great *Difference* rests, we see,  
in one selfe *Thing* ; which for such *common* are  
We ne'er *admire* them ; but we muse when we  
see but two *Faces* like : for, that is rare !

And at the *Load-stone* we doe wonder lesse,  
that *nail* by *nail*, doth many *nailles* vphold,  
By *touching* but the *first* ; yet sith it is  
so common, we admire not ; as we should.

I might be endlesse in recounting such  
most strange *Effects*, whereof no *Cause* is knowne :  
Then were it *madnesse* not to grant as much  
*Pow'r* to th' *Almightie* as to *Natures* *Crowne*.

No : he hath said *It*, by whose onely *WORD*  
all *is* that *is* : and *All* hath made of *nought* :  
Whose *Power* is Infinite ; which can accord  
*Repugnancies* themselues, but with a *Thought* !

For, there is nothing that doth argue *Pow'r*,  
but he can doe it : what he cannot doe  
Is *fraile*, *inglorious*, *base*, and most *impure* ;  
else can he *doe* it, and *vndoe* it too !

If *Gods* *Prerogative* were crusht so close  
that he no more then *Man* hath *pow'r* t'effect ;  
How were he *God* ? nay, *God* himselfe he shoves  
in that his *Workes* farre passe our *Intellect* !

Then, let's beleeeue, *Omnipotence* can *speake*  
no *Word* it cannot *doe* ; howe'er to vs  
It seemes *impossible* : for, we are weake,  
and weakly iudge of hard things to discusse.

But, let vs rest on that ne'er-failing *WORD*,  
nay, so put vp our *Rest* that eu'n our *Soules*  
Yea, all our *All* may thereby be assur'd,  
in so faire *Hazard* that no *Chance* controules.

For, should we rest but on those restlesse *Stayes*  
that *Reason* (betraid by *sense*) erects, we shall  
But rest on that's betrayed, and betrayes :  
so, in right *sense* and *Reason*, needes must fall.

But say there were no *rising* after *Death* :  
by vertuous life, what *doe* or can we lose,  
But spend our *Time* in gaining longer breath :  
for, *Vertue* (Lifes foes) *Passions* doth repose ?

And if there were no *Hell* to punish *sinne*,  
yet we, in *Reason*, should not sinne ; sith it  
Is so obseane ; and thereby nought we winne  
but selfe-condemning of our *Will* and *Wit*.

But we that doe beleue we eft shall *rise*,  
haue great *aduantage* of the *rest* : for we  
Haue *what* they haue (though fewer *vanities*)  
and, by our *faith*, in case farre better be.

For, if there be another *Life* than this,  
wherein all *weale* or *woe* we must sustaine ;  
Then, by *Good workes*, and *Faith*, we shall haue *blisse* :  
but faithlesse men all *labour* for their *paine*.

For, impious *Atheists* take more paines for *Hell*,  
tiring themselues with *ioyes* that vexe their *Sp'rits*,  
Then pious men, still praying in their *Cell*,  
doe take for *Heau'n* ; for, that the *Sp'rit* delights.

Deare *Lord*, then so dispose my *Wit* and *Will*  
that I may rest vpon thy *Word*, which makes  
Me blest ; and worke, in rest, thereafter still  
with more delight then *Sense* in *pleasure* takes.

In sacred *Raptures* take my *Soule* to thee ;  
and, her embrace with *kisse* of endlesse *Peace* :  
That being so familiar still with mee,  
I, at thy *Dooome*, may hopefull be through *these*.

That though the horror of that *day* be such  
as may all *Sense* confound with *fear*, past *fear* ;  
Yet may I *hope* (though yet I *fear* too much)  
thou wilt not damne *him* whom thou heldst so dear.

Meanwhile, so binde my *Sense* with *vertues* bands,  
that it may neuer moue, but as she shall  
*Loose* or *restraine* it ; or, thy sacred *Hands* ;  
all whose *restraints* are free from *paine*, or *fall* !

And let that *Trump* (as with a *Saint* it did)  
still in the *Organ* of my *hearing* sound  
That shall to *Iudgement* call both *quicke* and *dead* :  
that so I euer may be ready found.

For, yet I doe but doate on false *Delights*,  
*Delights* ? alas ! that *stile* they ill sustaine,  
Though *false* be added : for, they vexe the *Sp'rits*  
of all that taste them : so they are but *paine*.

Vncharme the *Charmes* then, of these grieuous *ioyes*,  
that still allure my *sense* of them to taste ;  
And let my *pleasure* be in all *annoyes*,  
for, thy deare *Loue*, vntill I breath my last.

For, were I *here* to liue as many a *yeere*,  
as *yeeres* haue *moments* in extreame *annoy* ;  
Yet it vnworthy of *Heau'n's* glory were,  
sith it is infinite in *time*, and *ioy*.

But now, by *Nature* (though it should extend  
my life beyond my life) I cannot last,  
Longer then one that's making now his end :  
for, my *best* part of life, long since, is past.

My *best* (said I)  $\delta$  shame ! if so it were,  
I should dispaire ; or, if I did not so,  
I should be franticke with distracting *fear*,  
that my *best* time in *madnesse* did bestow.

But Thou that of the *worst* canst make the *best*,  
make this my *worst* time *best* ; my *later* Age  
Make better then my *first* : for, I detest  
to thinke on That so *fond*, so full of *rage*.

Let me *relapse* no more, in *word*, nor *deede*,  
*Relapses* more doe vexe me then my *sinne* :  
And yet my *sinnes* still make my *Conscience* bleede :  
but my *Relapses* ranckle still therein.

*Relaps* in *sickness*, *fleshes* death doth threat ;  
*Relaps* in *Heresie*, the death of *Sp'rit* ;  
In *Error*, it makes *falsehood* hugely great ;  
and so in *sinne* it makes it infinite !

In *Grace* (sweet Sauour) there is neuer *stay*,  
a *Progresse* or a *Regresse* still there is :  
But from a *Regresse* let me euer stray,  
although thereby I goe about to *blisse*.

What bootes it me to *day* to fight with *sinnes*,  
if I to *morrow* follow *Sathans* Flagge ?  
It is th' vnweari'd *fighter* glory winnes ;  
the weary, but base *Baggage* and the *Bagge*.

Then let the dreadfull *day* of mine *Accounts*  
be so annex vnto my *Heart* and *Braine*  
As if they were one *Essence*, and the *founts*  
of *teares* (mine *Eyes*) still farre out-flow the *Maine* !

And fixe mine *Eyes* still on my Mother *Earth*,  
to minde from whence I came, and where I must.  
Or else on *Heau'n* (from whence my *Soule* had *birth*)  
but looke on no meane *Things* for them to lust,

Although such *Continence* be not without  
their outward spight, that *Vertue* inly Hate :  
For, when we first, to liue well, goe about,  
w' are crost and recrost by the *Reprobate*.

As thy deare *Servant* (walking on the *Maine*,  
vpon thy bidding) fainted (when he saw  
A sodaine *Gust* make rough th' *Oceans* *Plaine*)  
inuokt thy help, neare sincking through that *Flaw*.

So, in this World, a Sea of *woes* and *spight*,  
thou bidst vs come to thee ; but as wee hie,  
Huge Stormes of *troubles* threat to sinke vs quite ;  
then helpe we craue, with *fear*, at point to dye.

Yet *Constant Lord*, let me no more *relapse*,  
no more, no more, once more would kill me quite ;  
Rather then so, let thy fierce *Thunder-claps*  
dash me to *dust*, so thou receive my *sp'rit* :  
But let my *sp'rit* howe'er I dye (deare Lord)  
Wade through thy deepest *Iudgements* on thy *Word*.

*The Sinner acknowledges and admires  
his owne frailtie : desiring Grace  
and strength to stand in Vertue,  
and with-stand Vice.*

**A**ffliction still lyes heauie on my *Soule*,  
which makes her stupid, dry, and dull to pray ;  
Then ( *Lord* ) vnlesse thou doe her *pow'r* controule,  
shee needs must sinke to *Hell* beneath her *sway*.

O *Sinne* (that with high Hand dost hurle so low)  
thou art sole *Cause* of this so bad *Effect* :  
Thou *NOTHING*, that dost all *things* ouerthrow  
not staid by *Grace*, why dost me thus delect ?

O had I beene abortiue, and dead-borne ;  
or, if not so, the *Font* had reft my *breath* :  
Then had I made a *quicke* and *safe* returne,  
that now must passe in perill to my death !

I can but sinne, then *Iustice* can but scourge ;  
so, *Sinne* and *Scourges*, wheeling, o'er me goe :  
Yea, *Sinne* being quiet, I it oft doe vrge ;  
so, on me, with it, pull a *World* of woe.

Lord ! what am I, that am so rarely fraile ?  
that can doe *nothing* : that is, *sinne* I can :  
For, *Sinne* is *Nothing* ; yet, it doth preuaile  
against me, *Something* : that is, marres a *Man* !

When I doe minde the strange *Austeritie*,  
familiar with some (reclus'd from this life)  
The *watching*, *praying*, *fasting*, *charitie*,  
the *figh*ts with *Flesh*, with *Sinne*, the endlesse *strife*,

I am *amas'd* with *wonder* ; *grieu'd* with *shame* ;  
nay, waighing theirs with mine, my *conscience* bleeds  
To see the ods : O fie, I am to blame,  
to call it *ods*, sith it all *ods* exceeds !

For *white* and *blake* doe farre lesse disagree  
then *theirs* and *mine* : mine being, lightly, *darke* ;  
Theirs, darkly, *light* ; and lights the *darke* to see :  
*notorious* I, for *sinne* ; they, *Saints* of *marke*.

So that I am confounded but to minde  
the *ods* (surmounting *ods*) betweene the *two* :  
For, in my selfe, with *Pride*, all *ill* I finde ;  
in them all *good*, and yet most humble too.

Then, sith *Comparisons* are but too blame  
betweene things so repugnant (for, they doe  
But shew the *ods* vnto the *worsers* shame)  
I will forbear, and beare the blemish too.

For, all reproch (though infinite it were)  
comes short of endlesse *sinne*, in foule offence :  
Then, may I well that *All* (as *nothing*) beare,  
which Centers but my *sinnes* Circumference !

For, weake as *frailtie* is my strongest *force*  
in fight with *vices*, and in *ghostly* warres :  
At best no better then a liuing *Corse* ;  
and *that* the *Vrue* that but my *Soule* interres !

I fight, but faint, the first *Incounter* trying ;  
yet, oft by standing on my strength too much  
I quite am foild, that might haue foild by *flying* :  
such is my *rashnesse*, and my *weakenesse* such.

If I o'ercome, (as seldome so I doe)  
my *spirit* growes *proud*, and *confident* withall :  
So *this* farre worse then *that* doth me vndoe ;  
for *spirituall* *pride* still takes the lowest *fall*.

But, when I fall, thy help ( *Lord* ) I inuoke,  
to raise me : rais'd, I fall to worsen *ill* :  
So seeme but *leane* to craue, (though it I cloke)  
but still to *fall*, and to be *rais'd* still.

But to thee ( *knower* of all *thoughts* ) it's knowne  
such *Boones* are *sinnes* that beg but leaue to *sinne* :  
My *Boones* no better be ; for, being downe,  
I craue to rise by *Grace*, to fall *therein*.

And though my *Prayers* aime at no such *end*,  
yet, in the *end* (sith I but *rise* and *fall*)  
It seemes I did but by the same intend  
to make my selfe thy *Mercies* *Racket-ball*.

Which falling hardest, highest doth rebound ;  
but, to doe *ill*, that *good* thereof might rise,  
Is *ill*, so ill, as may the *Soule* confound ;  
then, all that *good* in *Soule*-confounding, lies.

To sinne of purpose, but to make vs meeke,  
augments the fault ; for, tis presumptuous *Sinne* :  
And who, by Error, Heau'nly *Truth* shall seeke,  
shall lose her quite, and *Hell*, with *Error*, winne.

Then, Lord of *Truth*, when I haue tane a *fall*,  
let me desire to *rise*, to *fall* no more :  
So though thou bandy me from *wall* to *wall*,  
yet, keepe me vp, at least, with beating sore.

And, if, by *weakenesse*, I shall sometimes slippe,  
so stay me then, that downe I fall not quite :  
Let me, at *most* (if so at *least*) but *trippe* ;  
then, take the faster footing through thy *might*.  
So shall I praise that *Pow'r* that stayes me so ;  
And, euer overcome an *Ouerthrow*.



THE  
DOLEFVLL DOVE:

OR,

*Dauids 7. Penitentiall Psalmes ;  
somewhere paraphrastically  
turned into Verse.*

Domine ne in furore. *Psal. 6.*

*When Dauid by his sinnes had prouoked Gods wrath ;  
and now felt, not onely his hand against him, but  
also conceiueth the horrors of death euermlasting, he  
desireth fornesse, bewailing that if God tooke him  
away in his indignation, he shall lacke occasion to  
praise him as hee was wont to doe, whiles he was  
among men. Then, sodainely feeling Gods mercie,  
he sharply rebuketh his enemies, which reioyced in  
his affliction.*

**I**N thy iust rage (deare Lord) reprove me not :  
(for, iust it is, sith so vniust I am)  
Nor chasten me when thy fierce *Wrath* is hot,  
lest I should be extinguisht yer the *Flame*.

Let thy strong *Grace* against my *Weaknesse* stand ;  
(thy *Grace* so strong, as it vpholdeth *All*)  
And heale me (Lord) with thine all-helping *Hand* :  
for, eu'n my *bones* are bruised with my fall.

My *Soule's* afflicted more then *griefes* afflict :  
(for *griefes* but *paine* ; but this doth quite vndo)  
Then Lord, how long shall I (a poore *Relict*)  
endure these *plagues*, that *paine* and *paine* me too ?

O turne thy now auerted *Face*, to mee  
(to me that *fades* as *flowres* for want of *Sunne*)  
And let my *Soule* be safe, and sau'd by thee,  
through *Grace*, that hath to thee most *glory* wonne :

For *Deaths* fell *torments* are so violent,  
that they constraîne the *Sense* to minde but *them* :  
Who then in *Hell*, through hellish discontent,  
can once but minde thee, in such *paines* extreame ?

My *sorrow* hath my *Soule* so ouer-fed,  
that it conuerts mine *Eyes* to *founts* of *Teares* :  
For, eu'ry night in *teares* I rince my *Bed*,  
and drowne my *Couch* in *streames* of *griefes* & *feares*.

Mine *Eyes* are so o'ercast with *clouds* of *Cares*,  
that they see nought, but through those *Water-  
streames* :

My *beauty's* gone, while I away do weare,  
among my *Foes*, and these confus'd *extreames*.

But yet I feele thy *Grace* (Lord) worke with me :  
then leaue me, leaue me, yee too idle *Crue*,  
That yet still worke, but worke iniquitie ;  
for, God hath seeme my *Teares*, and heard me rue.

You are my *Foes*, that (yet) would seeme my *friends* ;  
but *Foe-like friends*, and all mine *enemies*  
God will cut off by diuers fearefull ends ;  
and soone confound you, and your *Trecheries*.

To God the *Father*, *Sonne*, and *Holy Ghost*,  
three *Persons*, and one God ; all glory be ;  
As it was, is, and shall be in each *Coast*,  
throughout all *worlds* in all *eternitie*.

Beati quorum. *Psal. 32.*

Dauid punished with grievous sickness for his sins,  
counteth them blessed, to whom God doth not impute  
their transgressions. And, after that he had con-  
fessed his sins and obtained pardon, he exhorteth  
the wicked men to liue godly ; and the good to reioyce.

**M**ost blest are they (howeuer curst they be)  
whose *Crimes* out of Gods *Note-Booke* cleane are  
crost ;



Whose *sins* are couer'd so with *Clemencie*,  
that they are hid ; so, seeme they to be lost.

And blest is he to whom the *God of Grace*  
imputes no *Sinnes*; (for, so he shall be cleare  
Howe'er defil'd) and in whose *sp'rit* no base  
deceit, shall once so much as but appeare.

For, while I held my peace (that caus'd my Warre ;  
for *Death* with *Silence* in such *passion* striues)  
My bodies *Propps* (my *Bones*) consumed are  
while all the day I grone in *Sorrows* *Giues*.

For, *day* and *night* thy *Hand* (great *God*) doth lye  
like *Lead* vpon my weaknesse : who haue bin  
Conuerted into selfe-*Calamitie*,  
whiles the *Thorne* prickt me (or, my stinging sin).

But, lo, my faults to thee I haue reueal'd,  
& haue not clockt my *crimes*, which thou dost hide :  
But I confesse those *Sinnes*, thou hast conceal'd  
sith my *misdeedes* shall (so) be iustifide.

Thus shall each pious person pray to thee  
in fitting time (yer *Mercies* Gate be sparr'd)  
But when the *Inundations* swelling be  
of many *Waters*, they from Him are barr'd.

My fence (ô Lord) lies onely in thy Hands,  
when troubles me assaile with fiercest woe :  
Then ô preserue me from the impious *Bands*  
that me inclose, in death to close me so.

I will saist thou (deare *Sweete*) instruct thee still,  
and guide thee in thy way (ô honied *Words*)  
Thine *Eye* (thou saist) shall me defend from *ill*,  
and watch to guard me from my *foe-mens* Swords.

Then be, ô be not like an *Horse* or *Mule*,  
that are as *rude* as *vniintelligent* :  
Lord, *bridle* them, thy *Snaffe* will not rule,  
till they be rul'd, or else be made repent.

The *Plagues* are great (most great) and manifold,  
that doe the *Sinner* euermore attend ;  
But who with Hands of *Hope* on *God* layes hold,  
his boundlesse Mercy him will comprehend.

In Him therefore (yee *Righteous*) still be glad ;  
(for, he in Griefe still glads the righteous *Soule*)  
Exult all ye, that for your *Sinnes* are sad ;  
and all true *Hearts*, that stoupe to his controule.

To *God* the *Father* glory be therefore,  
and to the *Sonne*, and their coequall *Spirit*,  
As it was, is, and shall be euermore  
*World* without end : for, they are *infinite* !

#### Domine ne in furore. *Psal.* 38.

Dauid lying sicke of some grievous disease ; acknow-  
ledgath himselfe to be chastised of *God* for his *sinnes*,  
and therefore prayeth *God* to turne away his wrath.

*He uttereth the greatnesse of his griefes by many  
words and circumstances : as, wounded with the  
arrowes of Gods ire, forsaken of his friends, enuill  
intreated of his enemies. But in the end, with firme  
confidence he commendeth his cause to God, and  
hopeth for speedy help at his hand.*

L Ord checke me not, vntill thy *rage* be past,  
nor chastise me in thine incens'd *Ire* ;  
For, in my *Flesh* thy *Shafts* are fix'd fast ;  
and thy *Hand* quells me, that would faine aspire.

Thy *Wrath* hath fill'd my *Flesh* with all annoy,  
(for, *Sinne's* the *sore* ; the *salve*, *sore-sickness* is : )  
And, in my *bones* I can no rest enioy,  
because their Marrow them hath mou'd amisse.

For mine ambitious *Sinnes* climbe o'er my *Head*,  
and, as a breake-necke *Burden*, me oppresse :  
My *wounds* (which they haue made) with *filth* are fed,  
and rankled sore, through my worse *foolishnesse*.

I am made crooked vnderneath this *load*,  
deform'd, and wretched ; yea, it breakes my backe :  
So, all the day with griefe I make abroad,  
or mourning goe, as those that comfort lacke.

For, (ah) my loynes, that lodg'd but *Sinne* before,  
now harbour nought but restlesse *Malady* :  
No health is in my flesh ; for, all is sore :  
so sore that anguish makes me (roaring) cry.

But, Lord, thou know'st the *Summe* of my *desires*,  
because my *Plaints*, still tell it in thine *eares* ;  
My *Heart* is vext, my *strength* from me retires ;  
nay, more, mine *Eyes* are blinded with my *teares*.

My friends (in *shew*, when thou didst fauour me)  
like foes (in *deed*) now me (poore me) withstand :  
Nay, those, in bloud that were my neerest, be  
now furthest off ; and lend nor *heart* nor *hand*.

And they that seeke my life, lay *Traps* to take  
that life ; or (at the least) me to vndoe :  
And but of *guile* and *spoil* they euer speake ;  
and put in practise what they speake of too.

But I (poore I) as deafe, would nothing heare :  
(for poore Soules must not hear what must-offend)  
And, as one dumbe, I still my selfe did beare,  
that gaue no more *reproofes* then *eare* did lend.

Yet is my hope in thee that hearest all  
my *sighes* and *groanes*, sith they increase for *Sinne*.  
Then let mine *Enemies* ne'er see my fall ;  
who, when I doe but trip, triumph therein.

I am at point to perish ; and my *Woes*  
and cause thereof, I euer beare in minde :  
For, I, with griefe, confesse mine *ouerthrowes*,  
that lost thy *Grace*, which now I seeke to finde,

But, still my *Foes* doe liue, and strong are made,  
strong in their *friends*, their *places*, *purse* and *armes*,  
And they that hate me (*causelesse*) and inuade  
me (*forcelesse*) many be ; the more my *harmes*.

They (monsters) likewise, that doe *ill* for good  
oppose me still, sith *goodnesse* I ensue :  
Then, haste thee (Lord) to help me (so withstood)  
and leaue me not among this cursèd crue.

To God the *Father* (which we doe adore)  
and to the *Sonne*, and to their blessed *Spirit*,  
All glory be, as it was heretofore,  
*is* and still shall be through *Worlds* infinite.

Miserere mei Deus. *Psal.* 51.

When Daud was rebuked by the Prophet Nathan for  
his great offences, he did not onely acknowledge the  
same to God, with protestation of his naturall cor-  
ruption and iniquitie, but also left a memoriall  
thereof to his posteritie. Therefore first he desireth  
God to forgive his sinnes, and to renew in him his  
holy Spirit ; with promise that he will not be un-  
mindfull of those great graces. Finally, fearing  
lest God would punish the whole Church for his  
fault, he requirèth that he would rather increase  
his graces toward the same.

Great God of Gods (whose *Merry* is as great)  
haue mercy on me (wretch) whose *Sin* exceeds ;  
Yet after thy *compassion* so compleate,  
wash out the blots of my too foule *misdeedes*.

O cleanse me from the filth of mine offence,  
that rankles in my *Conscience*, all defilde  
With all that may deprave both *Soule* and *Sense* ;  
that (purged) I may to thee be reconcil'd :

For, I acknowledge mine *iniquitie*,  
sith still my *Sinne's* the object of my sight ;  
And, by the pow'r of mine *impiety*,  
I wrong thy *grace* and still impugne thy *Spirit*.

Against thee onely I in *sinne* abide,  
and done what doth condemne me in thy sight ;  
That in thy *Words* thou maist be iustifide,  
and ouercome when thou art iudg'd vnright.

For, nought but *wickednesse* prepar'd the way  
to my *conception* ; which to worse did passe ;  
Then, ere I was, I stood at sinfull stay ;  
and, when I fell to *Being*, worser was.

This (Lord) is true ; confessing which, doth moue  
thy *Grace* to me thy *Wisdomes* (hid) to show :  
Then sprinkle me with *Isop*, in thy *Loue* ;  
and so, I shall be whiter farre than *Snow*.

Vnto mine *Eares* (inured but to heare  
what *Eares* corrupts) thou shalt but *Ioy* object :  
So shall the *bones*, which by thee broken were,  
reioyce ; and, *sinne*, wherein it loy'd, reiect.

O then from my foule *sinnes* thy *Face* auert ;  
and wash me from the filth they cast on me ;  
In me create an vndefiled *Heart*,  
with such a *spirit* as may be iust to thee.

And cast me not, O cast me not away  
out of the *Way* still brightned by thy *beames* ;  
Nor, from me take thy *Spirit*, my *Guide* and *Stay*,  
in hardest passages of all *Extremes*.

Restore to me the *gladnesse* of thy *blisse* ;  
and, with thy chiefest *Spirit*, still strengthen me ;  
Then those Ile teach that now thy *wayes* doe misse :  
so, *Sinners* shall conuerted be to thee.

Saue me from *bloud*, that *vengeance* doth implore ;  
so shall my *Tongue* thy *Iustice* highly raise :  
But more thy *Mercy*, sith it glads me more.  
Then, ope my *Lips*, and they shall shew thy *praise*.

Had'st thou desired *Sacrifice*, I had  
offer'd it to thee ; but, thou tak'st delight  
In no burnt *Offerings* ; but, art euer glad  
to take the *Offer* of a contrite *Spirit*.

A Broken *Heart*, with sorrow but for *Sinne*,  
thou wilt, nor canst thou, for thy *Word*, despise ;  
Then, let mine, broken so, thy *Mercy* win ;  
and, from it still auert thine *Angers Eyes*.

With *Sion*, O deale gently ; that the *Walls*  
of raz'd *Ierusalem* rebuilt may be ;  
And still withstand *Hells* fiery darts, and *Bals*,  
to keepe thy *Foes* out, onely but for thee.

Then shalt thou take the *Sacrifice* in gree,  
of *Iustice* in thy *Mercy* ; then, shall they  
Offer *Oblations* still in flames to thee ;  
and *Calues* vpon thine holy *Altar* lay.

To God the *Father*, praise and glory be ;  
and to the *Sonne*, and to their blessed *Spirit* ;  
(A *Trinitie* in strictest *Vnitie*)  
as it was, is, and shall be infinite.

Domine exaudi. *Psal.* 102.

It seemeth that this Prayer was appointed to the faith-  
full to pray in the Captiuitie of Babilon. A Con-  
solation for the building of the Church : whereof  
followeth the praise of God to be published vnto all  
Posteritie. The Conuersion of the Gentiles : and,  
the stabilitie of the Church.

Attend my *Prayer* (Lord) and let my *Cry*  
ascend to thee, from whom all *grace* descends :  
From my distresse turne not thy *Mercies Eye*,  
but bowe thine *Eare* to me, that downward bends.

When e'er I call, make answer ; for, my *dayes*  
like Vapor vanish ; and, my parchèd *bones*  
Waxe weake and dry, as is the flame that playes  
about the *Snuffe*, at point to quench at ones.

Th' hast smitten me (as Grasse by Lightning smit)  
so that my Heart is wither'd quite away :  
And through my griefe, for that, I further it :  
for, I forget to eate, for *Natures* stay.

And through my groning *voice*, my *bones*, that burne,  
to my consuming *flesh*, will hardly cleaue :  
And, like a *Pelican* alone, I mourne :  
or, like an *Owle* I lue, while life I leaue.

I weare out Time in strictest vigilance,  
and, as a *Sparrow*, on the Houses Crest,  
I sit alone ; to minde my sinnes mischance :  
so (idly) resting in the most vnrest.

The while my Foes (backbiting) me reule ;  
yea, he that praised me, against me swears :  
But I, as Bread, did *Ashes* eate the while ;  
and still my Drinke did mingle with my *Teares*.

Because thy *Wrath* grew hot against my *sinne* :  
for, thou hast rais'd me vp, to cast me downe :  
My *dayes* are past, as if they ne'er had bin ;  
and (like *Hay* wither'd) I from thee am mowne.

But thou (immortall *Spirit*) dost still endure ;  
And thy Memoriall euer lasts in *prime* :  
Thou shalt arise, and downe thy *Mercies* poure  
(by *showers*) on *Sion*, in this *promis'd* time.

For, eu'n the *Stones* of that faire *Edifice*  
delight thy *Servants* ; and her sacred *Ground*  
They pittie, as they doe her preiudice,  
which with the sharpest griefe their hearts doth wound.

So shall the *Heathen* feare thine awfull *NAME* ;  
and, all the *Kings* on Earth thy *glory* feare :  
For, *Sions* Fabricke thou dost still re-frame,  
and in thy fullest *Glory* shalt appeare.

Our *Lord* the prayers of the *mecke* approues,  
and not dispise their *Suites*, in wretched case :  
So *future times* to write *this*, *this* doth moue,  
that *Babes* vnborne, may praise this *God of Grace*.

Who, from his high as holy *Place*, doth vaile  
his *Eyes* to *Earth* (whereon they still remaine)  
To heare poore Captiues plaints, and such as waile ;  
and, loose the *Sonnes* of them (vnjustly) slaine.

That they in *Sion* should diuulge his *NAME* ;  
and in *Ierusalem* his earned *Praise* :  
Yea, in th' *Assemblies* celebrate the same,  
when *Kings* consorted, sing sweet *Sions* *Layes*.

He, in the way of his great *pow'r* and *grace*,  
hath answer'd them : but, shew (Lord) shew to me,  
How long or short shall be my mortall Race ;  
that so, for thee, I still may ready be.

And take me not, O take me not away,  
(at vnwares) yer halfe my *Dayes* be done :  
As for thy *yeeres* they stand still at a stay ;  
but mine more swift then *thought* away doe runne.

In the *Beginning*, thou the *Earth* didst found,  
the highest *Heauens* thy glorious *Hands* did reare :  
But they shall perish ; thou, continue sound  
while they waxe old, and like a Garment weare.

And, as a Vesture, thou shalt change their *Frame*,  
and they shall changed be ; but thou, alone  
Dost still continue *One*, and aye the *same* :  
whose yeeres remaine the *same*, and euer *One* !

Thy Seruants *sonnes* inhabit shall the *Land*,  
their *seede* shall be directed in thy *Wayes* :  
And while they walke therein, they fixt shall stand  
in *Heau'n* and *Earth* to celebrate thy praise.

To God the *Father* then, all glory be ;  
t' his *Sonne*, and to their *Spirit*, which wee adore ;  
(Coequall in their *Essence* and *Degree*)  
as it was, is, and shall be evermore.

### De profundis clamaui. Psal. 130.

*The people of God, from their bottomlesse misery, doe cry vnto God, and are heard. They confesse their sins, and flye vnto Gods mercy.*

From depth of *Griefe* (wherein my Soule doth lye)  
I doe and will (deare Lord) still call on thee :  
Then, let thine *eares* attend mine inward Cry,  
and, listen to my Prayers, and to me.

If thou fraile *Flesh* wilt call to strict account,  
what *flesh* and *bloud*, then, in thy sight shall stand ?  
But *Mercy* is with thee, as in the *Fount* :  
then, I expect thy *Mercies* *Helping-hand*.

My Soule vpon the *Faith*, which thou hast plight,  
hath euer staid ; and still doth hope in thee ;  
Then from the *Morning-watch*, till that of *Night*,  
let *Israel* still relie on Thee with me.

For, with this *God* of *Glory* and of *Grace*,  
is *Grace* as much as *Glory* ; and, therein  
He will redeeme the sad in sinfull Case ;  
with his true *Israel*, from all their sinne.

To God the *Father* (which we doe adore)  
and to the *Sonne*, and to their blessed *Spirit*,  
All glory be, as it was heretofore,  
is, and still shall be through *Worlds* infinite.

### Domine exaudi. Psal. 143.

*An earnest Prayer for remission of sinnes, acknowledging that the enemies did thus cruelly persecute him by Gods iust iudgement. He desireth to be restored to grace. To be gouerned by his holy Spirit, that hee may spend the remnant of his life in the true faare and seruice of God.*

Lord heare my pray'r with thine all-bearing ears ;  
and, for thy *truths* sake, note mine humble *suite* :  
O heare me in thy *Righteousnesse*, which beares  
All those that mourne, although they still be *mute*.

And into *Judgement* enter not (O Lord)  
with me, fraile man : for I, nor none beside,  
(Because of sinne which we haue all incurr'd)  
in thy cleare sight shall then be iustifide.

For, th' *enemie* (the *Fiend*, our common *Foe*)  
hath long pursu'd my *Soule* (that *flesh* misse-led)  
My *Life* in *Earth*, his *Fury* hath brought low ;  
and hid the same in darknesse, with the dead.

My *Spirit* (therefore) is vext, my *Minde*, and *Heart*  
are greatly troubled ; yet, I minded still  
Thy *dayes* of old (thy *Workes* and thy *Desert*)  
which did my *Muse* with *Joy* and *Wonder* fill.

My hands to thee haue still out-stretchèd bin,  
my *Soule* that thirsts (as *earth* that *water* wants)  
For *drops* of *grace*, to quench her *flames* of *sinne* ;  
I lift to thee, the while, for *grace* she pants.

Then (kindest Lord) with speede attend my *cryes* ;  
because my fainting *spirit* hath failèd me :  
Auert pot from me thy conuerting *Eyes*,  
lest I be like to those that burying be.

And in the dawning of the long'd-for *Day*,  
(the *Day* when *Iustice Sonne* shall comfort giue)  
Let me the *voyce* of *mercy* heare, I pray ;  
sith still I hope that thou wilt me relieue.

And sith so many *Heads*, so many *Wayes*  
are said to lead to thee, by *Heads* of *Sects* :

Shew me the *Way* that straight to *thee* conueyes,  
sith my poore *Soule* both *thee* and *it* affects.

And from my *Foes* preserue me (weaking) still :  
to thee alone I flye in all *distresse* :  
Then teach me to performe thy blessed *Will* :  
for thou art onely all my *blessednesse*.

Thy *Spirit* that cannot erre, nor yet deceiue,  
shall bring me to the Land that *Iustice* beares :  
And, for thy Names sake thou shalt me receiue,  
according to thy *grace* (that neuer weares.)

From Trouble thou shalt bring my *Soule* to rest ;  
and, through thy *Mercy* shalt destroy my *Foes* :  
Yea, all annoy that doe my *Soule* molest,  
sith as thy Seruant I on thee repose.

To God the *Father*, *Sonne*, and *Holy Ghost*,  
three *Persons*, and one *God* ; all glory be ;  
As it *was*, *is*, and *shall be* in each *Coast*,  
throughout all *worlds* in all *eternitie*.



FINIS.







# R I G H T S

OF

T H E L I V I N G,

AND THE DEAD:

*Being,*

A proper Appendix

to the precedent

Meditations.





## O B I T R I G H T S.

A Funerall Elegie, on the death of the most vertuous, and no lesse louely, M<sup>rs</sup>. *Elizabeth Dutton*; eldest Daughter of the Worthy, and generally beloued Sir *Thomas Egerton* Knight, eldest Sonne to the right Honorable, *Thomas*, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Chancellor of *England*: which *Elizabeth* was, at the age of eleuen yeeres, married to Iohn Dutton, of the age of fiftene yeeres, Sonne and Heyre of *Thomas Dutton*, of *Dutton*, in the Countie of *Chester* Esquier: which *Iohn*, deceased about the age of seauenteene yeeres, and left the said *Elizabeth* a Virgin-Widow: who so liued till shee died the first of *October*, at the age of sixteene yeeres and a halfe, in anno 1611.

[\*.\*]



*Virgin, Wife, and Widow, threes that One*  
Held rarely perfect in like *Vnion*,  
Incites my *Muse*; nay, more, doth her constrain

To empt my *Pen* of *Praise*, of *Wit* my *Braine*  
In her deseru'd honor: she whose all  
Was nought but *good*; yet so, as we may call  
That *good* but *nought* (and iustly) if the same  
Giue not her *goodnesse* glory more than *fame*!

A *Maide*, in whom *Virginitie* gaue place  
(Though most exact) to *Modestie* and *Grace*.  
A *Wife* (who like old *Iosephs* blessed *Bride*)  
Though *wedded*, but *vbedded* till she dide,  
Yet from her came, on her by *Grace* begot,  
*Faith*, *Feare* and *Dutie*, in a *True-loue knot*,  
Till his decease, to whom these *threes* she bare:

And after, for him, nurst them still with care.  
She liu'd a *Widow*; but t' was hard to know  
Whether she *liu'd* or *dide* when she was so:  
Sith when she lost her *Pheare*, she lost her *Breath*:  
For *Turtle-like*, she mourn'd and droopt to death.

But while t' was losing she such *Patience* wanne  
(By his *Death* mortifide) as she *beganne*  
(Before her *end*) her *Heau'n* on *Earth* thereby,  
In hope to liue with *Him* when *Life* should die.  
So, in her *Patience*, she her *Soule* possest  
Her *God*; in her *Soule*, with *his*, did rest;  
Yet rested so, that still (*vnseene*) she mou'd  
To *both* deuoutly, whom so much she lou'd!

*Poets* can shape of things that *grace* forsakes  
Farre rarer *things* than *grace* or *nature* makes.  
But let all *Poets* all their *Arte* vnite  
To fable *praise*, the *morall* is her *right*.

*Nature* profusely had on her bestow'd  
(Borrowing then *grace*) more *grace* then e'er she ow'd;  
And *grace* (as enuying *Natures* Gifts, so rare)  
Valockt the *Heau'ns* where all her *Treasures* are,  
And show'd them downe so on this dearest *Maide*,  
As she for *worth*, an *Angell* should haue waide.

*Wit* for her *worth* can ne'er hiperbolize,  
Much lesse a *Poet* in it *Poetize*;  
Sith what or *Wit* or *Poetry* can praise  
(With their best *Arte*) was found in her: then raise  
Her vp my *Muse*, ere she be rais'd, at last;  
And her enthrone in *glory* high as fast:  
That when the *Virgin*, whom all *Virgins* blesse,  
Shall, for her *graces*, see her *gloriousnesse*  
In *Heau'n* and *Earth*, she may (as worthy her)  
Enbosome her, or fixe her in a *Starre*,  
Whose *Name* and *Fame* while mortall *Virgins* liue,  
To them, with hers, may *Light* and *Vertue* giue!

For *this*, her *Soule* still labour'd to be gone,  
T' returne her *Errand* of *Creation*:  
As fiery *Matter* working in a *Cloud*  
Breakes through, for want of *Matter* it to shrowde:  
So *Soules*, with stirring much, are said to fire  
The best *Complexions*; and (so) *home* retire.  
But, *Sickness* (ah too sweet-lipt) suckt her *Bloud*,  
That she had none to fire in likelihood:  
And so her *vital-flame*, vnnourish'd;  
Her *Soule* through coldnesse, left her *body* dead.

A *short* life made her *Virgin, Widow, Wife*,  
But, *well* she liu'd, which is the *Well* of *life*.  
This old *World* was vnworthy such a *lemme*,  
Therefore she shines in new *Ierusalem*!

I best can witnesse how her time she spent,  
 Who taught her *hand* to shew her *heart's* entent :  
 Then may I best renowne (for knowne *desert*)  
 The *Pupill* of my *Hand* that had my *Heart*.  
 Thou hadst my *Heart* (deare *Pupill*) sith in thee  
 Was all that might intirely master me.  
 And did my *Pow'r* but equall halfe my *Will*,  
*Laura* should be thy *Foile* : for, I (by *skill*)  
 Would set thee so aboue her, that thy *light*  
 (With poynant Beames) should thrust through *Earth*  
 and *Night* :

For, when *Formositie* and *Vertue* strue  
 In one sole *Subject* for Prerogatiue,  
 That *Subjects* praise must raigne (all *Tearmes* aboue)  
 In height of *Glory*, *Memory*, and *Loue* !

The *Grand-sire* of thy *Flesh* in *Earth's* renown'd ;  
 And thy *spirits* *Grand-sire* *King* of *Heau'n* is crown'd :  
 Thou liuing, then, as comming from such *Sires*,  
 Our *Songs* must answere the *Celestiall Quires*,  
 That chant the praise of *Vertue* in their *King*.  
 In whom thou art, then we on *earth* must sing  
 Thy praise in *his*, sith *his* all praise contains :  
 So *thine* in *his*, eternall *glory* gaines !

To thee then sing I, as I sing of *Thee*,  
 Who art sole *Base* of this high *Harmony* :  
 For, knowing *Tombes* haue *ends* as well as *wasts*,  
 And that strong *Rime* their *ruine* farre out-last,  
 My *Muse* shall labour on this *ground* of *Fame*,  
 To raise a *Pile* of *Rime*, whereon thy *Name*  
 Shall euer shine, through *Wits* *Celestiall Flashes*,  
 Vntill another *Phanix* of the *Ashes*  
 Produced be ; that when it eft shall burne  
 In those eternall *flames*, it eft may turne  
 To pristine plight ; and by such alteration,  
 Liue *Phanix*-like (still bright) in *admiration* !  
 We waille their *want* whose *Liues* our *wants* supplide,  
 Not weighing how they *liu'd*, but when they *dide* :  
 For, the best *liuers* here, doe *liuing* dye ;  
 But after *death* they liue immortally.

*Children* and *Fooles* are angry still with those  
 That, to distill, disleau the fairest *Rose* ;  
 Not pond'ring how the sweetnesse in the *Jayce*  
 Is so increast, and longer lasts for *use* :  
 So, we that see this *Rose* (whose *hue* and *breath*  
*Celestiall* were) diuided so by *Death*,  
 Though it for heau'nly *purposes* be done,  
 Yet still our thoughts but on the *spoile* doe runne.  
 But o be't farre from vs, to thinke thee spoil'd  
 In liuing blest, and dying so vnsoil'd :  
 No : we thy *Memory* will celebrate ;  
 Whose *weale* we waille not but reioyce thereat.

If in this *Paper Monument* there be  
 One *Ornament* of *Arts* that's worthy thee,  
 Or any *Worke* of *Wit* that may retaine  
 Thy *Memory* ; my *Labour* for my *Paine*  
 Is too great *Meed* : sith by the same I show  
*Times* future, what will better them to know.  
 So, shall I in thy Praise include mine owne ;  
 And making thee so knowne still, still be knowne :

For, if this *Shrine* chance to be visited  
 By any, that regard the worthy dead,  
 It may be they will thinke me worthy *Loue*,  
 That on this *Pile* did all my cunning proue.

Th' *Egyptians* with their *Pirameds* did strue  
 (Against the *Heau'ns*) to keepe such, dead, alieu :  
 And *Artemisia* with a matchlesse *Tombe*  
 Makes her *Mausolus* liue vntill the *doome* :  
 Though It be now demolished and gone ;  
 Yet is he knowne by *It*, as *It* was knowne.  
 And *Wit*, but with meere *Words*, hath often rais'd  
 A *Monument* of *Praise*, farre longer prais'd.  
 Then may this *Worke*, which but weake *words*  
 erect,

(Vpon so sure a *Ground*) worke like *effect*.

The *Name* of *Egerton* she doth renowne ;  
 And that by which she last of all was knowne :  
 Nay, had she had, by *Fortune*, all the *Names*  
 That *Wit* for *Natures* vilest *Creatures* frames,  
 Sh' had so much *Grace* consorting still her *Blond*  
 As to haue made them all as *great* as *good* !

The *Daves* of old did lay their *Macchabes*  
 Vnder *Worlds-wonders*, huge *Piramides* !  
*Semiramis*, in her bright *Polymis* :  
 And *Cyrus*, in his *Obelisk* as bright.  
 In his *Columna* they *Augustus* shut :  
 And in his *Mole-magno*, *Hadrian* put.  
*Alaricus*, the *Goths* that ruinde *Rome*,  
 In his rich *Rubico* they did entombe.  
*Those*, dead, yet liu'd by *these* : and *these* againe,  
 Liue yet by *those*, though nought of them remaine.

But, were I able, I my *Saint* would shrine  
 Within the *mouthes* of *Angels* most diuine ;  
 Sith they out-last all *Worlds*, that *Time* doth end,  
 And haue (of *creatures*) best *mouthes* to commend !  
 But liue (sweet *Saints*) in mine immortall *Rime*  
 (Made by thy *vertue* such) past *Tombes* and *Time* :  
 For, if eternall *Vertue* cannot dye,  
 Then thou must liue, till She doth ruin'd lye.

Farewell, deare *Maide* (whose *body* (like a *soule*)  
 Had pow'r t' inflame the *Loue* it did controule)  
 Farewell while we, by thy deare *lasse* fare ill ;  
 That is ; while *griefes* doe grow the *Heart* to fill :  
 For she hath held all *Hearts* (by her *deserts*)  
 To her entire, her *Death* must breake all *Hearts*.

Ye *Ladies* (that (aliue) doe inly loue  
 So much o'er-weening that doth mortall proue)  
 Looke not asue, nor turne the Head aside  
 (As if you could no *Praise* but *yours* abide)  
 At these iust *Praises* (Relickes of the *Dead*)  
 But learne by *them* to be so honour'd.  
 „*Envy* doth leaue the *Enui'd* at the Graue ;  
 That Fort from *Envy* should the *Vertuous* saue :  
 Then (o) exalt these *Lands*, vnlesse you will  
 Be rather *pittied*, then *ennuid* still.

Poets (I grant) haue libertie to giue  
 More *height* to *Grace*, then the *Superlative* :  
 So hath a *Painter* licence too, to paint  
 A *Saint-like face*, till it the *Saint* out *saint*.



But *Truth* (which now mine *Art* to shadow strives)  
Makes *licence* larger by the *grace* she gives.

But yet,

To say thou wast the *Forme* (that is the *soule*)  
Of all this *All* ; I should thee misenroule  
In *Booke of Life* ; which (on the Earth) they keepe  
That of *Arts fountaines* haue carowsed deepe.  
Nay, so I should displease and wrong thee both :  
For, *vnjust praise* thou canst not chose but lothe,  
That lothed'st it *here* ; then *there*, more (past compare)  
For, hee's the *Soule of All* by whom they are.  
But I may say, (and none the same gainsayes)  
Thou art the *soule* of this thy *World of Praise* !  
Whose *soule* did animate thy *small-world* too  
To be the *soule* of all that here I doe.

Oft haue I seene thee, (nay I see thee yet,  
Whose *face* and *manners* I shall ne'er forget)  
Whenas thine *eares* had *heard*, or *eyes* had *seene*  
Ought that to *Vertue* had offensive beene,  
Thy *face* and *brest* with that faire *blush* o'erflow  
Which *Modestie* (not *Bashfulness*) doth owe.

In these bold *Times* it's held a *Tricke* too fresh  
Of vnbred *Indians*, so to paint the *flesh*  
For any cause : but, this is but th' *effect*  
Of *Impudence*, the *Times soules* chiefe affect.

No *Parts* (if laudable) at *Court* requir'd,  
But they attir'd thee in thy *state retir'd* :  
Yet thou so modestly didst *act* them still  
As that the *light* seem'd *graine* against their will :  
What shall I say ? in thee was nought so small  
That was not greatly *prais'd* and *low'd* of *All* !  
This shewes thy *Mother* true vnto thy *Sire*,  
Whose *works*, in loue, set all the *World* on fire !  
Thou, his true *Daughter*, likewise dost the same,  
While thou goest through *Obliuion* by the *flame* !

The *Soule* a two-fold *action* hath ; that is,  
*Originall*, and *Instrumentall* ; this  
By *Nature* doth the *like* produce ; but *that*  
(*Meere Intellectual*) doth not generate.  
Though *Nature* yet, could not so high aspire,  
Thou, in thy *spirit*, wast like thine honor'd *Sire*  
By speciall *grace* of *Heau'n* ; for, in your *Birth*  
Such *Planets* met, as *deckt* and *ioidy* the Earth.  
But ô ! too soone the *earth* quite lost that *loy* ;  
And in that *losse* found infinite *Annoy*.

Such is the staylesse state of *Things* below,  
That doe but *vanish* while they seeme to *grow* !  
Beneath the *Moone*, all is but like the *Moone*,  
Constant in nothing but in *changing soone* :  
And so will be while they remaine beneath ;  
Resting from *changing* onely but in *Death* :  
As when the *Whirle-windes* (in their wheeling play)  
Pursue their *Turnes*, till, in their *Center*, they  
Returne to themselves : so, *Nature* goes  
On in her *Course* (which first from *forme* arose)  
Vntill this *World of forme* be dispossess,  
And *Nature* in the *Chaos*, takes her rest.

That *Time* runs round, by this dark *Riddle's* bright ;  
A *Father* hath twelue *sonnes* halfe *blacke*, halfe *white*,

And eu'ry *sonne* hath *thirty*, which still liue ;  
And when their *sires* decease, they them reuiue :  
So *sire* and *sons* still die, but die in vaine ;  
For still the *thirty* them reuiue again,  
And yet these *thirty* eu'ry *Month* doe die ;  
Yet eu'ry *Month* they liue immortally !  
Thus, by a *Yeere* (which euermore doth raise  
Twelue *months* (like *sons*) and each *month* thirty *dayes*)  
*Time* turnes o'er *All*, and *All* doth ouer-turne,  
Till in the *later day* himselfe shall burne ;  
And then *Eternitie* shall take his Roome,  
In which is nothing *past*, nor yet to *come* ;  
Wherein the *subject* of my Song still is  
A glorious *Angell* in the height of *Blisse* !

*Atheist*, stand farre from this her sacred *shrine* :  
For, thou art *foe* to all that is diuine :  
Thou dost belecue whereere her *Corpes* consumes,  
There perisheth her *soule*, which ne'er assumes  
The same againe : but (ô her *flesh* shall rise  
(As doth her *fame*) about both *death* and *skies*.)  
And why shouldest thou the *Resurrection* doubt,  
When Clouds of *Proofoes* so compasse it about ?  
Some write that *Swallowes* drown'd are in the Deepe,  
In *Winter* ; and, in *Summer*, rise from sleepe ;  
The *Fly* in *Winter*, dyes ; in *Summer*, liues ;  
And, being drown'd, warme *Ashes* her reuiues.  
The *Vrchin* of the *Sea*, in pieces rent,  
Re-water'd, ioynes, and liues incontinent !  
Each *Graine* that *rots* before the same doth *spring*  
Is a true *figure* of this reall *thing*.  
Each *Plant*, which in the *Winter* (seeming) dyes,  
And springs in *Summer*, shewes *men*, dead, shall  
rise.

Say a man famisht, into *Aire* were past,  
Yet *Aire* shall yeeld what it receiues at last  
As well as *Earth*, and *Seas* shall yeeld their dead ;  
Though on them (vanisht) *Wormes* or *Fish* haue fed.  
At first, they *gaue*, what they did not *receiue* ;  
Then, what they *take*, shall they not rather *giue* ?  
He that, but with a *Word*, made *Man* of *nought*,  
Can he not raise him, dead, now he is *ought* ?  
If no : his *Arme* wants wonted *pow'r*, and *length* ;  
Or else wants *knowledge* to imploy his *strength*.  
But in th' *Almighty* none of these appeare,  
That knew our smallest *Portions* ere they *were*.

If *Nothing* were the *point* from whence did rise  
*Creation*, it may be the *Point* likewise  
Of *Resurrection* ; but *it Something* is  
That shall be rais'd : the easier then is *this*.  
Say *Men* eate *Men*, through some hard exigent,  
And them conuerted haue to *nutriment*,  
Yet shall their *Excrement* (how ere vnuoete)  
At last yeeld vp their Reliques *pure* as *sweet* !  
For, at that *Day* each man shall put on fresh  
*Flesh* of his *owne*, and not anothers *flesh*.  
And though he fed of others, that shall be  
Restor'd the owner, be it *he* or *she*.

And *Beasts* of prey, that oft on *Men* doe feed,  
Doe die ; and of them *Flies* or *Wormes* doe breed.

Those *Flies* and *Wormes* are often *food* for *Fish*,  
And they againe come often to our *dish*;  
All this may be: and so a *Man* may goe  
Through *Beasts*, *Fish*, *Fowle*, and *Vermine* too and  
fro,

And neuer rest, though he be dead, till he  
From that base *Progresse* lastly raised be.  
Yet he that well knew *All* ere ought was made,  
Knowes where *what* ere created is, doth vade;  
And can but with a *thought* re-gather it;  
And make it in the proper *figure* knit!  
For, if t'were worthy *Gods* Creation erst,  
To make *Man* subject to a *fall* at first;  
It's farre more worthy for his pow'refull *hand*  
To raise him, dead, eternally to *stand*:  
For, *Death* is but a *sleep*: and as a *Man*  
Can wake *Men*, sleeping: so, th' *Almightie* can,  
Raise vp the dead so much more easily  
As matchlesse *Pow'r* doth passe *Infirmities*.

If *Heau'n* be iust, and there be *Providence*;  
Then we shall *rise* when we are *fallne* from hence:  
For, if the *good*, in this *Life*, finde but *Woes*,  
And no *Ioy* in the next, most curst are those.  
Nay, most bruit *Beasts* more happie are than they  
Who here doe most of all *Watch*, *fast* and *pray*.

The *Rod* of *Moses* turned to a *Snake*,  
Shewes *God* of one *thing*, can another make.  
And shall he not (so, faile vs in our *trust*)  
Restore *man* to himselfe, when he is dust?  
O *Heauens* fore-fend, we should once so conceiue;  
For, *God* can neither *alter* nor *deceiue*!  
Our *Bodies* are his *seede*; *Church-yards* and *Graves*  
Are all his *Seed-plots*, where his *Seeds* he saues  
By *sowing* to *corrupt*, to rise againe  
Most *incorrupt*; and so, by *lasse*, to *gaine*.

In the *Cadaver*, some haue thought some *Bone*  
Retaines the *Seeds* of *Resurrection*;  
Which kept from rotting by th' *Almighties* force,  
Should raise, at last, the *Worme-consumed* *Corse*!  
Some say, that in the *Teeth* that *Seeds* doth lie,  
Sith *Earth*, *Aire*, *Fire* them hardly putrifie.  
But we beleeeue this *Seed* (and doe not doubt)  
Is not within the *Body*, but without:  
For, when the *Trumpe* shall sound, the dead shal peep  
Out of their *graves*, as newly wakt from *sleep*,  
By that great *Pow'r* that, there, asleepe them laid:  
Then in that *Pow'r* that *Seede* is solely staid.  
But, some doe say, our *Bodies* cannot rise  
From *Earth* to *Heau'n*, for that about the Skies  
No nasty *Body* can remaine; because  
Such to the Center *Nature* euer drawes.  
Fond men! they know not, then our *Flesh* shall be  
Not chang'd in *Substance*, but in *Qualitie*.  
Our *Bodies* shall be *Heau'nly*; so they shall  
Agree with any *place* *Celestiall*.  
Our blessed *Sauours* *Body*, once like ours,  
(Saue that it could not sinne) those *heau'nly* *Tow'rs*  
Doe now enwall: then, in that *Heau'n* of *blisse*,  
Why, by his *Pow'r*, may *ours* not stay with *his*?

That *Water* hangs in th' *Aire* who doth not know?  
And by the *Load-stone* heavy *Iron* doth so.  
If *Nature* can doe this; what can perswade  
*Gods Pow'r* is lesse then *Natures*, which he made?  
No, no, his *Pow'r*, that doth all *pow'r* comprise,  
Can *flesh* refine, t' inhabite (so) the *Skies*!

By which high *Pow'r* and his diuine *Grace*  
There rests my *Saint*, as in her proper *place*.  
Her *Soule* there rests; and in those *heau'nly* *Bowres*  
Her *Body* shall, when it shall rise with *ours*.  
Which while (too short a while) it sojourn'd here,  
It did celestiall to all *Eyes* appeare.  
Then, may a little *mending* make it fit  
For *Heau'n*, that was so *heau'nly* out of it!  
Thou wast (rare *Maide*) aliue, s' *Angelicall*,  
That, dead, thy dust is *Metaphisicall*.

If some shall muse why I contemplate *Thee*  
Among his *Praises* that most praisefull be;  
Let it suffice them, t'was of purpose done,  
To praise *thee*, *Starre*, for light had of this *Sunne*:  
Within the *Volume* that includes his praise  
(That nought included) so *his* in *thine* to raise:  
As when we laud the *light* the *Sunne* doth giue  
We praise the *Giuer* in the *Gift*; and strive  
(When most we praise the *Taker*) to renowe  
The *Giuer*s praise, for gracing so his *owne*:  
So, and none otherwise, I praise the *Grace*  
Appearing in the *Soule*, *Limbes*, *Eyes*, and *Face*  
Of *Natures* *Maister-piece*, this goodly *Maide*;  
Of whom all *good*, can neuer ill be said.

If so much *heau'nly* *Grace*, and *Gifts* of *Nature*  
(As *Vertue*, *Beautie*, *rarest* *Forme* and *Stature*)  
Should not be *grac'd* by them they *good*; then I  
May say, the *better'd* are the *worse* thereby:  
For, still th' ungratefull for a *Benefit*,  
(Though bound) are free from *Honestie* and *Wit*.

And though the *vertuous*, for their *Vertues* sake,  
Looke not for *praise*; but strive it to forsake,  
(To keepe them humble) yet each *vertuous* *Wit*  
Should honour *Vertue* for *selfe-benefit*.  
And sith *Posteritie* doth *light* receiue  
To runne to *Honor* by the *Lines* we leaue  
From *Vertue* drawne; we should be drawing still  
The *Lines* that (drawing) lead vp *Honors* Hill.

The Highest *Pow'r* and *Grace*, by *oath*, hath vow'd  
To honour them (among the *multitude*  
Of *Men* and *Angels*) that are *good*; then *she*  
That was so *good*, of both must honour'd be!  
Celestiall *Maide*, if from the *heau'nly* *Spheare*,  
What *Mortals* doe, thou canst or *see*, or *heare*,  
Be not displeas'd that my vntutor'd *Penne*  
Should teach thy *praise*, to teach all *Maides* and  
*Men*

The way to *Honor*: nor, that in its *Mouth*  
(That oft doth *fable*) it should take this *Truth*.

I was thy *Teacher*, though (vnworthy) I  
Might (*old*) learne of thee (*young*) to *lime* and *die*.  
Yet sith it is th' *Oblation* of my *Zeale*,  
Which I doe offer for the *Common* weale

In thy deare *Memory*; thou wilt (I hope)  
 Acquite me from *Presumption*; sith my *scope*  
 Was but thy *glory*, and the Peoples *good*,  
 Which in *great light*, goe right in likelihood.

I must confesse a *Priest of Phebus*, late,  
 Vpon like *Text* so well did meditate,  
 That with a sinlesse *Envy* I doe runne  
 In his *Soules* Progresse, till it all be *QONNE*.  
 But, he hath got the *start* in setting forth  
 Before me, in the Trauell of that *WORTH*:  
 And me out-gone in Knowledge eu'ry way  
 Of the *Soules* Progresse to her finall *stay*.  
 But his sweet *Saint* did *usher* mine therein;  
 (Most blest in that) so, he must needs beginne;  
 And read vpon the rude Anatomy  
 Of this dead World; that, now, doth putrifie.

Yet greater *Will*, to this great *Enterprise*  
 (Which in great *Matters* solely doth suffice)  
 He cannot bring than I: nor, can (much lesse)  
 Renowne more *Worth* than is in *WORTHINES*!  
 Such were they both: for, such a worthy *PAIRE*  
 (Of louely vertuous *Maides*, as good as *faire*)  
 Selfe-*Worthinesse* can scarce produce, sith they  
 Liu'd like *Celestiall Spirits*, immur'd in *Clay*!  
 And if all-powerfull *Loue* can *All* performe,  
 That in it hath rare *Matter*, or like *Forme*,  
 Then should my *Lines* haue both so accomplished,  
 As from the *Grasse* to *Heauen* should draw the *Dead*:  
 Or, with her Taper-pointed-beaming *Name*,  
 Naile her to *Hea'n's*, and in *Hea'n's* clench the *same*!

Hold *Muse*, no more: (thou hast too large a *scope*,  
 To proue thy *Pinnions*: for, the *Hea'nly Coape*  
 Infolds no more) and take thy leaue anon  
 Of *Her* thou ne'er shalt leaue to muse vpon.  
 Thou maist be tir'd; but ne'er canst fly about  
 The *Inside* of her *praise*, much lesse the *out*.  
 The *stouping* here, with *reuerence*, *griefe* and *loue*,  
 Bid her adue; and, with that *bidding*, moue  
 Thy selfe to *teares*; but, if thou canst not so,  
 Shew thy selfe *willing* by the dryest *woe*:

For, neuer had I greater *cause* of griefe;  
 Sith while *she* liu'd, I ioy'd, in *painefull life*:  
 But now, am left all solitary-sad  
 To waile her *death*, whose *life* made *Sorrow* glad!  
 Oh! had it pleas'd the *Hea'n's*, by their *Decree*,  
 T' haue made my *Pupill* learn'd t' haue *dide* of  
 mee,

(And mine example) I had beene at rest,  
 And she liue *blest* long, to dye as *blest*.  
 I, like a wither'd *Pine*, no *fruit* produce;  
 Of whom there is no *Care*, no *hope*, no *vse*.  
 I burden but the Earth, and keepe a *place*  
 Of one (perhaps) that should haue greater grace:  
 Opprest with *Cares* that quite crush out the *Sappe*  
 That feeds my *Life*; now throwne off *Natures* Lappe.  
 I solely sit, and tell the saddest *houres*,  
 That euer yet appeach'd *vitall poures*.  
 Obscur'd by *Fate*, yet made a *Marke* by *fame*:  
 Whereat *fooles*, often, shoote their *Bolts*, in *game*.

Yet, liue as buried (that I learn'd of thee  
 Deare *Pupill*) while the *World* goes ouer mee.  
 Praying for *patience* still to vnder-ly  
 The heauie waight of this *Worlds* iniurie.

Oft haue I beene embosomed by *Lords*;  
 But all the *warmth* I found *there*, was but *Words*.  
 And though I scarce did *moue*, yet scarce they would  
 There let me *lie*, though there I lay acold;  
 But, as I had some biting *Vermine* bin,  
 Out must I, mou'd I but for *warmth* therein.  
 Or els so lie, as I were better out;  
 Sith *there* I lay as dead, yet liu'd in doubt:  
 In doubt I should haue nothing but a *place*  
 In th' outward *Roome* but of their Idle *Grace*.  
 In doubt black *mouths* should blot me in their *Bookes*  
 That make few *Schollers*; and in doubt my *Hookes*  
 Would hold no longer to hang on (O Griefe!)  
 This *hanging's* worse then hanging of a *Theefe*!  
 An *Halter* soone abridgeth *bale* and *breath*;  
 But hanging on mens *sleeues*, is double *death*.  
 To hang in *hope* of that which *doubt* doth stay  
 Is worse then hanging till the *later-DAY*.  
*Doubt* staves that *meede* that *merit* hopes for, oft,  
 Lest *Meede* should but make *Merit* looke aloft;  
 Or, quite leaue *working*, sith it hath no *needs*;  
 Therefore the *great* doe still with-hold this *Meede*:  
 For, to themselves they say: *If we should fill*  
*The well-deseruing-empty (working still)*  
*They would but rest: than, well wee'l them intreat*  
*Yet keepe them hungry, still to worke for meat.*

*Fate*, but to *State* this *priviledge* affords;  
 And but the *means*, without *meanes*, worke for *words*.  
 Yet worke they must, sith *Aire* the *great* doe giue:  
 For, if they haue their *hate* they cannot liue.  
 Their *Loue* doth little boote; but O their *breath*  
 Blowes downe, in *hale*, a poore *Relict* to *death*.

These *miseries* I ranne through, and did trye  
 These deare *Conclusions* but in *miserie*;  
 Hoping for that which but my *hopes* deceiu'd;  
 And me of *hope* and *life*, almost, bereau'd.  
 Till I (to stand) from *these* was faine to fall  
 To serue two *Lords* that serue me, now, withall:  
 The one *immortall*, th' other *mortall* is;  
 Who serue my *turne* for what my *life* doth misse:  
 Which, for it's still amisse, still missett that  
 Which makes men *gracious*, and (so) *fortunate*:  
 But *he*, who knowes all, knowes (perhaps) it's best  
 For me to liue with *little*, in vnrest:  
 For, neuer since I first could moue, had I  
 A better life than those that (liuing) dye.  
 I neuer yet possest one *day* of *ioy*  
 That was not *lin'd* or *hem'd* with some *annoy*.  
 The Kingly *Preacher* in his *woale* found *me*;  
 But I in *thwarts*, for those alone I know.

These made me *old* in *youth*: for, *Sol* had runne  
 Scarce thirty *yeeres* before my *dayes* were done;  
 And to his *course* ere fve more added were,  
 Blacke *Daies* (like *Nights*) in *gray* had dide my  
*Haire*.

Yet neuer *Crosse* on me so sad did sit  
As this deare *losse*; whereof this *benefit*  
To me acrewes, that (now) each pressing *woe*  
Stands farre without *this*, and *this* keeps them so.

I say I greatly grieve; yet seeme to faine:  
For, *great griefes* neuer *greatly* could *complaine*:  
That is, when *Sorowes* *flood* the *Banches* doth fill,  
It noiselesse runnes, and smoothly glideth still:  
But if the *Current* once the *Brimmes* get o'er,  
Twill roughly *runne*; or, stopt, will *rage* and *rore*.

But, ô, that tyrant *Time* will silence me  
Before my *griefes* are vtter'd as they be:

Farewell then, my *griefes Cause*, who wast th' *effect*  
Of all the *ioy* my *life* did well elect:  
Farewell, in *Him*, on whom who fares is well;  
And, while I liue, Ile be the *leading-Bell*  
That shall thy lowdest *Peales* of *prayses* ring,  
Which in the *Clouds* shall ne'er leaue *ecchoing*!  
Or, be the *Trumpet* of thy *Fame* to fill  
Th' *Ætheriall Lofts* with *Straines* more lofty still!  
That when *Times wings* his *Funerall flame* consumes  
Thy *Fame* shall soare with faire vnsing'd *Plumes*!



An *Epitaph* on the death of the  
right vertuous Lady *Liegh*; sole Daugh-  
ter of the same right Honourable,  
*Lord Ellesmere, Lord Chancellor*  
of *England*: which Lady decea-  
sed the third day of *Aprill*,  
*Anno Dom. 1612.*

Here dead shee lies; who while aliue she was,  
was *Graces* *Inne*; *Wits* *Home*, and *Vertues* *Rest*:  
Whose *WORTH* was of true *Worthinesse* a *Masse*:  
yet well proportion'd for her humble *Brest*.

A *Wife* and *Mother*! as it's hard to say,  
whose losse was great'st, her *childrens*, or her *pheares*:  
To eyther wisely kinde; to each a *stay*;  
that made *one*, *loue*; the *other*, *loue* and *fear*.

To her all-honour'd *Sire*, she was as deare,  
as she was vertuous; which was as the *bloud*  
In his *Hearts* *Center*; which to him is neare;  
yet dearer held his *flesh* in *one* so good!

Who dide (as liue she did) in *grace* and *peace*,  
more laden with *good-deeds* then *idle-dayes*:  
Leauing her *worth* (for *worthinesse* increase)  
for *Wines* vnborne, to *imitate* and *praise*.

Who had at once, two *Husbands*; yet she liu'd  
of *Wifely* truth a constant *Paragon*:

One *Husband* heauenly was; who hath depriu'd  
the *Earthly* of her, for himselfe alone.

Yet, yer he had her, bought her with his *Bloud*:  
But, with her, bought a *World* of *Womanhood*!

Then, maugre *Time*, & *Death* these *Lines*, tho weake,  
May leade all *Times* all *good* of her to speake!

Here *Muse*, now close the *Paper-tombes* of these  
Two vertuous *Soules*, and *Bodies*: *Aunt* and *Neece*,  
with this,

A *good Name* is better than a *good Ointment*: and the  
day of death, then the day that one is borne. Eccles. 7. 3.

### The Picture of an happy Man.

How *blest* is he (though euer *crost*)  
that can all *Crosses* *Blessings* make;  
That *fudes* himselfe ere he be *lost*;  
and, *lose* that found for *Vertues* sake.

Yea, *blest* is he in *life* and *death*,  
that *fears* not *Death*, nor *loues* this *Life*;  
That sets his *Will* his *Wit* beneath;  
and hath continuall *peace* in *strife*.

That striueth but with *fraile-Desire*;  
desiring nothing that is *ill*;  
That rules his *Soule* by *Reasons* *Squire*;  
and workes by *Wisedomes* *Compass* still.

That nought *observes*, but what *preserves*  
his *minde* and *body* from *offence*:  
That neyther *Courts* nor *Seasons* serues:  
and learns without *experience*.

That hath a *Name* as free from *blot*  
as *Vertues* *Brow*; or, as his *life*  
Is from the least *suspect* or *spot*,  
although he liues without a *Wife*.

That doth (in spite of all *debate*)  
possesse his *Soule* in *Patience*;  
And pray, in *loue* for all that *hate*;  
and *hate* but what doth giue *Offence*.

Whose *Soule* is like a *Sea*, too still,  
that *rests*, though *mon'd*; yea *mon'd* (at least)  
With *loue* and *hate* of *good* and *ill*,  
to waft the *Minde* the more to *Rest*.

That *singly* doth, and *doubles* not;  
but is the same he *seemes*; and is  
Still *simply* so, and yet no *Sot*;  
but yet not knowing ought amisse.

That neuer *Sinne* conceal'd keeps;  
but shewes the same to *God*, or *moe*;  
Then euer for it *sighes* and *weepes*;  
and *ioyes*, in *Soule*, for *griening* so.

That, by *himselfe* doth *others* mete ;  
and, of *himselfe*, still meekely deemes ;  
That neuer sate in *Scorners* Seate ;  
but, as *himselfe* the *worst* esteemes.

That loues his *body* for his *Soule* ;  
*Soule*, for his *Minde* ; his *Minde* for *God* ;  
*God*, for himselfe ; and doth controule  
*CONTENT*, if *It* with *him* be odde.

That to his *Soule*, his *Sense* subdues ;  
his *Soule*, to *Reas'n* ; and *Reas'n* to *Faith* :  
That *Vice* in *Vertues* shape eschewes ;  
and both, by *Wisedome*, rightly waigt'h.

That rests in *action*, acting nought  
but what is *good* in *deed* and *shew* ;  
That seekes but *God* within his *thought*,  
and thinkes but *God* to *loue* and *know*.

That all vnseene, sees *All*, (like *Him*)  
and makes good vse of what he sees ;  
That notes the *tracts* and *trickes* of *Time*,  
and *flees* with th' one, the other *flees*.

That liues too *low* for *Enuies* lookes ;  
and yet too *high* for loth'd *Contempt* ;  
Who makes his *Friends* *Good-men*, and *Bookes*,  
and nought without them doth attempt.

That liues as dying ; liuing yet  
in *death*, for *life* he hath in *hope* :  
As far from *State*, as *sinne*, and *debt* ;  
of *happie life* the *meanes* and *scope*.

That feares no *frownes*, nor cares for *fawnes*  
of *Fortunes* *fauorits*, or *foes*,  
That neither *checkes* with *Kings*, nor *Pawnes* ;  
and yet still *winnes* what *Checkers* lose.

That euer liues a *light* to *All*,  
(though oft obscurèd) like the *Sunne* :  
And though his *Fortunes* be but small,  
yet *Fortune* doth not *seeke* nor *shunne*.

That neuer *lookes* but *grace* to finde ;  
" nor *seekes* for *knowledge* to be knowne :  
That makes a *Kingdome* of his *Minde*,  
wherein, with *God*, he raignes alone.

This *Man* is *great* with *little* state,  
*Lord* of the *World* Epitomiz'd :  
Who, with staid *Front*, out-faceth *Fate* ;  
and, being *emptie*, is suffic'd :  
Or, is suffic'd with *little* ; sith (at least)  
He makes his *Conscience* a continuall *Feast*.

---

### *This Life is but Death.*

---

THough *Fire* by *warmth* cheers *life* ; great *heat* brings  
*death* ;  
though *good Aire* *life* detainies ; *bad*, *life* defines :

Though *Water* stayes our *thirst*, it stops our *breath* ;  
though *fruitfull Earth* doth feede ; the *barren*, pines—

Too-much o'erfills ; too-little, feebles *life* :  
*Wealth* wants not *Cares* ; & *Want*, wants all but  
*Cares* :

*Solennesse*, brings *sadnesse* ; *Company*, but *strife* ;  
and *sodaine loyes* doe *kill*, as well as *feares*.

*Meane mirth*, is *rationall* ; *extreame*, is *mad* ;  
no *good* so *good*, but here it's mixt with *ill* :

Nay, too much *goodnesse* is exceeding *bad* ;  
yea, *bad*, if *blinde* it be, is true *Good-will* :  
And, saue the *Hig'h'st*, for highest *gaine* is *losse* :  
Then, *life's* but *death* where al things are so *crosse*.

---

### *True Wealth.*

---

THat *Grace* that neyther *wonders*, *grienes*, nor *ioyes*  
at *Fortunes* vtmost, seeking but to *finde*  
What *Bounty* (still in *action*) best employes ;  
nor wailes the *want* that *beggars* not the *Minde* :

That neyther, *griening*, sighes ; nor, *ioying*, sings :  
that shines most glorious, in most gloomy *dayes* ;  
Pleas'd with the *state* her owne *endeavour* brings ;  
that *droupes* not with *defame* ; nor *smels* with *praise* :

That scornes *Disdaine*, disdaining nought but *vice* ;  
and *Greatnesse* rates by *Goodnesse* : doing nought  
But *good* for *ill* ; and that for *auarice*  
of *goodnesse* onely ; by her onely sought :  
That *Time* and *Wealth* well spent, doth not deplore :  
That is that *Wealth*, without which *Wealth* is poore.

---

### *An Angel-like Man.*

---

HE which (prouokt) endures, as borne to beare ;  
and lookes alike in greatest *weale* and *woe* ;  
That so loues *good*, that *ill* he nought doth feare ;  
and *ebbes* in *Minde* when *Fortunes* most doe *flow*.

That bounds *Desire* with lesse than he enjoyes :  
(for, onely *nothing's* lesse then *Nature* needes) :  
That holds all *Vertues* deare ; all else but *toyes* ;  
and, meekely, scowres *Prides* rust, from his bright  
*deeds*.

That's better than hee *seemes*, yet *seemes* the *best* :  
but, without *scandall*, seekes to *seeme* the *worst* :  
That, quell'd with *Crosses*, thinks him highly *blest* ;  
and, for the *Blisse* of all, would dye *accurst* :  
In summe : that would doe all that *All* should do  
For loue of *All* : this *Man's* an *Angell* too.

---

### *A sicke Mindes Potion for all in Tribulation in Body : or for the sauing of their Soule.*

---

THou that dost *ioy* or *griene* beneath the waight  
of his deare *Crosse*, who dide on't for thy sake

View and reuiew these *Lines* with more delight  
then *Patients* doe the *Potions* which they take :  
How ere they *sense* displease, they wholesome be ;  
so wholesome, as they often whole doe make :  
So may this *Potion* worke the like in thee :

My *Muse* desires to make it grieffe expell ;  
And all shee seekes, is but to *take* it well.

Yet this I doe as oft the sicke doe talke  
of Health ; not for they haue, but would haue it ;  
So, I exhort to *Patience* though I balke  
her *Way* ; and onely wish the same to hit :  
Yet, as a sicke *Physitian* soone may finde  
a *Potion* for anothers *Passion* fit :  
So may a sicke *Minde* cure a sicker *Minde* :  
No *Mind* more sicke then mine ; yet well I know  
What's good for *Mindes* so ill ; and, that I show.

The *Soule* that sins, vnplagu'd, wilde quickly growes,  
as *Trees* vnprun'd ; and, but sowre *fruit* produce ;  
The heau'nly *Planter* then, no cost bestowes,  
but it abandons' as vnfit for vse.  
Why weep'st thou then, sad *soule* ? what thou endur'st  
a *blessing* is, no *beating* for *abuse* :  
Or, if it be, sith it thy selfe procur'st,  
Thy patient bearing this thy *Scourge* (or *Crosse*)  
Doth make it scorelesse ; nay, thy *Score* doth crosse.

Regard not then thine anguish, in the *Rod* ;  
but, in thy *Fathers Will* what place thou hast :  
If thou wilt share the *pleasures* of thy *God*,  
then, of his *Cup* thou must, with pleasure, taste.  
The *Oxe* assign'd for slaughter, well is fed,  
and lies at ease ; while others labour fast,  
And still are yokt, tyr'd, prickt, and punished.  
" Not all that *stroke* are *friends*, nor *foes* that *strike* ;  
" but *strokes* that maime from eyther, we mislike.

The *Wounds*, a *friend* doth giue, are sweeter farre  
than suger'dst *Kisses* of a fraudfull *foe* :  
The *first*, oft make ; the *last*, more often marre ;  
for, *Surgions* Bands doe pinch, to solder so :  
Who *bindes* the *Mad*, or *wakes* the *Lethargicks*,  
how ere he seemes, thereby, t'awake their *woe* ;  
Yet, he to both's a friendly *Empericke*.  
" *Seueritie* is *Mercy* oftentimes,  
" And *Mildnesse* cruell, that increaseth *Crimes*.

To weane vs from this *World*, an vnkinde *Nurse*,  
God (onely good and wise) annoints her *Teales*  
With Gall of *troubles*, *spights*, and what is worse ;  
and as a *Mother* well her *Childe* entreates ;  
But makes her *Servants* vse it ill ; that so  
finding of all, saue her, but *blowes* and *threates*,  
It may to her, the much more willing, goe :  
So, *God* permits that *All* should vs molest,  
That we may file to Him, and loue him best.

The flatt' rings of the *World*, the *Flesh*, the *Fiend*,  
are but the *kisses* of worst *Enemies* ;  
And though the *Fiend* to *Heau'n* seemes to ascend,  
like *Ioues* owne *Bird* that nestles in the *Skies* :

Yet is he but a greedy *Bird* that towres  
to *Heau'n*, while on the *Earth* he nearely pryres,  
To watch his *Prey*, whereon forthwith he poures :  
For, he but seemes in *Vertue* to excell ;  
And flyes to *Heau'n*, to beare his *Prey* to Hell.

Out of close-Prison, and much closer *Chaines*  
many doe trauell ; but, their *Journeys* end  
An endlesse *Kingdome* is ; whose greatest *Paines*  
are endlesse *Ioyes* ; these sincke, but to ascend,  
Vnlike the *Fiend* that mounts, to fall more low ;  
and, ruine *that*, on which he doth descend ;  
But, low these stoupe, to shunne an Ouer-throw :  
" To beare high *Sailes* in *Tempests*, is to haue  
" Our *Keele* turn'd vp with eu'ry *Gust* and *Wane*.

If *Crosses* heauie be ; & yet (at least)  
they make the *Soule* as sober as discreet :  
If we be fellowes of our *Lords* vnrest,  
we shall be of his *rest* and *comforts* sweete :  
He wounds ; but his are *wounds* but of a *Friend*,  
that in no *fortune* once from vs will fleete ;  
And lanceth but to cure, and make vs mend :  
" It is a *Payne*, that's free from all *annoy*,  
" To die with *torment* still to liue in *ioy*.

He that had seene iust *Ioseph* in his *Chaynes* ;  
in Sackcloth *Mordochaus* (his *lybet* nie)  
*Susanna* going to her mortall *Paines*,  
would haue bewail'd their infortunitie :  
But, had he knowne that *Ioseph* should be rid  
from *Gines* to *Rule* ; and *Mardochs* ieopardy  
Conclude in *Honor*, as *Susannaes* did ;  
He would haue thought them blest in great *mishap*,  
sith so great *Comfort* was the *after-clap*.

So much the *Fiend* shall tempt, when thou dost doat,  
as shall enforce thy *minde* to minde her *misde* :  
If *Christ* we serue, *Affliction* is our *Coate* ;  
his *Crosse*, our *Badge*, to make vs knowne for *his* :  
His *nakednesse*, how we should cloath vs, *shewes* ;  
his *Gall*, how we should feed on *Agonies* :  
B' his hanging on the *Crosse*, how to repose :  
And by his *Death* (wherein all *paines* were rife)  
How to esteeme the *pleasures* of this *life*.

Worlds-weale's our *woe* ; and yet we will not see't :  
young *Toby* walkt securely in the *Mire* :  
But at the *Riuer* when he washt his *Feste*,  
a *Fish* was like to swallow him entire.  
He that, on paine of life, must watch the *Foe*,  
wakes best when he is neer'st *Afflictions* fire ;  
But, on the *Bed* of ease he doth not so :  
In this *Worlds hell*, if ease be good for ought,  
It's *Poésie* ; yet too much makes it nought.

Besides, the better *minde*, the worse is tempted :  
*Pirats* to charge the emptie *Ship*, forbear,  
But richly laden, and from *fearre* exempted,  
they charge it home, and giue it cause of *fearre* :

Euen so the *Fiend*, while we are void of *Grace*,  
lets not our *Voyage*, but our *Helme* doth steare :  
But when we take in truest *Goods*, apace,  
With stormes of *troubles* then he seekes to reauē  
Vs of our *fraight* ; and, o'er *Bourd* vs to heaue.

Of *Joseph, Benjamin* was lou'd best ;  
in his *Sacke*, therefore, *Josephs* Cup was found :  
So doth the *Cup* Christ dranke of, euer rest  
with those to whom his loue doth still abound :  
On Beds of *Roses* lyes *Lasciuiousnesse*,  
which *Vertue* hates, sith she corrupts the *sound* ;  
But *Vertue* lynes, too oft, in all distresse :  
For, she respects not *Fortune* ; nor disdaines  
To lie with those, that often lye in *Chaines*.

When *God* had praised *Iob*, the *Fiend* straight praid  
that he might proue him with *Affliction* :  
And when the beau'nly *Voyce*, of *Christ*, had said ;  
*This is my deare, and wel-beloued Sonne*,  
*He*, in the *Desert*, was, soone after, tride.  
" They finde most Lets that most aright doe runne ;  
" And they lest Rubs that most doe runne aside :  
" But, straight to runne, dispight each spightfull *Let*,  
" Doth *Glory* gaine, while *Shame* the rest doe get.

When holy *David* did his *People* count,  
a great *Mortalitie* his *Coasts* did scowre :  
But when *Augustus* did this *Sinne* surmount,  
taxing the *World* (by his vsurp'd *Pow'r*)  
He ne'er was with least *Punishment* annoy'd ;  
So, *Ionas*, flying, a *Whale* did him deuoure,  
While *Pagan-Passengers* a *Calme* enioy'd :  
But, though the *Whale* did *Ionas* (so) enioy,  
He swallow'd, but to *saue*, and not *destroy*.

And as a *Scarre* a *Sonne* takes in the Face  
in his *Sires* quarrell, though the Face it marres ;  
Yet it procures the *Fathers* loue and *grace*,  
and so gets *glory* by such *gracelesse scarres* :  
So, *God* desirous more to haue vs kinde  
than comely *Children*, thrusts vs in his *Warres*,  
As we were but to *fire* and *sword* assign'd :  
He takes more pleasure in the great'st *annoyes*  
We haue for him, then in our ghostly *ioyes*.

Each *Danger*, for our *Mistresse*, vnder-tane,  
seemes most secure ; and pleasant, deadli'st *paine* :  
The *Wounds* both for & from her (though but bane)  
seeme honied sweet ; and *losse*, for her, is *gaine* :  
The *colours* that she *likes* ; we most doe loue :  
her *words*, meere *Oracles* ; her *spot*, no *staine* ;  
Her *actions*, *Patternes*, ours to *shape* and *proue* :  
All her *perfections* past *Superlatives* ;  
And *imperfections*, least *Diminutives*.

And shall we doe and thinke all *this*, and *more*,  
but for a *shade* of *Beautie* ; and endure  
Nothing for *Beauties* Substance ? nor adore  
the *CREATOR* but in the *Creature* ?  
O ! tis a shame that *Reas'n* should be so mad  
in men of *minde* : for *loue* (if it be true)  
Will most affect what's *rarest* to be had.

" The Obiect of true *Loue* is greatest *GOOD* ;  
" If lesse she loues, it *ill* is vnderstood.

With our *Soules* Eye, if *Christ*, our *peace* be view'd,  
true *loue* shall see a Soule-afflicting *sight* ;  
His *head* with *bloud* (that *thornes* do broach) imbrude ;  
his *Eares*, with *Blasphemies* ; his *Eyes*, with *Spight* ;  
His *Mouth*, with *gall* ; his *Members* all, with *wounds* ;  
his *Heart*, with *griefe* ; and all in all vnright :  
Yea, so vnright, as *Iustice* quite confounds :  
Yet, mans *Ingratitude* doth grue him more  
Then all these *Plagues*, as *manifold* as *sore*.

And, O, for whom doth he the same endure ?  
for *Man*, begot in *fith* ; in *darkenesse*, form'd ;  
With *throwes*, brought forth ; & brought forth most  
vnpure,  
whose *child-hood's* but a *dream*, with *pains* enorm'd,  
His *youth*, but *rage* ; his *man-hood*, *ceaselesse fight* ;  
his *Age*, meere *sickness*, all his *life* vnure :  
And, worst of all, his death is full of fright.

This, this is he, for whom *Heav'n's* *God* endures  
And *shame* and *paine*, that *paine* and *shame* pro-  
cures.

W'are no *where* safe, where we may fall to sinne ;  
in *Heav'n*, nor *Paradise* ; with *men* much lesse :  
In *Heav'n* fell *Angels* ; *Paradise* within,  
the first *man* fell, through whom, all *men* transgresse :  
In the *World* *Iudas*, from his Lord did fall :  
so no *place* can defend from *Wretchednesse*,  
But *he* that *place* confines, and holds vp *All* :  
For who from *worse* to *better* fals, he may  
From *better* fall to *worse*, without his *stay*.

If *Crosses* trauesse not our *Comforts*, then  
we ought to crosse our selues as many did  
That were *Men* Angel-like ; or, *Gods* with *men* ;  
who hardly liu'd, in *Dens* and *Deserts* hid ;  
Fed little, and slept lesse ; in *Sacke-cloth* clad ;  
to minde them that to mourne they here were bid ;  
So, chose *food*, *place* and *suite* as *suites* the ad :  
To sing in *Babilon*, being *Abrahams* Seede,  
Is to forget our *Bondage* and our *Creede*.

*Heav'n* is our native *Home*, our *Canaan* ;  
*Earths* but the *shade* of *Death*, or *vale* of *Tears* :  
Then *mirth* in place of *moane*, but kills a *man* :  
at point of *Death* bee's mad that *Musicks* heares :  
Therefore those *Saints*, (discreete, sad, sober *Soules*)  
reiected all that *Sense* to *Life* endeeres ;  
And liue (as buried quicke in *Cases*) like *Moses*.  
" If *Weapons* lesse doe wound then sharpest *griue*,  
" Lesse hurts *lamenting*, then the *Syrrens* *layes*.

And as *Men* longing, at *Noone-day* to see  
the *Lamps* of *Heav'n*, descend into a *Well*  
As *deepe* as *darke*, that so their *sight* may be  
the more contracted, smallest *Stars* to tell :  
So, pious men, that faine would fixe their *Eyes*,  
still on the *Stars* (the *Saints* in *Heauen* that dwell)  
Descend (in *Earth*) to low'st *Obscurities* :

" For, to a louing *Soule* all *labour*'s sweet  
 " That tends (although in *Hell*) her *Loue* to meet.

Low is our *Way*; but, our *Home* most sublime :  
 if home we would, then this low *Way* is best,  
 Which yet, growes steepe *somewhere*, and hard to  
 climbe ;  
 yet, *Loue* o'ercomes it, & eternall *Rest* :  
 Vaine *pleasures* are like *Gold* throwne in our *Way* ;  
 and, while to gather it, we stoupe, at least,  
 It let's vs, and our *Iudgements* doth betray :  
 But if on *Heau'n* our *minde*s be altogether,  
 Nothing shall let our *Bodies* going thither.

Which way goe you saith *Christ* to those that stray ?  
 I am the *WAY* : and whither will you wend ?  
 I am the *TRVTH* : or else *where* will you stay ?  
 I am the *LIFE* : that is, your *Iournyes* end.  
 Now if this *Way* doe lead o'er *steepes* and *plaines*,  
 If this *Truth* teach us, *rising*, to *descend*,  
 If this *Life* be not got but with our *paines*,  
 Then, wo to them that *laugh*, sith *weepe* should al ;  
 And blessed they that *weepe* ; for, *laugh* they shall.

We should be, therefore, like th' *Egyptian* Dogs,  
 that drinke of *Nilus* running, lest they should  
 By staying much, to drinke like greedy Hogs,  
 the *Crocodile* might haue them, so, in hold :  
*Nature* doth teach them, reas'nesse, what to doe :  
 then, shall not *grace* worke much more manifold  
 With humane *Creatures*, that diuine are too ?  
 It should : then, we are mad, or reason lacke,  
 to quench our thirst of *hausing* with our *wracke*.

What is't to haue much *more* than *Nature* needs ;  
 but, to haue *more* then *Nature* well can beare :  
 Like one that's deadly drunke, or ouer-fee-des,  
 whose *excesse* makes his *Death* excessiue *cheare* !  
*Enough*, then, should be better then a *feast*,  
 sith *more* is mortall, howsoeuer deare ;  
 For, *Nature* cannot well so much digest.  
 " Much lesse then *little* (onely) makes her grutch ;  
 " *Enough* maintaines her better than *too much*.

Besides ; in vs, *Sinne* is more odious growne,  
 then in the *Diuell* : for, his was but *one sinne* :  
 Ours, *numberlesse* : his, yer *Reuenge* was knowne ;  
 ours, when we knew it ; and might fauor winne :  
 In *Innocence* created, sinn'd he ;  
 but we, when to 't we had restor'd bin :  
 In malice he, of *God* forsooke ; but we  
 when *God* recall'd vs to his sauing-*Grace* :  
 He damn'd, we sau'd : yet were in worse *Case*.

For, we were sau'd in *possibilitie* ;  
 but he condemn'd ; so, could not sau'd be :  
 He sinn'd gainst one that him did straitly *tye* ;  
 but we (worse *fends*) gainst one that made vs *free* :  
 Against one he, that doom'd him *second-death* ;  
 but, we gainst one that dide for vs : so, he  
 Sinn'd lesse than we ; which *Hope* quite banisheth,

Did not the time we liue in, stirre vs (*thrals*)  
 To call for *Grace*, that comes, if *griefe* but cals.

He that of *Sinne*, did know the large extent  
 and *Hell* of *Hells* the *Soule* incurreth thereby,  
 Shall little feele his *Bodies* punishment,  
 though he, in *life*, a thousand *deathes* should dye :  
 Which borne with *Patience*, for his *Sauours* loue,  
 quite abrogate his *pass'd impietie* :  
 And *future sinnes* and *paines* from him, doth shoue :  
 " Immortall *paines*, extreame in *qualitie*,  
 " Annihilate all mortals quantitie !

Our *Faith*, in the beginning, thinne was sowne  
 in the *affliction* ; *shame*, and *death* of *Christ* :  
 And then with *Martyrs* Bloud t'was ouer-flowne ;  
 nor, can it *grow* (or prosper) to the high'st  
 Without *showres*, ceaslesse, gushing from their *wounds* :  
 then, what art thou, that soone thy *Faith* deni'st  
 For feare of death, that but thy *Iudge* confounds ?  
 O ! I am he, the frail'st of *flesh* and *bloud*,  
 That liues for *ill*, and feares to die for *good* !

Yet for *Christ* t'is more glory to be *crost*,  
 then of him to be crown'd an earthly *King* :  
 The *last* may be, by *chance* or *Treason*, lost :  
 but, from the *Crosse*, immortall *Crownes* doe spring :  
 To be in *glory* may proceede of *Grace*  
 without the glorifide his meriting :  
 But well-borne *Crosses* alter (quite) the *case*.  
 " *Vertue* consists in *doing* hardest things ;  
 " And, vicious *Fooles* haue too too oft bene *Kings*.

Who *suffers* straight, hath but one *victorie* ;  
 but, he that alwayes doth encounter *paine*,  
 And yet o'er-throws the strong'st *Extremitie*,  
 is crown'd eu'ry day, and still shall *raigne* :  
 And what is *Death* but our best earthly *friend*,  
 which kills our *Flesh*, our deadliest *enemy* ?  
 So, friendly is both *to* and *in* the end.  
 Then Crauen, why doe I so flye his force,  
 That saues me when he makes my *corps* a *corse* !

For, if the *pining* of the *body* be  
 the pampring of the *Soule* ; than, must this *friend*  
 (That, with his *paines* makes vertuous *Soules* to flye  
 where they are pamper'd without *means* or *end*)  
 Be still embrac'd, not fled : but, O fraile *flesh*  
 this *dying-doctrine* doth but thee *offend*,  
 That hold'st it most *erronious*, *fond*, and *fresh* :  
 Thou canst not poise these *treasures* of the *Sp'rit*,  
 for, they are *weighty* : and, thou art too *light* !

Thou must haue all that may thy *Senses* charme  
 with sweete, as most effeminate, *delights* ;  
 And fly'st from *Death* to honied *pleasures* swarme ;  
 yea, follow'st them in their vnconstant *flights* :  
*Austeritie*, nor canst, nor wilt thou brooke,  
 sith it quite mortifies thy liuely *sp'rits* ;  
 And, for thy *life*, still put'st thee to thy *Booke* :  
 But, thou dost long for all that makes thee light,  
 As well within, as (gawdy still) in sight.



Mean while thou burn'st to nought with *flames of sin* :  
 for, as the *Lightnings flash*, although it spares  
 The painted *sheath*, it melts the *Blade* within ;  
 (which is the thing more worthy) so it fares  
 With *Sinnes* pernicious *fire-flash* : for, it leaues  
 the *goods* and *body* sound : but, vnawares,  
 The *Soule*, more pretious, it of life bereaues :  
 " But, who to spare a Thing of nought, will spend  
 " Gods *Coape* (his *Soule*) hee's mad, & cannot mend.

Many (though *Princes*) poore, are in their *store* ;  
 in *Honors*, abiect ; malecontent, in *mirth* :  
 Their *flesh*, selfe-*frailtie* ; their *spirits*, basely poore ;  
 their *Souls*'s the *sincke* of all the *sinnes* on *Earth* ;  
 The *Moths* of *Man-kinde*, *sores* of *Sou'raigntie* ;  
 vnappily-happie in their base-high *Birth* ;  
 Who liue the *Monsters*, and like *Dinels* dye :  
 " The *rich*, possesse ; the *mecke*, the *Earth* enioy :  
 " For they haue *most*, that haue the *lest* annoy.

Looke in the *Graues*, suruey the *Emperours*,  
*Kings*, *Dukes*, and *Worthies* of the *Ages* past ;  
 Then looke on those whom *life* and *death* obscures ;  
 (poore *Beggars*) tell me then, who's *first*, who *last* ;  
 Who *rich*, who *poore*, who *faire*, *foule*, *high*, or *low* :  
 but, if thou canst when burnt by diuers *Woods*,  
 Their *Ashes* well distinguish ; then, maist thou  
 distinguish of their *bodies*, *states*, and *blonds*.  
 Then wherefore waigh we so our *Flesh* (misled)  
 That's light as *vanitie* aliuie, and dead ?

And *life*, at best, is but a golden *sleep*,  
 lin'd but with *siluer*, or more earthly *dreames* ;  
 Or else a *Tragedie* (that moues to weepe)  
 of ceaselesse *troubles*, and most dire *Extreames* ;  
 A passing but from *life* is *life* ; for, still  
 in staying, it goes ; yet vnlike *Water-streames*,  
 That, running, stay alike, by *Natures* skill :  
 Streames, running, rest the same, and not the same ;  
 But, still vnlike, doth burne our *vitall-flame*.

Things future, are beginning endlessly ;  
 Things present, euer ending ; and Things past  
 Quite dead or done ; for, while we *liue*, we *dye* ;  
 and, dead, we liue : so, *life* is *first* and *last* :  
 Then, better dye to *life*, than liue to *death* ;  
 for, *mortall-life* (in *Death*) but *time* doth waste :  
 And *Death* doth gaine of *time* he shorteneth :  
 Who, for our *good*, our *bodies* still assailes ;  
 And frees our *Soules* by ruining their *layles*.

It is but *Natures* necessary wracke :  
 then let vs make it *voluntarie*, that  
 Is *necessary* ; and still bowe our *Backe*  
 vnder the *burden* of our common *state*  
 With all *alacritie* ; and giue to *God*  
 his *owne* ; which were most damn'd to alienate,  
 Sith he, of *Dolors*, paid for it, his *lode*.  
 Then, it were *Sacrilidge* not to restore  
 That which he *made* & *lent*, and *bought*, and more !

*Death's* dreadfull but to those that know him not ;  
 to those that know him well, hee is not so :  
 The *Old*, before their *faces* him haue got ;  
 the *young*, behinde ; while he doth all o'erthrow :  
 Acquaintance with the *Warres*, estrangeth *fear* ;  
 they dread not *wanes* at *Sea*, though high they goe.  
 that vs'd are to them, (though they all orebeare)  
 And with them fight in *front*, or in the *reare* :  
 Then, not to feare *Death*, is with him to be  
 Familiar made ; and, bring *Sense* vnder *lee*.

The *Pilot*, while he is his *Ship* to guide,  
 sits at the *Stearne* ; for, there he most preuailes :  
 And, so the vertuous (maugre *winde* and *Tyde*)  
 when through this stormy *Sea* of *life* he sailes,  
 Sits at the *Stearne* ; that is, *lifes* hinder-piece ;  
 where he, in tempests (bearing lowest *Sailes*)  
 Conducts it safely to the Port of *Peace* :  
 " To beare high *sailes*, and still forbear the *helme*.  
 " Is *Ship*, and *Fraight* (so) quite to over-whelme.

*Death* is the *doore*, whereby we must goe out  
 of straitest *Bonds* to freest *Libertie* ;  
 Then as the *Pris'ner* that of *Death* doth doubt,  
 yet waites the while for his deliuery,  
 Most ioyes in sitting at the *Prison doore*,  
 that, when it's op'ned, he may instantly  
 Get out, t'enioy his *freedome*, as before :  
 So should our *Thoughts* be fixt on *lifes* last *steppe*.  
 To which we soone may *ismp*, but not o'er-leape.

*Thoughts* mortifide the *ashes* are, wherein  
 the *fire* of *Vertue*, being rak'd vp close,  
 The longer lasts, and greater *heate* doth winne,  
 to kindle *courage* in our cold *dispose*,  
 That when *Death* comes, and those shall be vnrak't  
 we may reioyce our *flame* so freely goes  
 Vnto her *Spheare* ; then should it not be slack't  
 In *Chimney* of our *flesh*, where it doth lye,  
 Like to be quencht with our *iniquitie*.

And, as a *floud* that from a *mountaine* top,  
 doth (rowling) run, with strange, as ceaselesse, noise ;  
 And ouer many craggy *Lets* doth hop,  
 till in the *Vale* beneath, it rest enioyes :  
 So, fares it with our *life* ; which we beginne  
 with ceaselesse *out-cryes*, for our felt *annoyes* ;  
 Then, downe *Times* houres we run, through *lets* & *sin*.  
 Till in the end we rest in *vale* of *Death*,  
 To which we blow our selues by spending *breath*.

Then *Death's* our *rest* ; for, since the same hath past  
 through *lifes* pure *Veynes*, or rather *Lords* of *life*,  
 Of the least *bitternesse* it hath no taste ;  
 but, freshest *sweetnesse* therein still is rife :  
 It is the vertuous peacefull *Paradise* ;  
 but, to the vicious, tis a *World* of *strife* :  
 For, nought is plagu'd in *Death*, but mortall *Vice* :  
 That he may well be stil'd a *Martyrs* Peere,  
 That vertuous *Death* doth rather *seek* than *fear*.

*Death* to a *Thief*'s compar'd ; who, if he findes  
the *Man*, he meanes to rob, vpon his guard,  
He speakes him faire ; else him he bindes and blindes :  
so, *Death* is kinde to those for him prepar'd :  
But, curst to them, that, carelesse, spend their breath :  
for, all that watch for him, he doth reward  
With endlesse *Life* ; the rest, with double *death* ;  
But, they that dye for *Vertue* or good note,  
Though he o'er-throw them, yet they cut his *throate* !

And why should his worst *looke* more irke, or feare  
a *Man* resolu'd that he can dye but once :  
*Goliath* bought a little *Stone* as deare  
as *Samson* did the *House* that chrusht his bones :  
And, from a *Chaire* to fall, the *Necke* can breake  
as well as falling high, as *Thunder-stones* :  
And, all is but one *Death*, (bee't *strong* or *weake*)  
*Deaths* sharpest *sting*, the *Heart* but enters in,  
Which dyes with *that*, and so t'will with a *pinne*.

Why grudge we then, t' endure for endlesse life  
that, for *vaine-glory*, freely we endure ?  
Repine we not to dye in damnd strife,  
and, grudge to dye to make our life secure ?  
Is *Death* so *sweete*, when it the *Diu'll* commands ;  
and when *God* wills it, is the same so *sow'r* ?  
What *manhood*'s this, whereon, now, *manhood* stands ?  
O ougly *valor* (if it *valor* be)  
To flee to *death* ; yet, fearing, *life* to flee.

Lie well, and, so, dye well, perhaps, we may ;  
but lie still, and not dye, we neuer can :  
*Life* is not short, that, soone, goes well away ;  
and, longest life *Truth* calleth but a *spanne* :  
He dyeth *old* (though *young*) that well doth die ;  
and *Life* well lost is better then *ill* wanne ;  
For, so to *winne* we *lose* eternally :  
Then, what can counteruaile eternall *losse* ?  
Nothing that is ; no *Patience* beares that *crosse*.

If we for *vertue* doe our *life* forgoe  
our *Pitcher*'s broken o'er the *fountaine-head*  
From whence, what fill'd it, came ; and, *where* doth flow  
the *Aqua vite*, that reuiues the *dead* :  
Our *liquor* is not lost, but runne into  
the proper *Fount*, by *Nature* thither lead,  
And heau'nly *Grace* assisting *Nature* too :  
Our *life*'s a *war*, where *patience* guards from *losse* :  
Our *Captaine Christ* ; our *Standard* is his *Crosse* !

But, seemes *God* long, thy *labours* to content ;  
the more forborne, the more will be thy *meede* :  
He takes on *Intrest* what before he *lent* :  
and, takes delight t' o'er-guerdon each good-deed :  
If in our *Vs'ry*, then, we wish delay ;  
feare we the *Lord* of *All* should fall to *needs*,  
That, on his *Bond*, we dare not giue him *Day* ?  
And, shall we trust a *Merchant*, that may *breake* ;  
More than that *King*, of whom all *Kings* do seeke ?

Admit thou should'st be *rackt* to straine the *Truth*,  
(though *Racks* are made the *truth* to *gaine* not *strain*)

Yet, if thou *her* beleeeue, let ne'er thy *mouth*  
deny it for the cracking of a *veyne* :  
We owe so much to *Truth*, as should we pay  
the reall *debt*, to vs should nought remaine ;  
No, not our *liues*, which must, for *her*, away :  
For, *God* and *Truth* are *Relatiues*. Not so :  
For, *God* is *Truth* ; then, for him *All* must goe.

If *Truth*-pretending *Turkes* or *Infidels*  
should on our *Plagues*, which we for *her* endure,  
Triumph, and make our *Paines* so many *Hels*,  
alas ! (poore *Soules* ! ) they (so) doe but procure  
Their owne perdition : for, that *God* we serue  
is *God* of *vengeance* ; and the same will poure  
On *Good-pretenders* that so *ill* deserue :  
" To be for *truth* reprocht ; yea, *plagu'd*, or *slaine*,  
" Is to be *glorious*, free from *Death* and *paine*.

The red-hot Ir'n into the *Water* throwne,  
thunders therein, as if it did it harme,  
Yet, so, the force of *burning*'s ouer-throwne ;  
the while the *Water*, cold before, is warme :  
Like *Thundrings Tyrants* vse, in eu'ry *Age*,  
who, though against the *Truth* themselues they arme ;  
And with the *bloud* of *Martyrs* quench their *Rage*,  
Yet all their *triumph*'s nothing but the noise  
Of their owne *quenching*, and the *Martyrs* loyes.

Then, if they shew vs *Honors*, *Gold*, or *Iemmes*,  
t' intice vs to their *Faith* ; they shall but shew  
The *Lion Chaffe*, which (chafing) he contemnes :  
and if with *Torments* then, they vs pursue ;  
The *Salamander* they but threat with *fire* ;  
which makes her rather to *reioyce* then  *rue* :  
So, that the worst they can doe, we desire :  
Then, through the *Red-sea* of our *bloud*, thus shed,  
Vnto *Heau'ns Holy-Land* we soon'st are led.

*Saints* on the *Earth* resemble *Babes* dead borne ;  
that are no sooner borne, but borne they be  
Vnto their *graves* ; so, straight to *Ashes* turne :  
but *Tyrants* (*Viper-like*) doe lie to see  
Their owne *Confusion* ; and the death of those  
which they haue marty'r'd : so, from death, made free ;  
And, manumiz'd from this *Worlds* mortall *woes*.  
The *first*, are borne to *dye*, to *live* in *joy* ;  
The *last*, to *live*, to *dye* in all *annoy*.

When *Theeues* an house doe breake, to rob by night ;  
(sith tis a *Worke* of *darknesse*) first, they will  
(That they may not be knowne) put out the *light* ;  
and so the *good* are handled by the *ill*  
*Lights* of the *World* the *Good* are said to be ;  
but *bad-men* (*Sonnes* of *darknesse*) put out still  
Those *lights*, lest men their darkest *deedes* should see ;  
For, all that *euill* doe, the *Light* doe lothe :  
So, loue they *darknesse* ; and, doe darkly both.

Vnto the *light* it's no reproch at all  
though *Bats* and *Owles* abhorre it ; nor, is it

Disgrace to *Wisedome*, if but *Idots* shall  
condemne the same for *Folly*: they want *Wit*  
To iudge of *Wisedome*, which is too too bright  
for men to looke on that in *darknesse* sit;  
To iudge of *coulers*, blinde-men haue no *light*:  
The fault's not in the *coulers* they are so;  
But in their *Eyes* that can no *coulers* know.

Farre sweeter are the *Teares* of them that mourne,  
then is their *laughter* that in *mirth* are lost:  
All *crosses* by the *vertuous* so are borne,  
that most they *ioy* in that which *griues* most:  
Like *Roses* mong the *Thornes*, their *pleasures* are  
most sweete, whenas they are most sharply crost;  
And, being at the *worst*, they *best* doe fare!  
But, put the least crosse on a sensuall *Soule*,  
And twil (blaspheming) grudge, nay, cry, & houle.

The greater *Oxe* the *yokes* worst *part* doth beare,  
(That is, the heauiest) *Christ* (that is, thy *God*)  
Thy *yokes* most heavy *part* with thee doth weare,  
that so thou maist, with him, the lighter plod  
Through *thicke* and *thinne*: for him thou canst not do  
that he did for thee; hee feesles the *Rod*,  
Yet he doth all *in vs*, and *for vs* too:  
"Mates in afflictions, make Affliction lesse:  
Then, if *Christ* beare, with *vs*, nought can oppresse!

This *life* is but a *lye*: true *life's* not *here*:  
it *seemes*, but is not: so, it is not true:  
Than, for a *lie*, or what doth *false* appeare, then  
let vs not lie to *God*, or breake our *vow*  
We made in *Baptisme*; but to cleane to him,  
although for it, it might (perhaps) ensue  
That we to him, in our owne *Bloud* should swimme:  
That *water's* strong; it will not let vs sincke,  
And, to engrosse sure *Deedes*, the onely *Incke*!

The life of *David* was but *Teares* and *moane*;  
but *Salomons* was *ioy* and *Mirth* through-out:  
Yet *David* (sure) is *sau'd*: but, *Salomon*  
whether he be, or no, *Beleeuers* doubt.  
Poore *Lasarus* liu'd *here* in dying-plight:  
*Dies* in all that reueld with the *Rowt*  
Of honied *Pleasures*, and extreame *delight*:  
But he that liu'd in *death*, in *ioy* now lines;  
And he that *ioy'd* in *life*, in *death* now *griues*.

As sweetest *Wine* doth soonest boile our *bloud*:  
so, this *Worlds* fauour workes vs most *annoy*:  
The Water of *Detraction* then, is good  
to mingle with it, lest we should be coy:  
For, being gratus in the great *Ones* sight:  
when *Cunning clawing* makes vs doate, with *ioy*,  
W're best remembred by the tongue of *Spight*:  
"So, *foes* do oft make those, that *friends* doe *marre*:  
"As many lue most warily in *Warre*.

He that should passe a Foord, that swift doth glide,  
(so to preuent his giddinesse of Braine)  
Should fixe his sight vpon the further side;  
not on the Water, and himselfe sustaine  
By one more strong, that, as his guide, should goe,  
lest that the *Current*, running so amaine,  
Should ouerwhelme him by an Ouer-throw:  
Then, rest on *Christ*, and fixe thine *Eyes* on *blesse*,  
while thou go'st through all *Torrents* of *distresse*.

Through *fire* and *water* we must passe, before  
we can arriue where nothing can distresse:  
Our *flesh* in both should purg'd be more and more;  
for, in the *pur'st* it's full of *filthinesse*  
In double kinde: and, makes cleane *Soules* the while  
to lothe their *Lodge*, so full of *sluttishnesse*,  
Consorted with all *vices* that defile:  
" *Pride*, *Envy*, *Wrath*, *Lust*, *Hate*, with all *amisse*,  
" The *Species* are, and *Flesh* the *Genus* is.

For, *flesh* is *earth*: so, in our *soules* it sets  
foule *thoughts*: (as *earthly*, as *voluptuous*)  
The *World* as *vaine* as *curious* thoughts begets;  
the *Fiend*, *malitious* thoughts and *anious*:  
Who on the *flesh* for *help* doth much rely,  
sith household *enemies* may soonest hurt,  
She being here free denis'd specially;  
and we in *bondage* toiling *here* in *durt*:  
Then, doth the *World* relye vpon the *Diuell*  
To make *flesh* loue the *World*: and, so, all *euill*.

So these procure vs *Worlds* of *Enemies*:  
if *Auarice* be quall'd; *Lust*, seconds her:  
If *Lust* be foil'd; *Ambition* straight doth rise:  
If she be downe; then *Anger* wageth *Warre*:  
If it be cool'd, *Pride*, *Envy* and the like  
giue fresh *encounters* in this mortall *larre*:  
And all, with all their might, our ruine seek: e  
Then, where the *fight's* so fell and ceaselesse too,  
Wert not for *grace*, most would themselves misdo.

Then, if we waigh our *flesh* how fraile it is,  
how full of all *disease*, in *life*, how dead!  
In *Death*, how foule! (as nought so foule as *this*)  
how then can we be fight with so much *Lead*?  
Or how can we be pleas'd such *filth* to feede:  
as in our Nature naturally is bred;  
And, whence so many *Prodigies* proceede?  
Then if we may be ridde from such *annoy*,  
But with one death, it is the life of *ioy*!

And what is *Honor* but a *lie*, like *life*?  
for, as a *Ship* at *Sea*, with swelling *Sailes*,  
By *windes*, that for her *peace* are still at *strife*,  
dauncing vpon the *Waues* with merry *Gales*  
Allureth eu'ry *Eye* her pride to praise:  
but when to th' *Hauen* she comes with her *awails*,  
Shee's by the *Searcher* sackt, or *Customes* paies:  
So they, in *life*, that are most honor'd,  
Are often most dishonour'd being dead.

And likewise, while some smile on *Sargers* high  
 of puff'd-up vanities; and still censure  
 The Tyde of Times, arm'd with *Austere*,  
 are prais'd, and follow'd of the worldly *Crow*:  
 But if, by *grace*, they doe themselves withdraw  
 into a vertuous life: then, straight their *due*  
 Is search'd or sought, by *Custom*, or by *Law*:  
 O then how blest are they that most are curst  
 (For their so blest retiring) of the *mult*.

The *Libard* beares to *man* such mortall hate,  
 that in his *face* he flies when him he sees:  
 Therefore they use a *mask* to figureate,  
 and shew it him, at which forthwith he flees,  
 And piece-meale teares it; so, his wrath t' assuage,  
 shewing thereby how ill with *man* he agrees:  
 So *Sathan* and his *Members* being too weak  
 To teare our *God*, to spoile his *Pictures* secke.

As *Grapes* vnto the *Wine-press* all doe come,  
 that come to *Vertue* in *Faiths* outward *House*:  
 They shall be crush'd with many an heavy *doome*  
 of *Justice* nam'd, but most iniurious:  
 But, though their *Pressures* squeeze out all their *Blood*,  
 yet in *Gods Seller* shall it finde a *Room*,  
 And there made *Rose of Solace*, *sweet* and *good*:  
 Then, let vs still be prest so *fast* to be;  
 For, running loose, we soone runne to our *lee*.

The more huge *Billowes* beate vpon a *Rocke*,  
 the more they breake; and so, to *fruth* are turn'd;  
 The while the *breaker* seemes their spight to mocke,  
 that hurt themselves, not him, that so they spurn'd:  
 So, let the spitefull spurne vs while they will,  
 our *Rocke* stands sure, while they are overturn'd,  
 Whose *Moanes*, for vs, *Christ* beares, or breaketh still!  
 So, hurt themselves they may, but neuer vs:  
 Sith still, in him, we are victorious.

Yet tis too true, some *wise* and *wicked* too  
 (if possible the *wicked* may be *wise*)  
 May, if a *King* will doe what they bid doe,  
 vndoe a Realme with Legall Tyrannies;  
 And all the *guilt* thereof shall still be gill  
 with guilefull *glosse* or *Conscience*, most precise;  
 Till all be as they would, though all be split:  
 "For, that's but split that stands but on the *fall*  
 "Of sacred *Vertue*, that vpholdeth all.

To carry Pagan *hearts* in Christian *breasts*,  
 is no new thing, though many (new) doe vse it:  
 "On fair'st *pretence* the foulest *purpose* rests:  
 yet *Beauties* good; but foulely some abuse it:  
 The *heart* of *man* so many *windings* hath,  
 that for a Maze of *skill* none can refuse it;  
 Sith hard it is to turne to eu'ry *path*.  
 O *Christ*! wert thou on Earth as once thou wert,  
 How would'st thou, now, behypocrit *mans* hart?

Such faire *pretences* we may well compare  
 t' Egyptian *Temples*: *faire*, but most *profane*:  
 Garnisht with *Gold*, and *Colunnes*, rich as *pure*,  
 in th' outward *Roomes*: but, if a view be tane  
 Of th' inward, where their *God* is still confinde,  
 some loth'd *Sight*, full of deadly *Bane*,  
 Or *Snake* or *Cochetrix*, we there shall finde:  
 So, in such faire *Pretence* we (often) see  
 The *Dinell* himselfe, as *GOD*, ador'd to be.

With *Christ*s plain *Coste* to hide *vice* (which enermoe)  
 is to disgrace the *Owner*: or it is  
 The *Dinells* *virtue*, that himselfe transformes  
 t' an *Angell* bright, to doe the more amisse:  
 But, eu'ry *Age* hath grow'd with this *Disease*:  
 yet neuer *Age*, for that, was eas'd of *this*,  
 Groane while we will, it will vs still displease:  
 Then make w' a *virtue* of *maceritie*:  
 And, what we needs must beare, beare willingly.

For, these, and like *afflictions*, still must proue,  
 and purge our *manners* from the *drease* of blame:  
 From *Earth* to waene, to *God* t' increase our *Love*:  
 like *Smithes Forge-water* that augments the *flame*:  
 And, *pleasure* is most pleasant vnto those,  
 that haue bene least acquainted with the same;  
 As heavenly *loyes* are after earthly *uses*:  
 And, *Griefes* grow senselesse in a vertuous *Will*,  
 Or rather sensuall; for, they raniush still!

If in our *foote*, much more if in our *Head*,  
 a *thorne* be thrust, our *Heart*, nay, *Soule* will grieve:  
 Then flye we *pleasures*, as they vs haue fled;  
 and rather wish for *paines* that *our* might grieve:  
 Then sith our *HEAD* is thorn'd ouer all,  
 if we his *Members* be, shall we be fed  
 With honied *pleasures* while he tastes but Gall?  
 God shield we should: then let vs onely Ioy  
 In his sowre-sweetest *Crosse*, and his *enay*.

*Moses* did see him in the midst of *fire*,  
 and fiery *Thornes*: and in the *mount* among  
*Lightnings* and *Thundrings*: *Daniel* did aspire,  
 to see his *Throne*, which fiery *whorles* did throng:  
 Then shall we looke for more *Prerogatives*,  
 than had these *friends* of *God*? then him we wrong  
 T' expect what he, in *Justice*, cannot giue:  
 For, we must see him as the others did;  
 Else may we seeke him, but he will be hid.

For, as the *Sires* delight to haue their *Sonne*  
 resemble them in fauour: so it Ioyes  
 Our heavenly *Sire*, to see vs (wayward *Ones*)  
 like him, in patient-bearing all *Annoyes*,  
 Which, for our *good*, his *grace* on vs inflicts:  
 for, when we beare what *beautie* quite destroyes  
 (The *wennes* and *wounds* of all his sore *roughirts*)  
 In his faire *Eyes* we are most louely, then;  
 And foul'st, when fair'st but in the *Eyes* of men.

Disgrace to *Wisdom*, if but *Ideots* shall  
condemne the same for *Folly*: they want *Wit*  
To iudge of *Wisdom*, which is too too bright  
for men to looke on that in *darknesse* sit;  
To iudge of *colours*, blinde-men haue no *light*:  
The fault's not in the *colours* they are so;  
But in their *Eyes* that can no *colours* know.

Farre sweeter are the *Tear*s of them that mourne,  
then is their *laughter* that in *mirth* are lost:  
All *crosses* by the *vertuous* so are borne,  
that most they *ioy* in that which *griueneth* most:  
Like *Roses* mong the *Thornes*, their *pleasures* are  
most sweete, whenas they are most sharply crost;  
And, being at the *worst*, they *best* doe fare!  
But, put the least crosse on a sensuall *Soule*,  
And twil (blaspheming) grudge, nay, cry, & houle.

The greater *Oxe* the *yokes* worst *part* doth beare,  
(That is, the heaviest) *Christ* (that is, thy *God*)  
Thy *yokes* most heavy *part* with thee doth weare,  
that so thou maist, with him, the lighter plod  
Through *thicke* and *thinne*: for him thou canst not do  
that he did for thee; hee feelles the *Rod*,  
Yet he doth all *in vs*, and *for vs* too:  
"Mates in afflictions, make Affliction lesse:  
Then, if *Christ* beare, with *vs*, nought can oppresse!

This *life* is but a *lie*; true *life's* not *here*;  
it *seemes*, but is not: so, it is not true:  
Than, for a *lie*, or what doth *false* appeare, then  
let *vs* not lie to *God*, or breake our *vow*  
We made in *Baptisme*; but to cleaue to him,  
although for it, it might (perhaps) ensue  
That we to him, in our owne *Bloud* should swimme:  
That *water's* strong; it will not let *vs* sincke,  
And, to engrosse sure *Deedes*, the onely *Incke*!

The life of *David* was but *Tear*s and *moane*;  
but *Salomons* was *ioy* and *Mirth* through-out:  
Yet *David* (sure) is *sau'd*: but, *Salomon*  
whether he be, or no, *Believers* doubt.  
Poore *Lasarus* liu'd *here* in dying-plight:  
*Dines* in all that reueld with the *Rowt*  
Of honied *Pleasures*, and extreame *delight*:  
But he that liu'd in *death*, in *ioy* now liues;  
And he that *ioy'd* in *life*, in *death* now *griues*.

As sweetest *Wine* doth soonest boile our *bloud*:  
so, this *World's* fauour workes *vs* most *annoy*:  
The *Water* of *Detraction* then, is good  
to mingle with it, lest we should be coy:  
For, being gracious in the great *Ones* sight:  
when *Cunning* *clawing* makes *vs* doate, with *ioy*,  
We're best remembred by the tongue of *Spight*:  
"So, *foes* do oft *make* those, that *friends* doe *marre*:  
"As many liue most warily in *Warre*.

He that should passe a *Foord*, that swift doth glide,  
(so to preuent his giddinesse of *Braine*)  
Should fixe his sight vpon the further side;  
not on the *Water*, and himselfe sustaine  
By one more strong, that, as his guide, should goe,  
lest that the *Current*, running so amaine,  
Should ouer-whelme him by an *Ouer-throw*:  
Then, rest on *Christ*, and fixe thine *Eyes* on *blesse*,  
while thou go'st through all *Torrents* of *distresse*.

Through *fire* and *water* we must passe, before  
we can arriue where nothing can *distresse*:  
Our *flesh* in both should purg'd be more and more;  
for, in the *pur'st* it's full of *filthinesse*  
In double kinde: and, makes cleane *Soules* the while  
to lothe their *Lodge*, so full of *sluttishnesse*,  
Consorted with all *vices* that defile:  
" *Pride*, *Envy*, *Wrath*, *Lust*, *Hate*, with all *amisse*,  
" The *Species* are, and *Flesh* the *Genus* is.

For, *flesh* is *earth*; so, in our *soules* it sets  
foule *thoughts*: (as *earthly*, as *voluptuous*)  
The *World* as *vaine* as *curious* thoughts begets;  
the *Fiend*, *malitious* thoughts and *envious*:  
Who on the *flesh* for *help* doth much rely,  
sith household *enemies* may soonest hurt,  
She being here free deni'd specially;  
and we in *bondage* toiling *here* in *durt*:  
Then, doth the *World* relye vpon the *Diuill*  
To make *flesh* loue the *World*: and, so, all *euill*.

So *these* procure *vs* *Worlds* of *Enemies*:  
if *Auarice* be quail'd; *Lust*, seconds her:  
If *Lust* be foil'd; *Ambition* straight doth rise:  
If she be downe; then *Anger* wageth *Warre*:  
If it be cool'd, *Pride*, *Envy* and the like  
giue fresh *encounters* in this mortall *larre*;  
And all, with all their might, our *ruine* seeke:  
Then, where the *fight's* so fell and ceaselesse too,  
Wert not for *grace*, most would themselues misdo.

Then, if we waigh our *flesh* how fraile it is,  
how full of all *disease*, in *life*, how dead!  
In *Death*, how foule! (as nought so foule as *this*)  
how then can we be light with so much *Lead*?  
Or how can we be pleas'd such *filth* to feede  
as in our *Nature* naturally is bred;  
And, whence so many *Prodigies* proceede?  
Then if we may be ridde from such *annoy*,  
But with one *death*, it is the *life* of *ioy*!

And what is *Honor* but a *lie*, like *life*?  
for, as a *Ship* at *Sea*, with swelling *Sailes*,  
By *windes*, that for her *peace* are still at *strife*,  
dauncing vpon the *Wanes* with merry *Gales*  
Allureth eu'ry *Eye* her pride to praise:  
but when to th' *Hauen* she comes with her *anails*,  
Shee's by the *Searcher* sackt, or *Custom* paies:  
So they, in *life*, that are most honored,  
Are often most dishonour'd being dead.

And likewise, while some saile on *Surges* high  
 of puff-vp *vanities*; and still ensue  
 The Tyde of Times, arm'd with *Authoritie*,  
 are prais'd, and follow'd of the worldly *Crue*:  
 But if, by *grace*, they doe themselves withdraw  
 into a vertuous life: then, straight their *due*  
 Is search'd or sackt, by *Customs*, or by *Law*:  
 O then how blest are they that most are curst  
 (For their so blest retiring) of the *worst*.

The *Libard* beares to *man* such mortall hate,  
 that in his *face* he flies when him he sees:  
 Therefore they vse a *man* to figureate,  
 and shew it him, at which forthwith he flees,  
 And piece-meale teares it; so, his wrath t' asswage,  
 shewing thereby how ill with *man* he agrees:  
 So *Sathan* and his *Members* being too weake  
 To teare our *God*, to spoile his *Pictures* seeke.

As *Grapes* vnto the *Wine-presse* all doe come,  
 that come to *Vertue* in *Faiths* outward *House*:  
 They shall be crusht with many an heauy doome  
 of *Iustice* nam'd, but most iniurious:  
 But, though their *Pressures* squise out all their *bloud*,  
 yet in Gods *Seller* shall it finde a *Roome*,  
 And there made *Rose of Sollace*, *sweete* and *good*:  
 Then, let vs still be prest so *pratt* to be;  
 For, running loose, we soone runne to our *lee*.

The more huge *Billowes* beate vpon a *Rocke*,  
 the more they breake; and so, to *froth* are turn'd;  
 The while the *breaker* seemes their spight to mocke,  
 that hurt themselves, not him, that so they spurn'd:  
 So, let the spightfull spurne vs while they will,  
 our *Rocke* stands sure, while they are ouerturn'd,  
 Whose *blowes*, for vs, *Christ* beares, or breaketh still!  
 So, hurt *themselves* they may, but neuer vs;  
 Sith still, in him, we are victorious.

Yet tis too true, some *wise* and *wicked* too  
 (if possible the *wicked* may be *wise*)  
 May, if a *King* will doe what they bid doe,  
 vndoe a Realme with Legall Tyrannies;  
 And all the *guilt* thereof shall still be gith  
 with guilefull glosse or *Conscience*, most precise;  
 Till all be as they would, though all be spilt:  
 "For, that's but spilt that stands but on the *fall*  
 "Of sacred *Vertue*, that vpholdeth all.

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 is no new thing, though many (new) doe vse it:  
 "On fair't *pretence* the foulest *purpose* rests:  
 yet *Beautie's* good; but foulely some abuse it:  
 The *heart* of *man* so many *windings* hath,  
 that for a *Maze* of *skill* none can refuse it;  
 Sith hard it is to turne to eu'ry *path*.  
 O *Christ*! wert thou on Earth as once thou wert,  
 How would'st thou, now, behypocrit *mans* hart?

Such faire *pretences* we may well compare  
 t' Egyptian *Temples*; faire, but most *prophane*:  
 Garnisht with *Gold*, and *Columnes*, rich as *rare*,  
 in th' outward *Roomes*: but, if a view be tane  
 Of th' inward, where their *God* is still confinde,  
 some loth'd *Viper*, full of deadly Bane,  
 Or *Snake* or *Cockatrice*, we there shall finde:  
 So, in such faire *Pretence* we (often) see  
 The *Diuell* himselfe, as *GOD*, ador'd to be.

With *Christs* plain *Coate* to hide *vice* (which enornes)  
 is to disgrace the *Owner*: or it is  
 The *Diuels* *vertue*, that himselfe transforms  
 t'an *Angell* bright, to doe the more amisse:  
 But, eu'ry *Age* hath groan'd with this *Disease*:  
 yet neuer *Age*, for *that*, was eas'd of *this*,  
 Groane while we will, it will vs still displease:  
 Then make w' a *vertue* of *necessitie*;  
 And, what we needs must beare, beare willingly.

For, these, and like *afflictions*, still must proue,  
 and purge our *manners* from the *drosse* of blame;  
 From *Earth* to weane, to *God* t' increase our *Loue*:  
 like *Smithes* *Forge-water* that augments the *flame*:  
 And, *pleasure* is most pleasant vnto those,  
 that haue beene least acquainted with the same;  
 As heavenly *Ioyes* are after earthly *woes*:  
 And, *Griefes* grow senselesse in a vertuous *Will*,  
 Or rather sensuall; for, they rauish still!

If in our *foote*, much more if in our *Head*,  
 a *thorne* be thrust, our *Heart*, nay, *Soule* will grieve:  
 Then flye we *pleasures*, as they vs haue fled;  
 and rather wish for *paines* that ease might giue:  
 Then sith our *HEAD* is thorn'd ouer all,  
 if we his *Members* be, shall we be fed  
 With honied *pleasures* while he tastes but Gall?  
 God shield we should: then let vs onely ioy  
 In his sowre-sweetest *Crosse*, and his *annoy*.

*Moses* did see him in the midst of *fire*,  
 and fiery *Thornes*: and in the *mount* among  
*Lightnings* and *Thundrings*: *Daniel* did aspire,  
 to see his *Throne*, which fiery *wheeles* did throng:  
 Then shall we looke for more *Prerogative*,  
 than had these *friends* of *God*? then him we wrong  
 T' expect what he, in *Iustice*, cannot giue:  
 For, we must see him as the others did;  
 Else may we seeke him, but he will be hid.

For, as the *Sires* delight to haue their *Sonnes*  
 resemble them in fauour: so it ioyes  
 Our heavenly *Sire*, to see vs (wayward *Ones*)  
 like him, in patient-bearing all *Annoyes*,  
 Which, for our *good*, his *grace* on vs inflicts:  
 for, when we beare what *beautie* quite destroyes  
 (The *wennes* and *wounds* of all his sore *conflicts*)  
 In his faire *Eyes* we are most louely, then;  
 And foul'st, when fair'st but in the *Eyes* of men.

We see a *Dogge*, that but with *crusts* we feede,  
will in our quarrell fight while he can moue :  
And *Servants* which we hire for little *Meede*,  
will ne'ethelesse die often for our loue :  
Then shall we *Christians* be lesse kinde then *Beasts*,  
or thankfull lesse, than those we hire for neede  
To him that giues vs all that *Faith* requests ?  
O no : no, no, it were too great a blame  
The dignitie of *Manhood* so to shame !

The *Flow'r* of *lesse* did most sweetly smell,  
and came to perfect *growth* vpon the *Crusse* :  
The *fruit* of *life* could not be gather'd well  
without sharpe *Thornes* that stooke vnto it close :  
And *Gall* was tasted, in a deadly fit,  
by the best *Taster* : who, by his *lifes* losse,  
Wanne *Life* to all that dye in *him*, and *it* ;  
And, till he rose from *Death*, he did not eate  
The *Hony-combe* ; but, fed on sower meate.

The Waters of *Affliction* are the *streames*  
whereat our heau'nly *Gedeon* still doth try  
Who are fit *Souldiers* for his Warres *Extremes* ;  
and seuers such as on their *Bellies* lie,  
To drinke as thirsting that they, full, may rise ;  
from those that, from their meere necessitie,  
Reach out their *Hands* to take what doth suffice :  
" Great *Wealth* and *Vertue* no agreement haue,  
" Sith *Vertue* makes it serue her as a *Slaue*.

Though *Prisons*, of themselves, be *Sathans* folds,  
wherein, for *slaughter*, his best *Sheepe* he keeps :  
Yet may the *Cause* make them the safest Holds,  
(yea, Heau'ns of *Saints*) for, tho the *Linnets* peepes  
(When shee's encag'd) at eu'ry *loope* and *Chinke*,  
as longing to be gone, and often weepes  
That shee's restrain'd ; yea, leaues her *meat* & *drinke* ;  
Yet in the *Cage* she is from *danger* sure  
Of *Fowlers* Snares, and *Kites* that would deuoure.

But those in *Patience* that their *Soules* possesse,  
(while they, in *bonds*, do *Tyrants* wrath asswage)  
The sweeter sing, the sower their *distresse* ;  
like well-taught *Lynnels* vs'd to the *Cage*,  
There learne they sweeter *Notes* than *Nature* gaue,  
when they abroad were in their *Pilgrimage* ;  
New exercise of *Vertue*, *there* they haue :  
Where may we sing with *Quires* of *Angels* then,  
More free, then when most fast from mortal *men* ?

Then out of *Prison* goe we, when we be  
put into *Prison*, so the *cause* be good :  
For *Libertie* is but *Captiuitie* ;  
that (lightly) makes more loose fraile *flesh* & *bloud* ;  
*Kings Courts* ; yea, *Heau'n* itself must yeeld, with awe,  
't a *Prisons* glory (though defil'd with *Mud*)  
That keeps Gods *Servants* safely for his *Law*.  
" A *Princes* Presence makes a *Cote* a *Court* ;  
" And, that *Pris'n's* Heau'n, where *Saints* & *Angels*  
sport.

The *Coriander-seeds*, in pieces cut,  
each *piece* brings forth as much as all would doe :  
And so a *Martyr* into *Prison* put,  
and there first bruis'd, then, cut in pieces too,  
No drop of *bloud*, no *piece* (though turn'd to mould)  
but it hath force the *Dinell* to vndoe ;  
And workes *more* (often) then the *Owner* could :  
For, if in priuate *Tarres* effus'd *Gore*  
For *vengeance* cries ; his can doe that, and more !

Of all parts of a *Tree* the *Roote* seemes worst :  
for, it's deform'd, and most offends the *sight* :  
Yet, all *trees* vertue thence proceedeth first,  
*stemme*, *branch*, & *leaves*, *flow'rs*, *fruit* ; yea, *lift*, &  
*might*  
The *Roote* alone may challenge as her owne :  
for, by the same they are both *borne* and *nurst*,  
Which in the *Roote* (as in the *woombe*) was sowne :  
So some like *Rootes*, being raggd in the *Eye*,  
Dying for *Christ*, makes *Christians* multiplie.

Some *Trees* there are, that, if their *Rinde* be *rust*,  
*cut*, *prickt*, or *bruise'd*, a precious *Balme* it bleeds,  
In *sight* and *sauour* faire and redolent :  
but neither yeelds till outward it proceedes :  
So, *Martyrs* when their *Flesh* is gasht or torne,  
out flowes the *Balme* that cures their own *sindeeds*,  
And *others* heales that so to *Vertue* turne :  
This *balme's* so sweet that it the *World* perfumes,  
Whereby the *Pagan*, *Christ's* sweet *Name* assumes.

The *Roses* sweetnesse, if vntoucht it be,  
soone with the *leaves* doth wither quite away ;  
But by the *Fire* when it is *still'd*, we see  
it yeeld sweet *Iuyce* that hardly will decay :  
Nay, more ; the *Leaves* so bak'd into a *Cake*,  
doe long make sweet both where they *lye* or *lay* ;  
And all that neighbors them, most sweet doe make :  
The *leaves*, so parcht, delighting still the *Nose*,  
Immortall makes the Sweetnesse of the *Rose*.

So, *Martyrs* sweetly liue, with *Brambles* keene,  
sith in their *conuersation* they are pure ;  
Yet *few* can see it, sith they liue vnscene :  
but still from worldly *Comforts* make them sure,  
*Bolt* them, nay, *bray* or *burne* them if you will  
then will their vertue sweetly all allure :  
And *Heau'n* and *Earth* with diuine *sauour* fill :  
Had they, by *Nature*, did, their *leafe* nor *iuyce*  
Had not bene halfe so sweete, nor meet for vse.

Darke is the *Water* in the *Airy Clouds*,  
yet that, the *Rose* and *Lilly* brings to light,  
Mantling the *Earth* with all that *Nature* shrowds  
within her *bowels* yer the *Waters* light :  
What are these *Clouds* (of which the *Paalmist* sings)  
but *Clouds* of *Witnesses* (as blacke as bright ?)  
Graue *Martyrs* that giue *Truth* true witnessings :  
Their *Bloud* the *Water* : and when out it poures  
The *Time* looks blacke, but *Saints* spring with the  
*showres*.

With *bloud* the Churches Bud came forth at first,  
as earnest of the *fruits* she was to beare ;  
Who was no sooner 'spoused vnto *Christ*,  
but in their *bloud* her *Infants* drown'd were,  
To shew her future *throwes* in bearing *young* :  
your *yeers* (sweet Lambs) could not *deleue* nor *fear* ;  
But yet your *flesh* could dye to right *Faiths* wrong :  
Thus did the *Church* as soone as shee was wed,  
With chastest *bloud* forgoe her *Virgin-bed*.

Then to our *bloud* the *Gates of Heav'n* flye ope ;  
and, with our *bloud* Hell-fire's extinguish'd :  
Our Bodies *bloud* doth scowre our *Soules* like Sope ;  
and with our *bloud* our *Bodie's* honor'd :  
The *Disuell* sham'd, and *God* glorifide :  
for when, in *Truths* defence, the same is shed,  
It makes our *deedes* most glorious, in it dide :  
The seed of *Virtue*, and the bane of *Vice*  
Is *bloud* so shed : " *No price to a bloody PRICE !*

The resurrection of *Truth*, *Faith* and *Fame*,  
did flourish most when soakt in *Martyrs* Bloud :  
Whose *Palms* with *waight* grow higher, & their *flame*  
doth waxe more strong, the more it is with-stood :  
Their *Spice*, by pounding, yeeldeth sweeter *sent*,  
and *Lets* to *Truth* are borne downe with this *floud* :  
Which let abroad, doth grow more violent ;  
And, while it runnes, it roares, and after cryes  
For vengeance on their *Foes*, *Truths* *Enemies*.

With *Tyrants* Thundrings, *Errours* Cloude is crackt,  
th' inclosed *light* of *Truth's* disclosed so ;  
And *showres* of *bloud* (that then for *Truth* are wrackt)  
makes *Martyrs* more and more on Earth to grow :  
For, still their *Side* by *God*, himselfe, is *backt* ;  
they (*Sampsons*) with their Death, do quell the *foe*,  
And most torment him, when they most are rackt :  
Then, good *Crosse* (bless'd *sheep-crooke*) *Saints* still  
keep  
To *Christ*, whose *Hooke* thou art, to catch his *Sheepe*.

For, as a feat *Embroiderer*, that hath  
a piece of *Veluet* brackt, t' embroider on,  
So drawes his Worke, that he, to hide the scath,  
embrodres richest in that *place* alone :  
So, GOD vpon the *Veluet* of our *flesh*,  
all torne in time of *Persecution*,  
Couers the Bracks with *Beautie* faire, as fresh :  
So, that the other *Parts* are beautifide  
By those rent *parts*, by GOD so glorifide !

And as the *Paper-mill*, of rotten Raggs  
tane from the *Dung-hill*, by still mauling it,  
Makes so white *Paper*, as the filthy *Jagg*  
may now infold the purest *part* of *Wit*,  
Or purest *things* that come from *Heart*, or *Hand* :  
so, we by *Martyrdome*, are made most fit  
(Howeuer base) in *glory* still to stand :  
And made more apt (diuinely) to comprise  
Gods glorious *Graces*, and his *Rarities*.

Thogh th' vpper *heav'n* doth turne (by violent sway)  
the lower, out of course, from *East* to *West* ;  
Yet, of themselves, they wheele the other way :  
(for, they, by *Nature*, turne from *West* to *East*)  
So, thogh from th' *East*, where *Truth* begins to shine,  
her *Foes* would force our *Faith*, or *course*, at least,  
To *Errors* West, where *Truth* doth still decline ;  
Yet must we stirre, as *Grace* and *Nature* moues  
Vnto the *East*, where *God* our *course* approues.

A *Martyr's* like a *Dye*, which though it fall  
this or that way, it fals no way amisse ;  
It flat will lye, or cannot lye at all ;  
so, *Martyrs* lye with *Truth*, whereere she is :  
They will lye leuell with the *Earth* ; nay, more,  
In, or about it lye, or stand for this ;  
*Hange*, *burne*, or *starue*, all's one ; they feelee no *sore* :  
Then when *God* throwes at all, with them, to win,  
At eu'ry throw, he drawes some others in.

*Abel* he cannot be that is not taught  
true *patience* by the malice of a *Caine* :  
And happy he that like a *Cole* is caught  
out of *Afflictions* fire with *God* to raigne  
While he is *bright*, and glowes with *Charitie* :  
for, whether to be *white* or *red*, in *graine*,  
The Church were best, is vacouth to discry :  
The Churches *floures* the *Rose* nor *Lilly* want,  
But both adorne, and make her triumphant.

The martyr'd *Body* of our *Lord* and *God*  
is the main *Rock* from whence his *Saints* are hewne :  
For, from his *flesh* they rent are with the *Rod* ;  
and by the rentings of the *Rod* are knowne  
To be true *flesh* of his torne *Flesh*, and so  
to be his *Types*, by which him *selfe* is shewne  
To *Heathen-folke*, that him desire to know :  
" O ! tis a *glory* past the height of *FAME*,  
" To be like *Christ* in *suffrings* as in *name*.

The antient *Romaines* vs'd, their *force* to trye,  
t' incounter *Bears* and *Lyons* ; and the *Scarres*  
That came by sauage *Tusk*, they valued hye ;  
and piercings of their *Pawes* so many *Starres* :  
If in *vaine-glory* they such *Dents* endur'd ;  
what should we doe in *Christ*, our *Captaines*, Warres,  
Being of true *glory*, for our fight, assur'd ?  
We should (with *Patience* arm'd) encounter *death* ;  
And, for that *gaine*, with *torment*, lose our *breath*.

Shall *Saints* feare *Men*, whom *Angels* ought to feare ;  
for, *Saints* shall iudge the *Angels* ; and, the *Fiend*  
Hath cause to feare them ; for, they rule doe beare,  
ouer his *Legions* ; yea, his *Forces* rend :  
The *World* should likewise feare them : sith the *Saints*  
shall, with *heav'n's* *Vmpier*, iudge it in the end ;  
Than hee that at his *threats*, or *torments*, faints then  
Can be no *Saint* ; but must be iudg'd of them  
(A Coward) to foule *shame*, and *paines* extream.



*Elias* must not feare, nor *feare* disguise,  
to let the *Mantle* of his *flesh* to fall,  
To flye in *Coach*, flame-wing'd, to *Paradise* :  
*Gedoon* must breake his earthly *Pots*, sith all  
Their *Lights* so seeme to put his *foes* to flight :  
*Ioseph* must leaue his *Cloake*, or else he shall  
Be mou'd to wrong his *Maister* in his *right* :  
" *Life* leads to *Care* ; but, *Death* to *Comfort* leads :  
" Then *Death*, in *Syons* cause, in *Sion* treads.

At *Sea*, decays the *Sailer* ; in his *Tent*,  
the ventrous *Souldier* ; in the *Court*, decays  
The vertuous *Courtier* ; *Iustice*, in *Iudgement* ;  
true *Faith*, in *Friendship* ; *Skill*, in *Arts* *Assaies* ;  
In *Manners*, *Discipline* : so, we, alone,  
(that, dying, liue in these too nightly *dayes*)  
Vnder the *ruines* of the World doe grone :  
All is quite orderlesse ; which doth portend  
The World, with vs, is euen at an end.

And o what should I say, when *Courage* makes  
the *Cause* nor *good* nor *bad* ; for, *Falshoods* *Friends*  
Hauē dide in *Errors* cause, at flaming *Stakes*,  
as stout as *Martyrs* in their constant *ends* ?  
Witness that *Legate*, sent from *Pow'r's* beneath,  
who late in *Smith-field*, *Error* so defends,  
That he out-fac'd *Truth*, *men*, *flames*, *dread* & *death* :  
And *Anabaptists* there for *Error* stood,  
As stout as those that, for *truth*, lost their *bloud*.

But, *Legate*, though thou canst no answer yeeld,  
yet let me question thee as many doe  
Question the dead for *Error* which they held ;  
tell me, who gaue thy false *Faith* *Courage* too,  
That thou for *Error* should'st so stoutly burne,  
for *Error* that must needs thy *Soule* vndoe,  
If, on the *Coales* from it, shee did not turne ?  
Can *Sathan* counterfet our *GOD* so nye  
In 's *Gifts*, that men, for him, should stoutly dye ?

But thou might'st answer ; *Faith*, though false it be,  
yet, if the *Soule* perswaded be it's true,  
Vpon the *Heart* it worketh mortally,  
as *Faith* doth, which to Heau'nly *Truth* is due :  
This made the *Priests* of *Baal* their *flesh* to wound ;  
and many *Indians* sense of *paine* subdue ;  
Yea, burne with those, whose *Faith*, they hope, was  
sound :  
Then not to suffer much ; nor *Constancy*  
Proues *Error*, *Truth*, which fire's too cold to trye.

Then *Truth* must trye her selfe by *Reas'n* and *Faith* ;  
but, where *Faith* bids beleue, *Reas'n* still must be  
Obedient to beleue whateere she saith ;  
though she say, *Threes* are *One*, and *One* is *Threes* :  
A *Maid's* a *Mother*, that a *Man* had wiu'd :  
true *God*, vnmade, made true *Man*, really :  
And that the *Dead* shall rise, as here they liu'd :  
All this, and more, of *Faith*, must *Reas'n* beleue ;  
But *God* (the *Fount* of *Reas'n*) this *Faith* must giue.

*Death* is the worst of *Its*, yet best to those  
that dye for *Faith* well tryde : and who they be  
The *Conscience* of the *Dyers* neuer knowes,  
if with the *Rules* of *Faith* they disagree :  
Then *God* knowes who are his : and *Men* may know  
that all are his, his freest *Spirit* doth free  
From *life*, by *death*, bee't violent, quicke or slow :  
A *Saint* as *Man*, may feare and faint in death,  
As *Christ* did (dying) yer he yeelded *Breath*.

Let this *Cup* passe, was *Terrours* proper voyce,  
yet vtter'd by our *Sauours* sacred *Tongue* :  
Our *flesh* (he tooke) annoi'd, did make that noise,  
fore-feeling it should be with *Torments* stunge.  
*My God, my God, why hast forsaken me* ?  
vnto our *flesh* intirely did belong ;  
Then may true *Martyrs* in *Death* drouping be  
With sense of *pain* ; but *God*, that gaue them  
strength  
To stand to him, through *him*, preuailes at length.

For, tis not hard when *Gods* soft comforts cheere  
our *Soule* to suffer, torments to endure ;  
But when such *faours* are turn'd all to *feare*,  
and in distresse of *Minde* to hold vs sure  
To *God*, and for him all annoyes to beare ;  
that is a *Miracle* perform'd by *Grace*,  
Past *Natures* best performance ; and is decre  
Vnto the *Doner* ; then, who doth the same  
Goes straight to *glory* through *Afflictions* flame :

For, Works of *Iustice* we should rather doe  
than those of *Grace* : now *Iustice* wils that we  
In *Truths* defence should dye, with torment too,  
though *Grace*, to vs, a stranger seeme to be :  
" *Obedience* farre excelleth *Sacrifice* ;  
the first, is *duty*, in the high'st degree ;  
The other, in our *Wils* *Deuotion* lies ;  
Then courage in our *Death* is no true *Signe*  
Of *life* else-where, without the *Cause* diuine.

For, through *Vaine-glory* some in *Death* haue seem'd  
as brauely resolute, as *Saints* haue bin :  
Nay, oft the first haue beene the better deem'd  
by outward-sight, that seeth nought within :  
*Leana* being but a *Curtizan*,  
tyring her *Torturers*, though she dide for sinne,  
Spat out her *Tongue*, that to accuse beganne :  
And many more, of like sute, so haue dide :  
Then, by braue dy'ing, plain *Truth's* not iustifie.

But dye they how they can that dye for *Truth*,  
they stoutly dye, sith they dye willingly ;  
But much more they that dye in sportfull youth ;  
& though *Deaths* ougliest face may daunt their eye  
When they behold him ; yet, if they endure  
that *feare*, and *paine*, which after they must try,  
They stoutly dye, though faint be all their *pow'r* ;  
Nay, more they doe, sith they so little can ;  
" *Flesh* is but *mirr*, the *Minde* doth make the *Man*.

But see what ends the *Tyrants* erst have made,  
that of Gods *Saints* made ceaselesse Butchery :  
*Nero*, the chiefe, that first did them invade,  
in his owne blood his murdering hands did dye,  
And while he bled his last, he (crying) said ;  
*Poolely I lin'd, and dye more filthily :*  
Thus, for his paines, in paining, he was paid :  
*Domitian*, by his *Servants* being slaine,  
For doing like, the like reward did gaine.

Fell *Maximianus*, with his *Sonnes*, was brought  
to selfe same issue : *Decius*, with his *Frye*,  
Incurr'd the like : *Valerianus*, caught  
by him that swaid the *Persian Monarchy*,  
Was cag'd in *Irons* more fast then *Lions* are,  
who, in the end, being flaid, dide wretchedly ;  
But *Dioclesian* worst of all did fare :  
For, he fell mad ; so, made himselfe away,  
While fire from *Heav'n* his House did leuell lay.

So, of the like, in *life*, and their Degrees,  
I might count many dire and awfull deaths ;  
All dranke Gods vengeance *Vials* to the lees :  
&, in their blood o'erwhelm'd, they lost their breaths  
For, God vnstings such angry *Wasps* and *Bees*,  
sith each their *Stings* in *Saints* too often sheathes :  
" God burnes his *Rods* when he hath paid his fees :  
Yet *Stings* of *spight*, th' Head of *Pow'r*, with *wit*,  
Can sting the World to death, if *Heav'n* permit.

But howsoe'r *Almighty* throws his *Rods*  
into the *fire*, when he his *Ire* doth cease ;  
Yet, oft the *scourge* fall to greater ods  
with *Goodnesse*, than before : The *Churches* peace  
Makes her more loose then when shee's bound to fight  
(vncessantly) with foes that her disease ;  
" For, they liue *wrong* that rest to much in *Right*.  
" *Mettall* (though *Siluer*) resting long vnscow'r'd,  
" Will canker ; or, with *filth*, be quite obscur'd.

For (ah) this *Witch* (the *World*) with pleasing *charmes*  
so lullabies our *Sense* in soft *delights*,  
That though we be, vpon our *guard*, in *armes*,  
yet we are taken in our *Appetites* ;  
And made to serue the *Diuell*, and our *Flesh*  
in strictest *Bondage* ; while their *Parasits*,  
*Sinne-soothing Pleasures*, doe our *Sense* refresh,  
To serue them with the more alacritie ;  
So, *Glee* lets *Grace* our *Sense* to mortifie.

### A Parable.

Wee' are like a *Man* chast by a rag'd *Bull*,  
who in his flight into a *Well* doth fall ;  
And, in the fall (by chance) he lighteth full  
vpon a *Tree*, that there growes in the *Wall* :  
And, resting *there*, *there* sets his Soules delight :  
but looking better on the *place*, withall,  
He spies two *Mice*, one *blacke*, the other *White*,  
Who still the *Roote* of this his rest doe gnaw,  
And more and more asunder it doe saw.

Then, vnderneath he lookes, and there espies  
a gaping *Dragon* threatning to deuoure him :  
And at his *feete* foure strining *Serpents* rise ;  
yet, looking vp, he spies (what doth allure him ;  
And makes him deeme, he is from  *dangers* free)  
a little *Homie* (which he euer tryes)  
Cleans to a *branch* of that vntrusty *Tree* :  
For which, these  *dangers* he neglects ; and still  
That *Hony* licks, yet ne'er can lick his fill.

### The Morall.

The *Bull*, is *Death* ; the *World*, the *Well* ; the *Trees*,  
our time of *life* ; the *white Mice* and the *blacke*,  
The *Day* and *night* : the strining *Adders* be  
the *Elements*, that strue vs still to wracke :  
The *Diuell*, the *Dragon* : and, the *Homie* is  
our whitest *Pleasures*, that are lin'd with *blacke* ;  
And, *blacke* within, for losse of *Glories* Blisse :  
Who, therefore, would not deeme that *man* were  
mad  
That in such dreadfull  *dangers* can be glad ?

What comfort can we haue then, in a *place*  
that's by the *Prince of darknesse* govern'd ?  
Where eu'ry thing is in a curs'd case ;  
and, by Gods foes and *good-mens*, peopled :  
Where *Paines* be *rife*, *extreme*, and *infinite* ;  
but *Pleasures* few, and *false*, *fraile*, *dull*, and *dead* :  
Which, at the best, at least, doe vex the *spirit* :  
Where *Plentie's* full of *perill* ; *Want*, of *woot* ;  
And (in a word) where all, that *ill* is, *flowes*.

Then, cast we off these *pleasures*, that but cast  
a *mist* before our *Eyes*, and mocke our *Sense* :  
But let vs hugge those *paines*, and hold them fast,  
that bring eternall *ioyes* for recompence :  
Now, if this *Potion* worke not in *sicke mindes*,  
at point of death is their *Intelligence* ;  
Nay, *Death* the *pow'r* of all their *forces* bindes :  
In few : *Great things* by *greatest mindes* are sought :  
The small but seeke for *shades*, the *shells* of *Nought*.

### To attaine a quiet Life.

Who would in quiet spend his *life*,  
must shunne the Cause of *strifes* Effect ;  
And yet with *Vice* still liue in strife :  
so, *Strife* retaines, and it *relect*.

- 1 Hold no *Conceit* 'gainst that *Conceit*  
the *King* maintaines ; vnlesse it be  
Against that *Faith*, whose *forme* and *waight*  
with *TRUTH*, well tride, doth still agree.
- 2 Finde neuer *Fault*, but when the same  
concernes the Honor of the *Hight* :  
Or else the *Kings* ; to heare whose *blame*,  
is blame which oft to *Death* is nigh'st.

For, tis but *Shame*, to glory in  
 anothers *Shame*, because we yet  
 Are free from *blot* : but *Praise* we winne  
 by hiding both our *praise* and *it*.  
 This is the way to earthly Peace ;  
 Without which grows all *strifes* encrease.

Now maist thou sit securely where thou art,  
and see (vnscene) the Worlds *Remouings* still ;  
And how men liue by industry, or *Art* ;  
and what *events* ensue the greatest skill,

For, when our liues doe please the *Lord of Life*,  
hee'l make our greatest Foes our greatest Friends :  
Then shall our Troubles cut the Throate of *Strife*,  
and make our peace to make our *paines* amends.

*Long life is promis'd those that liue aright,*  
then maist thou all *disfaours* ouerliue :  
" *Patience* o'er-comes what nought o'ercomes by might,  
eu'n *God* himself, & makes him to forgiue.

But say the worst should hap (which hap's the best)  
that thou shouldst liue and die in state confinde ;  
Thy state's most blessed, sith so little blest  
with *Freedom*, that to Earth enthrals the *Minde*.

Yet *Libertie* thou hast as large and free  
as highest *Vertue* (Angel-like) doth craue ;  
For *Men* like *Angels* loue with *Christ* to be  
in's *bloudy-sweat* alone, or in his *Graue*.

And, if that fellows in *Affliction* make  
*affliction* lesse, thou hast thy fellow-*Peeres*  
In worse plight, whom *Death* did eu'n forsake,  
that they might liue with thee to ease thy *Cares*.

" A good-mans state scornes *Pitie* howsoe'er :  
for, though it be engulph'd in deep'st distresse,  
Yet his high *Vertue* him aloft doth reare,  
that no *Calamitie* can him oppresse.

And though he be coupt vp in *Little-ease*,  
his spacious *Minde* to him a *Kingdome* is ;  
Wherein he wanders *Worlds* that most doe please :  
for, *Heau'n* and *Earth* holds that great *Mind* of his !

While in his *Conscience* Theater is plaid  
the *Comedie* twixt his *Soules Spouse* and *her* ;  
How can his *Soule* but wander all vnstaid  
through worlds of ioy, although he cannot stirre !

Whenas a *Cesar* (in all libertie)  
bathing in *Pleasures*, or more sanguine Streames,  
Vpon the Racke of *Conscience* bound, doth dye  
extremest Deaths, in midst of Sports extreames !

O didst thou know some poore *spirits* Rauishments,  
whenas (entranc'd) they feele vnbounded Blisse,  
*Crownes* thou wouldst lothe, as crossing those contents,  
and let the *Crosse* quite breake thy Backe for *this* !

It is not ; no, it is not high estate  
hath highest Pleasure ; but it's onely those,  
That, for those Pleasures, fading pleasures hate :  
" but they in *Hell*, no other *Heau'n* suppose.

While outward *Comforts* compasse vs about  
in *Griefes* pursuite, we to those *Comforts* flye ;  
But when they breake the *Ring*, we straight run out,  
to finde more fix'd *ioyes*, or (*ioylesse*) dye.

Then is that sowre *Affliction* highly blest  
that more *Perfection* brings (like *Ligatures*,  
That *hurt* to *heale*, and *wring* but for our *rest*)  
so, they are blest whom *Wals* from *wracks* immures.

We *Pris'ners* are within *Heau'ns* outward *Wals*,  
and are, by *Nature*, all condemn'd to die ;  
To *Death* we must, when *Death* (our Heads-man) cald,  
some to dye *gently* ; some, more *violently*.

And though our *Prison* be as wish we would,  
and may, perhaps, therein goe where we will,  
Yet (like the stricken *Fish*) we are in hold ;  
and are in hold to him that sure will kill.

But here's the ods ; those in *close-prison* pend,  
are there with *Death* much more familiar made ;  
So that, in *faueur*, he their *griefes* doth end  
for endlesse *ioyes* and *peace* which cannot fade !

But, those that (loosely) haue the World at will,  
doe take their swinge, as *Fish* (if hang'd) desire,  
Till they be tirde with *Pleasure*, paining still,  
then gently come to *Hand* ; so, to the *Fire*.

And see how those that (care-consum'd) doe climbe  
as *Sternes* of *State* (still menac'd to be riu'n)  
How publicke *Toyles* engrosse their priuate *time*,  
that they can scarce a Moment spare for *Heau'n*.

And Publicke Persons (if they mightie be)  
the publicke *state*, and theirs, they still must eye :  
So, to their *Soules* they scarce haue time to see ;  
which, so neglected, oft vnwares doe dye.

Then (noble *Lord*) if in thy selfe confinde,  
thou art most happy thus confinde to be :  
And sith our *Bodies* doe but faile our *Minde*,  
while we haue *Bodies*, we can ne'er be free.

Then, if thou weigh'st the volubilitie,  
of *Time*, or *Faueur*, *Fortune*, or this *ALL*,  
Thou wilt but lothe their loose vncertainie :  
for, hardly *Ought* doth *rise*, but soone to *fall*.

Who rul'd this *Realme* three thousand yeeres agoe ?  
so many rul'd it since, that none doth know.  
" *A Plow-mans blond*, in *time*, ascends a *Throne* ;  
" *And Royall Blond* descends vnto the *Plow*.

Yet, that *King* knowes not from the *Cart* he came ;  
much lesse that *Carter* knowes he came from *Kings* :  
" *But Times vicissitude* is *Fortunes game*,  
whose *Rest* puts vp and downe all earthly *Things* !

Then if wee looke on *Life* ; how fraile is that ?  
resembled to a *shadow* of a *Dream* ;  
To *smoake*, t' a *thought*, to *nought*, t' I wot not what,  
farre lesse then *nought*, that can so much as *seeme* !

A *Grape-seede* one, an *Haire* another spils :  
some *Smoak* doth choake ; meer *neesing* some destroy :  
Some other *Choler* ; and, some *laughter* kils :  
some *fears* ; & (which is strange) some die with *ioy* !

So that when our last *Graine*, is running out,  
no *Graine* so small but turnes our *flesh* to dust ;  
Be we as *Giants*, strong ; as *Lyons*, stout ;  
all's lesse then nothing, then to *nought* we must.

The *Graue* (too like a *Jerfe*) doth nought but fill  
his greedy *Panch*, & straight out-straines the same :  
Then fill againe, then straine ; then fill it still,  
till it all *Flesh* consumes that *Nature* frames.

One rots therein to giue another place ;  
 a second to a third, and so, forth on :  
 Till *Earth* yeeld vp her *dead* ; and she embrace,  
 her funerall *flame* to leaue *Corruption*.

Then, sith that *Life* and *Flesh* so soone decay,  
 why should our *flesh* with *life* be long in loue ?  
*This world is but an Inne ; this Life, a Way ;*  
 (a wrackfull way) that *Wisedome* lothes to proue.

Which hath, of yore, made *Kings* to quit their *Crownes*  
 the lighter, so, the *Way* of *life* to runne :  
 Directed, by the *Crosse* (o'er *Dales* and *Downes*)  
 in priuate *Pathes*, the publike *Toyles* to shunne.

We (like to *Fooles* or *Babes*) for *Bables* long,  
 wherewith we hurt our *selues* and others oft ;  
 Yet straight we whyne if they from vs be wroong,  
 our *Natures*, towards *Folly*, are so soft.

But our all-wise-celestiall-louing *Sire*  
 takes, or keepees from his *Children* which he loues,  
 All that may harme them, though they it desire,  
 but giues, though it displease them, what behoues.

Some long for *State*, and what is that but *strife*,  
 more full of *trouble*, then it is of *State* ;  
 (With *dangers* mixt) a simple *Hell* of *life* ;  
 which none doe loue, but those that *rest* doe hate ?

Some loue to beare the most imbrued *Swords*  
 before the *Maiestie* of *Victory* ;  
 And what are they but *Butchers* made of *Lords*,  
 that (like *fiends*) *Lord* it o'er *Calamitie* ?

Some hidden *Artes* doe openly desire  
 and seeke for *knowledge* onely to be knowne ;  
 But *knowledge* such, is *light* but of *Hell*-fire,  
 to see (with *Eue*) such *Prides* confusion.

Some *fame* affect, and for it venter farre,  
 seeking by *Sea* and *Land* the same to finde ;  
 " *But Fame most followes those that flee from her ;*  
 and, oft who meets her, she o'erthrowes with *wind*.

In summe, both all and some (ô strangest Case !)   
 haue hurtfull *humours*, which (if not restrain'd  
 By him that is the *Lord* of *pow'r*, and *Grace*)  
 all would to nought, where *Grace* should ne'er be  
 gain'd.

Then, if our *Flesh* and Sinne-corrupted *Blonds*  
 could rightly *feele*, they well might see that *Hand*  
 That made vs, will not marre vs with his *goods* ;  
 vnlesse our *selues* his powerfull *Grace* with-stand.

Our dearest *Sense* is *Sight* ; yet if the same  
 offend that *Grace*, we must pull out our *Eyes* :  
 Then must we *Limbes*, of lesse account, vnframe,  
 much more *Things* lesse, if they against *It* rise.

" *The greatest Crosse is neuer to be crost ;*  
 " *the Way to Heau'n is by the Ports of Hell ;*  
 " *The Waters most corrupt, that least are tost ;*  
 " *and their account exceeds, who most excell !*

Hee's rich enough for *Vertues* choicest *friend*,  
 that neither needes to *flatter*, nor to *borrow* :  
 To lade our *Backes* with *Baggage* till they bend  
 (wandering in stumbling-ways) augments our sorrow.

" *Abundance* is a *Burden* to the *Soule*,  
 and strongest *Soules* can hardly it abide :  
 For, *Men* that, being *meane*, could *Pride* controule,  
 be'ing *mightie* made, are most controul'd by *Pride*.

*Nature*'s suffiz'd with *Nothing*, in respect  
 of that our *Wolfe*-like *Appetites* require ;  
 And they as *Naturals* great-men reiect,  
 whose *Soules* haue not the *pow'r* of great *Desire*.

" But greatest *Men* haue not still greatest *Grace* ;  
 (ah would they had, then shouldst thou soome be free  
 From thy *restraints*) and all *desires* are base  
 of *Greatnesse*, that with *Goodnesse* disagree.

I wade too farre (perhaps) in *Dangers* *Deepes*,  
 that may o'erwhelme the *rash*, though ne'er so *tall* ;  
 But *Truth*'s my *Guide* ; and, *Care* my *Footing* keepees  
 on *double Duties* Ground, and firme in all !

Yet wot how ill it stands with *Policie*,  
 to fancy those whom *Times* disfaueur most ;  
 Sith *Fancies* such, acquire but *Ielousie*  
 (if not much worse) of those that rule the *Reste*.

For, *Wise-men* shift their *Sailes* as *Winds* doth shift,  
 and, but whom *Fortune* fauours, fauour none :  
 For, if *Kings* haue with *Fortune* beene at shrift,  
 they leaue them to their *Penance* post alone.

But I conceiue it a prodigious Sinne,  
 like that of *Judas* (*Peters* I would say)  
 Who left his *Lord* when trouble he was in,  
 which (in effect) is meere to betray.

I feare not *Iustice*, sith shee doth command,  
 that we should loue our *friends* in spight of *Fate* ;  
 And, to the *Alter*, with them *goe* or *stand*,  
 though we might (therefore) be o'erthrowne with *hate*.

Then *Iustice* warrants me in what I doe ;  
 and I will doe but what *selfe-Iustice* would :  
 That's loue my *Liege*, *obey* and *serue* him too ;  
 yet loue that *Lord* that likes me as I should.

Let him haue neuer *friend* that leaues his *friend*,  
 in shew of sound *affection*, in distresse :  
 And let high'st *Wit* to lowest *Hell* descend,  
 that weighs ought more then some *friends* heauines.

Let those that waite on *Fortune* weigh the *Times*  
 in *Scales* of greatest *Scuts*, I, little I,  
 Doe little weigh the *wayes* how other climbs,  
 sith I would *live* as longing well to *dye*.

Beyond my *Birth*, hath *Fortune* beene my *foe*,  
 she neuer yet so much as smil'd on me ;  
 No force, sith I my selfe the better know ;  
 and see the *World* while me it doth not see.

Feare they her *frowns*, that care but for her *sawnes* ;  
I feare, nor care for neyther : (being white  
With *Cares* and *Fears*) for my *Graue* open yawnes  
to swallow me to saue me, from her *spight*.

Enough (great *Lord*) my *Proheme* is a *Feast*,  
whereat my *Muse* doth surfeit with *soure-sweetes* ;  
Hard to *receiue*, and harder to *digest*,  
where *loue* and *rashnesse*, *Rime* and *Reason* meetes ;  
But if they meet with *Griefe* that meets with thee,  
I *griene* with *ioy* : for, thou art *fast* and *free*.

*A Dumpe, or Swans-song.*

Al in a gloomy *shade* of *Sicamour*,  
that did his leaues extend (like *Shields*) to beare,  
The *Beames* of *Phebus*, darted in his *pow'r*,  
as those that vnderneath them *shrowded* were)

I me reposed, while my *Thoughts* did *range*  
*here, there, & eu'ry wher*, wher *thoughts* might roame ;  
So, by their *change* at last, my *latest change*  
became their *Subiect*, with my *latest Home*.

And when, with *Trauell*, they themselues had tyr'd,  
I likewise tir'd with *life* (that stirr'd them) too,  
Thus flasht I out, (with sacred *fury* fir'd)  
and my thoughts *Bottomed* thus did I vndoe.

Why long I longer here to liue in *death* ?  
for *life*, if mortall, dyeth all the while :  
Be'ing but a *puffe*, but of the weakest *Breath* ;  
yet, blowes me ( *Weakenesse*) into strong *Exile*.

As soone as *borne*, was I condemn'd to *dye* ;  
since when, *Time* hath but executed me ;  
Yet *life* prolongs in dying misery ;  
so, yet I am as those that dying be.

To him that gaue me *life*, a *death* I owe ;  
which, sith I *can*, I *must*, and *shall* repay :  
His *Pow'r*'s as great to *take* as to *bestow* ;  
then will I pay him, though I quite decay.

I, dead in *Sinne*, his onely *Sonne* he slew,  
to please his *Iustice*, and to make me liue :  
Sith me he bought, Ile giue him then his *due* ;  
which *had*, I *haue* much more then that I *giue*.

*Death* soone will rid me from this *lifes* annoyas,  
( *Annoyes* that nought can rid, saue *death*, from *life*)  
And put me in possession of those *Ioyes*,  
that are as *farre* from *end*, as *free* from *strife* !

And wer't not madnesse to repine, that I  
had not had *life* when *Eue* did *Adam* wiue ?  
Then, tis but all alike to *liue*, and *dye* ;  
as tis, *Not to haue liu'd*, and *not to liue*.

Then, *life* IS not, that not immortal is ;  
for, *mortall life* is but *Deaths* other name :  
Nor is that *Blisse*, that is not *fearlesse Blisse* ;  
nor *glory*, that is subiect still to *shame*.

The *Dayes* of *Heau'n* are datelesse ; sith the *Sunne*  
that makes them such, doth neither *set* nor *rise* :  
But stands (as it *shall*, *doth*, and still *hath done*)  
fixt in the *Noone*-stead of *ETERNITIES*.

Here one's the ruine of another *Day*,  
while (like a ne'er-suffiz'd *Graue*) the *Night*,  
Doth bury both in *silence* ; yet, doth prey  
vpon them both, till both play least in sight.

" *Death is the dore of life* : so, would I liue ?  
then, through this *dore* to *life*, I needes must goe :  
For, through this *dore* *Death*, *LIFE* it selfe did driue :  
then, sith *LIFE* did for *life*, I must doe so.

Two onely had the priuledge to wend  
another way to *life*, that mortals were ;  
But twas in *fiery-Chariets*, to this end,  
that *Fire* should *flesh* refine, yer it came there !

There, where all *ioyes*, vnited, are of force  
(for, *force* vnited, stronger makes the same)  
The *spirit* and *flesh* (both rauisht) to diuorce,  
and melt their *pow'rs* in *loues* eternall *flame*.

What *Lets* shall let me then, from *Paradise* ?  
*Mountaines* of *Gold*, and *Roches* of rarest *stone*,  
Crossing my *Way*, I (trampling) will dispise,  
if thither *Hope* but goe with me alone.

This *WORLD*'s a *Vale* that ceaseles *teares* do spoile ;  
and make it so a *Bog*, or lothsome *Lake* :  
Then who but *Swine* (that pleasure take in *Soile*)  
will here (if they can choose) abiding make ?

*Heau'n* is my *Home* ; the *HIGHST*, my *Father* is ;  
his *SONNE*, my *Brother* ; *Angels*, are my *Friends* :  
Then while from Them I am, I am amisse ;  
and, lightly, misse the *Meanes* to so good *Ends*.

My *Body*'s but the *Prison* of my *Soule* ;  
which straits her more, the more that *Prison*'s free :  
*Time*'s but the *Rocke* that vp my *Life* doth rowle ;  
and Earth the *Place* where *Heau'n* spinnes it & me.

Here must I fight till *Death*, for endlesse *Life* ;  
" *The Chariot of my Triumph then, is Death* :  
Then (as I would be free from endlesse *strife*)  
to mount this *Chariot* I must spend my *Breath*.

The *ground* whereon I tread's the *ground* of *Griefe* ;  
so that each *step* doth griue me : for it is  
A *Sanguine-field*, that beareth *Hurts*, in *chiefe*,  
crost with *sinister-bends* ; and *All* amisse.

Then here to bee, amisse is to be borne  
in *Dolors* Field, to eu'ry foule *Disgrace* ;  
O *Death* then help my *Soules* house to adorne ;  
and let thine *Armes* be mine ; for, *lifes* are base.

Am I not *durt* and *dust* ? then, *maruell* is't  
if I, but with a *thought*, be *that* or *this* ?  
A *shadow* by some *substance*, doth subside :  
but, all my *substance*, but a *shadow* is.

The *Sunne* doth *rise* and *set*; the *Moone* doth hold  
a constant *course* in most vnconstant *state*:  
The *Earth* now *quick* with *heate*, then *dead* with *cold*,  
doth shew their plight that It preambulate.

Then o yee Saints (whose *Bellies* being rife  
with *Waters* both of *life* and *grace*) be yee  
Pure *Aquaducts*, by *life*, to bring me life  
from the *Well-head*, that fill may *you* and *me*.

The *Grave* (though wide it gape) dismayes me not,  
sith tis the *Gate* of *glory*, *rest*, and *peace*:  
And though therein my mortall Part must rot,  
yet thence it springs with much more faire encrease.

If the *last breath* we call our *Bodies* death,  
then may we call the other *Breathings* deaths;  
Sith *Life* and *death* doe come and goe with *Breath*,  
we haue as many *deaths*, as we haue *breaths*.

Yet, twixt this *life*, and that we *death* doe call,  
this ods there is; while *life* doth last, we dye:  
But when *Death* comes, we die no more; but shall  
by dying well, liue well immortally.

O then, looke how the *Labourer* for *Night*;  
the *Pilot*, for the *Port*; and for the *Inne*  
The *Post* doth long: so doth my tired *spright*  
(by *death*) still long for *Life*, and *rest* therein.

*Death* is my *Hope*: than feare not I his *knife*; then  
*Feare* is his *Sting*; but, *Hope* hath puld it out;  
The mortall'st *Wounds*, immortall make my *life*:  
then, better *dye* in *Hope*, then *liue* in *Doubt*.

If *Death* be painfull; then, is *paine* sustain'd  
*before*, or, at the *Article* of *Death*:  
But not *before*: for then, but *thought* is pain'd;  
and at the *instant* it's but *rest* of *breath*.

So that in *Death*, is *rest* without *disease*:  
then *Death* be kinde, and rest my *life* in thee:  
While others, (that doe cast such *summes* as these)  
these *Cyphers* summe, decyph'ring *thee* and *me*.

And, *Cyphers* cast *lifes* *Cyphers* to and fro,  
that I their *number* (scene) may multiply:  
Take *nought* from *Nought*, & *nought* remaines; & so,  
the *summe* of *All* is lesse then *vanitie*.

*Cyphers* (not *Numbers*) call I them, because  
they runne (sans *number*) roundly to the *Grave*:  
At which my *Muse*, being now arriu'd, shall pause;  
referring *these* to those that *Science* haue  
to cast vp *lifes* *accompt*; and to fore-cast  
the strickenesse of *Lifes* great accompt at last.



## ESSAIES.

*The Foole hath said in his heart, there  
is no God.* Psal. 14. 1.

THAT GOD *IS*, no *Man* euer made a *doubt*;  
if doubt some did, they did it not as *Men*:

For, faithlesse *men*, by meere *sense*, GOD finde out:  
what are these senselesse *God-deniers* then?

They are not *Fiends*; for, they haue humane *Soules*;  
and *Fiends* confesse, with *feare*, there is a GOD:  
Much lesse, not *Angels*, *Beasts*, nor *Fish*, nor *Fowles*,  
for, these praise God! What then? Eu'n their owne  
*Rod*.

Who doe *themselves*, tormentingly, confound;  
hardning their *Hearts*: and, so, plague *Sinne* by  
*Sinne*:

Yet ioy in *that* which doth their *Conscience* wound:  
is't possible such *Creatures* ere haue bin?  
It's possible, for, such there be, *God* wot,  
That know not *God*, because *God* knowes them not.

### *No pleasure to the pleasure of the Spirit.*

TWO *loyes* there are, whereof, the one is not;  
of *Flesh* the one, that other of the *Spirit*:  
The *Spirits* ioy is *reall*, *actiue*, *hot*;  
but, that of *flesh*, is *vaine*, *cold*, *dull* and *light*.

How then can they be *two*, if but one *Be*?  
one *is*; but *is*, but meere in *Conceit*:  
Which in *Conceit*, is forde by *Fantasie*;  
and whatsoe'er is *forde*, is but *deceit*.

Yet in this meere *deceit*, most *men* conceiue  
most *pleasure* to consist; and, it to buy,  
They most essentiall perfect *pleasures* giue:  
so, make their *Iudgement* giue their *Sense* the lye:  
For, *Sense* could neuer tell, by her *Racett*,  
That such *loy* *is*, that is but in *conceit*.

### *Vanitie of Vanities, all is but Vanitie.* Eccles. 1. 2.

A Mortall *Eye* can see but mortall *Things*;  
and whatsoe'er is *mortall*, is but *vaine*:  
Then all we see is *vaine*, though *Crownes*, or *Kings*;  
yet *Men* will lose themselves, the same to *gaine*.

And yet, they weene, they winne by so great *losse*;  
o corrupt *Iudgement*! *Men* made to be lost:  
Who will all *Vices* (hatcht in Hell) engrosse,  
them to retalle, to get but *Care*, with *Cost*.

It's said, *Light* *gaine* doth make an heauy *Perse*;  
but, this *light* *gaine* doth make an heauy *Heart*:  
To *gaine* all *blessings*, with *Gods* heauie *Curse*,  
is too *light* *gaine* for such an heauy *Thwart*:  
For, who doth purchase *All* at such a *Price*,  
Doth buy but extreame *Vanitie* with *Vice*.

*Fly vaine Pleasures, as Paines intollerable.*

**I**F *Vanitie* be *All*, and *All* be vaine,  
how scapes he from this *All*, that's *All* in *All*?  
It is, because *He* euer doth remaine,  
the *Cause* of *Causes* metaphisicall.

Sith *fends* immortall are, not vaine they are:  
for *Vanitie* is but the *Instrument*  
Wherewith, in sport, they doe this *All* ensnare,  
to bring the *same* to *Be* as they are bent.

And, so, vnbind their *being*, and, distort  
the euen *Compass* that became their *Forme*:  
So *Vanitie* them backward bends, in sport;  
and, *Sathan* still, in sport, doth them deforme:  
O then let *All* that would be bent aright,  
Beware these *sports*, that doe distort them quite.

*To the good, the Worst fals out for the Best.*

**T**He *Crosse* and *Crowne*, on *Earth*, our value try;  
as *Crownes* alone, in *Heav'n*, our vertue crowne:  
In *Earth*, if crown'd, we swell in *Heart* too hie,  
and, vnder *Crosses* we lie basely downe.

But yet, if *Grace* doe *Nature* ouer-sway,  
and that a *Crosse*, or *Crowne*, alike we beare,  
A pride of *Grace*, our *Nature*, will bewray;  
so, in our *Nature*, *Sinne*, though dead, doth steere.

And yet this *Pride* doth humble vs the more;  
for when we mind it, *griefe* doth vs pursue:  
So, is our *Sore* still cur'd by our *Sore*;  
for, still we *heale* as we our *griefe* renew:  
*This*, is a *Worke* of *Nature*; *that*, of *Grace*;  
And *this* and *that*, runnes with vs all our *Race*.

*To the Lady Anne Glemmam,  
vpon the death of her noble Father.*

**T**O lye downe vnder *Crosses*, is to lye  
in our Confusion: for, that's *Cowardise*;  
And hath no taste of true *Humilitie*:  
then, such prostration is an abiect *Vice*.

Nor is't the *Way* from *Crosses* to be free  
to sinke beneath the *Crosse*, which weighs the more  
The more we, vnder it, so, humbled be;  
but *HEE* that bore your *Sinnes* It stoutly bore.

Yet is the *Crosse* impos'd to humble vs;  
nor, is't remou'd, till we be humble made;  
How much more *low*, so much more *glorious*;  
(so as the *Crosse* doth vs not ouer-lade)  
Then if we meeke be made, we winne by *losse*;  
And cut a *Crowne* of *Glory* from the *Crosse*.

That to sinne finally maliciously, is  
irremissible. see V.I.

**T**He oftner *Sinne*, the more *griefe*, shewes a *Saint*;  
the oftner *Sinne*, the lesse *griefe*, notes a *Fiend*:  
But to sinne oft, with *griefe* the *Soule* doth taint;  
and, oft to sinne with *loy*, the *Soule* doth rend.

To sinne, on *Hope*, is *Sinne* most full of *fears*;  
to sinne of *malice*, is the *Diuels* *Sinne*:  
One is, that *Christ* may greater *Burthen* beare;  
the other, that his *Death* might still beginne.

To sinne, of *frailtie* is a sinne; but, *weake*:  
to sinne, in *strength*, the *stronger* makes the blame:  
The first, the *Reede*, *Christ* bare, hath pow'r to break;  
the last, his *Thorny Crowne*, can scarce vnframe:  
But, finally, to sinne maliciously,  
*Reede*, *Crowne*, nor *Crosse* hath pow'r to crucifie!

*That mortall Life is a mortall Plague.*

**T**His *Life*, of ours, is call'd *Life* most amisse;  
which may be tearm'd, more truely, *lifes* disease;  
Whose perfect'st *Pleasures* are oppos'd to *Blisse*,  
and, greatest *paines* grow from her greatest *ease*.

One, hath the *Plague*, we say, and he will dye,  
that yet may liue; then much more may we say,  
That *One* hath *Life*, and *Death* he cannot flye:  
for, *Life*'s a *Sickness* mortall eu'ry way.

Doth *mortall life*, then, bring the mortall'st *death*?  
then, no *Disease* so mortall as it is:  
A *Plague* of *Plagues* then, is our *mortall breath*;  
yet mortall *Men* would still be plagu'd with *this*:  
Though *Life* be *Plague* of *Plagues*, yet this *desire*,  
Is the *high'st Plague*, whereto no *Plagues* aspire.

*Too much Honie breakes the Belly.*

**S**weet honied *Life*, thinkes one, that *Honie* drains  
from *bloomes* of *Helebores* (this vaine *Worlds-wealth*)  
Which, though *It* breakes his *Belly*, yet his *paines*  
seeme, to his *Appetite*, true *Signes* of *Health*.

O bewicht *iudgement*! *Senses* reft of *Sense*!  
deeme yee that *sweet*, that yeelds *Effects* so *soure*?  
That *spoiles* the *Will*, and *soiles* th' *Intelligence*?  
and *Soule* and *Body*, quite, in *dung*, deuoure?

Yet, those whose *Spirits* are turn'd to grossest *flesh*,  
nay, those whose *flesh* seemes turn'd to purest *sp'rit*  
Are thus bewicht; which *Sweetes* their *Sense* refresh;  
who sting like *Wasps*, if them *they* lose by might:  
If thus they fare by whom the *World* is led,  
What meruell though in sweete *Sinne* *It* be dead?

V.I. somewhat  
appended!  
The Holy Ro  
P. 29



*The Foole makes a mocke of Sinne. Pro. 14. 9.*

Who laughs at *Sin*; for *Sin* can hardly weepe:  
who iests thereat, is mad, or misbeleues:  
Then, sith the *World* still laughs at *Debt* so deepe,  
it shoves it madly *sinnes*; and neuer *griues*.

*Sinne* is a *Stinger*; and who feelles it not  
is mortifide, not to, but in fowle *Sinnes*:  
Then, doth the *World*, in *Sinne*, but *stinche* and *rot*;  
for, it feelles not when *Sinne* ends, or beginses.

If it doe *stinche*, what *Nose* can it abide?  
if it doe *rot*, what *Eye*, or *Taste*, or *Touch*  
Can be content by them it should be tride?  
Then onely *Hearing* heares it without grutch:  
And that's because the *Dead*, in silence, cry  
*Cave* to those, that, *living*, are to *dye*:  
*Then they that loue it, in such lothsome plight,*  
*Haue neither Sense, nor Reason, Flesh, nor Spright.*

*The World is in a desperate plight, for which  
Christ refused to pray.*

But if the *World* be dead, *God* owes it not;  
for of the *living*, He is *God* alone:  
And, if not *Gods*, it is the *Diuels* Lot;  
which bounded is with the chiefe *Corner-STONE*.

From that *Stone* upwards, all to *God* belongs;  
and from it, downwards, all the *Diuels* is:  
For, *God*, being iust, the *Diuell* neuer wrongs;  
but lets him haue his *due*; as He hath *His*.

Then, to be *Gods*, is still to rest thereon:  
but who can rest there, that *God* doth not stay?  
Then, sith the *World* refus'd this *Corner Stone*,  
*God*, for the *World*, refus'd but to pray:  
O wofull *World*, how canst thou merry be,  
That so forsook'st him, that so leaueth thee?

*That all Heresies are grounded on the  
infallible Scriptures erroneously  
interpreted.*

Each *Bible-bearing Sectarie* will say  
hee's in the *Truth*; and proues it by her *Word*:  
Thus, is the *Word* of *Truth* wrenched eu'ry way;  
and made a *Text* that *Falshood* doth afford.

Yet, *Truth's* but *one*, though *Falshood's* manifold;  
and when *Truth's Saints*, with her *Word*, do conspire  
To finde her out; that *Truth* embrace we should,  
though we should mount to her in *Coach* of fire.

No *Exposition* of the *Truth* is true,  
but what *Truth* makes her *friends*, alone, to make:  
Who know Her best, and what to Her is due;  
but, *fooles*, wise in their owne *Eyes*, both mistake:

For many *Eagles Eyes* haue better sight  
Then our blinde *Bats*, that hardly see the *light*.

*That the Eye is Sinnes Burning-glasse,  
working upon the Heart and Soule.*

As *Sinne's* most conuersant with outward *Sense*;  
so is she most familiar with the *Eye*:  
For, shee sits in the *eyes* Concupiscence  
as in her *Throne* of greatest *Maestie*.

From *eyes*, to *eyes*, *Sinne* doth, in *triumph*, Tilt:  
(a fire *Serpent*, clad in siluer *Rayes* :)  
The end of whose *Carrere* is, where her guilt  
makes blacke the *Soule* with *Dolor* and *Dispraise*.

*Henah* first sinn'd: but, ere her Heart, her *Eye*  
did *Sinne* commit; and all the lustfull *Cruel*  
Melt in that *Sunne*, like *Yce*, vntill they dye:  
yet, like dead *Flies*, those *Rayes*, their liues resume:  
Then, sith this *Sunne* exhales such *Humours* ill,  
We must with *Sorrows* Clouds, eclipse *It* still.

*To take is to giue; for a Gift, Liberty.*

Or *Monthes* runne o'er with false *Superlatiues*,  
in praising him, though *bad*, that did vs *good*:  
Which are nought else, but true *demonstratiues*  
of the *Corruption* of our basest *bloud*.

For, *Pride* can giue as much as *Charitie*:  
and *Tyranny* as much as *Mercy* can:  
But, who applauds or *Pride* or *Tyranny*,  
doe *Monsters* praise, the *Minde* doth make the *Man*.

Then shall we take no good *Gifts* of the *bad*?  
I say not so: and yet, I say, who will  
Take *Kingdomes* of the *Diu'll*, are worse than mad;  
for He doth *good* to no man, but for *ill*:  
Then sith, for *Gifts*, Men giue their *Libertie*,  
Such *Gifts* binde *Takers* oft to *villanie*,

*Againe, of the same.*

And yet blinde *Iustice* sees her *Sword* to sheath,  
if any offer her a *Sheath* of *Gold*:  
Nay, high and hardy *Hands* oft sincke beneath  
the abiect *Gift* and *Giuer*, to vphold.

*There's nought more free than gift*: yet nought more *ties*  
the *Hand*, that takes *them*, to the *Giuer's* will:  
And yet (ah woe therefore) some *godly-wise*,  
take *Gifts*, as *good*: and giue, as *gifts* were *ill*.

Were I a *Diuell*, yet were I liberall,  
(in this damn'd *Age*) I would be seru'd with *Saints*:  
For, if I sent bright *Angels* to them all,  
they would adore me, mangre all *restraints*:  
But, were I *GOD*, if *Gold* were not my *Friend*,  
Pure *Saints*, in *shew*, would lothe me like a *Fiend*.

*To him that hath, shall be giuen; and from  
him that hath not, shall be taken away,  
that which it seemes he hath.*

Mat. 25. 29.

**H**Is Word is Truth, that said, to him that hath,  
shall still be giuen; and, from him that lacks  
Shall be *withdrawne* that which he holds, with scath;  
so, this World makes men, made; & marr'd men,  
wracks.

Who least doth lacke, hath most bestow'd on him;  
for GOD and Men giue richest gifts to Kings:  
So, he that doth in all abundance swimme,  
each Hand to him much more Abundance brings.

What meanes this *Mysterie* so mysticall!  
what! World, begin'st thou now with Age, to dote,  
That Thou dost giue some All; some, nought at all:  
and, sinck'st some, *sincking*, to make *swimmers* flote?  
I know now what this meanes; but, this I know,  
Tis too much to be loth'd, to be too low.

*Of the Neglect of Arte and Vertue.  
To mine ingenious, deere, and well-  
accomplish'd Friend, Mr. Iohn  
Sandford, of Magdalen-  
Colledge in Oxford.*

**G**Oe, forlorne Vertue, into Eden goe;  
and, with *Leaves*, hide thine outward nakednes:  
Though tis their shame, not thine, that made thee so;  
there make Worke for the Presse, far from the Presse.

Tell Times to come, how much these Times neglect  
Thee,  
in Lines as far from death, as free from dread:  
And, make their *Offsprings* blush that doe reiect Thee;  
yea, liue in shame when their Shames Cause is dead.

With open Hand to All, thy *Largesse* throw;  
though All are too strait-hand, vnto Thee:  
Make them, them selues, and thee, aright, to know;  
that in thy shining Lines they, both, may see:  
But, if they will be *blinde*, and both still wrong,  
Eden still keepe, and sing a *Sion* Song.

*Yee haue made a mocke of the counsell  
of the Poore. Psal. 14. 10.*

**T**He Wisdome of the Poore, is still mispris'd,  
sith by their Wealth, Mens Wits are valued:  
Speake he like Salomon, bee's ill aduis'd,  
say some, that vnderstood not what he said.

But if he be an *Isis*-bearing Asse,  
and speake what he himselfe, nor none conceiues,

His Praise shall, as his Folly doth, surpasse;  
and speakes, as he no place for *answere* leaues.

Yet had some Kings, some Beggers in a place,  
where he might not be seene, to vse their Wit,  
(If it were *Soueraigne*, though his state were base)  
this *Sou'raigne* would, of him, perhaps, beg It:  
Which when He vents, the Peoples voyce is than,  
This is the voyce of God, and not of Man!

*Against Fortune-tellers, commonly  
called, Wise-men.*

**S**ith all our Knowledge from our Senses comes,  
which oft mistake, then must our Wisdome needs  
Mistake, as oft as Error ouer-comes  
our Knowledge, that from erring Sense proceedes.

Then all our Wisdome must be most vnure,  
as are the grounds from whence the same doth grow;  
Yet some great Wise men hardly can endure  
that GOD should know that, which they do not know.

And, sith they know, they know not as they ought;  
more then they ought, they seeme to know, at least;  
These are the Wise-men that by Fooles are sought,  
to shew euents to come, to giue them rest:  
On whom they doe bestow a Wise-mans fee,  
Which these wise Seers, onely, doe fore-see.

*Sinfull Curiositie had rather be acquainted  
with the Diuell, then with God, or his Saints.*

**H**Aue any made a Cow'nant with blacke Hell,  
and are Familiar with infernall Sprights?  
They shall be sought to, wheresoe'er they dwell;  
for, many Soules desire to see those sights.

But liues *Elias* (most familiar  
with GOD and Hea'n) where great ones most frequent,  
He liues as in his firie Coach he were;  
for, none comes neere so meere an Innocent.

Thus doth the Diuell Lord it o'er the Aire,  
and those that most doe prize It; while his slaves  
Are more sought to then Saints or Angels faire,  
though such Fiends bideing be among the graves:  
Then, what so senselesse, as the World, to take  
Delight in Diu'ls, and in Hell, for their sake?

*Again, of the same.*

**W**Ere Bacon, and that Vandermast alieu,  
(if liue they did where Men might draw but Aire)  
They, with a mischief, wold much more than thriue;  
for, they would smothered be with Mens repaire.

Some Bladuds would inuest them with their Robes,  
nay, Crowne them too, to learne them but to flye:

That so they might but glide about the *Globes*,  
to be admir'd for *lack-dawes* qualitie.

So much *Men*, singularitie affect,  
that to be singular, (though but in *Toyes*)  
They'l freely giue what they doe most respect ;  
so much their inward *Maw*, loues outward *Ioyes* :  
Nay, *Men* to *Hell* will creep from out the *Crowde*,  
Ere they'l be drown'd in the *Multitude*.

---

*That Persecutors of Truth, are their  
owne Tormentors.*

---

**I**F *Vertues* Sonnes be plagu'd with *Vices* Broode,  
(sith they, by *Nature*, still doe disagree)  
It's for the vicious *plague*, and vertuous *good* ;  
which both shall *here*, or *else-where*, shortly see.

If our *good life*, our Enemies encrease,  
that bad *encrease*, in that great *good*, is drown'd ;  
Who fight against themselves, but for our *Peace* ;  
and, through our *Weeds*, their *Hearts* and *Soules* do  
wound !

Our *Sauour*, through his *Death*, did *Death* subdue,  
to make vs *conquer* by enduring *strife* :  
Then, what though They, to *Death*, doe vs pursue,  
when, through our *Death*, they *dye* to giue vs *life* ?  
But with such *proofes*, none but such *Saints* are prou'd  
That of his *Iudge*, in *death*, was *fear'd* and *low'd*.

---

*The righteous, in Ioy or Griefe, Life, or Death,  
GOD keeps as his Treasure.*

---

**F**ELL *Malice* most of her owne *Poison* drinks ;  
for them she plagues, doe sippe but of the toppe ;  
But she of *that*, which to the *Bottom* sinckes,  
to worke in Her *Perdition*, without *Hope*.

*Impietie* and *Plagues* are of an age ;  
being burnt, not in the *Hand*, but in the *Heart* :  
For, who against the *good* doe battaile wage,  
shall perish through his *pow'r* that takes their part.

And, if, for *vertue*, Men are made away,  
GOD takes for *sacrifice*, their *sufferings* :  
But when, by course of *Nature*, they decay,  
he then receiues them as *Peace-offerings* :  
So that in *life* and *death*, the righteous rest,  
As th' *Apple* of his Eye, as *safe*, as *blest*.

---

*That mens Deuotions towards God and  
Goodnesse, are most mutable.*

---

**N**OUGHT in our Life endures so many *Turnes*,  
as our *Deuotion* : *off*, *on*, *in*, and *out* ;  
Now, cold as *Yce*, and by and by *It* burnes,  
scarce in one *moode*, while we can turne about.

If *good* we heare, perhaps we thinke thereon ;  
but be it *ill*, *ill* (past perhaps) we minde :  
Thus, rowle we euer, like a thriftlesse *stone*,  
till *Death* vs stay by *force*, or Course of *kinde*.

From *Sinne* to *Sinne*, as *Flies* from *sore* to *sore*,  
we still doe shift ; the best *Men*, Men are still ;  
The worst are worse than *Beasts*, to *kill*, or *store* ;  
for, they are *leane* in *good*, but *fat* in *ill* :  
Then blest are they, that neyther *fat* or *leane*,  
Haue rowl'd to *Rest*, but with the *Golden-meane*.

---

*To my most honored, and approued best Friend, and Abye.*  
Sr. Fran : Louell, Knight.

God takes the Will for the Deede.

---

**A**Lthough we doe not all the *good* we loue,  
but still, in *loue*, desire to doe the same ;  
Nor leaue the *Sinnes* we hate ; but, hating, moue  
our *Soule* and *Bodies* Pow'rs their force to tame ;

The *good* wee doe, GOD takes as done aright ;  
that we desire to doe, He takes as done :  
The *Sinne* we shunne, He will with *Grace* requite ;  
and not impute the *Sinne* we seeke to shunne !

But good *Desires* produce no worser *Deedes* ;  
for, GOD doth both together (lightly) giue :  
Because He knowes a righteous *Man* must needes  
by *Faith* that *workes* by *Loue*, for euer liue :  
then, to doe nought, but onely in *desire*,  
Is *Loue* that burnes, but burnes like painted *fire*.

---

*The Vertuous, liue well for Vertues sake ;  
the vicious, for feare of Punishment.*

---

**T**Hree things, in *Iudgement*, haue obseru'd bin,  
to work with wicked ones, *shame*, *griefe*, & *feare* :  
And yet without *shame*, *griefe*, or *feare*, they *sinne*,  
till *Iudgement* (strict) beginneth to appeare.

If *Iudgement* then, haue force t' extort these *three* :  
they haue no *Iudgement*, that will not preuent  
This sore *Extortion*, with an easie *fee* ;  
that is, *liue well* ; if not, then, *well repent*.

But are these *two* perform'd with such ease ?  
Gods *Yoake* is easie, and his *burden* light :  
And such as cannot well away with these,  
can neyther liue well, nor repent aright :  
But if they cannot, much lesse can they beare,  
What *Iudgement* wil extort, *shame*, *griefe*, & *feare*.

---

*That there is no peace to the Wicked.*

---

**T**He *Wicked* rest is like the raging *Deepe*,  
whose smoothest *Peace* is rough intestine *War*  
With whose *Alar'ms* they often start in sleepe ;  
whose *Heart-strings*, with such fretting *Stops*, doe  
iarre.

Yet as the *Sea* seemes calme, as other *Brookes*,  
till *Winds* arise, wherewith they rage as mad ;  
So, oft the *Wicked-man* as smoothly lookes  
in prosperous state, as he whom GOD doth glad.

And in this *plight*, he *Saint* it can as well  
(at least in shew) as can the holiest *Saint* :  
Yea, can (for *glory*) in *Good-workes* excell ;  
and, *Pietie* in *Word* and *Deed* depaint :  
But when *Afflictions* flaws beginne to blow,  
He plays the *Diuell* both in *Deed* and *Show*.

*That a vexed Conscience is the onely  
Hell on Earth.*

THE *Bodies* rest doth most disease the *Soule*,  
that is diseased with *Sinnes* sorest Sting :  
For then the Thoughts about that *Pricke* doe roule,  
and to the *Soule* a Hell of Horror bring !

The *Minde* then looking into *Fancies* Mirroure,  
sees nothing there but *Sinne* that sits a-Broode  
On grimme *Chimæraes*, and sights full of horror,  
so to confound the *Minde*, or mad her mood.

For, when *Sinne* onely fronts the *Phantasie*,  
that *Glasse* reflects these horrid *Formes*, by kinde ;  
Then, when the *body* most alone doth lye,  
these *Monsters* muster most about the *Minde*.

O ! *Plague* of *Plagues*, when *Sense* nor *Reas'n* can  
spye

A *Reall* *Obiect* from a *Phantasie* !

*Phantasie a great Comforter, or Tormenter.*

GIVE me *Iobs* Botches, *Naamans* Leprosie,  
nay, giue me *All* that plagues the outward *sense*,  
Rather then Terrors of the *Phantasie*,  
crawling from out an *Hell* of *Conscience*.

And giue me all the *Hells* the Damn'd endure,  
(this *Hell* alone excepted) I will be  
Able to make them *Heav'n's*, in *Conscience* pure,  
through Operations of the *Phantasie*.

*Asleepe*, *awake*, in *Company*, *alone*,  
past-vnderstanding *Peace*, and *loyes* past *loy*,  
In our *Mindes* Kingdome, then, themselues enthroned,  
to ouer-sway the Paines that *Flesh* annoy :  
Then, is this *Peace* and *War*, true *Heav'n* & *Hell*,  
Where *Paine* and *Pleasure* doe themselues excell.

*A wounded Conscience, who can beare ?*

SALVES, *Sores* doe cure ; and *Medicines*, *Maladies* :  
*Friendship*, *Oppression* ; *Wisdomes*, *poore Estate* :  
*Favour*, *Restraint* ; and *Time*, *Captiuities* ;  
*Good life*, *Reproch* ; and louing *Manners*, *Hate* :

But, these, nor ought else, that are *blest*, or *best*,  
(except the *Highest grace*) haue pow'r to cure

A wounded *spirit* (with *Sadnesse* still oppress)  
but *It* doth *Death* out-lieue, and *Hell* out-dure.

Were our *Meate*, *Manna* ; our *Weedes*, *Salomons* ;  
*Monarches*, our *Friends* ; and *Eden*, our *Free-hold* ;  
Our *Guardes*, *Goliaths* ; our *Seates*, highest *Thrones* ;  
our *Houses* *Siluer*, hung with *Pearle* and *Gold* :  
All these, and all what else can *Sense* delight  
Doe rather *kill*, than *cure* a wounded *Spirit*.

*Death makes Things appeare as they are.*

ENUY and *Anger* haue some *Wise-men* kil'd ;  
(though in those *Passions* we hold no man wise)  
As *fauour* and base *flattery* Fooles haue spild ;  
for, with them both, we Fooles doe *Nestorise*.

But when these *moodes* are, with the *Parties*, dead,  
then, were they Fooles, who wer so wise while-ere :  
And, They most *wise* that *Fooles* were reckon'd ;  
thus, *Death* doth make Things, as they are, appeare.

*Flattery* adorne Mens *Fortunes*, not the *Men* ;  
and *Envy*, not their *Persons*, but their *Fames*  
Doth seeke to wound : so, it appeareth then,  
that *Wise* nor *Fooles* haue here their proper *Names* :  
But in the *Font* of *Death* they doe receiue  
Their naked *Names* which their true *Natures* giue.

*God and Conscience tels truly what we are ;  
and are not as we seeme.*

WHAT thou art, aske thine *Hart*, and it wil show ;  
or, aske a *Foe*, that *Conscience* makes to lie ;  
But aske thou not *Selfe-love* which cannot know :  
nor, aske a *Friend*, which can no *fault* espie.

If we could see our selues, then should we see  
that we are nothing lesse then what we *seeme* ;  
Yet, some *seeme* farre worse than in *Deed* they be ;  
and therefore *All*, this *Some* doe not esteeme.

For, we know nothing *wholy*, but in *part*,  
and, vnderstand but, what we know, by *Sense* :  
We see the *Face*, but cannot see the *Heart* :  
then *shewes* betray our best *Intelligence* :  
This makes all wise men, that such *Secrets* know,  
To winne the *World* ; a *Shadow*, with a *Show*.

*That Truth, being One and still the same,  
is made by wicked men to countenance Fals-  
hood, which is manifold, and  
still vnlike.*

WHEN *Peace* & *Truth* do iarre, *Peace* is not *peace* :  
then, *Peace*, in *Truth*, is that we should ensue :  
Now, for this *Truth* what *Warres* and *Iarres* encrease,  
these *Times* doe *feele*, and *After-times* may *rue*.

Yet, no *Man's* so vnjust, that will auerre,  
he fights for *Falshood* ; but, for *Truth* and *Right*.

M

So, iust, some say, is eu'ry vniust Warre:  
thus, *Truth* is made to countenance each *Fight*.

Who euer yet for *Heresie* hath dide,  
but saith, for *Truth* he dies, and so beleues?  
Or, what *Sect* saith not, *Truth* is on their side?  
so, *Truth* is made a *Diuell*, that deceiues;  
But *Truth* is *God*, vnmade, who, in the end,  
Will damne them all, that make him such a *Fiend*.

*That we are naturally bent to Ill, but  
supernaturally to Goodnesse.*

**T**Wixt *Sinne* and *Grace*, I tost am *to*, and *fro*,  
as mine *Affections* please to bandy me:  
From *Grace*, to *Sinne* I *flye*; but, backe, I *goe*;  
and yet I *goe* as one that faine would *flee*.

*Nature* doth moue the *Wings* of my *Desire*  
to *Sinne*-wards nimble; but, not so to *Grace*:  
For, then she limes them with my *fleshes* myre,  
that I am forc'd to passe an heauy pace.

Yet still I stirre those *Wings*, and seeke to breake  
fraile *fleshes* Bands; too strong, for me (too fraile)  
Who though, sometimes, I faile of what I seeke,  
yet seeke I what I *find*, and neuer faile:  
For, none seekes *Grace* that hath not *Grace* in hold:  
Then, *Seekers* find, though oft lesse then they would.

*Abuse is familiar with humane  
Flesh and Bloud.*

**M**inding this *World*, I muse at what I minde,  
though *It* vnworthy be of *Minde* or *Muse*:  
I muse that *Men* are to *It* so inclinde,  
sith *It* mindes nought, but how *Men* to abuse.

From high to low *Abuse* doth proudly raigne;  
from which the *Preist*, that leads all, is not free:  
The *Holy* hold the *Holy* in disdain,  
if with their *state*, their *states* doe not agree.

*Virtue*, or *Vice* are held of good or ill,  
as, in this *World*, they thriue or ill, or well:  
For, *Vice* is honor'd more then *Virtue* still,  
if *Vices* Mannors, *Virtues* doe excell:  
If *Manors* good, doe what good *Maners* ought,  
(That's make men great) great men are made of  
nought.

*That it is farre better not Be, then to be Ill.*

**T**He *World* (the *Wombe* where all *misdeeds* are bred)  
breedes in my little-*World* such great offence,  
That my *Soule*, great with *Sinne*'s deliuer'd  
of *Griefe*, that gaules my bleeding *Conscience*:  
The Mid-wife *Flesh*, that did the same produce,  
gives it the *Nurse*, curst *Nature*, it to feede:  
And fattens *It* with full-Breasts of *Abuse*;  
so, *Griefe* growes great, with *Natures* grosse *misdeeds*.

O *Nature*, Nurse of my *Soules* foule *Disgrace*!  
O *World*, the Nurse of that *Nurse* (grounds of grief)  
Why doe you giue me being, time, and place  
sith you doe worse then kill me with *reliefe*?  
For, that *reliefe* that doth but nourish *Sinne*,  
Makes our Case worse, then if we ne'er had bin.

*Sinne and Grace cannot dwell  
in one place.*

**I**F *Faith* beleeu'd that *Creede* that *Essence* giues her,  
then would she giue the *Soule* what that doth giue:  
*Faith*'s made to know, and doe that which relieues her;  
for, by her active knowledge she doth liue!

But oft the *Soule* (though *Faith* be still her *Ghest*)  
makes *Sinne* her *Steward* to prouide her *Food*:  
How then can *Faith* such banefull *Bits* digest,  
which but contaminate her vitall *Bloud*?

Can *Faith* and *Sinne* (if they be full in force)  
dwell (as if friends) they were) in one weake *Heart*?  
No: one will other from the same diuorce;  
for, *Sou'raignes* part with life, ere *Lordship* part:  
Then, want of *Faith*, with grosse *Sin* is supplide:  
For, *Natures* vacuum could ne'er abide.

*In rainy-gloomy Weather.*

**T**His *Weather*'s like my troubled *Minde* and *Eyes*:  
the one, being sad; the other, full of *Tears*;  
And, as *Winde* oft the often *Showrings* dries:  
so, *Sighes* my *Tears* dry vp, and kindle *Cares*.

*Sighes* please, and paine the displeas'd painful *Heart*:  
they please in giuing vent to *Griefes* vp-pent;  
And yet the *Heart*, they ease, they cause to smart:  
so, *Griefes* encrease as *Sighes* doe giue them vent.

But were my *Minde* thus sad but for my *Crimes*,  
and mine *Eyes* turn'd to *Tears* for cause so deare;  
Or, did my *Heart* for that sith often-times,  
my *Sighes*, my *Tears*, my *Sadnesse* blessed were:  
But tis, sith *Hope*, my *Ship*, through *Fates* crosse-waue,  
Now grates vpon the *Grauell* of my *Graue*.

*Our Wits are vnable to please our Wits.*

**T**His *Lift* is but a *Labyrinth* of *Its*,  
whose many *Turnings* so amaze our *Mind*:  
that out of Them our *Wit* no issue findes,  
But what our *Sense* commands, our *Wit* fulfilla.

Yet *Sense* (being tir'd with deceitfull *loyes*  
that *flee* as soone as *felt*) prouokes the *Wit*  
to cast about those *Turnes* to pleasure it,  
Which findes new *Pleasures* lin'd with old *Annoyes*.

So, that when *Sense* and *Wit* are at a *Stand*  
 in quest of *Pleasures* vaine variety,  
 they are so cloid with their sociètie,  
 That *Will* is wearied with her owne *Command*:  
 Thus, in this *Life*, or *Laborynth* of *It*,  
 We toile our *Wits* in vaine, to please our *Wils*.

To my most deare, and no lesse worthily-beloued  
*Friend* and *Pupill*, Henry Mainwarring *Esquier*,  
 with the truly-noble and venterous *Knight* S<sup>r</sup> Henry  
 Thynne, accompanying, into *Persia*, the meritori-  
 ously-farre-renowned *Knight*; S<sup>r</sup> Robert Sherley,  
*Englishman*; yet, Lord *Ambassadour* sent from the  
 great *Persian* Potentate, to all *Christian* Princes,  
 for the good of *Christendome*.

H Eroicke *Pupill*, and most honor'd *Friend*,  
 to thee, as to my *Motie*, I bequeath  
 Halfe th' other *halfe*; beginning, at mine end,  
 to make (I hope) me triumph ouer *Death*.

My *Sonne* (sole *Sonne*; and, all I euer had)  
 vnto thy *Care* and *Seruite* I commend;  
 So, make me *Sonnelesse*, till you make me glad  
 with your *Returue* from this *Worlds* further end.

The *Absence* of so deare a *Sonne* as thou,  
 must needs affect thine honor'd *Sire* with *Griefe*;  
 But, for thy good, he doth his *Griefe* subdue:  
 so, doe I mine, by his, sith his is chiefe:  
 Then, with my *Sonne*, take thou my *Hart* and these  
 Celestiall *Charmes*, in *Stormes*, to calme the *Seas*.

Rob not the *Poore*, because he is *poore*; neyther  
 wrong him in *Iudgement*. Pro. 22. 22.

Though *Words* with *Wisedome* richly be attird,  
 yet, if their *Speaker* be not rich withall,  
 They will be rather scorn'd, then admir'd;  
 or thought, through *Enuyes* spight most criminall.

But *Words* pronounced by *Authoritie*,  
 (though no *Authoritie* doth them approue)  
 Are held for *Oracles* of *Deitie*;  
 and, quoted, as rich *Scriptures*, *Truth* to proue.

Thus *Wisedome* rare, without a *Fortune* rich,  
 is a rich *Gift* that gets but *poore* regard:

For, *Wisedomes* lowest voyce, or highest *Pitch*,  
 if her *Pipe* be but meane, can ne'er be heard:  
 For, the *Worlds* Eares, though wide, no voyce can heare  
 That comes not from a *Pipe*, as deare as cleare.

To my worthy, witty, long-approued, and  
 beloued *Friend*, M<sup>rs</sup>. Ioyce *Ieffreies*.

Let vs heare the end: Feare God, and keepe  
 his *Commandements*: for this is the whole duty of  
 man. Eccles. 12. 13.

M Any a weary *Winter* haue I past  
 since first our eyes strange-lookes did interchange:  
 But now (deare *Friend*, that is as kinde, as fast)  
*Time*, in *Lifes* Reere, or vitall-Poures doth range.

My *Layes* of *Loue*, are now turn'd all to *Psalmes*  
 and *Hymnes* addrest to *Heau'n*; which my yong *dayes*  
 Did most offend: Then, now, I craue this *Almes*,  
 that thou, for me, on *These*, our *God* wilt praise.

When *Time*, and *Thwarts* haue taught the humbled-  
 spirit  
 that all, saue *loue* and feare of *God*, is vaine;  
 By *Grace* and *Nature* we take most delight  
 in *paines*, which may preuent eternall *paine*:  
 Then, if thy *Will* doe match thy *Wit* (deare *Friend*)  
 On these *Fete* maist thou trauell to that *END*.

#### THE CONCLVSION.

L O here ah end of these our *Muses* Flights,  
 which aym'd at Mans End, or chiefest *GOOD*;  
 But if too wilde she were, in heau'nly-*Heights*,  
 let her be made to know it, by the *Whood*.

If her *Desire* too high hath made her rise,  
 (though lesse than *GOD* contents not that *Desire*)  
 Of *Christ*, and of his *Church* she mercy cryes;  
 and, humbly, stoups to what they doe require.

Yea, prostrate, she doth fall; nay, vailles her *Necke*  
 vnder his *Spouse* (the *Church*) her sacred *Fete*;  
 Submitting all her *Soarings* to her *Checke*;

and ready to reforme what shee thinkes meete:  
 If she hath rightly fled, *GOD* made that *Flight*:  
 If not, she prays the *Church* to make it right.

But, knew I ought offensive to her *Eare*,  
 My *Teares* should blot *It*, yer *It* mended were.

FINIS.

LONDON:

Printed by T. S. for George Norton, and  
 are to be solde at his Shoppe, vnder the  
 Blacke-bell within Temple-barre.

1612.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 2, *Note*. The Publisher's imprint at the close of the volume is given as if on the title-page in *Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica*, and elsewhere. As the title-page was engraved, to barbarous collectors of such is no doubt due its removal from the few copies of the 'Muse's Sacrifice' that have occurred.

P. 4, *Verse Epistle-dedictory*:—*Lucy, Countesse of Bedford*. She was daughter of John, 1st Lord Harrington, and wife of Edward, 3d Earl of Bedford. She is celebrated by Ben Jonson, Donne, Daniel, and indeed by nearly all the great Wits of the great time. Her husband died, without issue, 3d May 1627. She survived him many years. See our Memorial-Introduction. *Mary, Countesse-Dowager of Pembroke*. She was Mary, daughter of Sir Henry Sidney, K.G., and 3d wife and relict of Henry, 2d Earl of Pembroke, who died 19th January 1600-1. Her brother, 'our Philip' of this Epistle-dedictory: (p. 5, col. 2, st. 10), dedicated his Arcadia to her. She was the

'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,'

of the famous Epitaph. She died at an advanced age at her house in Aldersgate Street, London, 25th September 1621, and was buried beside her husband in Salisbury Cathedral. See our Memorial-Introduction, and the Same to Breton. *Elizabeth, Lady Cary*. She was daughter of Sir Laurence Tanfield, Knight, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and wife of Sir Henry Cary, K.B., Comptroller of the King's Household: created Viscount Falkland in 1620. They were married about 1610, but their domestic life was unhappy, and on becoming a Roman Catholic they separated. She survived her husband, and died in October 1639. See our Memorial-Introduction. Col. 1, st. 7, l. 3, 'Ingenie' = wit: l. 4, 'Orr, as sable,' i.e. or (gold) on black—heraldic terms: st. 8, l. 4, 'Mate' = match: col. 2, st. 4, l. 3, 'gyring' = revolving: st. 5, l. 4, 'Paines' = pains-taking: st. 6, 'My Hand once sought,' etc. A very beautiful specimen of Davies' artistic penmanship is preserved at Penshurst in his transcript of the 'Psalms' by Sidney and his sister. See our edition of Sir Philip Sidney in Fuller Worthies' Library and in Early English Poets of Chatto and Windus.

P. 5, col. 1, st. 3, l. 1, 'neruy' = nervous, i.e. vigorous: st. 5, l. 2, 'Quelkchase' = quelque-chose = keck-shows, trifles (as in food, pastry, etc.): col. 2, st. 1, l. 2, 'travell' = travail: l. 4, 'Throwes' = Throes: st. 3, l. 2, 'farse' = stuff; so Herrick in his *Hesperides*, ii. 169: iii. 48 (Chatto and Windus, 3 vols. 1876): st. 5, l. 4, 'Ignis fatuus' = Ignis fatuus or Will o' Wisp: st. 6, l. 4, 'Scheleton' = skeleton.

P. 6, col. 1, st. 1, l. 1, 'Here-hence'—usually 'herence' = hence: st. 5, l. 3, 'Metaphisiches'—misprinted 'Metaphickes': l. 4, 'Astrologians' = astrologers, star-gazers: st. 8, l. 3, 'Tethys'—daughter of Uranus and Gaea and wife of Oceanus (Virgil, *Georg.* i. 31): col. 2, st. 7, l. 2, 'teith' = tythe: st. 11, l. 2, 'Byræ of Carthage' i.e. Bozrah, the original city, which Carthage succeeded: st. 12, l. 3, 'Asinius Pollio's Court of Liberty': qu.—the Hall wherein—as Martial and other satirists complain—he read his own works in public before a large circle of friends and critics, in order to obtain their 'free' judgment (Senec. *Controv.* iv. *Praef.* p. 441): last st. l. 2, 'pight' = pitched, placed—but the pyramid still exists and as stable as ever: l. 4, 'rought' = reached.

P. 7, col. 1, st. 3, l. 1, 'Scaurus Amphitheater': viz. of M. Aemilius Scaurus, eldest son of the greater Roman of the same name. The extraordinary magnificence with which he celebrated the public games surpassed everything of the kind previously witnessed. The temporary theatre erected by him accommodated 80,000 spectators. All the marvels of the context are fetched from actual history: st. 10, l. 2, 'Shew-bread': see St. Matthew xii. 3, 4, and 1 Samuel xxi. 6: st. 12, l. 2, 'affect' = choose, care for: col. 2, st. 3, l. 4, 'Ingenie'. See col. 1, st. 7, l. 3.

P. 8, col. 1, st. 2, l. 6, 'Test' = proof or proving: *Another*: st. 2, l. 3, 'meeke': qu. meete? *To over-curious Critiques*: st. 2, l. 1, 'Novels' = novelties: col. 2, *ibid.* l. 4, 'interlac'd' = intermixed: *The author of, and to his Muse*: st. 1, l. 1, 'tyring' = feeding: unless the reference be to his craft of teaching ornamental penmanship: and so = beautifying or attiring: st. 2, l. 4, 'pray . . . preying'—a frequent play on the two words on to Thomas Fuller and later.

P. 9, col. 1, l. 12, 'Kinde Pelican'—from the old myth that this bird pierced its own breast and by its own blood fed its starving young: l. 15, 'inorm'd' = enormous—transition-form; see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 21, 'were'—the original is 'was' but in a contemporary hand (probably Davies' own) in my exemplar, it is corrected to 'were' very neatly.

P. 10, col. 1, l. 7, 'Copesmate' = associate, companion: l. 9, 'Fardle' = fardel, burthen: see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 13, 'misse-maze' = labyrinth: l. 34, 'vulnerable' = wound: col. 2, l. 11, 'vaines' = veins: 'Booule' = ball, i.e. the earth.

P. 11, col. 1, l. 23, 'leames' = gleams or flashes: l. 2 (from bottom), 'confacted' = confectioned or put together: col. 2, l. 13 (from bottom), 'sans-beginning' = without beginning.

P. 12, col. 1, l. 6, '*Poise*' = weight, *i.e.* through suspension on the cross: l. 16, '*freight*' = freight: col. 2, l. 6, '*hold-fast*': after the double nail so called: l. 16, '*let*' = hinder: l. 24, '*quicke*' = living: l. 34, '*sent*' = scent: l. 47, '*porcullid*' = portcullised, *i.e.* from portcullis of a fortified place.

P. 13, col. 1, l. 13, '*sent*' = scent, as before: ll. 44-47—reminiscence of St. Augustine: col. 2, l. 26, '*externe*' = external: *ibid.* '*interne*' = internal: l. 29, '*Hence*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: l. 39, '*fond*' = foolish: l. 46, '*combine*' = combine.

P. 14, col. 1, ll. 21-24: another reminiscence of St. Augustine: l. 38, '*athwart*'—printed 'a thwart' = cross: col. 2, l. 39, '*Vniuersitie*' = the universe.

P. 15, col. 1, l. 1, '*Eld*' = old.

P. 16, col. 1, l. 29, '*Affects*' = affections: col. 2, l. 7, '*quite*' = requite: l. 20, '*too too*'—see Glossarial Index for other reference to 'too too': ll. 37-8, see 2 Kings xiii. 21.

P. 17, col. 1, l. 3, '*clip*' = embrace.

P. 18, col. 2, l. 10, '*quite*' = requite, as before.

P. 19, col. 1, l. 34, '*baneth*' = banneth, curseth: col. 2, l. 32, '*sordiditie*' = filthiness: ll. 33-34, see 2 Samuel vi. 6-7: l. 37 '*Bethshamites*' = men of Bethshemesh, 1 Samuel vi. 19.

P. 20, col. 1, l. 17, '*Harbinger*' = introducer—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: l. 20, '*faine*' = fond, glad: l. 24, '*Let*' = hindrance: l. 30, '*molt*' = melted: col. 2, l. 30, '*Eld*' = Ancient [of Days].

P. 24, col. 1, l. 6, '*Lights*': Scotich, the 'lungs'—here = entrails, in addition to the parts named: col. 2, l. 5, '*Protomartire*' = protomartyr St. Stephen: l. 19, '*fondly over-shot*' = foolishly shot too far: l. 23, '*ensu'th*' = followeth: l. 6 (from bottom), '*Preuenting*' = anticipating.

P. 25, col. 1, l. 11, '*pight*' = pitched (as a tent): l. 12, '*eft*': see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: col. 2, l. 15 (from bottom), '*Fels*' = skins or hides: l. 14 (*ibid.*) '*quests*' = seeks, hunts: l. 9 (*ibid.*) '*Prime*'—a game-term: see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

P. 26, col. 1, l. 12, '*fine*' = finis, the end: l. 31, '*gage*' = gauge or measure: l. 3 (from bottom), '*owe*' = own: col. 2, l. 18, '*diere*' = dire: l. 19, '*Leach*' = leech, the blood-sucker removing unhealthy blood—a singular adaptation.

P. 27, col. 1, l. 9, '*sith*' = since, and so *frequenter*: *ibid.* '*self-Formositie*' = beauty: l. 12, '*Continent*' = container: l. 9 (from bottom), '*Key*' = give the key-note: col. 2, l. 15 (from bottom), '*Nests*' = nests: l. 12 (*ibid.*) '*Cratch*' = manger-cradle: l. 10 (*ibid.*) '*coursest clouts*' = coarsest clothing: l. 8 (*ibid.*) '*wonder-rap*' = wonder-rapt: l. 4 (*ibid.*) '*Sinners Marke*' = circumcision: last line, '*Flight*', viz. into Egypt—as onward.

P. 28, col. 1, l. 18 (from bottom), '*Squire*' = Apostle (Peter): l. 15 (*ibid.*) '*Meede*' = mead: col. 2, l. 5, '*brook*' = endure or bear: l. 18, '*Poast*' = post: l. 29, '*quite*' = requite: l. 6 (from bottom), '*grane*' = heavy.

P. 29, col. 1, l. 7, '*Thwarts*' = contradictions and contradictees: l. 18, '*to weet*' = to wit: l. 32, '*Vipers*'—the old myth of the birth of the young 'viper' killing the parent: l. 4 (from bottom), '*prepuce*' = uncircumcised: col. 2, l. 19, '*Ports*' = gates: l. 26, '*check-roule*' = the roll or list of servants in a great house, *e.g.* Sir Thomas Hastings, Knight (1558), thus bequeaths in his will:—'Item, I will that my wife shall keep in household all my household servants, etc., which I shall fortune to have in my check-roll, for and during the space of one year after my decease,' etc. (Nicolas's Testamenta Vetusta, ii. 751-2).

P. 30, col. 1, l. 9, '*blinde Baiard*' = Bayard: col. 2, l. 3, '*Princes Page*'—Philip of Macedon's: l. 15, '*Quest*' = search, inquiry—a legal term: l. 20, '*warded*' = guarded: l. 36, '*claw'd*' = flattered, deceived: l. 40, '*beuraies*' = reveals.

P. 31, col. 1, l. 16, '*Coort*' = court: l. 17, '*Iob and Jeremy*' = Job iii. 3, and Jeremiah xx. 14: l. 23, '*trimme*' = adorn: col. 2, l. 2, '*remunerate*'—note early use of this now familiar word: l. 18 (from bottom), '*Ashes* . . . *Dust*' = Genesis xviii. 27.

P. 32, col. 2, l. 16 (from bottom), '*Beck*' = nod.

P. 33, col. 1, l. 24, '*serenize*' = make thee serene: l. 25, '*Aguising*' = adoring.

P. 34, col. 1, l. 17, '*contract*' = contract: or qu.—contact?: col. 2, l. 10, '*fall*' = cause to fall: l. 19, '*rubs*' = obstacles, stumbling-blocks.

P. 35, col. 1, l. 14, '*pristine*' = pristine: col. 2, l. 23, '*eftsoones*' = immediately.

P. 36, col. 1, l. 30, '*ceaselys*'—misprinted 'ceasely,' but 's' neatly added (probably) by the author in our exemplar: col. 2, l. 6 (from bottom), '*soothfast*' = true.

P. 37, col. 1, l. 23, '*trade*' = cause me to tread.

P. 38, col. 1, l. 16, '*consort*,' and so l. 17 = put me in harmony with or marry: l. 18, '*lets*' = hindrances.

P. 39, col. 1, l. 27, '*Vade, vade*': see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: l. 32, '*Adamantine*': *ibid.*: last line, '*Aqua vite to the Soule*.' So Thomas Washbourne of the Penitent:—

'When from the limbeck of mine eyes  
My tears for sin distill,  
That *Aqua vite* Thou dost prize,  
And with it Thy bottle fill.'

(Fuller Worthies' Library edition, p. 89): col. 2, l. 14 (from bottom), '*Longius*'—as before the legendary name of the Roman soldier at the cross: last line, '*clip*' = embrace.



P. 40, col. 2, l. 13, 'Yer' = ere, as *frequenter*: l. 5 (from bottom), 'sent' = scent.

P. 41, col. 1, l. 4 (from bottom), 'in graine' = in the substance: see Glossarial Index, s.v.

P. 42, col. 2, l. 10 (from bottom), 'enorm'd' = so enormously punished. See *ibid.*

P. 43, col. 1, l. 4, 'Covetize' = covetousness: l. 3 (from bottom), 'wrest' = twist: col. 2, l. 20 (from bottom), 'affects' = affections: l. 14 (*ibid.*) 'apaid' = satisfy, content.

P. 44, col. 2, l. 16, 'in fine' = in the end.

P. 45, col. 1, l. 2, 'Lets' = hindrances: and so in ll. 25, 30: l. 3, 'Orison' = prayer (St. John xvii.): l. 4, 'Maundy-night' = the 3d in Passion-week or next before good Friday, when 'maunds' or 'baskets' of gifts were usually distributed: l. 5 (from bottom), 'affect' = choose, regard.

P. 46, col. 2, l. 28, 'gaily' = gally, as with 'gall,' i.e. embittered: see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 32, 'empt' = empty.

P. 47, col. 1, l. 5 (from bottom), 'Twy-childe' = twice-a-childe, senile: col. 2, l. 14, 'course' = coarse: l. 10 (from bottom), 'quicke' = alive.

P. 48, col. 1, l. 16 (from bottom), 'rince' = rinse: l. 11, 'dispiece' = dis-piece, or break into fragments and dust: l. 8, 'momentary' = momentary, from *momentaneous*: see Glossarial Index, s.v.: col. 2, l. 19 (from bottom), 'sild' = cieled or ceeled, i.e. cielinged.

P. 49, col. 1, l. 4, 'cease' = end: or is it = seize?: l. 7, 'bents' = tendencies or dispositions: l. 11 (from bottom), 'pristine': *sic*, and elsewhere, but in page 63 col. 1, l. 33, it is correctly 'pristine': l. 3 (*ibid.*), 'signiorize' = play to signor or despot: col. 2, l. 2, 'let' = hinder.

P. 50, col. 1, l. 4, 'expire' = breathe: col. 2, l. 24, 'enormes': see Glossarial Index, s.v.

P. 51, col. 2, l. 6 (from bottom), 'immensible' = immense, measureless.

P. 52, col. 1, l. 2 (from bottom), 'Crackles': misprinted 'Crackes' in original: col. 2, l. 1, 'Asbest' = asbestos: l. 32, 'as': altered from 'and' in (probably) the author's own handwriting.

P. 54, col. 1, l. 7, 'admires' = wonders at: l. 7 (from bottom), 'lightly'—misprinted 'lighty' in original: cf. next line 'darkly': col. 2, l. 8 (from bottom), 'bandy' = toss about: see Glossarial Index, s.v.

P. 55, col. 1, l. 5, 'fornesse'—unintelligible to the Editor, seeing that 'foreness' means a 'promontory': qu.—a misprint for 'forgiveness' by dropping of a syllable? l. 13, 'yer' = ere—see Glossarial Index *frequenter*: col. 2, l. 3, 'rince' = rinse.

P. 56, col. 1, l. 10, 'Gines' = gyves, manacles: l. 16, 'clocht' = cloaked: l. 20, 'sparr'd' = shut.

P. 57, col. 1, l. 6, 'ensue' = pursue: col. 2, l. 29, 'in gree' = favour, pleasure.

P. 58, col. 1, l. 37, 'vaile' = stoop—the reference being to the 'vailing' or lowering of a flag, etc., or hat or cap in saluting.

P. 59, col. 2, l. 2, 'affects' = chooses, loves.

P. 62, col. 1, *Mrs. Elizabeth Dutton*—On all the names here see our Memorial-Introduction: col. 1, l. 4, 'empt' = empty: l. 19, 'Pheare' = husband: l. 20, 'droupt' = drooped.

P. 63, col. 1, l. 8, 'Laura'—of Petrarch: *ibid.* 'Foile' = set off: l. 10, 'poynant' = poignant, penetrative: l. 11, 'Formositie' = beaute: col. 2, l. 8, 'Mausolus' = mausoleum—the other references are trite.

P. 64, col. 2, l. 28, 'incontinent' = incontinent, i.e. instantly. By the '*Vrchin of the Sea*' the Echinus is meant.

P. 65, col. 1, l. 8, 'vade': see Glossarial Index, s.v., on the distinction between 'vade' and 'fade': l. 29, 'fore-fend' = forbid: l. 35, 'Cadaver' = corpse.

P. 66, col. 1, l. 8, 'Donne'—a play on the name of Dr. Donne, whose great poem in celebration of 'Mistresse Elizabeth Drury,' called 'An Anatomie of the World,' was published in 1612. See my Note—wherein I quote the present passage from Davies—in Fuller Worthies' Library edition of Donne, vol. i. p. 104: l. 3 (from bottom), 'appeach'd' = impeached.

P. 67, col. 1, An Epitaph, etc. See Memorial-Introduction on Davies's relations to the Ellesmere family: l. 35, 'pheares' = husband's: col. 2, l. 22, 'Squire' = square.

P. 68, col. 1, l. 32, 'Checkers' = chess-board.

P. 70, col. 1, l. 2, 'lets' = hinders, *frequenter*: l. 21, 'lest' = least: *ib.* 'Rubs' = unevenness: l. 23, 'rest'—a card-term: col. 2, l. 5, 'broach' = open, pierce.

P. 71, col. 2, l. 12 (from bottom), 'fond' = foolish.

P. 72, col. 1, l. 9, 'Coape' = covering.

P. 73, col. 1, l. 10, 'irke' = irritate.

P. 74, col. 1, l. 4 (from bottom), 'clawing' = to curry favour: col. 2, l. 3 (from bottom), 'sackit' = sacked.

P. 75, col. 1, l. 2, 'ensue' = pursue: col. 2, l. 3 (from bottom), 'wenmes' = wens—misprinted 'wemmes' in original.

P. 76, col. 1, l. 3, 'need' = recompence: l. 2 (from bottom), 'cole' = cot, hut: col. 2, l. 14 (from bottom), 'Bolt' i.e. as in grain—emptying from the chaff, to 'sift.'

P. 77, col. 1, l. 37, 'feate' = neat, skilful: l. 38, 'brackt' = broken, and cf. l. 43: l. 7 (from bottom), 'lagges' = rags: col. 2, l. 10, 'Dye' = die: l. 24, 'in

*graine*: see Glossarial Index s.v.: l. 14 (from bottom), 'Dents' = dints, bears: l. 4 (from bottom), 'Vmpier' = umpire.

P. 78, col. 1, l. 23, 'Legate' = ambassador.—See Memorial-Introduction on this: col. 2, l. 13 (from bottom), 'Torturers'—misprinted 'Tortures' in original.

P. 79, col. 1, l. 33, 'disease' = distress, put out of ease: A Parable.—See on this in Memorial-Introduction.

P. 80, col. 1, l. 8, 'deiect' = cast down: l. 19, A Cordiall, &c., An autograph copy of this 'Cordial' is prefixed to 'Humours Heaven on Earth' in the British Museum (Grenville). It is headed 'A dedicatorie and consolatorie Epistle To the right honorable Henry Earle of Northumberland'—on whose story see our Memorial-Introduction. The following Scripture texts and sentences are in the margins: p. 80, st. 1st, l. 1, 'Afflictions fire'—"As the fining pot for siluer, and the furnace for gold: so God tries mens hearts by afflictions. Prov. 17. 3: l. 4, 'breake forth'—"Greate misfortunes are to be suffred for one thing, because they shew us our truest friends. Mar. Aurel." : st. 2d, l. 4, 'Inplastring Patience'—"If thou desire to be quietly minded thou must either be a poore man in deede, or els like a poore man. Mar. Aur." : st. 4th, l. 2d, 'crosse expectance'—"In suffering afflictions patience is made stronge. Hermes." : *ibid.* 'this' for 'thy': l. 4, 'Angels staid'—"The more a man can endure crosses, the more peace he enioyes: such an one is a victorious triumpher ouer himself; a lord of the world; a friend of God, and an heire of heauen. St. August." : st. 6th, ll. 3-4, 'his' for 'her': st. 7th, l. 4, 'greatest skill'—"Greate skill is subject to no lesse ill, if it be not approued by infinite wisdom": st. 8th, l. 4, 'Sailes still be'—"Enuy like fire drawes euer to the highest. Plato." : st. 10th, l. 2, 'turne about'—"Poerty with surety is better then riches with feare. Cicero." : l. 4, 'doubt'—"Hope is bondage; mistrust liberty. Thales." : st. 16th, l. 1, 'thy Will'—"Euill men by their strength of body resist afflictions; but good men by their strength of mind patiently endure them. Plato." : st. 12th, l. 1, 'Now Enuie' for 'Now Mischiefe': l. 4, 'thy degree'—"Surety puts away sorrow, and feare hinders gladnesse. Hermes." : st. 13th, l. 3, 'Charles'—"Charles 5. yeelded up his empire to his brother Ferdinand, and after liud and died in a monastery in Spaine." : st. 14th, l. 1, 'Hyppo'—St. August. l. 4, 'diuinely free'—"2 Cor. 3." : st. 15th, l. 2, 'this' for 'thy': l. 4, 'Rod'—"The rodd of God is the staff of the godly. Aristot." : st. 16th, l. 3, 'command'—"The Kings heart is in the hand of God; as the riuers of water hee turnes it how he will. Pro. 21. 1." : st. 17th, l. 2, 'some'—"Scipio." : st. 18th, 'For, as when as' for 'For, eu'n as when': st. 19th, l. 4, 'selfe wroth'—"Humility and patience are the pacifiers of wrath. Hermes." : p. 81, st. 21st, l. 1, 'liue aright'—"Pro. 3. 2." : l. 3, 'o'ercomes'—"All the peace we haue in this life consists rather in patient suffering then not in feeling afflictions.

St. August." : st. 23d, l. 3, 'alone'—Luke 22. 43: l. 4, 'his Graue'—"Mark 16. 5." : st. 25th, l. 1, 'Pitie'—"A showre falling into the sea adds nothing to it; so no ill fortune hurts a good man. Seneca." : st. 26th, l. 4, 'Mind of his'—"Cleare Intelligence is Kinge of Heauen and Earth. Socrates." : st. 27th, l. 1, 'conscience'—"Pro. 15. 15." : st. 28th, l. 3, 'bound'—"As the body is not capable of mirth if it be in paine; so the minde partakes no pleasure if it be in feare. Lodo. Gran." : l. 4, 'extreames'—"Essay. 48. 57." : st. 29th, l. 2, "when throughlie crosst" for 'whenas entranc'd': st. 30th, l. 1, 'estate'—"It is a meere madnesse to thinke that greate men are happy. Legmen." : st. 30th, l. 2, 'Pleasures' for 'Pleasure': l. 3, 'vadinge' for 'fading': st. 32d, l. 2, 'Perfection'—"Whoso desires life with the soule ought to mortifie it with ye bodie, and giue it troubles in this world. Plato." : st. 33d, l. 3, 'Derrick' for 'Headsmen' and this note, "The hangman of London": st. 35th, l. 2, 'familiar made'—"Death is life to him that being in troubles lookes to haue ioy after them. Aristot." : st. 38th, l. 4, 'dye'—"Some fall away on ye soddain as a greate officers of this Land lately did": st. 39th, l. 1, 'confinde'—"In patience you shall possesse your soules. Luke 11." : l. 3, 'jaile our Mind'—"The body is the prison of the soule. Plato." : st. 41st, l. 4, 'Plow'—"All slaues come of kings, and kings of slaues. Plato." : st. 42d, l. 4, 'Things'—"Dani. 5. 19." : st. 44th, l. 1, 'A grape-seede one'—"Anacreon a Poet": *ibid.* 'an Haire another spils'—"Fabius ye consol." : l. 2, 'Smoak doth choake'—"Iouinian ye Emperor": *ibid.* 'neesing'—"Nerua Imp." : l. 3, 'Choler'—"Chrysippus ye stoick": st. 46th, l. 1, 'Ierse'—"A beast doing nothing but feede, and emptying his belly feede greedily againe." : P. 82, st. 47th, l. 2, 'a second to a third'—"Omnes morimur et in terram quasi aqua dilabimur. Regū. 14 c." : st. 48th, l. 4, 'wrathfull' for 'wrackfull': st. 49th, l. 1, 'haue' for 'hath': l. 4, 'shunne'—"The way of life is on hy to the prudent to shunne hell beneath. Pro. 15. 24." : st. 50th, l. 2, 'others oft'—"The chief cause of man's mischief is man himself; for he through his greedy desires troubles himself and all others. Socrates." : st. 51st, l. 1, "But o' celestially, wise as loving Sire, for," "But our all-wise-celestially-louing Sire": l. 3, 'hurt' for 'harme': st. 52d, l. 2, 'trouble'—"Pro. 15. 16." : st. 53d, l. 4, 'glory but in crueltie' for 'Lord it o'er Calamities': st. 54th, l. 2, 'knowne'—"Its meere impiety to seeke fame for godlesse cunning. Diogenes." : l. 4, 'with leave' for 'with Eue': st. 55th, l. 4, 'meete' for 'meets': st. 56th, l. 2, 'humours'—Psal. 14. 1." : st. 57th, l. 3, 'goods'—"The God of Nature neither effectually works, nor permissiue suffers any thing but to some good ends." : st. 58th, l. 2, 'Eyes'—Math. 18. 9." : st. 59th, l. 1, 'crosst'—"Vertuous men feare more a daies of prosperity then 200 of aduerse fortune. Mar. Aur." : l. 4, 'excell'—Sapient. 6. 5, 6, 8." : st. 60th, l. 2, 'borrow'—"Nothing can happe better to a wise man then mediocrity of substance. Cicero." : st. 61st, l. 4,

'Pride'—"Honores mutant mores": st. 62d, l. 1, 'Nothing'—"If thou wilt live after Nature thou shalt neuer be poore; if after opinion neuer rich. Seneca.": st. 63d, l. 1, 'greatest Grace'—"Of their Liege": st. 64th, l. 1, 'perhapps' after 'I wade' instead of after 'farre': l. 3, 'my Guide'—"Truth's the guide of all goodnesse. Hermes.": *ibid.* 'Footing keepes'—"Pro. 3. 23, 26.": st. 65th, l. 1, 'nott' for 'wot': st. 66th, l. 1, 'And wise' for 'For, wise': l. 2, 'fauors'—"As Fortune beckneth so fauore cometh. Cicero.": l. 4, 'alone'—"There are many that lack no friends, and yet lack friendship. Pithagoras. If in prosperity thou put trust in friends, it portends thine aduersity. Mar. Aur.": st. 68th, l. 3, 'stand'—"Vsque ad Aras": st. 70th, l. 2, 'in distresse'—"He errs in mine opinion that prefers Feare before Loue. Alex. Senerus. Love shineth in the stormes of danger. Aristot.": st. 71st, l. 4, 'well to dye'—"Mortified hearts live with teares and weeping, and bee merry and laugh in dying. Socrates.": st. 72d, l. 3, 'the better know'—"He that knowes not himself is a stranger to all vertue. Macrobius.": st. 74th, l. 4, 'meete' for 'meetes'—incorrect, for l. 2 is 'sweetes' = Rime meetes and Reason meetes. The MS. closes, "Yor Honors truly devoted John Dauiess": and there is this postscript appended: "Through precisenesse of the Chaplaines allowed to allowe Books (but I rather think through ignorance, or causelesse feare) I could not gett this Epistle allowed, intending to haue dedicated this poore Poem [Humours Heauen on Earth] to yor good Lp.: so was I faine to altr my purpose, and addresse it to yor s<sup>f</sup> [self].". Mere variations in spelling have not been recorded. Turning back on the poem these Notes may be helpful:—

P. 80, l. 15 (from bottom), 'expectance' = expectation: l. 12 (*ibid.*), 'terrene' = earthly.

P. 81, col. 1, l. 22, 'his spacious Minde to him a Kingdome is'—possible reminiscence of Dyer's noble poem: col. 2, l. 4 (from bottom), 'lerse' (misprinted *lerfe*)—see Author's note on st. 46th, *supra*.

P. 82, col. 1, l. 34, 'to' is dropped out in the original printed book: supplied from the MS.: l. 3 (from bottom), "the way to Heau'n is by the Posts [= gates] of Hell." Cf. the close of the "Pilgrim's Progress," for a parallel: "Then they took him [Christian] up, and carried him through the air, to the door that I saw

in the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction": col. 2, l. 32, 'meerely' = solely.

P. 83, col. 2, l. 4, 'Noone-stead' = meridian: l. 21, 'Lets' = hindrances.

P. 85, col. 1, l. 31, 'the Lady Anne Glemmam': She was Lady Anne Sackville, eldest daughter of Thomas Lord Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset, Lord Treasurer, etc., by Cicely d. of Sir John Baker. She married Sir Henry Glemham, a Suffolk Knt. Her father died 19th April, 1608. Her own death-date seems unknown. Henry Olney dedicated the 'Diella' of Richard Linche (1596) to her. See my edition of 'Diella,' etc.

P. 86, col. 1, l. 15, 'Cave' = beware: col. 2, l. 2, 'our'—misprinted 'one' in original: l. 13, 'Heuah' = Eve: l. 4 (from bottom), 'Angels' = coins so called.

P. 87, col. 1, ll. 21-23: 'Iohn Sandford': Son of Richard Sanford of Chard, co. Somerset, Gent.: was of Balliol College 1581, and became Chaplain of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1593; resigned 1616. He became afterwards a Prebendary of Canterbury and Rector of Ivy Church, Kent. He died 24th Sept. 1629, aged 60, and was buried in Canterbury Cathedral: l. 44, 'Isis-bearing Asse' = god-carrying ass: col. 2, l. 14 (from bottom), 'meere' = sole: l. 6, 'Bacon' = Roger Bacon: *ibid.* *Vandermast*—a Dutch Alchemist, etc.—long forgotten: l. 2 (from bottom), 'Bladuds'—a coinage = boasters of their splendid appearance.

P. 88, col. 2, ll. 12-13, 'Sr Fran. Louell, Knight': Of East Harling, co. Norfolk: he was knighted at Grimston, 18th April 1603. His Will was proved in 1624.

P. 89, col. 2, l. 3, 'weedes' = dress: l. 14, 'Parties' = persons—to be noted.

P. 90, col. 1, l. 12, 'bandy'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: col. 2, ll. 11-12 (from bottom). These lines alone would vindicate Davies's true poetic faculty. The metaphor seems to me surpassingly fine.

P. 91, col. 1, l. 8, etc. On these names see our Memorial-Introduction: col. 2, l. 13 (from bottom), 'Whood' = hood. A. B. G.



## Commendatory Poems.



## NOTE.

These 'Commendatory Poems' are drawn from various now scarce and in most part unknown books. Prefixed to each is a note of its source. None of these fugitive pieces is of much literary mark ; yet they have a biographical and bibliographical interest, and occasional touches that the Student-reader will take care not to miss. I have used some diligence of research in bringing these together, but it is probable others lurk elsewhere. The long poem to Vaughan naturally takes the lead ; then comes the somewhat noticeable one to Peeke, as being also of some length ; the others follow as nearly as possible chronologically. I have not cared to reproduce all the oddities of italics, etc., of the original ; but the wording and capitals are otherwise faithful to the Author's own text.—G.



## Commendatory Poems.

L.—ROWLAND VAVGHAN.

From 'Most Approved and Long experienced Water Workes. Containing, The manner of Winter and Summer-drowning of Medow and Pasture, by the aduantage of the least, Riuer, Brooke, Fount, or Water-prill adiacent; there-by to make those grounds (especially if they be drye) more Fertile Ten for One. As also a demonstration of a Proiect, for the great benefit of the Commonwealth generally, but of Hereford-shire especially. By Rowland Vavghan, Esquire. Imprinted at London by George Eld. 1610' (4to).

A PANEGYRICKE,

In the deserued honor of this most profitable worke, and  
*no lesse renowned then much-desired Proiect.*



Sing of him that is as deere to mee  
As to the World; to whom both aye are  
bound;

Then brieft, for Bond so long, I cannot be;  
Vnlesse my Loue were (like my Lines) too round.

Proportion doth so please Witte, Will, and Sense,  
That where it wants, it grieues Sense, Will, and Witte:  
Then by Proportion of his Excellence,  
Thus must we shape our praise of Him, and It.

When as the Earth all soild in sinne did lye,  
Th' almighties long-prouokt inrag'd-HAND  
Emptied Heau'ns Bottles, it to purifie;  
And made that <sup>1</sup>FLVD that mud to countermand.

So, for like crimes, of late, we plagu'd haue bin  
With like <sup>2</sup>O'reflowings, washing all away  
That lay the Earth vpon, or Earth within,  
Within the limitts where this Deluge lay!

Which Inundations were for Earth vnfit:  
But hee whose Hand and Head this WORKE compos'd,  
Shewes how to drowne the Earth to profit it:  
And beeing Ill, to make it Well-disposd.

<sup>1</sup> Noahs floud.

<sup>2</sup> The Inundation caused by the boiling vp of the sea in Monmouth and Glamorgan shire, the yeare 1607.

Some with their Lands, doe oft so sinck them-selues,  
That they to it, and it to them yeeld nought,  
But, in the Ocean what doe yeeld the Shelues,  
Which when they see, they <sup>1</sup>flee, with pensiue thought.

But in His Drownings, He makes Lands arise,  
In grace and goodnesse to the highest pitch;  
And Meades, and Pastures price he multiples;  
So, while some lies, He rise doth in the <sup>2</sup>Ditch.

His royall TRENCH (that all the rest commands)  
And holds the Sperme of Herbage by a Spring)  
Infuseth in the wombe of sterile Lands,  
The Liquid seede that makes them Plenty bring.

Here, two of the inferior Elements  
(Ioyning in Coltu) Water on the Lease  
(Like Sperme most actiue in such complements)  
Begets the full-pancht Foison of Increase?

For, through Earths rifts into her hollow wombe,  
(Where Nature doth her Twynning-Issue frame)  
The water soakes, whereof doth kindly come  
Full-<sup>3</sup>Barnes, to ioy the Lords that hold the same.

For, as all Womens wombes do barren seeme,  
That neuer had societie of Men;  
So fertill Grounds we often barren deeme,  
Whose Bowells, Water fills not now and then.

Then, Earth and Water, warmed with the Sunne,  
Ingenders what doth make Man-kinde ingender:  
For Venus quickly will to ruine runne,  
If <sup>4</sup>Ceres and her Bacchus not defend her.

Then looke how much the Race of Man is worth,  
So much is worth this Arte, maintaining it;  
Then o how deere is hee that brought it forth,  
With paine and cost for Man-kinds benefit!

Though present Times (that oft vngratefull prooue)  
May vnder-valew both his Worke and Him;  
Yet After-times will prize them Price aboue,  
And hold them Durt that doe their glory dim.

<sup>1</sup> Few Hadlands take pleasure to behold the lands they had.

<sup>2</sup> Trenches, by which his workes are effected.

<sup>3</sup> By equiuocation it may bee taken for Infants as wel as Barnes: Barne being the name of Infant in some places of England.

<sup>4</sup> Sine Cerere & Baccho, friget Venus.

For He by Wisedome, ouer-rules the Fates,  
By Witt defeating passions of the Ayre ;  
When they against his well-fare nurse debates,  
While fooles (ore-rul'd by each) die through dispaire.

In dropping Sommers, that do marre the Meads,  
His Trenches draine the Raines superfluous Almes ;  
And when heate wounds the Earth (<sup>1</sup>to death that bleeds)  
Hee cures the chaps with richest Water-balmes.

So, when Heau'n (ceaselesse) weepes to see Earths sinne  
He can restraine those Teares from hurting him ;  
Vntill his Teares the Hea'n's to <sup>2</sup>loy do win,  
While other Grounds are torne, the life from limbe.

And when the Earth growes Iron, for Hearts so growne,  
Hee can dissolve it straite (as Waxe it were ;)   
Mantling the Meadows in their Summer-Gowne ;  
So ioy in hope, while others grieve in feare.

„Thus wisemen <sup>3</sup>rule the Starres, as Starres doe fooles ;  
„And each mans manners doe his Fortunes square ;  
„Arte learnes to thrue in Natures practick Schooles ;  
„And Fortune fauours men of actions rare.

Such one is this rare Subject of my Rimes,  
Who raignes by mirry motion, ore my Spleene ;  
Such is this <sup>4</sup>Water-glasse, wherein these Times  
Do see how to adorne their Meades in Greene.

Hee from a Mole-hill (from whose hollow wombe  
Issu'd a <sup>5</sup>Water-fount) a Mount did reare ;  
A Mount of large Reuenues thence did come ;  
So, a Mole-hill great with yong a Mountaine bare !

How many Riuers, Founts, and Water-prills,  
(Tend'ring their seruice to their Lords for Rent)  
Are nere imployde but in poore Water-mills,  
While the drye Grounds vnto the Bones are brent.

To Tantalus I can resemble those  
That touch the water that they n'ere doe taste ;  
And pine away, Fruite being at their Nose,  
So, in Abundance, they to nought do waste.

The Brookes runne murmuring by their parched Brincks  
(Pure virgin Nymphes) and chide against the Stancks,  
When as their sweetest profer'd seruice stinkes,  
> So coyly kisse the chapt-lippes of the Bankes.

And (weake as water) in their Beds do stretch  
(As t'were to yeeld their Ghost for such disgrace)  
Their Christall limbes vnto the vtmost Reach ;  
And <sup>6</sup>shrinke from th' Armes that (vselesse) them im-  
brace.

<sup>1</sup> The Sunne exhaling all radicall moysture from thence by  
wounds or chaps which are made by summers heate.

<sup>2</sup> The teares of sinners, are the wine of Angels.

<sup>3</sup> *Ars Dominabitur astris.*

<sup>4</sup> Or cleare Mirroure.

<sup>5</sup> From the obseruation whereof, proceeded the rest of his  
workes, as in this his booke more at large is expressed.

<sup>6</sup> In dry Summers the Riuers grow lowest.

When as the Meads, wherein their Beds do lye,  
Make towards them, and fall by lumpes therein ;  
Who (of the yellow laundise like to dye)  
Creepe to their <sup>1</sup>Beds, their loue and health to winne.

O Landlords see, O see great Lords of Land  
These sencelesse creatures mou'd to eithers aid  
But for your helpe, who may their helpes command :  
Then well command, you shall be well obaid.

Helpe Nature in her Workes, that workes for you ;  
And be not idle when you may do good :  
„ Paines are but <sup>2</sup>Sports when earnest gaines insue :  
„ For, Sport, in earnest, lies in Liuelihood.

The Golden-age is now return'd againe,  
Sith Gold's the God that all commands therein ;  
By Gold (next God) Kings conquer, rule and raig'n ;  
With Gold we may commute, or grace our sinne.

Briefly, by Him we may do what we will,  
Although we would do more then well we may :  
For He makes ill too good, and good too ill ;  
And more then God, the ill do him obay.

Then if ye would be eyther Great or Good,  
Or Good and Great (all which he <sup>3</sup>can you make)  
Take pleasure (6) to saue your Liuing's Bloud  
And streame it through their Limbes, for Profits sake.

This Esculapius of diseased Grounds,  
(Casting their Water in his Vrinalls)  
(His Trenches) sees what Humor ore-abounds,  
And cures them straight by Drought or Water-falls.

This little-great-great-little Flash of Wit,  
This Soule of Action, all compos'd of Flame,  
(Mounting by Action to high Benefit)  
Exalts his State, his Countries, and his Fame.

He well deserues to be a Lord of Land,  
That ore <sup>4</sup>rebellious Lands, thus Lords it well :  
O that all Lords that can much Land command.  
Would so command it, when it doth rebell.

But pleasure, Pompe, and inter-larded Ease  
Possesse great Land-lords ; who, for rebell Groundes,  
Do Racke their Rents, and idely liue on these ;  
Or spoyle their Tenants Cropp with carelesse Houndes.

But this rare Spirit, (that hath nor Flesh, nor Bone,  
But Man euen in the Abstract) hunts for Wealth  
With Witt, that runnes where Profit should be sowne  
By wholesome Paines ; so, reaps both Wealth, & Health.

Whether the Cost, or Time, which he hath spent  
Be most, it's hard to say : for, twenty yeares

<sup>1</sup> When the Bankes are chapt, they (cleeing) fall by mam-  
mocks into the Riuer.

<sup>2</sup> Gaienes take away the thought of Paines.

<sup>3</sup> Wealth helps Vertue in her operations ; whose hands were  
else bound from ouert action.

<sup>4</sup> All gaully & too dry grounds rebell against nature, and mens  
profit.

His Pounds, by thousands, he his Grounds hath lent,  
Which payes now vse, on vse, as it appeares.

The Place wherein is fall'n His happy Lott  
Hight Golden Valley; and so iustly held:  
His Royall TRENCH, is as his melting Pott,  
Whence issues Liquid-gold the Vale to gild!

O that I had a World of glorious wordes,  
In golden Verse (with gold) to paint his praise,  
I would blinde Enuies Eyes, and make Land-lords  
By this Sunnes rising; see their Sonnes to raise.

But ô! this is not all thou dost beight  
Deere Vaughan, thy Deere Country<sup>1</sup> for her good;  
For, thou resolu'st to raise that benefit  
Out of thy priuate care; and Lin'tyhood.

Thy many trades (too many to rehearse  
That shall on thy Foundation stedfast stand)  
Shall with their Praiers, still the Heauens pierce;  
And blesse their Founders rare Head, Heart, and Hand.

That publike Table which thou wilt erect  
(Where forty euery Meale shall freely feed)  
Will be the Cause of this so good Effect  
To plant both Trades and Trafficke there with speed.

There shall thy Iouialist Mechanicalls  
> Attend this Table all in Scarlet Cappes;  
(As if they were King Arthurs Seneschals)  
And, for their paines shall fill their Chappes and Lapps.

For, neuer since King Arthurs glorious dayes  
(Whose radiant Knights did Ring his Table round)  
Did euer any such a Table raise  
As this, where Viands shall to all abound!

Nay this, shall that franke Table farre exceed  
If we respect the good still done by each:  
For, that fedde none but such as had no need;  
But this (like God) shall feede both poore and rich!

This Table then (that still shall beare thy Name  
In Hyrogliphicks of the daintiest Cates)  
As oft as it is spread shall spread thy Fame  
Beyond the greatest conquering Potentates!

They spill with spite, what thou in pittie spend'st;  
They onely great, thou good, how euer small;  
Subuersion they, Erection thou intend'st;  
They foes to most, but Thou a friend to all.

Thy vertuous care to haue thy God ador'd  
(Among thy Paines and Pleasures) all will blesse:  
Thy Pension for a<sup>2</sup> Preacher of his Word,  
Shewes thou seek'st Heauen, and earthly happinesse.

A Chappell and a Curate for the same  
(The one maintain'd, the other built by Thee  
For Gods Diurnall praise) shall make thy Name  
In Rubricke of the Saints enrol'd to be.

<sup>1</sup> The Countries good.

<sup>2</sup> Preacher & Curate for daily service.

Thine Almes-house for thy<sup>3</sup> haplesse Mechanicks  
Shall blaze thy charity to After-ages;  
And longer last in Brests of men, then Bricks;  
Increasing still thy heauenly Masters Wages.

If holy Dauid had great thanks from Heau'n  
But for the Thought to make the<sup>4</sup> Arke an House;  
Then thanks of all, to Thee, should still be giu'n  
Whose purpose is to all commodious.

O happy Captaine! that hast past the Pikes  
Of sharpest Stormes, still wounding Soldiers states,  
To end thy Dayes in that which all men likes,  
Ioy, Mirth, and Fellowship, which ends debates.

Thy Drummes and Trumpets (Mars his melodie)  
That wonted were to call thy foes to fight,  
Shall now but call a friendly Company  
(For honest ends) to feasting and delight.

Glory of Wales, and luster of thy name,  
That giu'st to both sans Parralel'd renowne,  
Vpon the Poles inscribed be thy Fame,  
That it to Worlds vnknowne may still be knowne.

That they may say a Nooke but of an Isle  
That North-ward lies, doth yeeld a rarer Man,  
Then larger Lands by many a Thousand Mile,  
Who can do<sup>5</sup> Thus, and will do what He can.

But many Monarches, many Worlides haue wonne,  
Yet, with their Winnings haue not wonne that praise  
As this great-little Lord of hearts hath done,  
For good-deedes done to These, and After-dayes.

Now Enuy swell, and breake thy bitter'st Gall  
With ceaselesse fretting at these sweete Effects,  
Th' eternall good which he intends to all  
His Fame (well fenc'd) about a Foile erects.

Liu'd He among the Pagans, they would make  
His glorious<sup>6</sup> Mansion some auspicious Starre;  
And make their Altars fume still for his sake  
As to a God, to whome still bound they are.

For, Bacchus but for planting, first, those<sup>7</sup> Plants  
Whereby mens Wealth, and Witt are oft ore'throwne  
Which Wanton Nature rather craues, then wants,  
They, as a God, with Gods do still enthrone.

But let vs Christians, though not yeeld Him this,  
Yet giue him Loue and Honor due t'<sup>8</sup> a Man,  
That makes men liue (like Gods) in Wealth, and Blisse,  
And heaue his Fame to Heauen if we can.

Vaine Hanno taught his lesse vaine Birds to say  
Hee was a God: and then he turn'd them loose  
That they abroad might chaunt it still; but they  
(So gon) with silence prou'd their God, a Goose.

<sup>1</sup> Any way mischanc't in their Bodies, So that they cannot work.

<sup>2</sup> s. Sam. 7. s. 16.

<sup>3</sup> What is before expressed.

<sup>4</sup> Like Mars, Iupiter and Saturne.

<sup>5</sup> Vines.



Then, though no God he were, yet might He be  
 A right (!) God-keeper in the Capitoll :  
 They Geese (at most) and so (at least) was He ;  
 Or, if ought lesse, his God-head was a Gull.  
 But what I say, none taught me but thy Worth ;  
 Nor shall it (like those Birds) thy Fame betray :  
 But these my Lines shall then best sett thee forth  
 When thou art worse then Wormes, and lesse then Clay.  
 As well thy Crest, as Coat (ô wondrous thing !)  
 A Serpent is, about an Infants Necke :  
 Who was thine Ancestor, as Bards do sing,  
 So borne (aliue) the Fates to counterchecke.  
 From him thou cam'st ; as one, in him preseru'd ;  
 (By way of Miracle) for this good end,  
 As, by thy skill, to haue so well deserv'd  
 Of all the Kingdome, which it much will mend.  
 This praise (perhaps) which thy deserts exact,  
 By Enuy will be thought poetick skill,  
 Playing the Vice, but in a glosing Act,  
 And so wrong Witte to sooth an erring will.  
 But yet if Arte should leaue true Arte vnprais'd,  
 (The only Meed the Time all Arte affords)  
 What Spirit by Art, would then at all be rair'd  
 (From this World's hel) if Art should want good words ?  
 Then, be the mouth of Enuy wide as Hell  
 Still open in thy spight, yet say I still  
 Thy praise exceeds, because thou dost excell  
 In these thy works, that worke Good out of ill.  
 If I be lanish of good-words ; thou art  
 As lauish of the good which thou canst do :  
 Then, must thy praise be greate-good, like thine Arte,  
 That goods thy praisers, and dispraisers too.  
 In short (sith on thy praise I long haue stood  
 Whereon my verses Feete do freely fall)  
 As thou dost worke by Flouds, so th' art a Floud  
 Of working, running to the Good of all.  
 For as the Sunne doth shine on good and bad ;  
 So doest thou (Sunne of Vse-full Science) still :  
 Then, Floud, and Sunne, thou art the ground to glad,  
 And make it fruitfull to the good and ill.  
 But sith th' obscurest Sparke of thy bright \* Tribe  
 Speakes thus of Thee, (thou small-great man of worth)  
 It may be thought I praise to thee ascribe  
 As part mine owne ; so falsely, set thee forth :  
 But those, so thinking, when thy Worth they prooue,  
 With mee, will thee both honor, praise and loue.

Your poore kinsman,  
 and honorer of true vertue  
 in whom so-euer.  
 JOHN DAVIES  
*of Hereford.*

\* Geese (by reason of their vigilancy) kept the Pagan-Gods  
 in the Romaine Capitoll.

† Good Grasse out of ill ground.

‡ Descended from his Ancestors.

Once more for a Farewell.

In deserued praise of this neuer-too-  
*much praised Worke.*

Good Wine doth need no Bush : (Lord ! who can tell  
 How oft this old-said-Saw hath prais'd new  
 Bookes?)

But yet good Water (drawne from Founts and  
 Brookes)

By Sluce (the Signe) makes dry Groundes drinke it well.

Men may haue store of Water, and dry Land ;

Yet, if they draw it not through Trenches fitt,

(By Sluce, that shewes how (well) to vtter it)

It idely runnes, while scarce the Owners stand.

Good Water, then by Sluce, through Trench must passe

For good returne ; that else runnes to no end ;

Which Signe doth draw it in, it selfe to spend

On dryest Grounds, that (drunken) cast vp Grasse ;

Which giddy Simily, in sober Sence,

Shewes the Effect of this Workes excellence.

*John Davies.*

## II.—RICHARD PEEKE.

From 'Three to One, being an English Spanish  
 Combat, &c.' 1626 (4to).

### Certaine Verses, Written by

a Friend, in Comendations of the

Author *Richard Peeke.*

Seldome doe Clowdes so dimne the day,

But Sol will once his Beames display :

Though Neptune driues the surging Seas,

Sometimes he giues them quiet ease ;

And so few Proiects speed so ill,

But somewhat chaunceth at our will.

I will not instance in the Great,

Placed in Honors higher Seate ;

Though Vertue in a Noble Line

Commends it, and the more doth shine :

Yet this is procur'd by Sword and Pen,

Desert oft dwells in priuate Men.

My prooffe is not farre hence to seeke,

There is at hand braue Richard Peeke,

Whose worth his Foes cannot reuoke,

Borne in the Towne of Tanystoke

In Deuon, where Minerva sitts

Shaping stoute Hearts, and Pregnant Wits.

This well resolu'd and hardy Sparke,

Ayming at Fame, as at a Marke,

Was not compell'd against his will,

In Mars his field to try his skill :

As Voluntary he did goe,

To serue his King against his Foe.

If he had pleas'd, he might haue spent

His daies at home, in safe content :

But nurcing Valour in his brest,  
He would adventure with the Best,  
Willing to shed his dearest blood,  
To doe his Prince, and Countrey good.

Thus bent, he adding Winges to Feete,  
Departed with the English Fleete :  
There was no rub, nor stay at all,  
The Shipps saild with a pleasant Gale :  
In setting forth they by their hap,  
Seem'd lul'd in Amphitrites lap.

At length they did arrive at Cales,  
Where restles Peeke against the Walles  
Made fourescore Shot towards the Shore,  
Making the Welkyn wide to rore :  
He kept his standing in this strife,  
Setting a straw by the losse of life.

Into a Vineyard afterward  
He marcht, and stood vpon his guard ;  
There he an Horse-man did dismount,  
By outward port of good account :  
But did on him compassion take,  
And spar'd his life for pitties sake.

The next assault, vneuen he felt,  
For with twelue Spaniards he dealt  
At once, and held them lusty play,  
Vntill through odds, theirs was the day :  
From care to care they pearc'd his head,  
And to the Towne him Captiue led.

In Prison they him shut by night,  
Loaden with Chaines of greivous waight,  
All comfortlesse in Dungeon deepe,  
Where Stench annoyes, and Vermines creepe :  
He grouel'd in this loathsome Cell,  
Where gastly sights and horrors dwell.

Yet nothing could his courage qualle,  
Hunger, nor thirst, nor wound nor Iayle :  
For being brought before a Don,  
And askt, Why England did set on  
A scraping, not a pecking Hen ?  
He answer'd, staine not English-men.

That England is a Nation stoute,  
And till the last will fight it out :  
My selfe could prooue by Chivalrie,  
If for a Captiue this were free :  
Why, (quoth the Duke) darst thou to fight  
With any of my Men in sight ?

Of thousands whom in Warre you vse,  
Not one (quoth Peeke) doe I refuse :  
A chosen Champion then there came,  
Whose heeles he tript, as at a game,  
And from his Hand his Rapier tooke,  
Presenting it vnto the Duke.

Then three at once did him oppose  
They Rapiers, he a long Staffe chose

The vse whereof so well he knowes,  
He conquer'd them with nimble blowes :  
One that beside him play'd his round,  
He threw as dead vnto the ground.

The Noble Duke who this did see  
Commended Peeke, and set him free ;  
He gaue him Guifts, and did commaund  
That none should wrong him in their Land ;  
So well he did him entertayne,  
And sent him to the Court of Spayne.

There he was fed with no worse meate,  
Then which the King himselfe did eate ;  
His Lodging rich, for he did lie  
In furniture of Tapestry :  
The King what of him he had heard,  
Did with his Treasure well reward.

Our then Ambassador was there,  
Peekes Pike and praise he doth declare :  
At Spanish Court whiles he attends  
He thrives for Vertues sake : as Friends  
Foes sent him in triumphant sort  
Home from a Foe and Foreign Port.

If thus his very Foes him lou'd,  
And Deeds against themselves aproou'd ;  
How should his Friends his loue embrace,  
And yeld him countenance and grace ?  
The praise and worth how can we cloke  
Of manly Peeke of Tauystoke ?

FINIS

F. D.

### III.—WILLIAM PARRY.

From 'A new and large discourse of the Trauels of  
Sir Anthony Sherley Knight by Sea and ouer  
Land, to the Persian Empire. . . . Written by  
William Parry Gentleman, who accompanied  
Sir Anthony in his Trauells. London Printed by  
Valentine Simmes for Felix Norton. 1601' (8vo.)

#### I. D. of Hereford in praise of William Parry Gentleman.

TO creepe like ants about this earthie round  
And not to gather with the ant, is vaine ;  
Some finde out countries which were neuer found,  
Yet scarcely get their labour for their paines :  
Whereby I gather, there they gather not,  
But rather scatter. Better lost than found  
Were all such countries. Will, such is thy lot,  
Thou hast lost ground to finde out other ground ;  
Yet thou hast found much more than thou couldst lose ;  
Though thou couldst lose more than the seas confine,  
For thou hast found that none could finde but those  
That seeke, as thou hast done, for Wisedome's eine,  
And that's Experience nowhere to be seene,  
But eu'ry where where thou (good Will) hast  
beene.

Tam Arte Quam Marte. (F. 3.)

## IV.—JOSUA SYLVESTER.

From 'Du Bartas His Divine Weekes and Workes : With a Complete Collection of all the other most delightfull Workes, Translated and Written by that famous Philomusus Josuah Sylvester, Gent.' Folio (all editions : text 1641).

## In praise of the Translator.

**I**F divine BARTAS (from whose blessed Braines  
Such Workes of grace, or gracefull workes did  
stream)  
Were so admir'd for Wits celestiall Strains  
As made their Vertues Seat, the high'st Extream ;  
Then Josuah, the Sun of thy bright praise  
Shall fixed stand in Arts faire Firmament  
Till Dissolution date Times Nights, and Dayes,  
Sith right thy Lines are made to BARTAS Bent,  
Whose Compasse circumscribes (in spacious words)  
The Universall in particulars ;  
And thine the same, in other tearma, affords :  
So, both your Tearma agree in friendly Wars :  
If Thine be onely His, and His be Thine,  
They are (like God) eternall, sith Diuine.

JOHN DAVIES,  
Of Hereford.

## V.—JOHN MELTON.

From 'A Sixe-Folde Politician. Together with a Sixefolde Precept of Policy. London Printed by E. A. for Iohn Busby, and are to be solde at his Shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard. 1609' (8vo.)

## In due praise of the Author.

**T**Hese speaking pictures of those counterfets  
That would be statesmen, rather men of State,  
Are such as doe their life delineate  
By which the Drawer's fame still life begets.

But where he paints in colours (rarely rich)  
The picture of a perfect statesman, hee  
Transcends himselfe and makes each eye to see  
His darkest vaines with iudgement's clearest touch.

O nere could words (though wayd in Wisdome's scoles,  
And measured by the square of art, by Wit)  
But these alone, so right the spirit fit  
Of statesmen that (obeying) all controules ;  
Pasce on vnde image, make all times admire  
How earthly hands came by such heauenly fire.

Io. Daus, Gent.

## VI.—THOMAS DECKER.

From 'Lanthorne and Candlelight or the Bell-Man's second Night-walke, &c.' 1609 (4to).

## To the Author.

**H**OW e're thou maist by blazing all Abuse,  
Incurr suspect, thou speak'st what thou hast  
prou'd,  
(Tho then to keepe it close it thee behou'd,  
So, Reason makes for thee a iust excuse) —  
Yet of thy paines the Best may make good vse,  
Then of the Best thy paines should be approu'd,  
And for the same of them shouldst be belou'd.  
Sith thou of Falsehoods Floud do'st ope the Sluce,  
That they at waste continually may runne,  
By shewing men the Reaches that they haue,  
That honest men may so or'e-reach a Knaue,  
Or sound their swallowing Deepes, the same to shunne :  
But if from hence, a Knaue more cunning growes,  
That Spider sucks but poison from thy Rose.

*Thy friend if thine owne,*

Io : Da :

## VII.—JOHN GWILLIM.

From Joh. Gwillim his 'A Display of Heraldrie' (m.d.) folio [1611?].

To my deservedly beloued and worthy Friend  
and Countriman Mr. *Iohn Gwillim*, touching  
his display of the Honourable Art  
of ARMORY.

**T**HY Name, thy Countrey, and thy matchlesse Art  
Incites my Muse to raise her Armes of pow'r,  
With praises to lay open thy desert,  
To make it all-deuouring Time deuoure.  
But (oh) a small Reward it is to get,  
But Fame, too Cheape, for that which cost so deere,  
As Time, and Paines, and Cost ; and all three, great :  
Yet that's the most, the most doe looke for heere.  
Thou hast reduc'd an Art (much like our Law)  
Vnmethodis'd, to such a Method now,  
That the whole Art, that was before but raw,  
Is made most ripe in Rules the same to know :  
Heere, all the Termes by which the Art is knowne,  
And the least Particle of each least Part,  
Are so Anatomized, and strictly showne,  
That All may see the Soule of all this Art.  
Heere, all the Bearings, both of Beasts and Birds,  
Of Fish, Flies, Flowers, Stone, and each minerall,  
Of Planetes, Starres, and all, that All affords,  
Are made by Art, appeare most naturall.  
So that this Worke, did ransacke Heauen and Earth,  
Yea Natures bulke it selfe, or all that is  
In Nature hid, before this Booke had birth,  
To shew this Art by them, and them by this :  
Then, Natures Secretary we may stile

Thy Searching Spirit, or else we iustly may,  
 Plinius Secundus call thee; sith (the while,  
 Rare Herald) thou dost Natures Armes display;  
 So that we cannot hold him Generous,  
 (If squar'd by Rules of Generosity.)  
 That will not haue this Booke (composed thus)  
 To vnderstand Himselfe, and It thereby.  
 For, heere by Armes (as sometimes Ships at Sea)  
 Is scene how Houses grapple, but for Peace;  
 Yet (being ioined) distinguisht so they be,  
 That we may see them (seuerall) peece by peece.  
 For, the whole Body to these Armes thou hast,  
 So cleerely purg'd from sad Obscurity,  
 That now this Art in FRONT may well be plac'd  
 Of Arts that shine in Perspicuity.  
 And if before, the same seem'd most abstruse;  
 Now, hast thou (for WALES glory, and thine owne  
 Rare BRITAINE) made it facill for our vse,  
 Sith vnconfusedly the same is showne:

Then, all that honour Armes must honour Thee,  
 That hast made Armes from all confusion Free.

JOHN DAVIES  
 of Hereford.

VIII.—JOHN TAYLOR, the Water-Poet.  
 From Taylor's 'Vrania, or His Heauenly Muse.'  
 1615: quarto edition.

*In laudem Authoris.*

To the Helliconian Water-Poet, my  
 honest friend, *John Taylor.*

IN euery Art, saue Poetry, the meane  
 Is praised: but therein meanely-well to do  
 Is base, too base: then Iudgment cannot leane  
 On whats too base, but base it must be too.  
 Then each man that his Reputation huggs  
 For Iudgment, praise no lines of but meane Reach:  
 And laude but what drawes dry Mineruaes duggs,  
 Lest they their Iudgments might thereby impeach.  
 Then is my Iudgment Iack, perplext in thee;  
 For thou dost write so well with meanes so ill  
 That thine Admirer I confesse to be,  
 Much rather then the Iudger of thy skill:  
 Art makes not Poetry, thou dost plainly proue,  
 But supernaturall bountie from aboue.

*John Davis.*

IX.—JOHN SPEED.

From 'The Theatre of the Empire of Great  
 Britaine:' 1627-31 edition.

To the right well deseruing Mr. JOHN SPEED,  
 the Author of this Worke.

IN this BOOKE, (Bibliothec, or Booke of Bookes;  
 TIMES Library, PLACES Geographie)  
 All that is shewne for which the curious lookes  
 Touching this LAND, for Place, or Historie.

In which, thou hast with paine, with care, and skill,  
 Surueild this LAND more neere then ere it was:  
 For which, thy Wit thou strain'd hast to thy Will,  
 That wils as much as Wit can bring to passe.

The faire Hibernia, that Western Isle likewise,  
 In euery Member, Artire, Nerus, and Veyne,  
 Thou by thine Art dost so Anatomize,  
 That all may see each parcell without<sup>1</sup> paine.

There Time, and Place, like friendly foes doo warre  
 Which should shew most desir'd Particulars;  
 But Place giues place, sith Time is greater farre,  
 Yet Place, well rang'd, gets glory by these warres.

No helps thou hadst, nor no assisting ayde  
 In this attempt: but, Vertue gaue thee might  
 That well to doe, that well thou hast assaid,  
 Which shall (in grace) out-like immortal spight.

Hadst thou among the Romanes liu'd when they  
 Did signiorize the World; a Signiory  
 Should then (at least) haue guerdon'd thy Suruey,  
 Thy Mappes, Descriptions, and thine Historie.

But, thou dost line when all Arts saue the<sup>2</sup> eight  
 (Illiberal-liberall Arte) a begging goe;  
 That Art alone, with her true friend Deceit,  
 Gets all; then all seekes but that Arte to know.

But, by thy Art though nought be purchased  
 But emptie Fame (that feedes, but fattens not)  
 Yet shall it feede thy NAME till DEATH be dead;  
 While emptie noble Names away shall rot.

The Leanes this Booke contains, & Maps here grau'n,  
 Are still as Feathers to thy Fames fayre Wings,  
 To fanne fresh Ayre vpon the face of Heauen;  
 And raise the same aboue all ending Things:  
 That when Confusion wracks this double FRAME,  
 A Spirit shall moue on CHAOS called thy Fame.

The vnfaied louer of thy Person,  
 IO. DAVIES.

X.—THOMAS RAVENSCROFT.

From a 'Briefe Discovrse.' 1614.

In the most iust praise of Musicke, this praise-  
 worthy *Worke*, and my deare, vertuous  
 and right expert friend, the most  
 iudicious Author.

THE ten-fold Orbes of Heauen are said to moue  
 By Musicke; for they make, Harmonious din:  
 And all the Powres subordinate aboue  
 Spend Time, nay, spend Eternity therein.

If Musicke then, moue all that All doth moue;  
 That's not compriz'd in ALL that spights her State:  
 If not in ALL, it's nought; which who doth loue  
 is worse then nought, to loue what Hea'n doth hate:

<sup>1</sup> Transell.

<sup>2</sup> Adulation.

For, NOVGHT is nothing ; sith it was not made  
By that great WORD, without which made was  
nought :

Then, if that nought but NOVGHT doe her innade,  
Like God, her goodnesse is surmounting THOUGHT.

But no man is so ill that hath no good ;  
So, no man in the Abstract can be nought :  
Then 'tis no man that hates sweete Musickes moode,  
But Some-thing worse then all that can be thought.

A Beast ? O no : A Monster ? neither. Then  
Is it a Deuill ? Nothing lesse : for, these  
Haue Beings with an Angell, or a Man ;  
But that exists not, that sweete Notes displease.

FORMES, Essence giue to Man, Beast, Fish, & Fowle ;  
Then Men WERE not, had they no Soule (their  
Forme)

But Musickes haters haue no Forme, nor Soule :  
So, they (like Sinne) exist but to enforme,

For, had they Soules produc't in Harmony,  
Or rather Art it selfe (some Wise auouch)  
They would be raiusht with her Suauity.

And turn'd Caelestiall with her Heauenly Touch !

But, let them goe as more than mortall Sinne  
'Gainst Wisedomes Spirit, not to be forgiuen :  
While thou dost wooe the Soules, which thou dost  
winne

With thy Sweet Notes (deere Friend) to mind but  
Heau'n.

Thy Nature, Manners, and thy Notes doe make  
A Three-fold Cord, to drawe all hearts it gaines :  
Thy Musickes Cordes hold Eares and Eyes awake  
(Yet lullaby in pleasure) with their Straines.

So, then this latter Musicke (though alone)  
'Twixt Fame and Thee doth make an Vnison,  
Through which consent, though Deaths clouds thee  
o'rerun  
Thy glory still shall shine, and cloud the Sun.

Io : Davies. Heref :

#### XI.—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

From 'Description of New England.' 1616.

In the deserued Honour of the Au-  
thor, *Captaine John Smith*,  
and his Worke.

Damn'd Enuie is a sp'rite, that euer haunts  
Beasts, mis-nam'd Men ; Cowards, or Ignorants.

But onely such shée followes, whose deere WORTH  
(Maugre her malice) gets their glorie forth.

If this faire Ouerture, then, take not ; It  
Is Enuie's spight (dear friend) in men-of-wit ;  
Or Feare, lest morsels, which our mouthes possesse,  
Might fall from thence ; or else tis Sottishnesse.

If either ; (I hope neither) thee they raise ;  
Thy Letters<sup>1</sup> are as Letters in thy praise ;  
Who, by their Vice, improue (when they reprooue)  
Thy vertue ; so, in hate, procure thee Loue.  
Then, On firme Worth : this Monument I frame ;  
Scorning for any Smith to forge such Fame.

Io : Davies, Heref :

#### XII.—QUEEN ELIZABETH.

From under the copper-plate portrait of Queen  
Elizabeth : 'Elizabetha Regina. Nic. Hillyard  
delin : et. excud. privilegio Maiest. Are to be  
Sould at the Angell in Lumbard Streete. By  
Roger Daniell. F. D. Sculpt.' (In British  
Museum Print-Room.)

L O here her Type who was of late, the Propp  
of Belgia, Stay of France :  
Spaines Foyle, Faiths Shield, and Queene of  
STATE ; of Armes and Learning ; Fate and Chance :  
In briefe, of women, nere was seene, so  
greate a Prince, so good a Queene.

Jo : Davies, Heref.

#### XIII.—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

From under 'The Portraictuer of Captayne Iohn  
Smith, Admirall of New England' on the map  
of New England, engraved by Simon Passe in  
'A Description of New England,' 1616.

T Hese are the Lines that shew thy Face ; but those  
That shew thy Grace and Glory, brighter bee :  
Thy Faire-Discoveries and Fowle-Overthrowes  
Of Salvages, much Civilliz'd by thee,  
Best shew thy Spirit ; and to it Glory Wyn ;  
So, thou art Brasse without, but Golde within.  
If so ; in Brasse, too soft Smiths Acts to beare,  
I fix thy Fame, to make Brasse Steele out weare.

Thine, as thou art Virtues,  
John Davies. Heref :

<sup>1</sup> Hinderers.

### NOTES.

Page 3, col. 2, l. 16, '*foison*' = plenty : footnote 1, '*Had-lands*' = spendthrifts who had squandered their inheritances.

P. 4, col. 1, l. 29, '*Water-grills*' = small streams or rills : l. 32, '*brunt*' = burnt : l. 38, '*Stanchs*' = stanches, *i.e.* locks on a canal, etc. : here probably = fences : col. 2, footnote 1, '*mammocks*' = morsels : footnote 4, '*gaily*' = galled, chapped.

P. 5, col. 1, l. 2, '*var, on var*' = interest on interest, or simple and compound interest.

P. 7, col. 1, l. 7, '*rub*' = unevenness or hindrance.

P. 8, Nos. V. and VI. : not certainly by our Davies.

P. 10, col. 2, No. XIII., l. 4, '*Salvages*' = savages—dwellers in the woods.—G.



## Additions to Commendatory Poems.



## NOTE.

SINCE the preceding 'Commendatory Poems' were issued, I have discovered two additional, viz. :—

(a.) In the famous 'Crudities' of THOMAS CORYAT (1611),—the nature of which and of the other poems laudatory must be remembered, in order to appreciate the learned fooling of this characteristic waif.

(b.) In the folio of JOSHUA SYLVESTER (text 1641),—more important than the short one already given.

On the former, see our Memorial-Introduction.—G.



## Additions to Commendatory Poems.

L.—THOMAS CORYAT: 1611.

*Incipit Ioannes Davis Herefordiensis*

In the lowd, alowd, or well deserved  
renowne of our Britaine-Vlysses: his  
present worke, together with a  
description of the particulars of the  
Vinet,\* Title-page, or  
Frontispiece.

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Hyperbole,  
ser Meiosis.

**I**F Art, that oft the learn'd hath stammered, 1  
In one † Yron head-peece (yet no hammer-head)  
May (ioyn'd with Nature) hit FAME on the † Cocks-  
combe;  
Then, tis that *Head-peece* that is crown'd, with † *Od-*  
*combe*:  
For, he hard *Head* (and hard, sith like a *Whetstone*  
It giues *wits* edge, and drawes them too like *Jetstones*)  
Is *Caput mundi* for a world of schoole-tricks,  
And is not ignorant in the learned'st-tricks.  
H' hath seene much more then much, I assure yee,  
And will see *New-Troy*, *Bethlem*, and *Old-Iurie*: 10  
Meane while (to giue a Taste of his first trauell,  
With streames of *Rhetoricks* that get Golden-grauell)  
He tels how he to VENICE once did wander;  
From whence he came † more witty then a Gander:  
Whereby he makes relations of such wonders,  
That *Truth* therein doth lighten, while *Art* thunders.  
All *Tongues* fled to him that at *Babell* swerued,  
Lest they for want of warme Mouthes might haue  
sterued:  
Where they doe reuell in such *Passing-measure*,  
(Especially the *Greeke* wherein's his pleasure) 20  
That (*loially*) so *Greeke*, he takes the † guard of  
That hee's the merriest *Greeke* that ere was heard of:  
For, he as t'were his Mother's Twittle-twattle  
(That's *Mother-tongue*) the *Greeke* can prittle prattle.  
Nay, of that *Tongue* he so hath got the *Body*,  
That he sports with it at *Ruffe*, *Gleeke*, or † *Noddy*.  
For his *Inuention*, in his *Bookes* rare † *Brass-face*  
Is seene the glory of it, that doth passe † *Grace*.  
The † first doth shew how in a *skippe* he sailed,  
When out of *England* he (go-ing) tra-uailed: 30  
For, as he notes him selfe (and right well noteth)  
No man goes out of *England* but he boateth:  
Where he (halfe ore board) spralleth like a *Paddocke*;  
And spues into a † *Whale's* mouth called a *Haddocke*.

Right o're gainst it, there is seene † th' *Apparrell*  
Which he did weare when he found out the *Barrell*  
Of *Heydalberg*: shoes, stockings, hose, and dublet,  
With so much of his blood as fits a goblet.  
Dropping in *Creepers* from his *Travels* Trophie;  
*Lice* Ile not stile them, lest you should cry, † *He*.  
But, that which is most wondrous to consider 40  
Is, one so leane so long, should be their feeder:  
And that the *Clothes* which he went out withall, too  
Should serue him and the *Lice* (which were not small)  
too

Till his returne, with but a little patching,  
When's Rags (like catch-polles) greedy were in catch-  
ing:

So, like an *Israelite* in *Desert* wast-land,  
His † *Weedes* held out till he had fully trac't-land:  
And for a *Monument* to *After-coomers*  
Their *Picture* shall continue (though *TIME* † *scummers*  
Vpon th' *Effgie* to make *Eyes* delighted 50  
With that which by no *Art* can be more sprighted;  
And shew the maruell of this † *Metaphysicke*,  
That would haue fil'd some Trau'ller with the † *Tysicke*.  
And so t' would him haue done, but that his Senses:  
Were † senselesse in pursuit of *Excellences*.

Then (from that *Trophy* to descend a little)  
Yee see when he his *Gorge* with † *Grapes* did vittle,  
Was out-rag'd by a *Boore*, who did abhorre it,  
Till *Tullies* golden sentences paid for it  
Disburs'd by *Coryats* Tongue; which so did trolle it 60  
That *Cicero* him selfe could not controlle it:  
Which fill'd the *Boore* with wonder to the Wozen,  
That made him vomit sweet wordes by the dozen  
In *Toms* deare praise; while he most like a Wag-with  
Tooke of his *Grapes* as much as he could wag-with.

Then yee descend, where he sits in a † *Gondolow*  
With *Egs* throwne at him by a wanton *Room-be-low*;  
Who lookes so masculine as shee were some Boy,  
Playing the pleasant Tomboy with her *Tom-boy*.  
Within which *Egs* was sweetest water powred, 70  
That he to her might thereby be allured:  
Which shewes the manner how he went in *Venice*,  
When as hee tooke suruigh of that strange *Sea-peece*.

Then doe yee fall vpon a goodly † *Woman*,  
Which, for her stature, you would take for some man  
Drest in th' Italian fashion, and doth stand for  
*Faire Italie* it selfe, and so is scand for:  
Who on the one side serues for a supporter  
Of that long † *Round*, wherein he is made shorter

† The second  
shewes his ouer-  
worne apparrell in  
his trauell.

† His clothes wch  
like weeds were  
now good for  
nothing but to be  
throwne away.

† Canker or rust  
the Brasse where-  
on it is grauen.

† Because they  
hold out (as it  
were) super-  
naturally.

† Going so bare.

† Desire of glory  
made his mind  
not feele what his  
body felt.

† The third  
shewes how he  
fed vpon the  
Boores grapes  
without lease.

† The fourth  
shewes his sur-  
uaying of Venice  
in a Gondola.

† The fifth, a  
goodly woman  
representing  
Italie.

† An Oual round  
wherein hee is  
pictured to the  
wast.



By halfe (at least) then his length naturall, 80  
And lookes as if he danc'd a *Caterbrall*;  
With Ruffe about his necke set on so finely,  
That you would sweare he nothing doth supinely.

On th' other side the *Round*, stands one as tall too,  
Drest like a *French-few*, in a farthingall too,  
Vpholding (as the other did) the *Rundle*;  
Whose clothes, about the Bumme, tuckt like a bundle,  
Doe make her stand for *France*; and so shee may well,  
For she hath Stuffe to make her *Doo* and say well.

Then, O ascend, before your last ascending, 90  
And looke on that that's farre above commending;  
A dainty *Dame* (not dainty of her vomit)  
Powres downe vpon him (like a blazing-commet)  
The streame of her *abundance* from her Gullet,  
And hits him on the *Noddle*, like a Bullet;  
From whence it glanceth all those *Fruits* to water  
That in his way he gather'd like a *Cater*;

Which Damsell, with her free ebriety,  
Doth *lie*, or *sit*, or *stand* for *Germany*.  
Vpon her head shee weares (beneath it smirking) 100  
Of *Heydelbergs* the fore-remember'd *Firkin*.

This, this is it that's *Creame* of all *Inuention*,  
And farre surmounts the *milke* of wits intention.

Then vaile your Eye againe that is aspiring,  
And see the *Horse* and *Cart* he had for tiring.  
On one side stands (below) an *Horse*, or Hobby  
Or Hobby-horse (I mean no Hawke cal'd Hobby)  
Saddled and bridled ready for his trauell,  
When he his owne feet spurgald had with grauell:

On th' other side the *Picardinian* Chariot 110  
Which some call *Cart* (that *carted* wandring *Coryat*)  
Whence, if we looke vp, first our eye is meeting.  
How *Coryate* from the *Jew* is *Gentilly* fleeing,  
Lest if he staid he should be made a *Prapuce*:  
And so of men, the only womans *Refuse*.

From whence looke vp, and next shall your beholders  
See *Coryate* carryed on the *Atlas* sholders  
Of such strong *Porters* as doe helpe men ouer  
The *Alpes*, within a *Chaire* without a couer:  
All which (exprest so farre past wits regality) 120  
Doe shew the pow'r of *Coryats* singularity.

Then, on the top, but yet without the *Vinet*,  
He lyeth at the heeles of many a *Ginnet*  
As then in stable stode on points of litter,  
To shew his lodging was as hard as bitter:  
For, both together he (most senslesse) feelles there,  
And so on litter lyes he by the *heeles* there.

Right o're against these proude brane Spanish stal-  
lions

Is scene how he doth begge of *Theones* *Italians*, 130  
With cap in hand, and lowly *genuflexion*,  
Lest they should sincke him till the Resurrection:  
So, shun'd the fatal handes of the *Banditie*  
With wit that lackt not all of most almightie.

Hold *Muse*, no more, vnlesse thou wilt be martyr'd  
Within his world of *fame* that ne're was quarterd:  
For, if thou seek'st in *numbers* to containe it,  
T' will make thy *browes* sweate, and thy *nose* to raine it.

\* The sixth a woman ore his head with the tunne of Heydelberg on hirs, casting vpon him, representing Germanie.

\* A familiar name for the head.

\* By the figure Tapinois.

\* The seventh the horse he sometimes used in his trauell.

\* The eight, the Picardiall Cart he trauelled in.

\* That is, conueyed him from place to place.

\* The ninth shewes how he fled from the Jew lest he should haue circumcised him.

\* The tenth, shewes how he was carryed in a chaire ouer or on the Alpes.

\* The eleventh shewes how he lay on litter at the horse heeles in the stable of some Inne.

\* Horse heeles.

\* The twelfth and last, shewes how he begged of Italian Theones, lest they should haue robb'd him.

But though we cannot in this Frontispice  
Number thy *Stations*, yet may we count-thy *lice*;  
Which (*Tom*) from one that (roauing) had no refuge, 140  
Drop downe, to make the *Glories* flood a DELUGE.  
Within which *Flood* my *Muse* (like a *Dindapper*,  
In *FAME*'s wide mouth wagging my *Pen*, her clapper)  
Is so ore-whelm'd, that as shee striues for more breath,  
The *Flood* engulphes her, and her *wordes* deuoureth.  
So fare well *Tom* (shee saies) great *Natures* wonder,  
I lye thy *fame* a thousand *fathoms* vnder:  
For, it preuailes about the *Alpes* (*high Mountaines*!)  
But when it ebbs, Ile *spring* in *Castall Fountaines*.  
All to bewet the *earth* with streames of *praises* 150  
Running to none but thee in fluent *Phrases*;  
Vntill I make a second *Inundation*,  
To wash thy purest *fames* *Coniunction*  
And make it fit for finall *Conflagration*;  
So to preuent fell *Enuies* indignation.

Explicit Ioannes Davis  
Herefordiensis.

\* Alluding to that loose which men bore to women in the old world, sith like loose our Author beares to men; for whose loose an commodity he hath put him to this cost an paine.

\* Burning in flames of glorie and wonder, i in the indigent day.

## II.—JOSHUA SYLVESTER. OF THE WORK, AUTHOUR, AND TRANSLATOR.

L O here a MONUMENT admir'd of all 1  
That weigh the *compass*, *weight*, and *height* of it;  
O'r-topping *Enuies* clouds, and ever shall  
Sith built by deepest *Art*, and highest *Wit*.

The BASE that bears it, is the WORD that stands  
True GROUND of highest *glorie*, *truth*, and *grace*:  
The BUILDING rear'd by two rare *heads* and *hands*  
(Divinely holp) to glorifie that BASE.

Here *French* and *English*, joyne in friendly fight  
(On even *Ground*) to prove their utmost power; 10  
Who shew such equall *Skill*, and equall *Might*,  
That hard it is to say who's conqueror.

But, *English* bound to foot it like the *French*  
And offer nought, but what shall like her foe,  
It is as glorious seld to take a Wrench,  
As being free, to give an overthrow.

If *French* to *English* were so strictly bound,  
It would but passing lamely strive with it;  
And soon be forc't to lose both *grace* and *ground*,  
Although they strave with equall *Skill* and *Wit*. 20

Besides, all *Prose* is easier to translate  
Then *Verse*; and easier low, then lofty *Lines*:  
Then, these *LINES*, reaching to the top of *STATE*  
Are hard'st of all: yet none of all declines.

O faire *Translation* then, with smoothéd face,  
Goe forth to allure *TIME*'s *Turns*, to turn Thee o'r:  
So shall they in thy folds unfold thy *grace*;  
And grace thee with *Fame*'s glory more and more.

If *Hee*, that churn'd the Cream of *Poetry*,  
To honied *Butter*, that the *Muses* feeds, 30

Ovid me.

Divinéd truly, it should never die ;  
 Then, what shall *This*, that far the same exceeds ?  
 Hee labour'd *Lines*, wch though they doe endure  
 All turns of *Time*, yet was their stuf profane :  
 But these are drawn of STUF more heav'nly pure,  
 That most shall shine ; when those are in the wane.  
 Hee, though his *Brains* (profanely) were divine,  
 And glorious *Mosuments* of art compos'd,  
 Was yet exil'd for many a looser *Line*,  
 That made them wantons, chastely else dispos'd : 40  
 But, thou (*clear* BARTAS, his dear SYLVESTER,  
 Whose *Lines* do lead to VERTUES only gaine,  
 And with sweet *Poesies* strew'st the way to her)  
 How should the *World* remunerate thy paine ?  
 And, if from *heart's* abundance *tongues* do speak ;  
 And what we most affect, wee most doe minde :  
 It argues, thou this *Argument* didst seek ;  
 Sith, in thy *Soule* before, thou didst it finde.  
 So, BARTAS was but Mid-wife to thy *Muse*,  
 With greater ease to utter her *Conceits* ; 50  
 For whose dear birth, thou didst all ease refuse,  
 World's-weale, and (being a *Merchant*) thy *Receits*.  
 This *pain* so pleas'd thy labouring *Thoughts*, that thou  
 Forsook'st the *Sea*, and took'st thee to the *Soile*,  
 Where (from thy royall *Trade*,) thou fell'st to plow  
*Art's* furrows with thy *Pen*, that yeeld but toyl.  
 This stole thee from thy selfe, thy selfe to finde  
 In sacred *Raptures* on the *Muses'* Hill :  
 And, went'st out of thy *Body* with thy *Minde*,  
 More freely so, to use thy *Wit* and *Will*. 60  
 And (O!) how haplesse had wee *Britains* been  
 (Sith here is stor'd such sweet *Soule-ravishments*)  
 Hadst thou not made them to us clearly seen :  
 Who give thee for it praising *Discontents* ?  
 If so great *Art* and *Grace*, finde nought but *fame*  
 Of famous *Men* for grace ; the *Presse* shall be  
 Prest but for *Vice's* Service (Source of *shame*).  
 So *Times* to come, in *Print* our shame shall see.  
 But O! be't far from this so famous *Isle*  
 For *Armes* and *Learning*, either to neglect ; 70  
 Sith it doth grace and glorie quite exile,  
 And is the cause of many a bad effect.  
 O terrene Gods, as yee to State aspire,  
 Lift *Learning* up with you ; especially  
 If matcht with *Wisedome*, and divine desire :  
 So shall yee twice be like the DEITY.  
 And, weigh what pow'r the PENS of such possesse  
 (Of such ; for others will but gild your *Crimes*)  
 Their PENS eternise can your worthinesse :  
 And make yee glorious, past succeeding *Times*. 80  
 But you doe justly to neglect and scorn  
 The curséd crue, that doe the *Muse* abuse :  
 For, they your praises to dispraises turn ;  
 As *Vice*, in praising VERTUE's grace, doth use.  
 Their wine-driv'n brains, involv'd in folle's cloud,  
 Fly here, and there (and where not?) with a trice :  
 And, though both beggars base, yet passing proud ;  
 Constant in nothing but inconstant *Vice* :  
 Making loose lines (forsooth) their *Scala Cali*,  
 A *Tavern* for a Temple to adore ; 90

Their onely god, their guts, their beastly Belly,  
 To whom they offer all their slender Store.  
 The *Lands* of such, are odious like their Lives :  
 They (*Pitch*) pollute what-ere they doe but touch ;  
 Whose glory to the foulest shame arrives :  
 Then, well you fence your fame to keep off such.  
 But they whose lives, and lauds, and lines are SOURCE  
 Of Moral vertue, running by each stone  
 (Men high, and hard, that let them in their Course)  
 To Seas of glory, like clear *Helicon* ; 100  
 O! these ye should support, and still receive  
 Into the Ocean of your bound-lesse love :  
 For these (like truest Friends) will take, and give  
 No more but what true *Vertue* shall approve.  
 If these should pine away through your neglect,  
 Your memories shall dye, or live with shame ;  
 Sith such a *Muse* is the chiefe *Architect*,  
 To reare, from *Earth* to *Heav'n*, a lasting NAME.  
*Achilles'* fame, with him, had been intern'd,  
 Had HOMER's lines not ty'd it to the *Stars* : 110  
 And, of *Aeneas* wee had never heard,  
 Had *Virgil's* STRAINS not been his *Trumpeters*.  
 One of the NINE had bin our *Warwick's* GUY,  
 (The NINE, whose worth all *Times* so much commend ;)   
 And so disrankt great BULLEN's GODFERY  
 Had hee but had a TASSO for his friend.  
 LAURA had ne're so greenly growne above  
 Her *Peers*, as now she doth, to after-times,  
 Had she not had a PETRARCH to her Love ;  
 Which made her mount, with NECTAR-dropping *Rimes*.  
 No, no : ye cannot but out-live your Fame,  
 If ye uphold not FAME's best Notaries :  
 If these ye scorne, your glory is but game ;  
 For, when ye die, in game your glory dies.  
 And, though blest PEACE hath turn'd our Spears to  
 spades,  
 Let it not turn our pens to ploughs, or worse ;  
 By *Learning* some should live as some by Trades,  
 In blessed STATES, that would incur no curse.  
 Where Vertue is not rais'd, and Vice suppress,  
 There all to Vice will run ; and so to wrack : 130  
 For, there the worst shall Lord it ore the best ;  
 And where that is, all goes to utter sack.  
*Reward*, and *Punishment* (like *Armes* of Steel)  
 Doe still uphold each KING-upholding STATE :  
 For, neither wants, but it begins to reel ;  
 But, both imploy'd, stands sure in spight of *Hate*.  
 Then may thy HOPES, wing'd by thy vertuous Muse,  
 Dear *Sylvester*, expect some cherishment,  
 In this blest State ; that still those *Armes* will use,  
 To stay her *Grace*, and grace her *Government* : 140  
 But, if thy *paines* acquire but pure *renowne*,  
 Thou art *Christ's* Image, crost for *Glorious* crown.  
*Beneficium dando accipit, qui digno dedit.*

The unfained lover of thine Art, honesty, and vertue,

JOHN DAVIES of Hereford.

FINIS.

C 2

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

\*.\* On various sly humorous girds in the words herein employed, see our Memorial-Introduction.

## (1) CORYAT.

- Line 3, '*Cockscombe*' = fool's symbol, but now = our  
'coxcomb.'  
 .. 4, '*Odcombe*' = birthplace of Coryat. Hence  
the title of one of his odd books is, '*The*  
*Odcombian Banquet*' (1611).  
 .. 10, '*Old-Iurie*' = Judea or Holy Land.  
 .. 33, '*spralleth*' = sprawleth.  
 .. 45, '*catch-polles*' = bailiff's assistants.  
 .. 48, '*After-coommers*,'—misprinted '*coommers*.'  
 .. 62, '*Wosen*' = wizen or windpipe.  
 .. 81, '*Caterbrall*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

- Line 85, '*French-fem*'—see Glossarial Index *s.v.* for  
parallels in this use of '*fem*' as now '*gent*'  
for '*gentleman*': *ib.* '*farthingall*' = *far-*  
*dingale*.  
 .. 107, '*Hawke call'd Hobby*' = small kind of hawk,  
also a 'goose.'  
 .. 109, '*spurgald*' = spur-galled.  
 .. 122, '*Vinet*' = vignette—as in the heading p. 13.

## (2) SYLVESTER.

- .. 15, '*seld*' = seldom.  
 .. 29, margin, '*Ovid me*' = Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.  
 .. 99, '*let*' = hinder.—G.



# ECLOGUE.

1614.



## NOTE.

THIS 'Eclogue' is derived from the following:—'The Shepherds Pipe. London, Printed by N. O. for George Norton, 1614, 8vo.' This is by William Browne the 'sweet Singer' of 'Britannia's Pastorals.' In the volume are 'Other Eclogues: By M. Brooke, M. Wither, and M. Davies'—with a fresh title-page—the last being our John Davies of Hereford and his 'Eclogue' which is now given. See Memorial-Introduction for critical remarks on some of the elder words here quaintly used by Davies.—G.



An Eclogue between yong  
*Willy the singer of his na-*  
tue Pastorals, and old WER-  
NOCKE his friend.

*Wernocke.*

WILLY, why lig'st thou (man) so wo-be-gon? 1  
What? been thy rather Lamkins ill-apaid?  
Or, hath some drerie chance thy Pipe misdane?  
Or, hast thou any sheep-cure mis-assaid?  
Or, is some conteck 'twixt thy loue and thee?  
Or, else some loue-warke arsie-varsie tane?  
Or, fates lesse frolicke than they wont to be?  
What gars my WILLY that he so doth wane?  
If it be for thou hast missaid, or done,  
Take keepe of thine owne counsell; and, thou art 10  
As sheene and cleare fro both-twaine as the Sunne:  
For all Swaines laud thine haulour, and thine Art.  
Ma hap thine heart (that vnneath brooke neglect,  
And ielous of thy fresh fame) liggs vpon  
Thy rurall songs; which rarest Clarkes affect,  
Dreading the descant that mote fall thereon.  
Droope not for that (man) but vnpleate thy browes,  
And blithly, so, fold enuies vp in pleats:  
For, fro thy Makings, milke, and mellie, flowes  
To feed the Songster-swaines with Arts soot-meats. 20

*Willie.*

Now, siker (*Wernocke*) thou hast split the marke  
Albe that I ne wot I han mis-song:  
But, for I am so yong, I dread my warke  
Woll be misualue both of old and yong.

*Wernocke.*

Is thilke the cause that thou been ligge so laid,  
Who whilom no encheson could fore-haile;  
And caitiue-courage nere made misapaid,  
But with chiefe yongsters songsters bar'st thy saile?  
As swoot as Swans thy straines make Thames to ring

Fro *Cotswould* where her sourse her course doth take, 30  
To her wide mouth, which vents thy carolling  
Beyond the hether and the further lake.  
Than vp (sad swaine) pull fro thy vailéd cheeke  
Hur prop, thy palme: and let thy Viriliaes,  
Kill enuious cunning swaines (whom all do seeke)  
With enuy, at thine earned gaudy praise.  
Vp lither lad, thou reck'st much of thy swinke,  
When swinke ne swat thou should'st ne reck for fame:  
At *Aganip* than, lay thee downe to drinke  
Vntill thy stomacke swell, to raise thy name. 40  
What though time yet han not bedowld thy Chin,  
Thy Dams deere wombe was *Helicon* to thee;  
Where (like a Loach) thou drew'st thilke liquor in,  
Which on thy heart-strings ran with musickes glee.  
Than vp betimes, and make the sullen swaines  
With thy shrill Reed such iolly-iouisance;  
That they (entranc'd) ma wonder at thy straines;  
So, leaue of thee ne're ending souenance.

*Willie.*

Ah *Wernocke*, *Wernocke*, so my sp'rits been steept  
In dulnesse, through these duller times missawes 50  
Of sik-like musicke (riming rudely cleept.)  
That yer I pipe well, must be better cause.  
Ah, who (with lauish draughts of *Aganip*)  
Can swill their soule to frolick; so, their Muse,  
Whan Courts and Camps, that erst the muse did clip,  
Do now forlore her; nay, her most abuse?  
Now, with their witlesse, causelesse surquedry  
They been transpos'd fro what of yore they were,  
That Swaines, who but to looser luxurie  
Can shew the way, are now most cherisht there. 60  
These times been crimefull (ah) and being so,  
Bold Swaines (deft Songsters) sing them criminall;

So, make themselves oft glee-full in their woe :  
 For thy tho Songsters are misween'd of all.  
*Mecenas* woont in blonket lueries  
 Yclad sike chanter; but these miser times  
 Vncase hem quite, that all may hem despise,  
 As they don all their best embellisht Rimes.  
 And Haruest-queenes, of yore, would Chaplets make  
 To crowne their scalpes that couth most sweetly sing, 70  
 And giue hem many a gaude at Ale or Wake :  
 But now ne recke they of soot carolling.  
 Enaunter they should be as seeme they would,  
 Or songen lowdly for so deere desart ;  
 Or else be peregall to Nymphes of old,  
 From which their beastlied now freely start.  
 Than must they lath the blowes of Fates too fell,  
 With their too feeble clowches as they con :  
 For none regards, or guards hem for their spell,  
 Tho they, on point-deuice, empt *Helicon* ! 80  
 There nis thilke chiuissance they whilome had  
 For piping swoote ; sith, with an Heydegues,  
 Pipt by *Tom-piper*, or a Lorrel-lad,  
 (So be he clawes hem) they idolatrize.  
 And those that should presse proper songs for sale,  
 Bene, in their doomes, so dull ; in skill, so crude ;  
 That they had leauer printen *Iacke* a vale,  
 Or *Clim & Clough* (alacke) they beene so rude !  
 And sith so few feate Songsters in an age  
 Bene founden, few do weigh hem as they been ; 90  
 For, Swaines, that con no skill of holy-rage,  
 Bene foe-men to faire skills enlawrel'd Queen.  
 Enough is mee, for thy, that I ma vent  
 My wits spels to my selfe, or vnto thee  
 (Deer *Wernock*) which dost feel like miscontent  
 Sith thou, and all vnheeded, singt with mee.

### *Wernock.*

*Vartue* it's sed (and is an old said saw)  
 Is for hur selfe, to be forsought alone :  
 Then eftsoones fro their case thy shrill pipes draw,  
 And make the welkin ringen with their tone. 100  
 Of world, ne worly men take thou no keepe,  
 What the one doth, or what the other say ;  
 For should I so, I so, should Eyne out-weepe :  
 Than, with mee ; *Willy*, ay sing care-away.  
 It's wood to be fore-pinde with wastefull carke  
 In many a noyfull stoure of willing bale,  
 For vading toyes ; But trim wits poorest wark  
 The vpper heau'n han hent fro nether Dale.  
 Thilks all our share of all the quelling heape  
 Of this world's good : enough is vs to tell 110  
 How rude the rest bene, caduke, and how cheape ;  
 But, laude for well done warks, don all excell !  
 For thy we shoulden take keepe of our Race  
 That here wee rennen, and what here we doon  
 That when wee wenden till an other place,  
 Our souenance may here, ay-gayly wonne.  
 For, time will vnderfong vs ; and our voice  
 Woll woxon weake ; and, our deuising lame ;

*For, life is brieft ; and skils beene long, and choise :*  
 Than, spend we *Time*, that *Time* may spare our *Fame*.  
 Look how breme Winter chamfers Earth's blecke face ;  
 So, corbed Eld accoyes youths surquedry :  
 And, in the front, deepe furrowes doon enchase,  
 Inuelopéd with falling snow a hy.  
 Then nought can be atchieu'd with witty shewes,  
 Sith grieve of Elde accloyen wimble wit ;  
 Than, vs behouen, yer Elde sick accrewes,  
 Time to forelay, with spells retarding it.  
 I 'not what blisse is whelm'd with heau'n's coape  
 So bee the pleasance of the Muse be none : 130  
 For, when thilk gleesome ioyes han hallowed scope  
 They beene as those that heau'n's-folke warble on.  
 I con my good ; for, now my scalpe is frost  
 Yeelding to snow ; the crow-feete neere mine Eyne  
 Beene markes of mickle preefe I haue, that most  
 Of all gleees else a low, han suddaine fine.  
 O how it garres old *Wernock* swynck with glee  
 In that emprise that chiuen featest fame !  
 It heats my heart aboue ability  
 To leaue parduring souenance of my name. 140  
 And whan mine Engine han heau'd hy my thought,  
 And that on point-deuice eftsoones y fell,  
 O ! how my heart's ioy-rapt, as I had cought,  
 A Prinedome to my share, of thilk Newell.  
 They beene of pleasancess the alderbest :  
 Than, God to forne ; I wol no mo but tho :  
 Tho beene the summe of all I louen best :  
 And for hem loue I life : else nold I so.  
 Drive on thy flocke than, to the motley plaines  
 Where by some prill, that 'mong the Fiddles plods, 150  
 Thou, with thyne Oaten reede, and quaintest straines,  
 Maist rapt the *senior* Swaines, and *minor* Gods :  
 That as on *Ida* that mych-famed Mount,  
 A Shepheard Swaine ; that sung lese soote than thou,  
 By light loues Goddesses, had the grace to mount  
 To owe the sheenest Queene that earth did owe :  
 So, thou maiest, with thy past'rall Minstralsy  
 Beating the aire, atweene resounding Hills,  
 Draw to thee Bonibels as smirke, as hy,  
 And wrap hem in thy loue begrey their wils : 160  
 For (ah) had *Phaebus* Clarkes the meanes of some  
 Worse Clarkes (paravnter) so to sing at ease ;  
 They soone would make high long-wing'd haggards  
 come ;  
 And vaile vnto their Lures : so, on hem seise.  
 For, bright Nymphes buxome Breastes do eas'ly ope  
 To let in thirling notes of noted laies :  
 For, deftly song they han a charming scope ;  
 So, Nymphs themselves adore Brows girt with Bayes.  
 Than, *Willy* (ah for pittie of thine heart  
 That drouping yeernes, at misses of these times) 170  
 Take thou thy Pipe, and of glee take thy part ;  
 Or cheere thy selfe with cordials of thy Rimes :  
 Before the world's sterne face, the world backe-bite  
 So slyly that her parts ne' it perceiue.  
 Morall thy matter so, that, tho thou smite,  
 Thou maist with tickling her dull sence, deceiue.

Then hy thee, *Willy*, to the neighbour wasts  
Where thou (as in another world alone)  
Maist (while thy flocke do feede) blow bitter blasts  
On thy loudst Pipe, to make il's perty knowne. 180  
For, sith the rude-crude world doon vs misplease  
That well deseruen, tell wee hur hur owne ;  
And let her ken, our cunning can with ease,  
Aye shend, or lend hur sempiternae renowne.

*Willy.*

Ah *Wernocke*, so thy sawes mine heart downe thril  
With loue of Muses skill in speciall,  
That I ne wot, on mould what feater skill  
Can bee yhugg'd in Lordings pectorall.  
Ne would I it let-bee for all the store  
In th' vncoth scope of both-twain hemispheres ; 190  
Ynough is mee, *perdy*, nor striue for more  
But to be rich in hery for my leeres.  
Ne would I sharen that soule-gladding glee  
In th' euer gaudy Gardens of the blest,  
Not there to han the Muses companee,  
Which, God to-fore, is of the best, the best.  
Now, *Wernock*, shalt thou see (so mote I thee)  
That I nill vsen any skill so mytch  
(Faire fall my swinck) as this so nice, and free,  
In case I may my name to Heauen stitch. 200  
For why ; I am by kind so inly pulde  
To these delices ; that when I betake  
My selfe to other lore I more am dul'd ;  
And therefro, keenely set, I fall to make.  
But, well-away, thy nis the way to thriuen ;  
And, my neer kith, for that wol sore me shend :  
Who little reck how I by kind am giuen ;  
But hur wold force to swinck for thrifter end.  
Hence forward then I must assay, and con  
My leere in leeful lore, to pleasen them 210  
That, sib to mee, would my promotion,  
And carke for that to prancke our common Stenme :  
For, now (as wends the world) no skill to that  
(Or rather but that) thriues ; sith Swaines are now  
So full of contecke, that they wot ne what  
They would ; so, if they could ; they all would owe.  
So fares it in calme seasons with curst men ;  
If frennes forbear, at home, hem to inuade,  
They wry their peace to noy each other then  
By plees, till they decease, or fall, or fade. 220  
So times beene keener now with common Swaynes  
Than whan as forraigne foe-men with hem fought :

For, now they swyncke, but for slye *Law-mens* gaines  
Or sold they should possessen what they ought.  
But, what for this ? to mee it little longs  
To gab of sikliche notes of misery ;  
Ynough is mee to chaunten swoote my songs,  
And blend hem with my rurall mynstrelsy.  
But, ô (my *Wernock*) how am I to thee  
Obligen, for thy keene reencouragements 230  
To skill, so mickle lou'd and sought of mee,  
As this of making with Arts Elements ?  
I not how I shall thriue therein ; ne how  
I shall be dempt of in these nicer times :  
But how soere so thou my workes alow,  
I nill bee ill-apaiden with my Rimes.

*Wernock.*

Thou medst not, *Willy* ; wretch were I to laude  
Thee in thy misses : for, I so should bee  
To th' adultries of thy wits-scapes, but a Baude,  
Ne, as a friend, in sentence, should bee free. 240  
Than, wend thou fairly on, with thyne emprise ;  
Sing cleerely, *Will*, on mine encouragement,  
And other Swaines, more able to deuise ;  
And, fixe thee for it, in the firmament.  
Ynough is mee so I may beare a part  
Aye in the Muses Quire with those and thee ;  
Il'e sing (at ease) aloud, with cheerefull hart,  
No base, ne meane, but Tenor of best glee.

*Willy.*

And I, with thee, woll chaunt each counter-verse  
So shrilly that wee'l make thilk Quire to ring 250  
As euer do the Angels : who rehearse  
The loudest lauds of heau'ns-Lord whan they sing.  
So, farewell, *Wernock*, mickle thanks to thee  
For thy freedome, that canst so well deuise :  
*Phabus* now goes to glade ; than now goe wee,  
Vnto our sheddes to rest vs till he rise.

*Wernock.*

Agree'd deere, *Willy*, gent and debonaire,  
Wee'l hence : for, rhumaticke now fares the Aire. 258

*Io. Davies.*

FINIS.



## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 1, 'lig'st' = liest.  
 „ 2, 'rather' = earlier (as 'rath')—see Glossarial Index, s.v. : *ib.* 'ill-apaid'—see Glossarial Index for other examples and a full note.  
 „ 5, 'conteck,' and p. 21, col. 1, l. 8 (from bottom), = debate or quarrel.  
 „ 6, 'arsie-varsie' = upside-down—see Glossarial Index, s.v.  
 „ 13, 'Ma hap' = may-hap : *ib.* 'vnneath' = beneath—but see Glossarial Index, s.v.  
 „ 15, 'Clarkes' = clerks, scholarly men.  
 „ 16, 'mole' = might.  
 „ 19, 'mellie' = honey (mel).  
 „ 20, 'soot-meats' = sweet-meats.  
 „ 25, 'thilke' = this : *ib.* 'ligge' : see on l. 1.  
 „ 26, 'encheson' = occasion—see Glossarial Index, s.v.  
 „ 37, 'liither' = lazy—but see Glossarial Index, s.v. : *ib.* 'swinke' = labour, toil.  
 „ 46, 'iolly-iouissance'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.  
 „ 48, 'souenance,' and p. 20, col. 1, l. 3 (from bottom), = remembrance.  
 „ 50, 'missaues' = mis-says, speaks ill of?  
 „ 51, 'clept' = called or named.  
 „ 56, 'forlore' = utterly lost.  
 „ 57, 'surquedry' = arrogance, overbearing.  
 „ 64, 'For thy' = therefore, because.  
 „ 65, 'blonket'—'gray,' but see Glossarial Index, s.v.  
 „ 73, 'Enaunter' = against.  
 „ 75, 'peregall' = equal.  
 „ 77, 'latch' = bear or endure : *ib.* 'fell' = fierce, violent.  
 „ 78, 'clowches' = clutches : *ib.* 'con' = can.  
 „ 81, 'nis' = *ne is*, i.e. is not : *ib.* 'chiuissance'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.  
 „ 82, 'Heydegues'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for a full note.  
 „ 83, 'Lorrel-lad' = worthless.  
 „ 84, 'clawes' = flatters.  
 „ 86, 'doomes' = judgments.

- Line 87, 'leauer' = rather : *ib.* 'lacke a vale'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.  
 „ 88, 'Clim & Clough'—*Ibid.*  
 „ 89, 'feate' = neat.  
 „ 101, 'worly' = worldly.  
 „ 105, 'wood' = wud, maddening.  
 „ 106, 'stoure'—see Glossarial Index for a full note, with other examples.  
 „ 111, 'caduke' = frail.  
 „ 114, 'rennen' = run or are running.  
 „ 121, 'breme' = fierce, tempestuous : *ib.* 'chamfers' = furrows.  
 „ 122, 'corbed' = crooked, but see Glossarial Index, s.v. : *ib.* 'accoves' = extinguishes.  
 „ 126, 'wimble' = nimble.  
 „ 135, 'preefe' = proof.  
 „ 138, 'chiuen'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.  
 „ 140, 'parduring souenance' = everlasting remembrance.  
 „ 144, 'Newell'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.  
 „ 145, 'alderbest' = best-of-all.  
 „ 146, 'to forne' = to-fore, before. Cf. l. 196.  
 „ 150, 'prill' = rill—see Glossarial Index, s.v.  
 „ 159, 'Bonibels' = pretty or handsome maidens.  
 „ 160, 'degrey' = against—but see Glossarial Index, s.v., for full note.  
 „ 162, 'paravnter' = peradventure.  
 „ 163, 'haggards' = untamed hawks.  
 „ 180, 'il's pertly' = ill's partly?  
 „ 184, 'shend' = protect—but see Glossarial Index, s.v.  
 „ 188, 'pectorall' = bosom—but see Glossarial Index, s.v.  
 „ 192, 'hery' = praise—but see Glossarial Index, s.v. : *ib.* 'leeres' = lores?  
 „ 205, 'thy nis' = *ne is*, i.e. is not (as before).  
 „ 211, 'sid' = related, of kin.  
 „ 226, 'sikliche' = sic-like, such-like.  
 „ 257, 'gent' = gentle : *ib.* 'debonaire' = gentlemanly, well-bred.—G.



# Wit's Bedlam

ETC.

1617.



## NOTE.

HAVING failed to discover anywhere any exemplar of 'Wit's Bedlam'—and this after advertisements and very extensive correspondence, as well as most careful consultation with the custodiers of all our great public and private Libraries—I am constrained to limit myself to the quotations from it given by Sir Egerton Brydges and Haslewood, and by Malone. It would appear that Malone did not himself possess the book—for it is not among his bequests to the Bodleian—and that Brydges used the same copy. It seems to have now perished. If, by some lucky find, an exemplar should turn up, I shall lose no time in issuing it separately. *As it is*, having been strongly urged to complete the Works without 'Wit's Bedlam,' I deem it expedient to comply rather than indefinitely delay. Brydges speaks doubtfully as to the Davies authorship of 'Wit's Bedlam'; but the first epigram quoted by him—'Against Gaulus, the writing country-school-master'—and Malone's note, render it all but certain that he is to be credited or dis-credited with it. So too in the lines 'To my deare Mother, the citty of Hereford,' and 'The Author's Epitaph' (page 4). For more see our Memorial-Introduction. I add another small waif that has turned up since the 'Commendatory Poems' were brought together.—G.



## Wit's Bedlam.

I.—From the BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER, by Sir Egerton Brydges, K.J., and Joseph Haslewood. London, 1812, vol. ii. pp. 262-265.

¶ *Wit's Bedlam,*  
Where is had,  
Whipping cheer, to cure the mad,  
The Booke.

*Those Epigrams faine would I owe,  
Where euery word is a word and a blow.  
Reprobes, where they are well deseru'd, must be well  
paide.—At London, printed by G. Eld, and are to  
be sould by James Davies, at the Red Crosse nere  
Fleete-streete Conduit. 1617. Oct. L in 8.*

Some anonymous dedicatory lines are entitled 'to the Right Noble Lord the Earle of Buckingham, be much mirth, permanent pleasure, and endlesse happinesse, here, and elsewhere.' Like the subject of the preceding article,<sup>1</sup> this has several short pieces as 'passages before the Epigrams,' which are near 400; and at the end about eighty Epitaphs. The identity of the author is early traced:

Be quiet wit, leaue beating of my braine  
To do the worke of playing but on crimes:  
To Scourge the Follyes of the world is vaine,  
If thy whips lines be nought but rotten rymes.

There also occurs an address from

*The Booke to Grauitie.*

—Sterne Grauity auert thy face from me;  
Or looke not saddly on me: for, I am  
Too light, somewhere, for eyes too sad to see;  
And yet such lightnesse shews but vice her shame:

<sup>1</sup> *The Scourge of Folly.*

But to reprove vice viciously, is more  
Amisse, I feare, the salu's worse than the sore:  
Yet grace itselſe can hardly wit perswade,  
That it is sin to call a spade a spade.

*Against the nobly-descended Muscus, who  
wedded a Butcher's fat daughter.*

The well-borne Muscus wedded bath of late  
A Butcher's daughter fat, for pounds & plate:  
Which match is like a pudding, sith in that  
He puts the bloud, her father all the fat.

*Of Maurus his Orpheus-like melody.*

Maurus, last morne, at's mistris window plaid  
An *Hunts-up* on his lute: but she, (it's said)  
Threw stones at him: so he, like Orpheus, there,  
Made stones come flying his sweet notes to heare.

*Of the deernesse of Phisitions.*

Like haukes phisitions euer are esteem'd,  
Which as they kill thrush, partridge, duck, or crane,  
Are priz'd thereafter: so, is euer deem'd  
Phisition's skill by those they kill, or bane.  
If but poore clownes or tradesmen they destroy,  
Th'are held of small accompt: if lords, or earles,  
Then more, much more: but if they skill employ  
To kill a prince, th'are held as deere as pearles:  
Then all phisitions, that would faine be deere,  
Employ their skill, at least, to kill a peere.

*Of the Carpet-Knights Sir Sim Soust Gurnerd,  
his Quarter-braules.*

Sir Sim Soust-Gurnerd, loues notes fresh & sweet,  
And hath an organ chamber'd next the street,  
Whereon he playes of purpose as appeares,  
To haue all passers by him by the cares:  
Yet sweetly braules in tune with stroakes of art,  
But dares not strike a *Discord* for his heart.

*The rightest Seruingmen are the rightest  
Courtiers.*

Courtiers may seruingmen be stil'd : what then ?  
Then cannot they serue God, for seruing men.

*To my learnedly witty friend, Mr. Benjamin  
Johnson.*

Thy sconse, that guards thy wits as it they guard,  
Large, round, & sound, yet no whit can be spar'd :  
For thy Wit's throng : that plenty makes thee scarce,  
Which makes thee slow, as sure in prose or verse,  
As say thy worst detractors ; then, if thou  
For all eternity, writ'st sure and slowe,  
Thy Wits, as they come thronging out of dore,  
Do sticke awhile, to spread their praise the more.

*To my deare Mother, the citty of Hereford.*

Thou gau'st me breath, and I will giue thee fame  
By writing, in a double kind : thy name  
I borrow'd once to add to mine : and yet  
I hold to it still ; for which the debt  
Is clearest fame ; Ile pay thee at long running,  
Else shall my hand and head forget their cunning.

*Epitaph vpon a noted common lyer, Iack  
ap Iack.*

Here lies Iack ap Iack : and wot yee why ?  
A liue he still lyde ; and dead still must lye :  
Who, in his life, lyde willingly still,  
But here in death, lies against his will.

*The Author's Epitaph.*

Long after all was made, I made, was marr'd  
By error of my parents ere I err'd :  
For to the world I came through their offence,  
Which made me sinfull in mine innocence.  
I lou'd the Muses, and sought by them  
Long life in this life's shadow of a dreame ;  
But, I am gon ; and my remaines (I gesse)  
Are but the laboures of my idlenesse,  
Which, liuing, die : so all thereby I got  
Is Fame, (perhaps) which (past perhaps) is not ;  
At least is not to me, sith dead I am :  
And haue no sence of aire, Fame's surer name :  
I lou'd faire writing ; and could write as faire  
As any that for *that* had got that aire.  
I taught it others, but my greatest fee  
Was fairest fame ; the fowler shame for mee  
In men's accompt, who hold all gettings vaine,  
That tend to grace and glory more than gaine.  
My heart was manly in a double sence,  
Kind to my friends, and apt to giue offence  
To my offenders : so heart, hand and head,  
Had precious guifts, that did me little stead.  
I found the world as Abel found it, sith  
It harm'd me most that medl'd least therewith.

I found my flesh my household foe, while I  
The diuell found my forraigne enemy :  
So inwardly and outwardly I found  
My life still militant, till in this ground  
I lay intrench'd : where safe I lie from fight,  
Equal to Caesar in our present plight :  
If oddes there be ; herein it now doth rest,  
I, being a Christian man, must needs be best :  
My soule is in his hand that made me so :  
His glories subiect still, in weale, or woe.

In the notes to Extracts from *Wittes Pilgrimage*, in  
the same volume, Brydges gives the following :—

*To my worthy approued deere friend Mr.  
Jackson, Manciple of All Soules Colledge,  
in Oxford.*

Thou art a townseman, yet the countrey mend'st,  
And glad'st it with what there thou getst & spend'st ;  
For two months, in a time of pestilence,  
There freely cheer'd, I saw thy great expence :  
While thou in Oxford, plagu'd, wast then expos'd  
To death : thy family and mine dispos'd  
In safety there, where wee, besides, were fed,  
While thou for vs did'st liue among the dead.

*To my worthy ingenuus, and ingenius pupill,  
Mr. Thomas Bond.*

Vnder my hand I had you once ; and now  
Y<sup>e</sup> are fallen vnder but my pen, my plow :  
Wherewith your name I culture thus, you bee  
A *Bond* that binds, because you are so free.

II.—FROM BRYDGES' 'RESTITUTA' (vol. iii.  
PP. 453-455).

[After *Wits Bedlam*, as before, Brydges says :—]

This, though not announced in the title-page, is the  
presumable production of Davies of Hereford, the  
poetical writing-master, of whom an account may be  
seen in Wood (Ath. Oxon. I.). It is marked, like most  
of his productions, by a mediocrity of talent, which  
leads one to hope that he was more successful in form-  
ing letters than in combining words.

A few specimens, as the book is scarce, may be ac-  
ceptable. Part of it seems only *compiled*.

*Against Gaulus, the writing country  
schulemaster.*

Gaulus, thou writ'st thy selfe my *scholer* ; and  
Thou sai'st thou dost it *scholers* so to get :  
But for thine owne, thou still dost shew my hand,  
So thou deal'st plain, thou can'st not counterfet.

*Of Julia's Bookishness.*

Julia is bookish ; and doth study still  
To fashion nature's favours to her will.  
Her *mirror* is her *book*, her time to pass,  
And so she euer studies on her *glass*.

The following may recall to mind the link-boy's  
repartee to Pope the poet :—

*Of a crook-back, that desired an upright judge  
to right his wrong.*

A crook-back prayed a judge to right his wrong ;  
Whereto the judge reply'd—' I would I could  
But oh ! you have been wrong your selfe so long.  
That now I cannot right you, though I would.'

*Of Wolfgangus' his great nose and thin beard.*

I muse Wolfgangus' beard so thinly grows :  
Yet 'tis no marvel, having such a nose !  
For being huge, it yields such shade and breath,  
That nought can prosper, growing underneath.

To the following he has little claim, as it will be  
found in a less contracted form among the poems of  
uncertain authors, annexed to Lord Surrey's ; and it is  
cited by Mr. Warton as the earliest printed English  
epigram that he remembered. (Hist. Eng. Poetry iii.  
55) :—

*Fast and Loose.*

Paphus was married all in hast,  
And now to wracke doth runne,  
So, *knitting* of himselfe *too fast*,  
He hath himselfe *undone*.

*Of one that lost a great Stomach.*

Marc swears he hath lost his stomach : then, if one  
That's poor hath found it, he is quite undone.

These are selected as some of the least exception-  
able epigrammatic points, from between three and four  
hundred.

III.—From MALONE's 'Variorum Shake-  
speare,' ed. Boswell, 1821—vol. ii. 134.

*On Deere-Stealing.*

Some Colts, (wild youngsters) that ne'er broken were,  
Hold it a *doughty deed* to steal a deere :  
If cleanly they come off, they *feast* anon :  
And say their pray is good fat venison ;

If otherwise, by them it doth appeare,  
That that which they have stolen, then is deare.<sup>1</sup>

IV.—In the account of Marlowe and his  
writings by A. Dyce, prefixed to his  
edition of Marlowe 1850, vol. i. p. xliii.  
note, he refers to 'Davies's *Wit's Bed-  
lam*, 1617,' sig. F. 2, where a certain  
piece by Nash is mentioned as 'knowne  
to every trull.'

V.—From 'The Secrets of Angling: Teach-  
ing, The choisest Tools, Baits and  
Seasons, for the taking of any Fish in  
Pond or River: practised and familiarly  
opened in three Books. By I [ohn]  
D [ennys] Esquire. Printed at London,  
For Roger Jackson, and are to be sold  
at his shop near Fleet Street conduit,  
1613.

In due praise of this praiseworthy  
Skill and Work.

In skills that all do seek, but few do find  
Both gain and game ; (like Sun and Moon, do shine)  
Then th' Art of Fishing thus is of that kind ;  
The Angler taketh both with hook and line,  
And as with lines, both these he takes ; this takes,  
With many a line well made, both ears and hearts ;  
And by this skill, the skillless skilful makes :  
The corps whereof dissected so he parts ;  
Upon an humble subject never lay  
More proud, yet plainer lines, the plain to lead,  
This plainer Art with pleasure to survey,  
To purchase it with profit by that deed :  
Who think this skill's too low, then for the high  
This *Angler* read and they'll be ta'en thereby.

IO(HN) DAVIES.

<sup>1</sup> Wit's Bedlam, Ep. 93, 8vo, 1617. Written by John Davies  
of Hereford, as appears from a passage in which the Author  
says he was a native of that town, and a writing-master. That  
this kind of juvenile frolic was generally unconnected with  
any lucrative motive, may also be inferred from the following  
verses, by the same author, in his Scourge of Folly, without  
date, but published about the year 1611. *Of Drusus his deere-  
stealing* [see our edn. of S. of F. in loco].

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page 3. I. The British Bibliographer, etc. As Brydges in 'Restituta' speaks doubtfully, be it noted that Haslewood prepared the article for the 'Bibliographer.' His initials, 'J. H.,' are appended.

.. 3. col. 1, l. 25, '*Scourge the Follies*'—a reference to the 'Scourge of Folly' (1611): l. 30, '*saddly*'—qu. heavily, *i.e.* from 'sad' in the sense of 'heavy': col. 2, l. 4, '*a spade a spade*'—early use of a now familiar phrase:

l. 13, '*Hunts-up*'—a very ancient English tune: l. 20, '*bane*' = hurt: l. 28, '*Quarter-branles*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

Page 4. col. 1, l. 7, '*sconse*' = scull, head: col. 2, last line, '*counterfet*' = counterfeit.

.. 5. V. From 'The Secrets,' etc.—derived from Arber's reprint in his 'English Garner' (vol. i. 1877, p. 145).

G.



# GLOSSARIAL INDEX

AND

## INDEX OF NAMES,

ETC.





## NOTE.

THE following is the arrangement of Volumes I. and II. respectively,  
with our reference-letter prefixed to each article :—

Vol. I. <i>a</i> MIRUM IN MODUM.	Vol. II. <i>A</i> WITTE'S PILGRIMAGE.
<i>b</i> SUMMA TOTALIS.	<i>i</i> A SELECT HUSBAND.
<i>c</i> MICROCOSMOS.	<i>-</i> <i>k</i> SCOURGE OF FOLLY.
<i>-</i> <i>d</i> HOLY ROODE.	<i>/</i> MUSE'S SACRIFICE.
<i>e</i> HUMOUR'S HEAVEN.	<i>m</i> COMMENDATORY POEMS, ECLOGUE, etc.
<i>f</i> MUSE'S TEARES.	<i>n</i> WIT'S BEDLAM.
<i>g</i> BIEN VENU.	

The references are to the verse lines (exclusive of headings), *e.g.*, Vol. I. *a*, page 1, col. 1, line 2, etc., except where the Poems are divided into numbered stanzas or sonnets or epigrams and the like, in which cases the number only is given, not the line, unless in some of the longer pieces, *e.g.*, Vol. I. *b*, page 3, No. 1. When the lines of the poems are numbered—as in some few instances—the number of the page and the line are referred to. With reference to the Notes and Illustrations, I generally combine a reference to the Note or Notes with the place in the text that is illustrated. An earnest endeavour has been made to record every word in Davies in any way noticeable. There will also be found a considerable amount of additional annotation and illustration in the Glossarial Index itself—some corrective, or supplementary to the notes in the places. In the Index of Names I have excluded the mere incidental occurrence of classical names, and the like, in scraps of quotation. On these Indices see our Memorial-Introduction.—A. B. G.

## I.—GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

### A

- ABBREVIATE, vol. II. *h*, p. 47, col. 2, l. 39.  
 Abroach, I. *d*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Abusion, II. *h*, p. 76, l. 168.  
 Aby, *v.*, I. *a*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Accloid, I. *a*, p. 29, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Accloyen, II. *m*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 126.  
 Accoy, II. *m*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 122—'Then is your care-  
 less courage *accoyd*,'—Spenser, *Sh. Cal.*, Feb. 47.  
 Aches, II. *h*, p. 41, col. 1, l. 10—dissyllable—and so in  
 Shakespeare and contemporaries: see my edition  
 of *Chester's Love's Martyr*, etc., *s.v.*  
 Acquittance, I. *d*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 8 of Sonnet—sense  
 requires = acquittance.  
 Acquite, I. *c*, p. 62, col. 2, l. 37; II. *h*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 52.  
 Adamant, I. *c*, p. 37, col. 2, l. 29; p. 93, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Adamantine, II. *i*, p. 93 on p. 39, col. 1, l. 32, = dia-  
 mond-hard, inflexible.  
 Addust, adust, I. *c*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 32.  
 Adiorne, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 86, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Adiuements, I. *c*, p. 104, col. 2, l. 27—'such things as  
 may either bee obnoxious, or an *adiuement* to nature.'  
 (Optick Glasse of Humours, 1639.)  
 Admire, *v.* = to wonder—*frequenter*—I. *b*, p. 12, col. 2,  
 l. 24; *f*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 23; II. *i*, p. 52, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Adorate, *v.*, II. *h*, p. 27, No. 45.  
 Adumberate, *v.*, I. *a*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 43.  
 Advantage, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 59, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Aëreous, I. *c*, p. 50, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Affect, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 29, col. 2, l. 6; p. 40, col. 2, l. 18,  
 etc.  
 Affected, II. *h*, p. 29, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Affects, *sb.*, I. *a*, p. 10, col. 2, l. 14; p. 11, col. 1,  
 l. 46; II. *i*, p. 93, on p. 16, col. 1, l. 29; *h*,  
 p. 12, No. 45, etc. etc., = affections. So Greene  
 —'Shut up thy daughter, bridle her *affects*'  
 (George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield: Dyce  
 ii. 171). So too Ford (*Love's Sacrifice*, l. 1), 'Would  
 tie the limits of our free *affects*.' Also Ben Jonson  
 (*Case is aller'd*: Gifford vi. 345):—  
     'Rachel, I hope I shall not need to urge  
     The sacred purity of our *affects*.'  
 Affray, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 58, col. 2, l. 7.  
 Afront, *v.* Afront, I. *d*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 11; p. 23, col. 2,  
 l. 12.  
 After-clap, II. *i*, p. 69, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Agnition, II. *h*, p. 51, col. 1, l. 40.  
 Agnize, *v.*, II. *h*, p. 51, col. 1, l. 42; *i*, p. 33, col. 1,  
 l. 25.  
 Aiax, II. *h*, p. 75, col. 1, l. 32; p. 76, col. 1, l. 107,—  
 with play on 'a jakes.'  
 Aie-familiar, I. *c*, p. 75, col. 1, l. 48.  
 Al-bemired, I. *c*, p. 77, col. 2, l. 4.  
 Alaid, *v.*, I. *b*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 1.  
 Alderbest—kindred with 'alderliest' = dearest of all.  
 So in Chaucer 'alderfirst, alderlast' (*C. T.*, l. 9492).  
 Cf. 2 Henry VI., I. 1; II. *m*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 145.  
 Ale-stake, II. *h*, p. 10, No. 19.  
 Algates, I. *c*, p. 28, st. 236.  
 Al-hearing, I. *c*, p. 55, col. 1, l. 36.  
 All and some, I. *a*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 26; *d*, p. 6, col. 1,  
 l. 12; *e*, 23, st. 182; II. *i*, p. 82, col. 1, l. 37, etc.  
 etc. So Herrick—'Something made of thread and  
 thrumme, a mere botch of *all and some*:' see my  
 edition, *s.v.*  
 All-amort: see 'amort.'  
 All-begarded, I. *c*, p. 43, col. 2, l. 15 = covered with  
 embroidery.  
 All-bewounding, II. *i*, p. 16, col. 2, l. 2.  
 All-deprauing-banefull, II. *i*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 39.  
 All-learned, I. *c*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 16.  
 All-measures, *v.*, I. *d*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 30.  
 All onely, I. *a*, p. 23, col. 1, l. 39.  
 All or some, I. *c*, p. 68, col. 1, l. 9; II. *i*, p. 18, col. 2,  
 l. 12.  
 All-swallowing, II. *i*, p. 50, col. 2, l. 34.  
 All to, I. *c*, p. 24, st. 195—Cf. A. V., Judges ix. 53.  
 All-vpholder, I. *d*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 34.  
 All-wittie, I. *c*, p. 33, col. 1, l. 43.  
 Allow, *v.*, I. *e*, p. 29, st. 245; II. *i*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 3, etc.  
 Allowance, I. *b*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 36.  
 Almighty, *adv.*, I. *b*, p. 25, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Alow, *v.* = allow, II. *m*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 235.  
 Amaine, I. *c*, p. 91, col. 2, l. 18; I. *d*, p. 21, col. 2, l.  
 24.  
 Amated, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 89, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Amatorial—usually 'amatorious = amatory'—I. *c*, p.  
 66, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Ambages, ambage, I. *c*, p. 45, col. 1, l. 11; p. 81, col. 2,  
 l. 26.  
 Ambodexter, II. *h*, p. 49, No. 380.

Ambrosie, II. *h*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Amisse, *sb.*, I. *a*, p. 29, col. 1, l. 34; II. *h*, p. 30, col. 1, l. 8, etc.  
 Amort (all-amort), I. *h*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 16; *c*, p. 28, col. 1, l. 45; *c*, p. 34, col. 1, l. 34; p. 49, col. 1, l. 26; *c*, p. 46, col. 1, l. 37. = amortir, to deaden.  
 Amounts, *v.*, I. *d*, p. 28, col. 1, l. 48.  
 Amplely, I. *a*, p. 24, col. 1, l. 52.  
 Anatomie, anatomy, I. *c*, p. 49, col. 1, l. 33; *d*, p. 18, col. 2, l. 45; *c*, p. 17, st. 107; II. *l*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 23; p. 66, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Annatomize, anatomiz'd, I. *c*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 29; p. 61, col. 2, l. 2; *c*, p. 36, st. 67; II. *h*, p. 10, No. 33; *sw*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 29; p. 9, col. 2, l. 7.  
 Ancrets = anchores, I. *c*, p. 32, st. 27.  
 Angels = coin so called, I. *c*, p. 62, col. 1, l. 1; I. *e*, p. 38, st. 84; II. *h*, p. 30, No. 192; *l*, p. 86, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Angell-bright, II. *h*, p. 23, No. 12, l. 24.  
 Angell-fac'd, I. *c*, p. 94, col. 1, l. 24.  
 Angell-faire, II. *l*, p. 41, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Angel-holpe, I. *c*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Angel's wings = coin, II. *h*, p. 12, No. 41, l. 17.  
 Angry = ireful, I. *c*, p. 31, col. 2, l. 9; p. 74, col. 1, l. 44-47.  
 Anteperistezing, *v*, I. *a*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 43.  
 Antick, *adj.*, II. *h*, p. 20, No. 108.  
 Antideities, I. *a*, p. 23, col. 2, l. 19.  
 Anti-kesars, I. *c*, p. 72, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Antitype, I. *c*, p. 13, st. 73; II. *h*, p. 6, No. 4.  
 Apaide, apaide, *v.*, I. *a*, p. 23, col. 2, l. 4; II. *h*, p. 40, No. 276; II. *l*, p. 43, col. 2, l. 39.  
 Apaid-ill, II. *sw*, on Eclogue l. 2 = to pay, satisfy, or content. Usually with 'well' or 'ill'—'Well *apaide*, glad; ill *apaide*, sorie,' Rider's Dict. 1640, *s.v.* Spenser has the present form :—  
 'Till thou have to my trusty ear  
 Committed what doth thee so ill *apay*.'  
 (Daphn., l. 69).  
 see Nares, *s.v.*  
 Apochryphide, *v.*, II. *h*, p. 80, l. 34.  
 Appaire, *v.*, II. *h*, p. 47, No. 265; p. 63, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Apparence, I. *c*, p. 59, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Appeached, *v.*, II. *l*, p. 66, col. 1, l. 56.  
 Applauditie, II. *h*, p. 60, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Apple-squires, II. *h*, p. 35, col. 2, l. 3—see good note in Nares, *s.v.*  
 Appose = pose, *i.e.* put the riddle to your peers and then tell them the answer, I. *e*, p. 4, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Appostata, I. *a*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 11—see Herrick, *s.v.* (my edition of Works).  
 Aqua vitæ, I. *d*, p. 22, col. 2, l. 13; II. *l*, p. 39, col. 1, l. 48; *c*, p. 38, st. 83; *l*, p. 73, col. 1, l. 40.  
 Arbitrement, I. *c*, p. 25, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Arch-master, I. *c*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Arch-type,—tipe, I. *c*, p. 90, col. 1, l. 49; II. *h*, p. 6, No. 4.  
 Arch-wonder, I. *c*, p. 83, col. 2, l. 2.

Areed—areede, *v.*, I. *d*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 51; *c*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 14.  
 Arise, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 1; *d*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 30.  
 Arrant, *sb.*, II. *h*, p. 81, No. 123.  
 Arsie-varsie = upside down, II. *sw*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 6. So 'the world goes arsie-varsie' (Passenger of Benvenuto, 1612, quoted in Nares).  
 Artery, appears to signify the chief arteries, and 'artire' the lesser?—I. *c*, p. 29, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Artire—see *supra*, I. *c*, p. 28, col. 1, l. 7; p. 29, col. 1, l. 8; II. *sw*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 6, etc.  
 Artlesse = devoid of skill, II. *h*, p. 61, col. 2, l. 8. See Herrick, *s.v.*  
 Asbest, II. *l*, p. 52, col. 2, l. 1.  
 Ascue, I. *c*, p. 45, col. 2, l. 2; p. 76, col. 1, l. 19; II. *l*, p. 63, col. 2, l. 47.  
 Aspectors, I. *c*, p. 93, col. 1, l. 54.  
 Aspire, *v. tr.*, II. *h*, p. 8, No. 20.  
 Assaie, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 23, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Assaies—assay, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 50, col. 2, l. 31; *c*, p. 24, st. 197; II. *h*, p. 9, No. 12.  
 Assise = judgment, I. *c*, p. 73, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Assoile, *v.*, I. *a*, p. 24, col. 1, l. 11; *c*, p. 35, col. 1, l. 49.  
 Assumpted, *v.*, I. *h*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Astonied, I. *e*, p. 15, st. 102.  
 Astrologians, II. *l*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 20.  
 Athwart, II. *l*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 38.  
 Atomee, I. *c*, p. 83, col. 2, l. 27.  
 Attone, *v.*, I. *a*, p. 22, col. 2, l. 53; *c*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 19; p. 47, col. 1, l. 33; II. *h*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 15; p. 16, col. 2, l. 6; *h*, p. 23, No. 127; *l*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 3, etc.  
 Attrition, II. *l*, p. 48, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Auaille, Auailles, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 58, col. 2, l. 15; II. *l*, p. 74, col. 2, l. 52.  
 Anarice—used in good sense, II. *l*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Aurum, I. *c*, p. 80, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Averted, *v. tr.*, I. *d*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Avouch, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 23, col. 2, l. 5.  
 Awfull = full of awe, II. *l*, p. 31, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Ay-burning, II. *l*, p. 32, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Ay-moving, I. *c*, p. 63, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Ay-watchful, I. *c*, p. 76, col. 2, l. 30.  
 Azur'd, I. *c*, p. 90, col. 2, l. 10.

## B

BABLE, II. *h*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 22; p. 44, No. 149; p. 47, No. 273; *l*, p. 24, col. 2, l. 24; p. 82, col. 1, l. 13.  
 Baccare, II. *h*, p. 42, No. 23. So in Taming of the Shrew (ii. 1, l. 73)—  
 'Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray  
 Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too  
 Baccare / you are marvellous forward.'  
 See Nares, *s.v.*  
 Bace, II. *h*, p. 32, col. 1, l. 5; *h*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 8.

- Back, backst, *v.* = to ride upon, I. *d.* p. 15, col. 2, l. 43; *f.* p. 4, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Back-bite, *v.*, II. *m.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 173.  
 Back-broken, I. *c.* p. 16, col. 1, l. 19; *d.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Badging, *v.* = procuring forfeited estates by begging? I. *c.* p. 37, st. 81.  
 Bag-pipe, I. *c.* p. 83, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Bagg-piper, I. *c.* p. 83, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Bag-pudding, II. *k.* p. 32, No. 214.  
 Bale, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 73, col. 2, l. 18; *e.* p. 4, col. 1, l. 16; II. *k.* p. 9, No. 24; *k.* p. 45, No. 182; *m.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 106.  
 Balke, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 83, col. 2, l. 4; II. *l.* p. 69, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Balkes, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 94, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Balladrie, I. *g.* p. 9, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Balling, *sb.* = bawling, II. *k.* p. 11, No. 32.  
 Ballone-balls, II. *k.* p. 11, No. 33.  
 Balm'd, *v.*, II. *k.* p. 19, No. 97; *k.* p. 21, No. 113.  
 Balme-breaths, II. *k.* p. 31, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Balsamum, II. *k.* p. 19, No. 97.  
 Ban—bann, *v.* = to curse, I. *a.* p. 10, col. 2, l. 54; p. 20, col. 1, l. 26; *d.* p. 9, col. 2, l. 4; *g.* p. 8, col. 1, l. 42; II. *i.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 37; *l.* p. 31, col. 1, l. 17, etc.  
 Banklesse, *adj.* = without a shore, II. *l.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Band, *sb.* = bond, I. *b.* p. 5, col. 2, l. 5; *c.* p. 25, col. 1, l. 23; *e.* p. 15, st. 99, etc.  
 Band, *sb.* = falling band, I. *e.* p. 6, st. 8.  
 Ban-dog, Bandogge—see Nares, *s.v.*, II. *k.* p. 11, No. 32; p. 42, No. 55.  
 Bandy, *v.*—originally a term at tennis, from Fr. *bander*, I. *c.* p. 38, col. 2, l. 2; II. *l.* p. 27, col. 1, l. 50; p. 54, col. 2, l. 43; p. 90, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Bandy-wittold, II. *k.* p. 30, No. 195.  
 Bane, *v.* = to injure, frequent in this sense, not ban = to curse, I. *d.* p. 4, col. 2, l. 13; *e.* p. 39, st. 91; p. 44, col. 2, l. 52; p. 47, col. 1, l. 46; II. *i.* p. 14, col. 1, l. 6; *l.* p. 19, col. 1, l. 32; *m.* p. 3, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Bane, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 78, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Baneth = poisoneth, I. *e.* p. 44, col. 2, last line—correction of note *in loco* p. 52.  
 Bankeroupts, *sb.* = bankrupts, II. *k.* p. 46, No. 214.—'This is a very *bankroust*, and owes more than he's worth to season.'—Comedy of Errors, IV. 2.  
 Banning, *sb.*, II. *k.* p. 42, No. 20.  
 Baracado, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 51, col. 1, l. 20.  
 Barely, II. *k.* p. 39, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Barrell'd, *adj.* = inhabiting a barrel, I. *c.* p. 83, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Barristers, I. *c.* p. 46, col. 2, l. 21.  
 Basaliske, Bas-lliske, I. *e.* p. 47, col. 1, l. 46; II. *k.* p. 12, No. 47.  
 Base, *sb.* = to run at Base, I. *c.* p. 46, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Base-high, II. *l.* p. 72, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Bas'd, *v.* = having a bass sound, I. *c.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 44.  
 Base-mettled, Base-metled = made of base metal, I. *c.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 14; II. *k.* p. 32, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Bash-rags, I. *c.* p. 95, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Basill = herb, II. *k.* p. 39, No. 284.  
 Baste, *v.* = in cookery—to baste the meat, II. *l.* p. 50, col. 1, l. 20.  
 Basse, *adj.* = low, I. *c.* p. 12, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Bat-blind, I. *d.* p. 13, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Bate, *sb.* = strife, I. *a.* p. 9, col. 2, l. 40; p. 23, col. 1, l. 32; *d.* p. 23, col. 2, l. 26; *e.* p. 14, st. 91.  
 Bat-ful'st, batfull = most fruitful, from 'batten' to fatten. 'Where streams of milk thro' *batful* vallies flow.' Drayton (Moses), I. *b.* p. 26, col. 2, l. 6 (from bottom); II. *k.* p. 24, No. 134.  
 Batter, *v.* = to bespatter with batter or paste, II. *k.* p. 81, l. 134.  
 Batter, *sb.* = pasty matter, II. *k.* p. 81, l. 145.  
 Batter, *v.* = to smash, to beat to pieces, I. *c.* p. 34, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Beadsman, I. *d.* p. 4, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Beastlied, II. *m.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 76.  
 Beavies (beaues), I. *c.* p. 92, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Beblaine, *v.*, I. *e.* p. 43, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Bebotch, *v.*, I. *e.* p. 44, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Becackes, *v.*, II. *k.* p. 75, l. 31.  
 Beck, becke, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 21, col. 1, l. 45; p. 94, col. 1, l. 54; II. *k.* p. 48, No. 315; *l.* p. 32, col. 2, l. 37.  
 Bedlem, *adj.*, II. *k.* p. 5, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Bedowid, *v.*, II. *m.* p. 19, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Bedropt, *v.*, I. *e.* p. 34, st. 41.  
 Beere, *sb.* = bier, II. *k.* p. 61, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Beginninglesse, I. *a.* p. 16, col. 1, l. 26; p. 20, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Begores, *v.*, I. *d.* p. 18, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Begrey, II. *m.* p. 22 on Ecl., l. 160—not met with elsewhere, but text shows the meaning to be 'against.'—So French gré, as in 'mangre,' Fr. *malgré*, in spite of.  
 Beheaded, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 6, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Beheau'n, *v.*, I. *a.* p. 8, col. 1, l. 8; *c.* p. 65, col. 2, l. 44; *d.* p. 7, col. 1, l. 33; *g.* p. 8, col. 1, l. 38; *e.* p. 9, st. 34; II. *k.* p. 32, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Behight, *v.*, II. *m.* p. 5, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Behoue, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 64, col. 2, l. 49; *d.* p. 26, col. 1, l. 44; II. *k.* p. 4, col. 1, l. 36; *k.* 39, No. 280.  
 Behouen, *v.*, II. *m.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 127.  
 Behouefull, I. *c.* p. 51, col. 2, l. 30.  
 Behypocrit, *v.*, II. *l.* p. 75, col. 1, l. 53.  
 Belk, *v.*, II. *k.* p. 46, col. 2, l. 27.  
 Bellamour, bellamoure, I. *c.* p. 22, col. 2, l. 22; p. 92, col. 2, l. 34; *f.* p. 6, col. 1, l. 27; II. *k.* p. 53, col. 2, l. 4.  
 Bell-man, II. *m.* p. 8, col. 2, No. 6.  
 Bell-sire, Belsire, I. *c.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 30; *d.* p. 26, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Belly-cheere, I. *a.* p. 10, col. 2, l. 42; *c.* p. 36, col. 1, l. 17; *e.* p. 44, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Belly-gods, I. *c.* p. 36, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Bemire, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 49, col. 1, l. 29; p. 58, col. 1, l. 1.

- Ben-clarkes, II. *h*, p. 35, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Be-mute, *v*, II. *h*, p. 31, No. 199.  
 Bents, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 50, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Bereauen, *v*, I. *a*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 11; *c*, p. 25, col. 2, l. 36; II. *h*, p. 14, No. 56.  
 Besot, *v* = besott, I. *c*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 16; p. 77, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Bestad, *v*, I. *h*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 24; p. 25, col. 1, l. 6; *c*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 29; *e*, p. 37, st. 78.  
 Besteere, *v*, I. *c*, p. 99, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Best-backt, I. *c*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 38.  
 Best-cheape, II. *h*, p. 37, No. 257.  
 Best-sighted, I. *c*, p. 64, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Be-wet, II. *m*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 150.  
 Bewrap, I. *d*, p. 17, col. 1, l. 52.  
 Bewrates, *v*, II. *h*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 31.  
 Biace = bias, II. *h*, p. 31, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Bible-bearing, II. *l*, p. 86, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Bibliothec, II. *m*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Bice, I. *c*, p. 93, col. 1, l. 37.  
 Bifax, I. *d*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Bi-formed, I. *c*, p. 22, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Bill-man, I. *c*, p. 47, col. 2, l. 32.  
 Binaric, *sb.*, II. *h*, p. 18, No. 90.  
 Bittur, II. *h*, p. 42, No. 64.  
 Blabber, *v*, II. *h*, p. 81, l. 91.  
 Bladuds, *sb.*, II. *l*, p. 87, col. 2, l. 41. \* By a momentary lapse I forgot that this is a real name of an ancient British king.  
 Blaines, *sb.* = boils or imposthumes, I. *f*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Blandishment (ridiculed as a new word)—II. *h*, p. 76, l. 117.  
 Blaze, *v*, I. *a*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 3; II. *h*, p. 11, No. 39; p. 16, No. 74; *m*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 2; p. 8, col. 2, l. 1, etc. etc.  
 Blaze, *sb.*, II. *h*, p. 62, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Blenny, II. *h*, p. 36, No. 299.  
 Blessed-cursed, I. *d*, p. 26, col. 2, l. 15—used in the title-page of Joseph Fletcher's famous poem (F. W. Library edition).  
 Blessed-cursed-blessed, II. *l*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Blind-worme, I. *c*, p. 76, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Blissfull-blessed-blessed, I. *d*, p. 24, col. 2, last line.  
 Blist, *v*, I. *c*, p. 44, col. 2, l. 28; p. 77, col. 2, l. 21; p. 86, col. 1, l. 3, etc.  
 Block, *sb.*, blocke, I. *c*, p. 22, col. 1, l. 27; *f*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 3; II. *h*, p. 77, l. 204; *l*, p. 24, col. 1, l. 49.  
 Block-head, *adj.*, II. *h*, p. 35, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Blockish, II. *h*, p. 75, l. 10.  
 Blonket, II. *m*, p. 22 on Ecl., l. 65. Taken from Spenser's Shep. Cal. May, l. 5, 'Our blonket liveries bene all to sadde' = gray, *i.e.* gray coats. See Nares, *s.v.*  
 Bloud-brookes, I. *c*, p. 57, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Bloud-detesting, I. *c*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Bloud-sucking, I. *c*, p. 57, col. 2, l. 39.  
 Blubberd, *adj.*, I. *f*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Boateth, *v*, II. *m*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 32.  
 Bobs, *sb.*, II. *h*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 39.  
 Bodge, II. *h*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Bodkin, I. *c*, p. 93, col. 1, l. 46.  
 Bolt, *v* = to sift: see 'boulit,' II. *l*, p. 76, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Bolts, *sb.* = arrows, II. *i*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 21; *l*, p. 66, col. 1, l. 58.  
 Bond-servants, II. *i*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 2.  
 Bone-bruiz'd, I. *c*, p. 28, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Bone-fires, I. *g*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 42.  
 Bookish, Bookishness, II. *m*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 2; *ibid.*, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Bookt, *v*, II. *l*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Boord, I. *c*, p. 32, col. 2, l. 39; *e*, p. 45, col. 1, l. 16; II. *h*, p. 28, No. 179; p. 34, No. 288; *g*, p. 4, l. 11 = 'French, *aborder*, to go or come side by side with: hence it has the same etymology and meaning as accost (accost, Fr. *coste* or *côte*) "accost her or front her, board her, woo her, assail her" (Twelfth Night, i. 3). As a resulting sense, the French *aborder* also means to become familiar with Cotgrave. (Aldine Herbert, pp. 33-4).  
 Boorde, *v*, boord, board, = to jest.  
 Boorders, *sb.* = jesters, II. *i*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 35.  
 Boot, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 56, col. 1, l. 43; II. *h*, p. 45, No. 182.  
 Boote, *v*, I. *c*, p. 58, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Bootelesse, I. *p*, p. 89, col. 1, l. 45; *c*, p. 102, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Boowle, *sb.* = globe, II. *l*, p. 10, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Bordes, *sb.* = tables, I. *g*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 42.  
 Botch, *v*, I. *c*, p. 44, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Botch, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 77, col. 2, l. 9; II. *h*, p. 76, l. 129.  
 Botching, *adj.*, II. *h*, p. 81, l. 83.  
 Bots, II. *h*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 6; p. 42, No. 22.  
 Bottomlesse, II. *l*, p. 26, col. 1, l. 31; p. 33, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Bough-deckt-dainty, I. *c*, p. 99, col. 1, l. 43.  
 Boulit, *v* = to sift: see 'bolt,' II. *h*, p. 49, No. 358.  
 Bow'd, *v* = bent, II. *h*, p. 19, No. 96.  
 Bowers, *sb.* = people who bow, I. *h*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 14.  
 Bowle, *sb.* = globe, I. *c*, p. 44, col. 2, l. 50.  
 Bowlt, *sb.*, II. *h*, p. 64, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Bowse, *v*, II. *h*, p. 10, No. 19.  
 Bracks, *sb.* = breaks, rents, II. *l*, p. 77, col. 1, l. 43. So Bailey, *s.v.* ('brack'), 'a flaw or fault in anything.'  
 Brackt, *v* = broken, torn, II. *l*, p. 77, col. 1, l. 38.  
 Brain-begotten, I. *c*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 36.  
 Braine-bredd, I. *c*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 32; *g*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Braine-pan = skull, I. *d*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 54.  
 Brain-sick, I. *e*, p. 46, col. 1, l. 37.  
 Brals = brawls, I. *c*, p. 54, col. 2, l. 4.  
 Brasse-neck'd, I. *d*, p. 11, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Brast, *v* = burst, I. *a*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 15; p. 24, col. 1, l. 43; I. *e*, p. 6, st. 5; II. *i*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Brat, *sb.*, II. *l*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Braue, *adj.*, I. *c*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 13; II. *l*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Braue, *v*, I. *c*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Braues, *sb.* = boasts, II. *l*, p. 43, col. 2, l. 43.  
 Braules, *v*, II. *m*, p. 3, col. 2, l. 33.

Braverie, I. c, p. 20, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Brauing, *adj.*, I. f, p. 12, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Bray, v. = to crush, to pound, I. b, p. 6, col. 2, l. 5;  
 II. l, p. 11, col. 2, l. 44; p. 76, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Bray, v. = to cry out, to shout, I. f, p. 7, col. 2, l. 49.  
 Brayning, *adj.*, II. k, p. 35, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Brayn-wright, I. a, p. 7, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Breake, v. = to burst, I. c, p. 12, col. 1, l. 23; II. l,  
 p. 85, col. 2, l. 31.  
 Breake, v. = to become bankrupt, II. l, p. 73, col. 1,  
 l. 33.  
 Breake-backe, *adj.*, I. b, p. 21, col. 1, l. 42.  
 Breake-neck, *adj.*, I. c, p. 39, col. 1, l. 14; II. l, p. 56,  
 col. 2, l. 10.  
 Breath'd, v. *tr.*, I. c, p. 63, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Breath-possesst, I. c, p. 27, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Breefenesse, I. c, p. 18, col. 2, l. 52.  
 Breme, *adj.*, II. m, p. 20, col. 2, l. 121. = sharp, fierce.  
 So Spenser, 'Comes the *breme* winter' (Shep. Cal.  
 Feb. 42).  
 Bren, v. = to burn, I. a, p. 16, col. 1, l. 1; c, p. 26,  
 col. 2, l. 2.  
 Brent, v. = burnt, I. c, p. 35, col. 1, l. 6; II. k, p. 17,  
 No. 81.  
 Brifly, I. c, p. 60, col. 1, l. 32; II. m, p. 4, col. 1, l. 32.  
 Bright-ey'd, I. b, p. 12, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Bright, *sb.*, I. c, p. 74, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Brittain, *sb.*, I. c, p. 21, col. 2, ll. 34, 44.  
 Brittain, *adj.*, I. c, p. 21, col. 1, ll. 4, 26; II. k, p. 33,  
 No. 223.  
 Broach, v., Broch, I. c, p. 42, col. 2, l. 19; d, p. 7,  
 col. 1, l. 2; II. k, p. 43, col. 1, l. 28; l, p. 70, col.  
 2, l. 5, etc.  
 Broaching, v., I. e, p. 23, st. 185.  
 Brooke, v., I. c, p. 23, col. 2, l. 2; p. 34, col. 1, l. 38,  
 II. k, p. 36, col. 1, l. 33; l, p. 51, col. 2, l. 47, etc.  
 Brouch, I. c, p. 90, col. 2, l. 35.  
 Browne Bill, I. e, p. 52, on p. 47, col. 2, l. 31 = a kind  
 of pike or halbert, formerly carried by the English  
 infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watch-  
 men. See Nares, *s.v.* So Greene (Friar Bacon  
 etc.) 'Up, Miles, to your task; take your brown  
 bill in your hand.' (Dyce i. 197). Used as 'Brown  
 Bess' was for the old firelocks.  
 Browne Paper Merchant, I. e, p. 44, col. 1, l. 13.  
 Brute = Brutus, I. c, p. 19, col. 2, l. 27; p. 20, col. 1,  
 l. 19.  
 Budge, *sb.*, I. b, p. 15, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Buff-skin, I. c, p. 13, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Bugs, *sb.*, I. e, p. 20, st. 157; p. 21, st. 162; p. 23, st.  
 183.  
 Bug-beares, I. e, p. 22, st. 176.  
 Bultee, *sb.*, I. c, p. 27, col. 1, l. 32.  
 Bulwarkes, v., I. c, p. 27, col. 2, l. 32.  
 Bum-basted, I. c, p. 81, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Bum-fidlers, II. k, p. 10, No. 23.  
 Burgamasks, I. c, p. 107 on p. 94, col. 1, l. 29 = some  
 kind of dance. It should be written 'Bergamask'  
 from Bergamo the city, or Bergamasco the province,

in the State of Venice. See Midsummer Night's  
 Dream ('a Bergomask Dance,' v. 1), and Nares,  
*s.v.*  
 Burgen, v., I. d, p. 28, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Burse = Fr. Bourse, *i.e.* place of Exchange, I. e, p. 7,  
 st. 15; p. 20, st. 157.  
 Busie-Head, I. c, p. 57, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Buskins, Buskine, I. c, p. 82, col. 2, l. 10; e, p. 6,  
 st. 6.  
 Buskin-Poet = dramatist, II. k, p. 53, col. 2, l. 26.  
 But = without, II. i, p. 5, col. 1, l. 30. So *Scott's* still,  
*e.g.*, 'I've come away but my spectacles,' etc.  
 But, *sb.*, I. c, p. 67, col. 2, l. 32; II. k, p. 64, col. 2,  
 l. 23.  
 Butler's box, II. k, p. 38, col. 2, l. 22. 'One asked a  
 fellow what Westminster Hall was like? marry,  
 quoth the other, it is like a butler's box at Christ-  
 mas, for whosoever loseth, the box will be sure to  
 bee a winner.'—(John Taylor's *Workes* 1630,  
 quoted by Nares, *s.v.*, which see.)  
 Buxome, II. k, p. 14, No. 59; m, p. 20, col. 2, l.  
 165.  
 By, *sb.* = By and maine, I. e, p. 48, col. 1, l. 2 = terms  
 in card-playing.  
 By and by = immediately, I. c, p. 37, col. 2, l. 41.  
 By and Main = terms in card playing, I. e, p. 48, l. 2.  
 By-parted, I. d, p. 28, col. 2, l. 40 = divided into two.  
 See also *ibid.* p. 7, col. 1, l. 5.—I had explained it  
 = twice-divided, p. 32, *in loco*.  
 By-path, by-pathes, I. c, p. 88, col. 1, l. 36; II. l, p. 13,  
 col. 2, l. 20; p. 45, col. 2, l. 13.  
 By-purposes, II. l, p. 48, col. 1, l. 10.

## C

CABALL, *sb.*, vol. II. l, p. 51, col. 2, l. 15.  
 Cadaver, Cadaueres, I. d, p. 24, col. 2, l. 30; II. k,  
 p. 49, col. 2, l. 54; II. l, p. 65, col. 1, l. 35.  
 Caduke, II. m, p. 20, col. 1, l. 111.  
 Caesar, *sb.*, I. a, p. 29, col. 2, l. 54; c, p. 81, col. 2,  
 ll. 10, 11; e, p. 40, st. 104.  
 Cæsared, v., I. d, p. 36, col. 1, l. 17.  
 Cæsarizeth, v., I. c, p. 25, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Cæsar-like, I. c, p. 59, col. 1, l. 10; p. 62, col. 2,  
 l. 17.  
 Caitifes, II. l, p. 50, col. 1, l. 2.  
 Caitue-courage, II. m, p. 19, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Calcedone, I. c, p. 93, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Camerado, II. k, p. 30, No. 199.  
 Can ('can no skill'), II. i, p. 18, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Canceale, v. *intr.*, I. e, p. 43, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Canker, II. k, p. 35, col. 2, l. 52.  
 Cankred, *adj.*, I. d, p. 21, col. 1, l. 39.  
 Cantone, *sb.*, I. c, p. 22, col. 2, l. 30.  
 Capitall, *sb.* = the head, II. l, p. 22, col. 2, l. 48;  
 p. 27, col. 1, l. 43.  
 Capite (in capitè), II. l, p. 34, col. 1, l. 24.  
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- Captivate, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 25, col. 1, l. 24; p. 34, col. 1, l. 43; I. *c.*, p. 42, col. 1, l. 7; II. *h.*, p. 44, col. 2, l. 57, etc.
- Carcenet, I. *c.*, p. 89, col. 1, l. 38; I. *e.*, p. 15, st. 94.
- Carde, *sb.* (seaman's card), I. *c.*, p. 38, col. 2, l. 20.
- Care-a-wayes, II. *h.*, p. 64, col. 1, l. 44.
- Care-cloth'd, I. *c.*, p. 43, col. 2, l. 28.
- Care-clouded, II. *h.*, p. 17, No. 81; I. *p.*, p. 37, col. 2, l. 21.
- Carefull = full of care, sorrowfull, I. *d.*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 47.
- Carke, *carke*, *sb.*, *Scottic* still—I. *c.*, p. 99, col. 1, l. 26; I. *f.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 32; II. *h.*, p. 50, col. 2, l. 41; *h.*, p. 39, No. 285; *w.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 105.
- Carke, *v.*, II. *w.*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 212.
- Carpet-knight, II. *w.*, p. 3, col. 2, l. 27.
- Carriage = behaviour, II. *l.*, p. 44, col. 2, l. 34.
- Cassiere, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 91, col. 2, l. 42.
- Cast, *v.* = to reckon, II. *l.*, p. 26, col. 1, l. 29.
- Cast, *v.* = to condemn, II. *l.*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 16.
- Castall, *adj.*, II. *h.*, p. 39, No. 284.
- Cataplastrum, *sb.*, I. *d.*, p. 16, col. 2, l. 5.
- Catch, *sb.*, II. *l.*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 44.
- Catch-polles, II. *w.*, p. 13, l. 45.
- Caterbrall = some kind of dance, I. *c.*, p. 94, col. 1, l. 26; II. *w.*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 81; p. 16 on Coryat, l. 81.
- Cates, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 32, col. 2, l. 37; p. 94, col. 2, l. 37; *d.*, p. 23, col. 2, l. 7; *g.*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 50; II. *h.*, p. 46, col. 2, l. 17; *h.*, p. 21, No. 109; I. *p.*, p. 43, col. 1, l. 25; *w.*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 36.
- Causeful, I. *f.*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 39.
- Cauterize, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 29, col. 1, l. 26.
- Caucats, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 25, st. 207.
- Cave, *caue* = Lat. beware, I. *c.*, p. 55, col. 2, l. 23; II. *l.*, p. 86, col. 1, l. 14.
- Cawfers, I. *c.*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 37.
- Cease, *v.* *tr.*, II. *l.*, p. 49, col. 1, l. 4.
- Cease, *v.* = seize, I. *c.*, p. 94, col. 2, l. 27.
- Chafe, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 73, col. 2, l. 28.
- Chafes, *sb.*, II. *i.*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 21.
- Chaffendish, II. *h.*, p. 49, No. 380.
- Chafs, *sb.* = chaps, jaws—so *Scottic* still, 'chafis,' II. *h.*, p. 14, No. 54.
- Chairs, *sb.* = thrones, I. *h.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 12.
- Chamber-scapes, I. *c.*, p. 92, col. 1, l. 9.
- Chamfers, *v.*, II. *w.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 121.
- Changeling, II. *h.*, p. 14, No. 55; p. 56, col. 1, l. 9.
- Channellize, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 1.
- Chapps = jaws, II. *w.*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 26. See under 'Chafs.'
- Chaps, II. *w.*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 8, and foot-note.
- Chapt-lippes, II. *w.*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 40, and foot-note.
- Character, *v.*, I. *h.*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 6; II. *l.*, p. 4, col. 2, l. 24.
- Character, *sb.*, I. *a.*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 41; p. 10, col. 1, l. 45; p. 11, col. 2, l. 41; *d.*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 9; p. 12, col. 1, l. 23.
- Charming, *adj.*, II. *h.*, p. 17, No. 80.
- Chartells, *sb.* = challenges, letters of defiance, II. *h.*, p. 81, l. 106.
- Chat, *sb.*, I. *f.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 51.
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- Check, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 72, col. 1, ll. 34, 36; II. *l.*, p. 68, col. 1, l. 31.
- Checkers, *sb.* = chess, II. *l.*, p. 68, col. 1, l. 32.
- Check-role, check-rowle = roll of servants in a great house, I. *c.*, p. 70, col. 2, l. 19; *e.*, p. 31, st. 8; II. *l.*, p. 29, col. 2, l. 25.
- Chequers, *v.* = treasures (which corrects our note *is loco*). I suppose 'chequers' = treasures is from the reckoning up in the exchequer, then done by tallies,—II. *h.*, p. 32, col. 2, l. 36.
- Cherishment, II. *w.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 138.
- Chill-cold, II. *l.*, p. 49, col. 2, l. 31.
- Chinckes, *sb.*, II. *h.*, p. 44, No. 136.
- Chine, *v.* = to cleave, I. *c.*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 38.
- Chiuen = achieves or achieved, II. *w.*, p. 22 on Ecl., l. 138. See Halliwell under 'Cheve.'
- Chiuissance = chevisance, *i.e.* achievement, II. *w.*, p. 22 on Ecl., l. 81.
- Choller, I. *e.*, p. 43, col. 1, l. 33.
- Christall-cleere, II. *l.*, p. 11, col. 1, l. 11.
- Christ-crosse, I. *d.*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 34; p. 16, col. 1, l. 9.
- Chromatick, *adj.* = musical, I. *f.*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 26.
- Chronography, I. *c.*, p. 82, col. 1, l. 10.
- Cimerian, I. *c.*, p. 60, col. 1, l. 6.
- Cipres, I. *c.*, p. 90, col. 1, l. 43.
- Circulates, *v.* = encircles, I. *c.*, p. 27, col. 2, l. 34.
- Circulize, *v.* = encircle, I. *c.*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 14; p. 85, col. 2, l. 14; p. 90, col. 2, l. 10; p. 93, col. 1, l. 30.
- Circumvention, I. *c.*, p. 59, col. 1, l. 41.
- Cittie-common-wealth, II. *h.*, p. 20, No. 104.
- Civility, I. *c.*, p. 52, col. 1, l. 29.
- Clappe, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 25.
- Clarke, *clarke*, I. *c.*, p. 79, col. 2, l. 31; II. *w.*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 15.
- Claw, *v.*, *clawde*, I. *c.*, p. 55, col. 1, l. 24; II. *h.*, p. 35, col. 1, l. 41; *h.*, p. 49, No. 382; I. *p.*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 36; *w.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 84.
- Claw-backs = flatterers, I. *c.*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 2; p. 50, col. 1, l. 2; II. *h.*, p. 35, col. 1, l. 41; *h.*, p. 48, No. 324; p. 49, No. 382. 'I had claw-backs even at Court full rife.'—(Mirror for Mag.)
- Clawers, *sb.*, I. *f.*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 19; II. *i.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 5.
- Clawing, *sb.*, I. *e.*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 23; II. *h.*, p. 35, col. 1, l. 42; I. *p.*, p. 74, col. 1, l. 49.
- Cleept, *v.*, II. *w.*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 51.
- Cleere-eyed, I. *c.*, p. 46, col. 2, l. 15.
- Cleeving, *v.*, II. *w.*, p. 4, col. 2, foot-note.
- Cliffs, I. *e.*, p. 36, st. 60.
- Clim o' clough = noted archer and outlaw of the well-known ballad. See Nares, under 'Adam Bell,' II. *w.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 87.

- Clip, *v.*, II. *h*, p. 30, col. 1, l. 41; *l*, p. 16, col. 1, l. 33; p. 17, col. 1, l. 3; p. 23, col. 2, l. 27; p. 39, col. 2, l. 50; *m*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 55.
- Clire, I. *a*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 22.
- Cloct = cloaked, II. *l*, p. 56, col. 1, l. 16.
- Cloi'd, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 62, col. 1, l. 31; p. 63, col. 2, l. 41.
- Clophonian, II. *h*, No. 215—qu. = Colophonian, *i.e.* skilled in making flourishing tail-pieces. Undoubtedly Bales the Writing-master was intended; on whom see D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, *s.n.*
- Close, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 63, col. 2, l. 41.
- Cloth-rash, I. *e*, p. 51 on st. 14, l. 1 = cloth made of 'rash,' which was a kind of inferior silk, or silk and stuff combined, called in French, according to Howell, *burail* (Vocab. § 25). Davies excellently supplements and confirms Nares, *s.v.*
- Cloud-cloakes, *sb.*, II. *l*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 35.
- Cloud-dissolving, II. *h*, p. 17, No. 81.
- Clouting, *v.*, II. *h*, p. 49, No. 369.
- Clouts, *sb.*, II. *l*, p. 27, col. 2, l. 43.
- Clowches, *sb.* = clutches, II. *m*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 78.
- Coact, *v.*, I. *a*, p. 28, col. 2, l. 22; *d*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 33; *e*, p. 43, col. 2, l. 9; p. 49, col. 2, l. 39; II. *h*, p. 45, col. 2, l. 41; *l*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 42, = compel.
- Coape, *sb.* = a covering, and see 'cope,' I. *a*, p. 22, col. 2, l. 35; *e*, p. 45, col. 2, l. 27; II. *h*, p. 39, col. 2, l. 29; *m*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 129.
- Coapesmate, *sb.*, I. *d*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 39, = companion. Is it derived from 'cop' in the sense of the beam that is placed between a pair of drawing-oxen? So = yoke-fellow, jugalis, σὺζυγος, which has the same transference of meaning. See Philippians iv. 3.
- Coarse, *sb.* = corse, II. *h*, p. 9, No. 15. See 'Corpse.'
- Coate, *sb.*, II. *h*, p. 39, No. 285.
- Coate, *sb.* (of arms), II. *l*, p. 69, col. 2, l. 36.
- Cobweb-nooke, II. *h*, p. 80, l. 56.
- Cock = game term, II. *h*, p. 38, col. 1, ll. 39, 42.
- Cocker, *v.*, II. *h*, p. 48, col. 1, l. 30.
- Cock-nay, II. *h*, p. 45, No. 179. Among other meanings given by Halliwell in 'cockney' is 'a lean chicken,' which suits the text. His reference to Malone's Shakespeare, x. 117, is of no use, as there is no explanation, in this sense, though Davies is quoted. 'Cocknell' and 'cockerell' are young cocks; so there may have been another word to denote a lean one.
- Cock on the hoope—see Nares, *s.v.*, which this use confirms, II. *h*, p. 47, No. 287.
- Cockring, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 46, col. 1, l. 34.
- Cocks of the game, I. *c*, p. 33, col. 1, l. 3.
- Cocks-combe, *sb.*, II. *h*, p. 28, No. 180, l. 32; *m*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 3.
- Cock-shoote, II. *h*, p. 10, No. 20.
- Cogitations, *sb.* = thought, I. *c*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 49.
- Coile, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 60, col. 1, l. 26; *e*, p. 38, st. 90.
- Coinquination, see 'coninquate,' II. *m*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 153.
- Coitu (in coitu), II. *m*, p. 3, col. 2, l. 14.
- Cold-cleere, II. *h*, p. 9, No. 26.
- Cole-black, I. *c*, p. 32, col. 2, l. 8.
- Colloqui, I. *e*, p. 30, st. 5.
- Columbine, *adj.* = dove-like, I. *f*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 5.
- Columna, II. *l*, p. 63, col. 2, l. 25.
- Comber, I. *a*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 37.
- Combrously, I. *c*, p. 90, col. 2, l. 20.
- Commixt, *v.*, I. *a*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 10; *c*, p. 83, col. 2, l. 39.
- Commons, *sb.* (= provisions), I. *c*, p. 62, col. 1, ll. 5, 6; II. *h*, p. 24, No. 19.
- Common-place, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 22, col. 1, l. 15.
- Common-sense, I. *a*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 5; p. 7, col. 2, l. 26; p. 9, col. 1, l. 29; p. 13, col. 2, l. 2; p. 26, col. 1, l. 49; *e*, p. 12, st. 62.
- Common-weale, I. *c*, p. 60, col. 2, l. 11.
- Common-wealth, I. *c*, p. 56, col. 2, l. 2; p. 62, col. 1, l. 11.
- Common-woe, I. *c*, p. 56, col. 2, l. 2.
- Compact, *v.*, I. *a*, p. 29, col. 2, l. 27.
- Compassse, *v.*, with play on word, I. *c*, p. 57, col. 2, ll. 4, 5.
- Compassing, *v.*, with play on word, I. *c*, p. 59, col. 1, l. 40.
- Compell, *v.* = to drive away, II. *l*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 47.
- Compile, *v.*, I. *d*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 4.
- Complain, *v.* (to complain upon), I. *e*, p. 20, st. 148.
- Complements, I. *d*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 5.
- Complexion, I. *c*, p. 65, col. 2, l. 19; p. 84, col. 1, ll. 4, 6.
- Complish't, *v.*, I. *h*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 21.
- Compost, *sb.* = soil, manure, II. *l*, p. 47, col. 2, l. 32.
- Composure, II. *i*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 2.
- Comprise, *sb.*, comprize, I. *a*, p. 27, col. 2, l. 16; *h*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 47; *e*, p. 17, st. 118; II. *l*, p. 77, col. 1, l. 53.
- Comprising, *sb.*, II. *l*, p. 32, col. 1, l. 28.
- Comprize—Comprise, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 64, col. 1, l. 24; p. 79, col. 2, l. 12; p. 82, col. 1, l. 22, etc.
- Con, *v.* = to can, II. *m*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 91; p. 20, col. 2, l. 133.
- Conbine, *v.*, II. *l*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 46.
- Conceaving, *adj.*, I. *c*, p. 40, col. 2, l. 13.
- Conceit, conceipt, *sb.*, I. *a*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 7; p. 11, col. 2, l. 27; II. *h*, p. 7, No. 13; *l*, p. 79, col. 2, l. 41, etc.
- Concent, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 10, col. 2, l. 37.
- Concent, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 3; p. 46, col. 2, l. 38.
- Concinne, *adj.*, I. *c*, p. 29, col. 1, l. 42.
- Conclusions, *sb.* (to try), I. *d*, p. 16, col. 2, l. 43; II. *h*, p. 15, No. 65.
- Concoct, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 31, col. 2, l. 29; p. 32, col. 2, l. 43; *e*, p. 21, st. 160.
- Concoction, I. *c*, p. 33, col. 1, l. 24; *f*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 24; II. *l*, p. 43, col. 1, l. 26.
- Concordance, I. *c*, p. 36, col. 1, l. 7.
- Condecorate, *v.*, I. *g*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 37.
- Condiments, I. *c*, p. 32, col. 2, l. 30.



- Condites, *sb.* = conduits, I. *a.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 26; *c.*, p. 58, col. 2, l. 42.
- Condit-pipe, II. *h.*, p. 62, col. 2, l. 40.
- Condole, *v. tr.*, I. *d.*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 23; p. 11, col. 2, l. 5; p. 15, col. 2, l. 11; *d.*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 31.
- Conduits, *sb.* = conduits, I. *c.*, p. 33, col. 2, l. 33.
- Confected, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 93, col. 2, l. 40; *e.*, p. 8, st. 23; II. *l.*, p. 11, col. 1, l. 49.
- Conference = comparison, I. *a.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 5.
- Conferre = to compare, I. *a.*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 23; p. 12, col. 2, l. 9.
- Confine, *v.* = to border upon, I. *a.*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 53.
- Confixt, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 39; *b.*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 3; p. 12, col. 2, l. 8; *c.*, p. 83, col. 2, l. 37; p. 89, col. 1, l. 27.
- Conflicted, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 22.
- Confracted, *v.* = broken, I. *d.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 2.
- Confrigerate, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 16, col. 1, l. 50.
- Conglutarate, *v. tr.*, I. *c.*, p. 69, col. 1, l. 7; *d.*, p. 16, col. 1, l. 52.
- Congratulate, *v. tr.*, I. *c.*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 24.
- Coninquate, *v.*, and see 'coinquination,' I. *d.*, p. 28, col. 2, l. 25.
- Coniuring, *adj.*, I. *d.*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 39.
- Connert, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 54; p. 21, col. 2, l. 45; *b.*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 33.
- Conning, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 80, col. 1, l. 35; II. *h.*, p. 34, col. 1, l. 12.
- Conny, *sb.*, II. *h.*, p. 38, col. 2, l. 20.
- Conny-catched, *v.*, II. *h.*, p. 38, col. 1, l. 34.
- Conny-catcher, II. *h.*, p. 76, l. 85.
- Conscience = consciousness, I. *c.*, p. 98, col. 2, l. 1.
- Consequents, I. *c.*, p. 84, col. 1, l. 4.
- Conserve, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 45, col. 2, l. 3; p. 46, col. 1, l. 7; p. 50, col. 1, l. 31; p. 66, col. 1, l. 41.
- Considerance, I. *c.*, p. 49, col. 1, l. 37.
- Consociate, *sb.*, I. *b.*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 18; *f.*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 10; *e.*, p. 18, st. 133; II. *h.*, p. 36, col. 2, l. 1.
- Consociate, *v. tr.*, I. *a.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 37; *c.*, p. 41, col. 1, l. 18; p. 70, col. 2, l. 22; *d.*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 34; II. *l.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 9.
- Console, *v.*, II. *h.*, p. 33, col. 1, l. 7.
- Consort, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 55; *c.*, p. 23, col. 2, l. 29; p. 60, col. 2, l. 25; II. *l.*, p. 38, col. 1, l. 16-17; p. 58, col. 1, l. 44, etc.
- Conspiracie, *sb.* = consent, II. *l.*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 19.
- Conspire, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 86, col. 1, l. 36.
- Contain'd, *v.* = restrained, I. *c.*, p. 47, col. 2, l. 35.
- Conteck, Contেকে, *sb.*, II. *m.*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 5; p. 21, col. 1, l. 215. See Glossary to Robert of Gloucester: and the Poem, p. 90, l. 16, 'and herde this contak,' and Glossary to P. Langtoft: contest, contention. Roquefort gives 'contencer; disputer, quarreller. This from Latin *contendere*.' Also 'contecter, toucher' from Latin *contingere*, which word also gives the notion of strife, coming in *contact*. In the Aynbete it is printed *contak*, *contac*, pl. *contakes*. See Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer, and Pauli's Glossary to Gower; also Skinner and Richardson, *s.v.* It seems a mistake to call it Anglo-Saxon. Further, cf. Kelham's Norman Dictionary, *s.v.*, and Herbert Coleridge's Glossary.
- Continent, *sb.* = that which contains, I. *a.*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 53; *c.*, p. 43, col. 1, l. 10; p. 70, col. 1, l. 18; p. 84, col. 1, l. 9; II. *l.*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 12.
- Contrect, *sb.*, II. *l.*, p. 34, col. 1, l. 17,—from Latin *contrectare*.
- Connay, *sb.* = conduct, management, I. *a.*, p. 26, col. 2, l. 15.
- Conuert, *v. intr.*, I. *c.*, p. 27, col. 2, l. 16; *e.*, p. 18, st. 129; *f.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 27.
- Convert, *v. tr.*, I. *c.*, p. 78, col. 1, l. 33.
- Connince, *v.* = to overcome, I. *c.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 46; p. 21, col. 2, l. 50; p. 40, col. 1, l. 45; *d.*, p. 23, col. 1, l. 42.
- Convoies, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 80, col. 2, l. 2.
- Convulnerate, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 33.
- Cooling-card, II. *h.*, p. 11, No. 35.
- Cooshin-dance, II. *h.*, p. 37, col. 2, l. 24 = cushion-dance—somewhat free, used chiefly at weddings. See Nares, *s.v.*
- Cope, *sb.* = a covering, and see 'coape,' I. *c.*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 14; p. 41, col. 1, l. 36; II. *l.*, p. 44, col. 1, l. 47.
- Cope, *v.* = to contend, I. *c.*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 21.
- Copes, *sb.* = garments, ecclesiastical, I. *g.*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 5.
- Copes-mate, I. *c.*, p. 77, col. 1, l. 29; II. *l.*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 7. See under 'Coapesmate.' But Richardson, *s.v.*, has 'Copes-mate, a chapmate, A.S. Ceapman.'
- Copper-gilt, II. *h.*, p. 39, col. 2, l. 25.
- Corbed, II. *m.*, p. 22, on Ecl. 122.—From Spenser, 'thy corbe shoulder it leans amiss'—courbe, Fr., crooked.
- Cordial, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 64, col. 1, l. 3.
- Cordial, *v.* = to comfort, heal, I. *d.*, p. 26, col. 1, l. 22.
- Corelatiues, *sb.*, I. *f.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 48.
- Corporall, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 63, col. 1, l. 31; p. 86, col. 1, l. 14, etc.
- Corporals, *sb.* = bodies, I. *a.*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 10.
- Corpes, Corpse = a dead body, see, *e.g.*, the two words at II. *l.*, p. 71, col. 2, l. 34; I. *e.*, p. 33, st. 29; *f.*, p. 9, col. 2, ll. 35, 36; II. *h.*, p. 31, col. 2, l. 24; *l.*, p. 71, col. 2, l. 34.
- Corps, *s.b.* = corpus = body, not corse, I. *a.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 2; p. 7, col. 2, l. 52; p. 22, col. 2, l. 38; *e.*, p. 33, st. 29.
- Corrasiuues, I. *c.*, p. 14, st. 84.
- Corroborate, *v.* = to strengthen, I. *g.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 20.
- Corse, *sb.*, I. *d.*, p. 27, col. 2, l. 41; *e.*, p. 33, st. 29; p. 43, col. 1, l. 13; *f.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 23; II. *l.*, p. 65, col. 1, l. 38.
- Corsiuues, I. *c.*, p. 60, col. 2, l. 14; II. *h.*, p. 41, col. 1, l. 16; *h.*, p. 36, No. 245.
- Coruet, *s.b.* = curvet, I. *a.*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 6.
- Coruscant, I. *c.*, p. 91, col. 1, l. 14.
- Cosond, *v.* = cosened, cheated, I. *c.*, p. 37, st. 73.

Cote, *sb.* = cot, cottage, I. *c.* p. 45, col. 2, l. 13; II. *h.* p. 48, col. 2, l. 59; *l.* p. 76, col. 1, l. 53.  
 Cotton, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Couch, *v.*, I. *h.* p. 9, col. 1, l. 19; *c.* p. 24, col. 2, l. 3; p. 29, col. 1, l. 48.  
 Could, *sb.* = things that could be, I. *h.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 50.  
 Counter-buff, Counter-buffe, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 44, col. 1, l. 23; p. 90, col. 2, l. 48; II. *h.* p. 39, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Counterfeit, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 15, st. 94; II. *i.* p. 18, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Counterfet, II. *h.* p. 25, No. 151; *w.* p. 8, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Counterfet, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 94, col. 1, l. 57.  
 Counterfet, *adj.*, II. *h.* p. 34, col. 2, l. 15.  
 Counterset, I. *c.* p. 5, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Courage, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 38, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Couragement, I. *c.* p. 62, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Coursest = coarsest, I. *c.* p. 94, col. 2, l. 39.  
 Court-locusts, I. *h.* p. 15, col. 2, l. 47.  
 Court-minion, II. *h.* p. 48, col. 2, l. 27.  
 Couetize, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 43, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Cow-babe, *sb.* = a calf, II. *h.* p. 32, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Coyne-made, *adj.* = mercenary, I. *f.* p. 13, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Crach, Cratch = cradle, II. *h.* p. 51, col. 1, l. 35; *l.* p. 27, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Crack, *v.*, II. *h.* p. 43, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Crackes, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 30, col. 1, l. 42.  
 Cracklesse, II. *i.* p. 6, col. 2, l. 54.  
 Craftsman, I. *c.* p. 52, col. 2, l. 2; *e.* p. 9, st. 34.  
 Crafts-masters, I. *c.* p. 83, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Craggy, *adj.*, I. *f.* p. 6, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Crake, *v.* = to crack, I. *c.* p. 4, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Craking, *adj.*, II. *h.* p. 37, No. 265.  
 Crannies, I. *c.* p. 50, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Crauen, *sb.*, II. *h.* p. 38, col. 1, l. 39, 42.  
 Cras'd, *adj.*, I. *a.* p. 29, col. 2, l. 49; *e.* p. 31, st. 13. II. *l.* p. 11, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Creeke, I. *c.* p. 37, st. 72.  
 Creeking, *adj.*, I. *g.* p. 9, col. 2, l. 37.  
 Crescets, *sb.*, Used by Shakespeare, Milton, etc., II. *h.* p. 18, No. 95.  
 Crimefull, II. *w.* p. 19, col. 2, l. 61.  
 Crook-back, *sb.*, II. *w.* p. 5, col. 1, l. 8-10.  
 Crooks, II. *h.* p. 32, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Crosse, *v.* = to cross out, to cancel, II. *l.* p. 69, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Crosse, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 62, col. 1, l. 42; II. *l.* p. 14, col. 1, l. 37.  
 Crosse, II. *h.* p. 7, col. 1, No. 9, l. 2—a reference to the spelling book called the Criscross Row. Cf. I. *d.* p. 15, col. 1, st. 6.  
 Crosse-crosse-let, I. *d.* p. 23, col. 2, l. 1.  
 Crosse-intended, *adj.*, I. *d.* p. 16, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Crosse-like, *adj.* = cross-shaped, I. *d.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Crosse-waue, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 90, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Crosse-wise gartered, I. *c.* p. 7, st. 15—see our Memorial-Introduction on this delightful commentary on the fantastic fashion of Malvolio.

Crosse-wound, *v.*, II. *h.* p. 78, l. 389; *l.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Crost, *v.* = troubled, I. *c.* p. 54, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Crost, *v.*, I. *d.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 41; p. 13, col. 2, l. 6; p. 14, col. 1, l. 46; p. 15, col. 2, l. 14.  
 Crouch, *sb.* = crutch, support, I. *d.* p. 19, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Crow-feete = wrinkles around the eyes, II. *w.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 134.  
 Crow-foot, II. *h.* p. 25, No. 30.  
 Crowd—'Kit on which I crowd,' = fiddle on which I play, II. *h.* Epigr. 122, l. 11.  
 Crowne, *v.*—with play on word, I. *c.* p. 99, col. 1, l. 37.  
 Crownes—with play on word, I. *c.* p. 87, col. 2, l. 4, 5; p. 59, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Crown-greedy—with play on word, I. *c.* p. 57, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Cucking-stoole, II. *h.* p. 18, No. 93.  
 Cuckoe, II. *h.* p. 81, l. 99.  
 Cue, I. *c.* p. 82, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Cullambines = columbines, I. *c.* p. 93, col. 2, l. 54.  
 Cunning, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 104, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Cunninglie, I. *c.* p. 91, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Curde, *v.* = having cure of souls, II. *h.* p. 30, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Cure, *sb.* = cure of souls, II. *h.* p. 30, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Curelesse, *adj.* = without cure of souls, II. *h.* p. 30, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Curelesse, *adj.* = incurable, I. *c.* p. 17, st. 117; II. *l.* p. 40, col. 1, l. 45; p. 50, col. 2, l. 24.  
 Currall, *sb.* = coral, I. *c.* p. 93, col. 1, l. 29; II. *h.* p. 30, col. 2, l. 52.  
 Curre-pursued, II. *h.* p. 22, No. 123.  
 Curry-fauouring, II. *h.* p. 35, col. 1, l. 49.  
 Curst, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 40, col. 1, l. 2; p. 66, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Curst, *v.* = evil, II. *l.* p. 73, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Curtall, *adj.* = docked—as a dog or horse, II. *h.* p. 19, No. 96.  
 Curtuous, I. *c.* p. 48, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Cuts, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 91, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Cynosure, I. *c.* p. 8, col. 1, l. 46.  
 Cynthia, I. *c.* p. 60, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Cyphers, II. *l.* p. 84, col. 1, l. 36.

## D

DAIZIE-COUERD, II. *h.* p. 32, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Daizie-decked, I. *c.* p. 94, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Dammagement, I. *c.* p. 44, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Damnation, I. *c.* p. 82, col. 2, l. 89.  
 Damnd, *v.* = condemned, I. *c.* p. 33, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Damnifie, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 39, col. 2, l. 32; II. *l.* p. 17, col. 2, l. 32; *l.* p. 27, col. 2, l. 35.  
 Danted, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 21, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Dark-light, II. *h.* p. 11, No. 40.  
 Datelease, I. *c.* p. 102, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Dats = dates (fruit), I. *c.* p. 93, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Dawes, *sb.*, II. *h.* p. 81, l. 89.  
 Daysman, II. *l.* p. 11, col. 2, l. 24.  
 Dead-corpse, I. *c.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 48.  
 Dead-skull-paued, I. *d.* p. 16, col. 1, l. 42.

- Death, *v.*, I. c, p. 51, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Dear'd, *v.*, I. c, p. 64, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Death-out-doing, I. c, p. 40, st. 107.  
 Debonaire, II. *m.*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 257.  
 Decollation, I. c, p. 83, col. 1, l. 32.  
 Decore, *v.*, I. c, p. 11, st. 61; II. *i.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 20; *h.*, p. 31, No. 204.  
 Decyph'ring, *v.*, II. *i.*, p. 84, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Dedecorate, *v.*, I. d, p. 13, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Deerness = costliness, II. *m.*, p. 3, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Defame, *sb.*, I. c, p. 97, col. 2, l. 32; *d.*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 28; *g.*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 45; II. *i.*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Defame, *v.*, I. c, p. 45, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Defeat, *v.* = to undo (Fr. *défaire*), I. c, p. 24, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Defected, *v.*, I. a, p. 9, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Defesance, I. c, p. 74, col. 2, l. 44.  
 Define, *v. tr.*, I. c, p. 15, col. 2, l. 6; II. *i.*, p. 37, col. 2, l. 24; *g.*, p. 68, col. 1, l. 48.  
 Define, *v. intr.*, I. f, p. 13, col. 1, l. 26; p. 15, col. 2, l. 39.  
 Deforme, *v.*, I. c, p. 42, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Deglutinate, *v.*, I. d, p. 16, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Dehort, *v.*, II. *h.*, p. 43, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Delect, *adj.*, I. d, p. 15, col. 2, l. 47.  
 Delect, *v.*, II. *i.*, p. 54, col. 1, l. 14; p. 80, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Deitie = judge. Cf. Ps. lxxxii. 6 and St. John x. 34. II. *h.*, p. 18, Epig. 96, l. 8.  
 Delate, I. c, p. 103, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Delicates, *sb.*, I. c, p. 94, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Delices, *sb.*, II. *m.*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 202.  
 Delineaments, I. c, p. 103, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Demi-courts, I. c, p. 22, col. 2, l. 37.  
 Demise, *sb.*, I. c, p. 101, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Dempt, *v.* = deemed, II. *m.*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 234.  
 Demurre, *v.* = to delay, I. g., p. 8, col. 2, l. 35.  
 Demy-god, I. c, p. 20, col. 2, l. 32.  
 Deneere, *sb.*, I. d, p. 19, col. 2, l. 21. Correct note *in loco* = denier, a French brass coin, worth 3-10ths of a farthing English. This is like our phrase, 'the uttermost farthing' (St. Matthew v. 26).  
 Denized, *v.*, I. c, p. 11, col. 2, l. 35; II. *i.*, p. 74, col. 2, l. 25 = restored to civil rights. Properly used of aliens admitted to citizenship *ex donatione regis*.  
 Dent, *sb.* = dint, I. c, p. 38, col. 2, l. 32; II. *i.*, p. 77, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Depaint, *v.*, I. c, p. 64, col. 2, l. 4; p. 83, col. 2, l. 31; p. 100, col. 1, l. 39; II. *h.*, p. 52, col. 2, l. 15; *i.*, p. 89, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Depend, *v.* (on) = to hang on, I. d, p. 15, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Deplum'd, *v.*, II. *i.*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 35.  
 Deprauate, *v.* = to disparage, malign, I. d, p. 7, col. 2, l. 44; II. *i.*, p. 10, col. 2, l. 21.  
 Deprauation, I. c, p. 36, col. 1, l. 13.  
 Deprau, *v.*, I. c, p. 22, col. 1, l. 11; p. 47, col. 1, l. 31; II. *h.*, p. 27, No. 42; *h.*, p. 39, No. 281, etc. For a historically important use of this word see, *s.v.*, my edition of Dr. Sibbes's Works (7 vols. 8vo, in Nichol's Puritan Divines).  
 Deprauers, *sb.*, II. *i.*, p. 29, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Deprine, *sb.*, II. *h.*, p. 44, col. 2, l. 45.  
 Deryv'n, *v.*, I. c, p. 42, col. 2, l. 46.  
 Descant, *v.*, I. c, p. 99, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Deseruen, *v.*, II. *m.*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 182.  
 Destested, I. c, p. 19, st. 140.  
 Determinates, *v.*, I. c, p. 103, col. 1, l. 38.  
 Determine, *v.* = to come to an end, I. *h.*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 52.  
 Detrude, *v.*, I. d, p. 15, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Denise, *v.* = to converse, II. *i.*, p. 18, col. 2, ll. 49-50.  
 Dewce, *sb.*, II. *h.*, p. 75, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Diapassons, II. *h.*, p. 11, No. 35.  
 Diaphanall, dyaphanall, *adj.*, II. *h.*, p. 21, No. 1, l. 2; p. 38, col. 2, l. 37. More usually 'diaphanous'.  
 Diceast, I. c, p. 79, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Did, *v.* (did to death), I. f, p. 13, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Dide = dyed, I. c, p. 82, col. 1, l. 41; p. 95, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Diere, *adj.* = dear? or dire? II. *i.*, p. 26, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Dicty = deity, I. c, p. 42, col. 1, l. 47.  
 Dieu-guard, *sb.*, II. *h.*, p. 48, No. 315.  
 Diffidence, I. *h.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Dight, *v.*, I. a, p. 27, col. 1, l. 22; *c.*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 47; p. 28, col. 2, l. 43; *d.*, p. 28, col. 1, l. 47, etc.  
 Digresse, *sb.*, I. c, p. 45, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Diject, dyiect, I. a, p. 26, col. 1, l. 50; *h.*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Dike, *sb.* = ditch, II. *i.*, p. 23, col. 1, l. 51.  
 Dildo, II. *h.*, p. 75, l. 69.  
 Din, dyn, *sb.*, I. c, p. 30, col. 2, l. 8; II. *m.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 36.  
 Ding, *v.*, I. *h.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Disadvantage, *v.*, I. c, p. 59, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Disagree, *v. tr.* = to cause to disagree, I. c, p. 15, st. 99.  
 Disanimate, *v.*, I. c, p. 39, st. 93.  
 Disavalle, *sb.* = disadvantage, disability, *i.e.* the reverse of 'avall' I. c, p. 11, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Discontent, *v.*, I. c, p. 24, col. 1, l. 35.  
 Discontentednesse, I. c, p. 96, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Discord, *v.* = to disaccord, disagree, I. c, p. 15, col. 2, l. 47.  
 Discrepant, *adj.*, I. a, p. 29, col. 2, l. 52; *c.*, p. 54, col. 1, l. 23; II. *i.*, p. 24, col. 1, l. 48.  
 Discrepant, *sb.*, II. *h.*, p. 45, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Disease, *sb.*, I. d, p. 18, col. 2, l. 41; II. *h.*, p. 17, No. 81; *i.*, p. 84, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Disease, *v.*, I. c, p. 33, col. 1, l. 35; p. 38, col. 2, l. 25; II. *h.*, p. 61, col. 1, l. 13; *i.*, p. 79, col. 1, l. 33, etc.  
 Disgest, *v.*, disiest, I. c, p. 19, col. 2, l. 41; p. 31, col. 2, l. 21; p. 84, col. 2, l. 16; II. *h.*, p. 46, col. 2, l. 2; p. 33, col. 2, l. 53, etc.  
 Disgrace, *v.*, I. c, p. 15, st. 103; II. *i.*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Dishart, *v.*, I. c, p. 42, col. 1, l. 38.  
 Disleau, *v.*, II. *i.*, p. 63, col. 1, l. 40.  
 Disloked, *v.*, I. d, p. 20, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Dismounted, I. c, p. 87, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Dispiece, *v.*, II. *i.*, p. 48, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Disport, I. c, p. 63, col. 2, l. 25.  
 Dispose, *sb.*, II. *i.*, p. 72, col. 2, l. 31.

Disposed, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Dispuluerate, *v.*—a coinage of Davies = reduce to dust, I. *d.*, p. 31 on p. 13, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Disrankt, *v.*, II. *æ.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 115.  
 Disrout, *v.* = to put to flight, I. *ð.*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 4; II. *ð.*, p. 20, No. 102.  
 Disseis'd, *v.* = dispossess, I. *d.*, p. 25, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Distaine, I. *g.*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Distastue, I. *c.*, p. 104, col. 1, l. 19; II. *l.*, p. 30, col. 1, l. 30.  
 Distemperature, II. *ð.*, p. 8, No. 20.  
 Distracted, *v.* = torn asunder, I. *d.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Diurnall, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 103, col. 2, l. 3; II. *æ.*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 49.  
 Diudapper, II. *æ.*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 142.  
 Divell's Deere, I. *c.*, p. 36, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Diuerberate, I. *d.*, p. 31 on p. 14, col. 1, l. 14 (from bottom)—usually substantive only 'diverberation' = act of striking or beating through (Bailey, *s.v.*).  
 Diuxity, II. *ð.*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Diulne, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 52; p. 13, col. 2, l. 34; *c.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 24; II. *ð.*, p. 13, No. 55; p. 30, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Document, I. *c.*, p. 49, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Dog = cynic, I. *c.*, p. 84, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Dogged, *adj.* = snarling, II. *ð.*, p. 61, col. 2, l. 45.  
 Doing-horse, I. *f.*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Dole, *sb.* = a charitable gift, I. *e.*, p. 32, st. 18; II. *ð.*, p. 20, No. 102.  
 Dole, doule, *sb.* = grief, sorrow, I. *c.*, p. 40, col. 2, l. 21; *d.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 3; p. 20, col. 2, l. 27; *e.*, p. 20, st. 157, etc.  
 Dolor, dollers, *sb.*, I. *d.*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 28; *f.*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 40; II. *ð.*, p. 42, col. 2, ll. 18, 27; *l.*, p. 34, col. 1, l. 5, etc.  
 Dombe, *sb.* = doom, I. *c.*, p. 58, col. 2, l. 27.  
 D'on, *v.* = to do on, II. *ð.*, p. 29, No. 183.  
 Doome, *v.* = to deem, to judge, I. *a.*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 43; p. 11, col. 2, l. 32; *c.*, p. 24, col. 2, l. 22; p. 39, col. 1, l. 8, etc.  
 Doome, *sb.*, I. *ð.*, p. 25, col. 2, l. 43; *c.*, p. 25, col. 2, ll. 33-37; II. *l.*, p. 53, col. 1, l. 32; *æ.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 86.  
 Dooms-man, *sb.* = judge, I. *d.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 42; p. 14, col. 2, l. 51.  
 Done = the colour dun, II. *ð.*, p. 47, No. 286.  
 Doteherd, II. *ð.*, p. 77, l. 284.  
 Double, *v.*, II. *ð.*, p. 18, No. 91.  
 Double-diskent, I. *g.*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Double-gilt, I. *c.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 14.  
 Double-headed, II. *ð.*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Dove-like, I. *c.*, p. 16, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Dowle, *sb.* = dole, deale, a part, piece, II. *ð.*, p. 19, No. 101.  
 Downes—of Neptune, I. *c.*, p. 51, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Drad, II. *ð.*, p. 16, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Drave, *v.* = drove, I. *c.*, p. 57, col. 1, l. 20.  
 Drawen, I. *a.*, p. 17, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Dregges, *v.* = drags, I. *e.*, p. 6, st. 6.

Drifts, *sb.* = purposes, I. *e.*, p. 7, st. 12; p. 49, col. 1, l. 24; II. *l.*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Drifts, *sb.* = of snow, I. *e.*, p. 16, st. 110.  
 Dririments, Dryryments, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 39; *e.*, p. 17, st. 122; II. *ð.*, p. 7, No. 13.  
 Dropsy-drie, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 25, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Droughty = droughtie, I. *a.*, p. 22, col. 2, l. 38; *d.*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Drugging = drudging, II. *ð.*, p. 35, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Ducking, *v.* = diving, I. *d.*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 14.  
 Ducking, *adj.* = cringing, II. *ð.*, p. 18, No. 89.  
 Dull-headed, I. *c.*, p. 80, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Dumb-showes, I. *c.*, p. 94, col. 2, l. 58.  
 Dump, dumpe, *sb.*, I. *f.*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 26; II. *ð.*, p. 49, col. 1, l. 1; *l.*, p. 83, col. 1, title of poem.  
 Dungeon'd, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 64, col. 1, ll. 17, 27.  
 Durance, *sb.* = endurance, duration, I. *a.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Dure, *v.*, I. *ð.*, p. 22, col. 2, l. 30; II. *ð.*, p. 11, No. 38; p. 39, col. 2, l. 18; *ð.*, p. 79, l. 458.  
 Dy-like, I. *c.*, p. 90, col. 2, l. 54.  
 Dymst, dymest, I. *c.*, p. 85, col. 2, ll. 6, 7.

## E

EARE-BEWITCHING, I. *c.*, p. 11, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Eare-charming, I. *c.*, p. 36, col. 2, l. 42.  
 Eare-enchancing, I. *c.*, p. 81, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Earthlings, II. *ð.*, p. 26, No. 34.  
 Eave-enticing = Eve-enticing, I. *c.*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Edenis'd, *v.*, II. *ð.*, p. 32, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Effectlesse, II. *ð.*, p. 18, No. 95.  
 Effectuate, I. *c.*, p. 69, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Effus'd, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 41, col. 1, l. 8; *d.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Effused, *adj.*, II. *l.*, p. 76, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Effus'd, I. *d.*, p. 22, col. 2, l. 8; p. 27, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Eft, I. *ð.*, p. 16, col. 1, l. 27; *e.*, p. 28, st. 231; p. 39, st. 100; II. *l.*, p. 93 on p. 25, col. 1, l. 12 = soon, quickly, as in Spenser. Accurately = again. See 'oft' as not = eft, I. *e.*, p. 39, st. 91, 93, etc.  
 Eftsoones, I. *e.*, p. 42, col. 1, l. 48; II. *l.*, p. 35, col. 2, l. 23; *æ.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 99; p. 20, col. 2, l. 142.  
 Egelidate—from Latin 'egelido,' to thaw, I. *d.*, p. 32 on p. 20, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Eggs, *v.*, egge, I. *c.*, p. 38, col. 1, l. 31; p. 57, col. 1, l. 42; p. 72, col. 2, l. 7.  
 Egresse, I. *c.*, p. 86, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Eie. See 'eye.'  
 Elate, *v. &c.*, I. *c.*, p. 69, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Eld, I. *c.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 37; II. *l.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 1; p. 20, col. 2, l. 27; *æ.*, p. 20, ll. 122, 126, 127.  
 Elinguate, I. *d.*, p. 31 on p. 14, col. 2, last line. There is the substantive 'elinguation' = cutting out the tongue.  
 Embellish—referred to as a new word, II. *ð.*, p. 76, l. 117.  
 Embosom, *v.*, II. *ð.*, p. 49, col. 1, l. 49; *l.*, p. 62, col. 1, l. 28; p. 66, col. 2, l. 5.  
 Embosom'd = intimate, I. *c.*, p. 45, col. 1, l. 47.

- Embrion, II. *l.*, p. 22, col. 1, l. 42.  
 Embroder, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 77, col. 1, l. 40.  
 Emperick, Empericke, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 50; p. 45, col. 2, l. 28; II. *l.*, p. 20, No. 102; *l.*, p. 69, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Emperie, Empery, I. *c.*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 25; p. 48, col. 1, l. 2; p. 92, col. 1, l. 55; *c.*, p. 9, st. 40; II. *l.*, No. 100.  
 Emperik-like, I. *c.*, p. 58, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Empralls, *sb.*, II. *l.*, p. 60, col. 2, l. 14.  
 Emprise, *sb.*, II. *ss.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 138; p. 21, col. 2, l. 241.  
 Empt, empte, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 54; *g.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 12; II. *l.*, p. 46, col. 2, l. 29; *ss.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 80, etc.  
 Enaires, II. *l.*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Enaunter, II. *ss.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 73.  
 Enchase, *v.*, II. *ss.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 123.  
 Encheson, II. *ss.*, p. 22, on Ecl. l. 26, = occasion—old Fr. *enchaison*. From Spenser F. Q., II. l. 90, 'the fond *enchaison* that we hether led.' Fr. legal term.  
 Enclopest, *v.*, I. *g.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Encoacht, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 22, No. 11.  
 Endammage, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 8, No. 16; *l.*, p. 35, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Endart, *v.* = to pierce, I. *d.*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Enduced = induced, I. *c.*, p. 56, col. 2, l. 42.  
 Endungeon, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 26, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Enfestered, *adj.*, I. *d.*, p. 16, col. 1, l. 46.  
 Enflame, I. *c.*, p. 66, col. 1, l. 1; p. 73, col. 2, l. 2, etc.  
 Enfume, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 38, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Engine, *sb.* = genius, II. *ss.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 141.  
 Engirt, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Engrosse, *v.* = legal term, I. *c.*, p. 70, col. 2, l. 19; II. *l.*, p. 53, col. 2, l. 22; *l.*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 23; p. 74, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Engrosse, *v.* = to deal in gross—wholesale, opposed to retail, II. *l.*, p. 84, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Enkenel'd, I. *c.*, p. 84, col. 1, l. 42.  
 Enlawrel'd, *adj.*, II. *ss.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 92.  
 Enorme, *v.*, and see 'inorme,' I. *a.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 9; *c.*, p. 76, col. 1, l. 12; II. *l.*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 17; p. 42, col. 2, l. 43; p. 50, col. 2, l. 24; p. 70, col. 2, l. 15; p. 75, col. 2, l. 10; *ss.*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Enormes, II. *l.*, p. 94 on p. 50, col. 2, l. 24, = enlarges—from 'enorme' = enormous—'such *enorme* and huge a preparation,' Holland's Am. Max. 1609 (Nares, *s.v.*). French 'enorme': Latin 'enormis.'  
 Enrob'd, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 4.  
 Ensconce, ensconst, I. *a.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 30; *c.*, p. 79, col. 2, l. 2; II. *l.*, p. 20, No. 102.  
 Enshelter'd, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Enshore, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 40, col. 2, l. 58.  
 Ensinodon, *v.* = wrap in abroud, I. *d.*, p. 28, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Cf. St. Matthew xxvii. 59.  
 Ensnari'd, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 36, col. 2, l. 43.  
 Enstille, *v.*, I. *l.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Enssue, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 28, col. 1, l. 23; *c.*, p. 41, col. 1, l. 5; II. *l.*, p. 57, col. 1, l. 6, etc.  
 Enssue, *v.* *instr.*, II. *l.*, p. 79, l. 464.  
 Entend, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 54, col. 2, l. 31.  
 Entent, *sb.*, II. *l.*, p. 63, col. 1, l. 2.  
 Entercourse, II. *l.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Enterplead, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 36, col. 1, l. 38.  
 Enterlance, *v.*, I. *l.*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 30; II. *l.*, p. 39, col. 2, l. 15.  
 Entery, I. *c.*, p. 26, col. 2, l. 46.  
 Eneloped—referred to as a new word, II. *l.*, p. 76, l. 121.  
 Enwall, I. *a.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 4; II. *l.*, p. 65, col. 1, l. 57.  
 Enwombe, I. *a.*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 31; p. 7, col. 1, l. 7; *c.*, p. 68, col. 1, l. 7; II. *l.*, p. 35, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Epicurean-Libertine, I. *c.*, p. 87, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Epitomiz'd, I. *c.*, p. 85, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Equalise, *v.* = to be equal to, I. *c.*, p. 81, col. 2, l. 6; p. 103, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Equall, *adj.* = just, impartial, I. *d.*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Equipage—referred to as a new word, II. *l.*, p. 76, l. 117.  
 Equipollent, I. *d.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 40. More correctly 'equipollent.'  
 Equivocally, II. *l.*, p. 55, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Eringo-roote, II. *l.*, p. 49, No. 364.  
 Eschude, I. *c.*, p. 53, col. 2, l. 21.  
 Esse, I. *c.*, p. 41, col. 1, l. 42.  
 Eterne, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 37, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Eternize, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 49, col. 2, l. 1; II. *ss.*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 79.  
 Ethiopian, *adj.* = black, I. *g.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 27.  
 Evangeliz'd, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 26, No. 33.  
 Euen-Christians = fellow-Christians, I. *l.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 6 from bottom.  
 Euer-never-failing, I. *l.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 30.  
 Euiternall = aeviternall, *i.e.* eternal, I. *a.*, p. 25, col. 2, l. 7; *l.*, p. 25, col. 2, l. 46.  
 Exangurate, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 18, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Exchequer'd, *v.* = treasured up, I. *c.*, p. 17, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Excoogitate, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 41; *c.*, p. 75, col. 1, l. 5; II. *l.*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 44; p. 26, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Excoriate, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Excript, *sb.* = conveyance, legal term? I. *d.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Excruciate, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 42, col. 1, l. 2; p. 70, col. 2, l. 32; II. *l.*, p. 76, l. 161.  
 Exemplifi'd, *v.* = legal term? I. *d.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Exhale, *v.* *tr.*, II. *l.*, p. 48, col. 1, l. 43.  
 Exigent, *sb.*, II. *l.*, p. 49, col. 1, l. 16; p. 64, col. 2, l. 49.  
 Exordium, I. *c.*, p. 92, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Expectance, II. *l.*, p. 80, col. 1, l. 32.  
 Experiment, *sb.* = experience, I. *c.*, p. 45, col. 1, l. 20.  
 Expire, *v.* *tr.*, II. *l.*, p. 50, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Explicate, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 16, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Exploit, Exploite, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 7; II. *l.*, p. 68, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Extensible, I. *c.*, p. 78, col. 1, l. 20.  
 Extent, *sb.*, II. *l.*, p. 32, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Extercorate, I. *d.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 32. More correctly 'exterccorate.'  
 Externe, I. *c.*, p. 87, col. 1, l. 38; II. *l.*, p. 11, No. 39; *l.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 26.

Extirpe, *v.* = to extirpate, I. *c.* p. 12, col. 1, l. 13; *c.* p. 47, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Exulcerate, *v.*, I. *d.* p. 16, col. 1, l. 46; *c.* p. 46, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Exuperance, *sb.*, I. *d.* p. 13, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Eye—frequently written 'eie.'  
 Eye-attracting, I. *g.* p. 5, col. 2, l. 24.  
 Eye-bewitching, I. *c.* p. 72, col. 1, l. 17; II. *l.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Eye-blinding, I. *a.* p. 13, col. 2, l. 41; *d.* p. 28, col. 1, l. 47; *c.* p. 46, col. 1, l. 19; II. *l.* p. 49, col. 2, l. 43.  
 Eye-brine, II. *i.* p. 13, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Eye-delighting, I. *c.* p. 12, col. 1, l. 6; p. 89, col. 1, l. 15; p. 92, col. 2, l. 20; II. *k.* p. 9, No. 22; *k.* p. 26, l. 164.  
 Eye-offending, I. *d.* p. 8, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Eye-pleasing, I. *c.* p. 95, col. 1, l. 12.

## F

FACETE, *adj.*, II. *k.* p. 6, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Fact, *sb.*, I. *a.* p. 29, col. 1, l. 42; *c.* p. 12, col. 1, l. 47; p. 66, col. 2, l. 15.  
 Fac'd, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 43, col. 2, l. 25.  
 Facundiously, II. *i.* p. 9, col. 2, l. 31.  
 Facundity, II. *k.* p. 61, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Faile, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 41, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Fain'd, *v.*, II. *l.* p. 34, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Faine, I. *c.* p. 87, col. 1, l. 2; II. *l.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Faires, fayres, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 64, col. 1, l. 6, 11; p. 65, col. 1, l. 47.  
 Faire-feller, II. *k.* p. 23, No. 125, l. 15.  
 Faire-honied, II. *k.* p. 16, No. 73.  
 Fall, *v. tr.* = to cast down, to cause to fall, I. *c.* p. 32, st. 17; p. 47, col. 2, l. 21; II. *l.* p. 34, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Fame-confounding, I. *c.* p. 37, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Fame-full, I. *g.* p. 6, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Famishment, II. *k.* p. 49, col. 2, l. 48.  
 Famoused, Famoused, *v.* I. *c.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 14; p. 21, col. 1, l. 31; p. 53, col. 1, l. 26; p. 104, col. 1, l. 23; *f.* p. 9, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Fanes, *sb.* = vanes—weather-cocks, II. *k.* p. 48, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Fangled, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 13, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Fardle, *sb.* = Mediaeval Latin *fardellus*, II. *k.* p. 41, col. 1, l. 25; *l.* p. 10, col. 1, l. 9; p. 13, col. 1, l. 49.  
 'Who would fardels bear  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life.'—(Hamlet, iii. 1.)  
 Herrick has this:—  
 'Other men's sins we ever beare in mind,  
 None sees the *fardel* of his faults behind.'—(My edition *s.v.*)  
 Farre-renowned, I. *g.* p. 7, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Farse, *v.*, II. *i.* p. 13, col. 2, l. 29; *l.* p. 5, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Fat, *v.* = to fatten, I. *b.* p. 21, col. 2, l. 41; *c.* p. 39, st. 92; II. *k.* p. 13, col. 1, l. 53; *l.* p. 21, col. 1, l. 45, etc. In II. *k.* Proverbs, No. 372, 'for' should be 'fat.'

Fatherhood, I. *c.* p. 99, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Fatigate, *v.*, II. *k.* p. 21, No. 4.  
 Fawning, II. *i.* p. 6, col. 2, l. 7—misprinted 'fawing.'  
 Feare, *v.* = to affright, I. *b.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 36; *c.* p. 21, st. 164; II. *i.* p. 14, col. 1, l. 24; *l.* p. 73, col. 1, l. 10, etc.  
 Feare-shaken, I. *c.* p. 23, st. 181.  
 Feast, *v.*, II. *k.* p. 17, No. 88.  
 Feate, *adj.*, II. *l.* p. 77, col. 1, l. 37; *m.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 89; *m.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 138; p. 21, col. 1, l. 187.  
 Feates by fires, I. *c.* p. 80, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Featlie, *adv.*, II. *k.* p. 17, No. 84.  
 Feauer-shaken, I. *f.* p. 6, col. 2, l. 46.  
 Feebles, *v.*, II. *l.* p. 68, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Fee-farmer, I. *d.* p. 13, col. 2, l. 24.  
 Fell, fel, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 70, col. 2, l. 42; p. 73, col. 1, l. 1; p. 75, col. 2, l. 37; p. 82, col. 2, l. 35; II. *m.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 77.  
 Fellow-feeling, *adj.*, I. *d.* p. 26, col. 1, l. 46.  
 Fellow-feelingly, I. *d.* p. 18, col. 1, l. 40.  
 Felmes = films, I. *c.* p. 27, col. 2, l. 46.  
 Fels, *s.b.* = skins, II. *l.* p. 25, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Fem-French, II. *m.* p. 16, on Coryat, l. 85. *Fem*, apparently for female (as 'gent' for gentleman now)—  
 'Which are three illis that mischief men,  
 To know dost thou desire?  
 Have here in few my friend exprest,  
 The fem, the flud, the fire.'  
 Kendall's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577 (Nares, *s.v.*)  
 So elsewhere contemporaneously and later.  
 Feminine, II. *l.* p. 4, col. 2, l. 18—the metre requires 'feminine'; but so also in II. *k.* p. 36, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Fend, *sb.* = fend, I. *f.* p. 9, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Festination = haste, rapidity, I. *a.* p. 5, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Fever-shaken, I. *f.* p. 6, col. 2, l. 13 from bottom.  
 Fezants, *sb.* = pheasants, I. *c.* p. 7, st. 17.  
 Few (in few), I. *c.* p. 94, col. 2, l. 52.  
 Figulate—see under 'Sigulate.'  
 Figurative, *v.*, I. *d.* p. 26, col. 1, l. 7; *c.* p. 20, st. 156; II. *l.* p. 75, col. 1, l. 12.  
 File, *v.* = to defile, I. *c.* p. 83, col. 2, l. 31; II. *i.* p. 6, col. 2, l. 7.  
 Filiation, I. *a.* p. 17, col. 1, l. 47.  
 Fillop, *sb.* = fillip, II. *l.* p. 50, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Fine, *sb.*, in fine = at last, I. *c.* p. 33, col. 2, l. 27; *c.* p. 31, st. 16; II. *i.* p. 18, col. 1, l. 4, etc. etc.  
 Fine, *sb.* = end, I. *c.* p. 33, col. 1, l. 49; p. 41, col. 2, l. 50; II. *m.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 136, etc.  
 Finn'd—qu. sinn'd? I. *c.* p. 45, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Fire-wing'd, II. *k.* p. 33, No. 223; *l.* p. 50, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Firmes, *v.*, I. *g.* p. 6, col. 2, l. 36.  
 Five-fold, I. *c.* p. 60, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Flame-wing'd, II. *l.* p. 78, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Flaw = a gust or squall, I. *b.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 46; p. 24, col. 2, l. 10; II. *l.* p. 53, col. 2, l. 48; p. 89, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Flawes = gusts of wind, I. *a.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 6 from bottom.

- Fleame, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 74, col. 1, l. 27; *d.*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 12.
- Fleckt, *v.*, II. *i.*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 4.
- Flee, *v.* = to fly at, assail, II. *i.*, p. 75, col. 1, l. 13.
- Flee, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 89, col. 1, l. 18.
- Fleere, *v.*, II. *k.*, p. 49, col. 2, l. 11; *k.*, p. 18, No. 93.
- Fleet, fleet, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 33, col. 1, l. 27; p. 42, col. 2, l. 52; p. 61, col. 2, l. 17; II. *k.*, p. 14, No. 59; *k.*, p. 39, No. 284.
- Fleeter, *sb.*, I. *d.*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 27.
- Fleeting, *sb.*, I. *d.*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 28.
- Flench, *v.*, II. *k.*, p. 9, No. 12.
- Flesh, *v. tr.*, I. *d.*, p. 29, col. 1, l. 17.
- Flesh-consuming, I. *c.*, p. 63, col. 1, l. 43; p. 76, col. 1, l. 8.
- Flesh-devouring, I. *d.*, p. 22, col. 1, l. 23.
- Flesh-enraging, II. *k.*, p. 39, col. 2, l. 24.
- Flesh-repining, I. *d.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 27.
- Flesh-tawing, I. *d.*, p. 11, col. 1, l. 6.
- Flesh-transpiercing, I. *d.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 12.
- Fleshlings, *sb.*, II. *k.*, p. 34, col. 1, l. 21.
- Fleshly-worldly-diuelish-damn'd, II. *i.*, p. 22, col. 1, l. 7.
- Flights, *sb.* = arrows? II. *k.*, p. 15, No. 66.
- Flint-hearted, I. *d.*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 50.
- Flit, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 27, col. 2, l. 50.
- Flotes, *v. tr.*, I. *c.*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 18.
- Flourish, *v. tr.*, II. *k.*, p. 52, col. 1, l. 32.
- Flout, Flowt, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 47, col. 2, l. 34; *e.*, p. 37, st. 79; II. *k.*, p. 64, col. 2, l. 29.
- Flout, *sb.*, II. *k.*, p. 38, col. 1, l. 26; p. 49, col. 2, l. 35.
- Flowed, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 63, col. 2, l. 41.
- Flud, I. *c.*, p. 57, col. 2, l. 36, etc.
- Flush, I. *c.*, p. 82, col. 1, l. 12; II. *k.*, p. 38, col. 2, l. 5; p. 54 on p. 31, col. 1, l. 1—at Cards, a set or hand of cards, all of one sort, as all diamonds, etc., *flusso* It., *flux*, Fr.
- Flusheniz'd, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 10, col. 2, l. 51.
- Fluxe, *sb.*, II. *i.*, p. 47, col. 2, l. 4.
- Fluxion, II. *i.*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 49.
- Foile, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 60, col. 1, l. 27; p. 99, col. 2, l. 19.
- Foile, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 20, 21; p. 88, col. 2, l. 27.
- Foile, Foyle, *sb.*, to take the foile, I. *f.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 48.
- Foines, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 96, col. 1, l. 35 = thrusts in fencing. See Nares, *s.v.*
- Foizon, foizone, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 91, col. 2, l. 45; *e.*, p. 37, st. 78; II. *w.*, p. 3, col. 2, l. 16.
- Fond, I. *a.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 14; p. 26, col. 1, l. 39; *e.*, p. 28, st. 235; II. *k.*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 31, etc. etc.
- Fondling, *sb.* = fool, I. *b.*, p. 26, col. 1, l. 19; *c.*, p. 30, col. 1, l. 48.
- Fondly, II. *i.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 26; p. 24, col. 2, l. 19.
- Foole, *v.*, II. *i.*, p. 45, col. 2, l. 28.
- Foot, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 94, col. 1, l. 26; p. 95, col. 2, l. 40.
- Foot-failing, I. *d.*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 10.
- Forbod, *v.* = forbidden, II. *k.*, p. 19, No. 96.
- Force, no force = no matter, II. *i.*, p. 82, col. 2, l. 51.
- Forcelesse = feeble, powerless, I. *a.*, p. 24, col. 1, l. 32; *e.*, p. 8, st. 21; II. *k.*, p. 23, No. 12, l. 6; *i.*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 11, etc.
- Fore-done, I. *c.*, p. 42, col. 2, l. 48.
- Fore-fend, I. *d.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 35; II. *k.*, p. 61, col. 2, l. 41; *i.*, p. 65, col. 1, l. 29.
- Fore-fronts, I. *c.*, p. 93, col. 1, l. 41.
- Fore-gate, *sb.*, I. *f.*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 7.
- Fore-haile, *v.*, II. *w.*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 26.
- Fore-lay, *v.*, II. *w.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 128.
- Fore-locks, I. *c.*, p. 99, col. 2, l. 23.
- Fore-pind, I. *d.*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 44; II. *w.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 105.
- Fore-spent, I. *e.*, p. 32, st. 25.
- Fore-went, II. *i.*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 7.
- Forgeries, II. *k.*, p. 26, No. 38.
- Forlore, *v.*, II. *w.*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 56.
- Forlorne, *v.*, II. *i.*, p. 17, col. 1, l. 8.
- Formositie, formosity, I. *a.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 31; *k.*, p. 15, col. 1, last line; *d.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 20; *e.*, p. 8, st. 30; p. 9, st. 32; II. *k.*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 21; *i.*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 9; p. 63, col. 1, l. 11.
- Fornesse = furnace, II. *i.*, p. 55, col. 1, Arg. l. 4.
- Forraine, I. *c.*, p. 53, col. 2, l. 38, etc.
- Forsought, II. *w.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 98.
- Forthy, II. *w.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 93.
- Fough, II. *k.*, p. 32, col. 2, l. 23.
- Founden, *v.*, II. *w.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 90.
- Fox-fur'd, *adj.*, II. *k.*, p. 28, No. 183.
- Fort, *v.*, II. *k.*, p. 10, No. 19 = drunken—but whence? See Nares, *s.v.*, with excellent examples.
- Foyle, *v.*, II. *k.*, p. 65, col. 1, l. 18; p. 76, l. 84.
- Foynes, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 43, col. 1, l. 29; II. *k.*, p. 10, No. 26, — a pass in fencing, a thrust. See Nares, *s.v.*
- Fraudfull, II. *i.*, p. 35, col. 2, l. 8.
- Fraughted, *adj.*, II. *i.*, p. 51, col. 1, l. 15.
- Fray, *v.* = to affright, I. *c.*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 18.
- Freeze, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 6.
- French-fem, II. *w.*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 85.
- Fret, I. *c.*, p. 91, col. 1, l. 13; p. 93, col. 1, l. 22.
- Fretty, I. *c.*, p. 99, col. 1, l. 44.
- Frie, fry, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 51; p. 34, col. 2, ll. 27-32; II. *k.*, p. 13, No. 54; p. 15, No. 66, etc.
- Frolicke, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 31, col. 2, l. 1; p. 35, col. 2, l. 42; p. 54, col. 1, l. 21; II. *k.*, p. 50, col. 1, l. 17; *i.*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 33.
- Frolicke, frolike, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 4; p. 28, col. 1, l. 48; II. *i.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 43.
- From-vs-ward, I. *c.*, p. 22, col. 2, l. 5.
- Front, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 40, col. 1, l. 46.
- Frost-bit, *v.*, II. *k.*, p. 19, No. 97.
- Ful-disht, I. *d.*, p. 23, col. 2, l. 7.
- Full-pancht, II. *w.*, p. 3, col. 2, l. 16.
- Fulsomely = foulously, II. *k.*, p. 46, col. 2, l. 28.
- Fume, *v.* = to smoke, I. *e.*, p. 46, col. 2, l. 41; II. *k.*, p. 25, No. 31; *i.*, p. 33, col. 1, l. 6; *w.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 35.
- Fume, *v.* = to rage, II. *i.*, p. 42, col. 2, l. 43.
- Fume, *sb.* = rage, II. *k.*, p. 11, No. 38.

Fume, *sb.* = smoke, incense, II. *h.* p. 5, col. 1, l. 4; p. 52, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Furning, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 35, col. 1, l. 17.  
 Furniture, II. *h.* p. 46, col. 2, l. 51.  
 Furr'd, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 17, st. 119.  
 Furs = furze, gorse, I. *c.* p. 21, col. 2, l. 1.  
 Fustian, *sb.*, II. *h.* p. 63, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Fustian-foolishness = bragging? II. *l.* p. 5, col. 1, l. 52.

## G

GAB, *v.*, II. *m.* p. 21, col. 2, l. 226.  
 Gabberdine, I. *c.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 57.  
 Gadde, *v.*, I. *h.* p. 13, col. 2, l. 39.  
 Gag'd, *v.* = gauged, I. *c.* p. 42, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Gaggling, *v.*, II. *h.* p. 25, No. 28.  
 Gaggling, *adj.*, II. *h.* p. 36, col. 2, l. 46.  
 Gaining = profitable, I. *c.* p. 99, col. 1, l. 32.  
 Galenist, I. *a.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Galles, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 80, col. 2, ll. 25-28.  
 Gallimalfrey, II. *h.* p. 63, col. 1, l. 12. See Nares, *s.v.*  
 Gallow-tree, I. *c.* p. 83, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Galls, *sb.* = sores, II. *h.* p. 9, No. 12.  
 Gamashes = loose drawers worn outside the legs over the other clothing. II. *h.* p. 9, No. 17. Nares quotes Davies only, *s.v.*  
 Gars, garres, *v.*, II. *m.* p. 12, col. 1, l. 8; p. 20, col. 2, l. 137. *Scoticè* still.  
 Gastly-grimme, I. *d.* p. 22, col. 2, l. 39.  
 Gaude, *sb.*, II. *m.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 71.  
 Gaudies, *sb.*, II. *h.* p. 24, No. 19.  
 Gaulie-girds, II. *h.* p. 75, l. 76.  
 Gaull, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 96, col. 1, l. 39.  
 Gaul-lesse, I. *c.* p. 95, col. 1, l. 34; *f.* p. 5, col. 1, l. 55.  
 Gauly, II. *h.* p. 37, col. 2, l. 4; *l.* p. 94 on p. 46, col. 2, l. 28; *m.* p. 4, col. 2, foot-note, = gaully—a term applied to vacant and 'barraine' spots where nothing grows, *e.g.*, Norden in his *Surveours Dialogue* (1610) says:—'I see in some meddows *gauly* places, where little or no grasse at all groweth.' (Nares, *s.v.*)  
 Geare, Geere, *sb.*, I. *a.* p. 30, col. 1, l. 21; *c.* p. 52, col. 2, l. 18; *p.* 93, col. 2, l. 3; *e.* p. 7, st. 10; p. 17, st. 118; II. *h.* p. 46, col. 2, l. 24.  
 Geason, I. *d.* p. 11, col. 2, l. 17. *Scoticè* still.  
 Geese, II. *h.* p. 75, Son. 28; *h.* p. 75, col. 1, l. 6; p. 76, l. 176; p. 78, l. 406. This classical story is also cited by Thomas Lodge in his *Glaucus and Scylla*—whose geese 'With pibbles stop their beakes to make them mute.'  
 Gegg, *v.*, I. *e.* p. 6, st. 6.  
 Geint'h = gaineth, I. *c.* p. 55, col. 2, l. 43.  
 Generable, I. *c.* p. 82, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Generosity, II. *m.* p. 9, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Generous, I. *c.* p. 82, col. 2, l. 40; II. *m.* p. 9, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Gent, *adj.* II. *m.* p. 21, col. 1, l. 257.  
 Giant-foyling, II. *l.* p. 34, col. 2, l. 10.

Giddy-headed, I. *c.* p. 88, col. 1, l. 37.  
 Gigges, I. *c.* p. 81, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Gilden, II. *h.* p. 14, No. 48; p. 32, No. 212, l. 13.  
 Gin, *sb.* = a trap or snare, I. *c.* p. 37, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Ginnet, *sb.*, II. *m.* p. 14, col. 1, l. 123.  
 Gird, *v.*, II. *h.* p. 6, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Girde, *sb.*, II. *h.* p. 39, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Girdle-stead, I. *c.* p. 16, st. 110.  
 Gin'd, *v.* = fettered, I. *a.* p. 29, col. 1, l. 30; p. 30, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Giues, *sb.* = fetters, II. *l.* p. 56, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Glad, *v.*, II. *h.* p. 62, col. 1, l. 4; *l.* p. 37, col. 2, l. 43.  
 Glade—to go to glade, II. *m.* p. 21, col. 2, l. 255.  
 Glee, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 79, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Gleekes, *sb.*, II. *h.* p. 22, No. 122, l. 2; *m.* p. 13, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Gleere, *sb.*, = glair (of an egg). This seems nearer than 'glaur,' with the additional notion of slipperiness. To 'glire' is to slide in the Midland districts; I. *c.* p. 21, st. 159.  
 Glittring-glorious, I. *c.* p. 93, col. 1, l. 14; II. *l.* p. 27, col. 2, l. 5.  
 Glory-croud, I. *c.* p. 16, col. 2, l. 5.  
 Glout, *v.*, II. *h.* p. 45, No. 172.  
 Gloze, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 98, col. 2, ll. 32, 34.  
 Glosing, Glosing, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 103, col. 1, l. 21; *e.* p. 43, col. 2, l. 42; II. *m.* p. 6, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Glues, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 45, col. 1, l. 39.  
 Gnomon, II. *h.* p. 30, col. 2, l. 48.  
 Goarie-gay, *adj.*, I. *d.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 4.  
 Gobbets, II. *h.* p. 14, No. 55.  
 Godhood, I. *a.* p. 17, col. 1, l. 19; p. 18, col. 2, l. 10; *h.* p. 7, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Gold-embossed, I. *c.* p. 99, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Golden-back, *sb.*, II. *i.* p. 5, col. 2, l. 25.  
 Goldny, I. *c.* p. 94, col. 2, l. 50; II. *h.* p. 21, No. 109.  
 Gold-stayning, I. *c.* p. 91, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Good, *v. tr.*, I. *c.* p. 48, col. 2, l. 9; p. 52, col. 2, l. 14; II. *h.* p. 26, No. 165; p. 39, No. 285, etc. etc.  
 Good, II. *h.* Epigr. 278, last line—'God' seems a misprint for 'good.'  
 Good-cheap, II. *h.* p. 26, No. 38.  
 Gore = blood, I. *d.* p. 16, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Gore-crusted, I. *d.* p. 27, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Gore-rough-casted, I. *d.* p. 27, col. 2, l. 12 from bottom.  
 Gorgoniz'd, *v.*, I. *d.* p. 15, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Gospeller, I. *d.* p. 12, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Gouvernance, I. *a.* p. 14, col. 2, l. 37.  
 Gound, *v.* = drest, arrayed, I. *c.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Gown-man, I. *c.* p. 34, st. 44.  
 Gowries, *sb.*, II. *i.* p. 17, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Gracelesse = ungraceful, II. *l.* p. 70, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Gracers, *sb.*, II. *h.* p. 77, l. 213.  
 Gradation, I. *c.* p. 65, col. 1, l. 17.  
 Graine, I. *c.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 8; p. 82, col. 2, l. 11; II. *l.* p. 41, col. 1, l. 37; p. 77, col. 2, l. 24. So Spenser (*F. Q.*)—'like crimson dyed in graine,' *i.e.* the (so-called) 'grain' cochineal.  
 Gramercies, I. *e.* p. 7, st. 19.



Grand, ground, *v.* = to etakt, I. *c.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 51; *h.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 14; p. 11, col. 1, l. 15; *g.*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 1.

Grasse-made, I. *c.*, p. 94, col. 1, l. 21.

Graue, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 44; p. 95, col. 2, l. 30.

Graue-monsters, II. *l.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 32.

Grauell, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 16, col. 1, l. 3; *e.*, p. 25, st. 204; II. *h.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 11.

Grund, I. *h.*, p. 27 on p. 6, col. 2, l. 14. Davies and contemporaries often transform adjectives into verbs.

Graver, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 103, col. 1, l. 43.

Great-little, I. *c.*, p. 17, col. 1, l. 10; II. *m.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 27.

Grediorne = gridiron, I. *c.*, p. 34, col. 2, l. 32; II. *h.*, p. 55, col. 2, l. 11.

Gree, *v.* = to agree, I. *c.*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 16.

Gree (in gree), II. *h.*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 13; *l.*, p. 57, col. 2, l. 29.

Greed-ritch, II. *h.*, p. 46, col. 2, l. 5.

Green-years, II. *l.*, p. 47, col. 2, l. 1.

Greet, *sb.* = grit, sand, I. *c.*, p. 25, st. 204.

Grinning, *v.* = grinning, I. *d.*, p. 17, col. 1, l. 17; col. 2, l. 49.

Griefe-wounded, II. *l.*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 14.

Griphon, I. *c.*, p. 23, st. 187.

Grimnesse, I. *c.*, p. 21, st. 168.

Grisly, Grizly, Grizely, I. *c.*, p. 90, col. 1, l. 27; *c.*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 10; *e.*, p. 23, st. 186; II. *h.*, p. 35, col. 2, l. 19.

Groome, grome, I. *c.*, p. 91, col. 2, l. 24; p. 94, col. 2, l. 40; *d.*, p. 26, col. 2, l. 2; II. *h.*, p. 35, col. 1, l. 25; *h.*, p. 42, No. 54.

Grosse (in grosse), I. *c.*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 34.

Groundlesse, I. *c.*, p. 23, st. 185; p. 42, col. 2, l. 4; II. *l.*, p. 32, col. 2, l. 41.

Groundsills, I. *c.*, p. 18, st. 126.

Gruching, *adj.*, I. *d.*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 16.

Grutch, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 46, col. 2, l. 8; II. *l.*, p. 86, col. 1, l. 12.

Grutch, Gruch, Gruche, *v.*, I. *h.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 39; p. 24, col. 1, l. 18; *c.*, p. 38, col. 1, l. 7; *e.*, p. 19, st. 141; II. *h.*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 31; *l.*, p. 37, col. 2, l. 43, etc. etc.

Guerdon, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 97, col. 2, l. 22; p. 103, col. 1, l. 26; *e.*, p. 32, st. 19; p. 37, st. 76; II. *m.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 19.

Guilt = gilt, I. *c.*, p. 49, col. 1, l. 16.

Guird, *sb.* = gird, reproach, II. *h.*, p. 36, No. 252.

Gulleries, *sb.*, II. *h.*, p. 76, l. 196.

Gurmandize, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 29, st. 221.

Gurmandize, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 43, col. 1, l. 20.

Gust, *sb.* = breeze, I. *c.*, p. 31, col. 2, l. 18.

Gyring, *adj.*, II. *l.*, p. 4, col. 2, l. 15.

## H

HABILITY, I. *g.*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 49; II. *h.*, p. 44, No. 19.

Had-I-wist, II. *h.*, p. 18, No. 93.

Hadlands, *sb.*, II. *m.*, p. 3, col. 2, foot note.

Haggards, II. *m.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 163.

Haire (of another haire), I. *c.*, p. 83, col. 2, l. 31.

Haksters = hucksters, II. *h.*, p. 43, No. 103.

Hale, *v.* = to draw, I. *c.*, p. 18, col. 2, l. 7; II. *h.*, p. 49, col. 1, ll. 33, 34; p. 51, col. 2, l. 19.

Halfe-gods, I. *h.*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 12; *g.*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 37.

Halfe-snacks, I. *c.*, p. 59, col. 1, l. 32.

Hall, *sb.*, a hall, II. *h.*, p. 37, col. 2, l. 6; *h.*, p. 9, No. 10.

Hamp'ed, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 17, st. 117.

Handies, II. *h.*, p. 31, col. 2, l. 35.

Hand-erected, I. *c.*, p. 93, col. 2, l. 43.

Hand-fasted, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 16, col. 2, l. 16.

Hand-made, I. *c.*, p. 93, col. 2, l. 52.

Hand-men, I. *c.*, p. 37, st. 74.

Handsomely, I. *c.*, p. 89, col. 2, l. 34.

Hand-workes, I. *c.*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 37.

Happily-unhappy, II. *l.*, p. 25, col. 1, l. 17.

Happy, *v. tr.*, I. *c.*, p. 48, col. 2, l. 21.

Harbinger, II. *l.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 17.

Harbourer, II. *l.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 19.

Hardiment, I. *g.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 6.

Hard-fauour'd, I. *c.*, p. 95, col. 2, l. 34.

Hard-heads, II. *h.*, p. 34, col. 1, l. 21.

Hare-braind, II. *h.*, p. 18, No. 91.

Harmonicall, II. *l.*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 44.

Harnesse, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 42, col. 1, l. 19.

Harrow, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 79, col. 1, l. 6; p. 96, col. 2, ll. 23, 24; II. *l.*, p. 11, col. 1, l. 31.

Hart-burning, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 55, col. 1, l. 2.

Harted-whole, *adj.* = whole-hearted, sound-hearted, I. *c.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 15.

Hatch, *sb.*, II. *i.*, p. 10, col. 1, ll. 37, 38; *h.*, p. 45, No. 188.

Hatefull, *adj.* = full of hate, hating, I. *h.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 14; II. *h.*, p. 18, No. 88.

Haught, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 82, col. 2, l. 7.

Haught-courage, I. *c.*, p. 73, col. 2, l. 17.

Hay, *sb.*, a dance, I. *c.*, p. 22, st. 176; II. *h.*, p. 79, l. 440.

Haynously, I. *c.*, p. 48, col. 2, l. 23.

Havocks, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 62, col. 1, ll. 28, 29.

Head-full, I. *g.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 20.

Heading, *sb.* = beheading, I. *c.*, p. 91, col. 2, l. 57.

Headles, *adj.* = topless, I. *h.*, p. 17, col. 2, l. 37.

Heads-man = executioner, II. *l.*, p. 81, col. 1, l. 51.

Head-strong, I. *c.*, p. 88, col. 1, l. 40.

Heale, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 40, col. 1, l. 8.

Healths, I. *a.*, p. 11, col. 1, l. 21, and p. 10, col. 2, l. 49. Cf. George Herbert, 'Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths.'—(F. W. Lib. edn., Vol. I. p. 15).

Hearb of grace, *sb.* = rue, I. *d.*, p. 24, col. 2, l. 7.

Heart-diuiding, I. *d.*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 43.

Heart-tormenting, I. *d.*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 31.

Hearts-ease, II. *i.*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 30.

Heast, *sb.* = best, I. *c.*, p. 23, col. 2, l. 3; II. *i.*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 47, etc.

Heave, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 49, col. 2, l. 8; p. 98, col. 2, l. 24.  
 Heav'n-high, I. *c.*, p. 93, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Heau'n-holpe, I. *c.*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 22; II. *l.*, p. 51, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Heau'n-rapt, I. *l.*, p. 26, col. 2, l. 6; *c.*, p. 94, col. 1, l. 12; II. *l.*, p. 45, col. 2, l. 21.  
 Heau'n-reuealing, I. *l.*, p. 26, col. 2, l. 7.  
 Heau'n-surmounting, I. *c.*, p. 92, col. 2, l. 44; *d.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Heau'nly-hellish, II. *l.*, p. 7, No. 13.  
 Height, *v.* = hight, I. *d.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 25.  
 Hell-bounds, I. *c.*, p. 75, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Hem'd, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 52.  
 Hemi-circles = semi-circles, I. *c.*, p. 89, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Hent, *v.*, II. *ss.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 208.  
 Heptaphonos, II. *l.*, p. 14, No. 47.  
 Here-hence, heere-hence, I. *a.*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 11; p. 9, col. 2, l. 11; *c.*, p. 25, col. 1, l. 43; II. *l.*, p. 16, No. 45; *l.*, p. 93 on p. 13, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Heros, I. *c.*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Hery, *sb.*, II. *ss.*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 192.  
 Hery, II. *ss.*, p. 22 on Ecl., l. 192 = to honour or worship—from *Aerian*, Saxon. Spenser has it—'hery with hymns thy lasses glove.'—(Shep. Cal., Feb. l. 61). So Drayton, 'Heryed and hallowed be thy sacred name.'—(Shep. Garland.) See Nares, *s.v.*  
 Heydeguyes, II. *ss.*, p. 22 on Ecl., l. 82. For a full and excellent note on this 'rural dance,' with abundant quotations, see Nares and Todd, *s.v.* Haydigyes and Heydeguy. It came to be shortened to 'hay' and 'hey,' as in Sir John Davies's *Orchestra*.  
 High-embattl'd, I. *c.*, p. 99, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Highly-lowly, I. *d.*, p. 4, col. 2, l. 14.  
 Hight, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 43; p. 17, col. 1, l. 48; *c.*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 29; II. *l.*, p. 16, No. 79; *ss.*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Hings, *v.* = hangs, II. *l.*, p. 24, No. 136.  
 Hip = to have on the hip, I. *l.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 49.  
 Historifies, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 49, col. 1, l. 12; *g.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Hiu'd, *v.* = concealed, I. *a.*, p. 29, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Hobberdy-hoy, II. *l.*, p. 32, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Hobby = a sort of hawk, II. *ss.*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 107.  
 Hoise, *v.* = to raise, I. *a.*, p. 25, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Hold-fast, *adj.*, II. *l.*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Hollow-voiced, I. *c.*, p. 17, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Holp, holpe, *v.* = helped, I. *d.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 17; *c.*, p. 26, st. 217, p. 46, col. 1, l. 16; II. *i.*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 36; *l.*, p. 22, col. 2, l. 13, etc.  
 Holsome = wholesome, I. *c.*, p. 50, col. 1, l. 23; p. 52, col. 2, l. 4, etc.  
 Holy-doome, I. *d.*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 2.  
 Honied, *adj.*, II. *l.*, p. 25, No. 29.  
 Hood, I. *c.*, p. 18, st. 132.  
 Hood-winck, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 29, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Hooker, *sb.*, II. *l.*, p. 43, No. 107.  
 Hoony-flowing, I. *c.*, p. 18, col. 2, l. 4.  
 Horizon, I. *c.*, p. 48, col. 2, l. 49.  
 Horne-pipes, I. *c.*, p. 94, col. 1, l. 26.

Horologe, I. *c.*, p. 16, st. 110; *f.*, p. 4, col. 2, l. 32.  
 Horse, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 76, col. 2, l. 7.  
 Horse-high, II. *l.*, p. 75, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Horleech-like, I. *c.*, p. 57, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Hotch-potch, II. *l.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 24.  
 Hot-spurre, *adj.*, II. *l.*, p. 29, No. 186.  
 Howerglasse, I. *c.*, p. 103, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Huff-snuffes, *sb.* = bully, I. *c.*, p. 38, col. 2, l. 36.  
 Human-flesh-fed, I. *c.*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 14.  
 Humbleness, I. *c.*, p. 69, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Humor'd = constitutionally disposed, I. *c.*, p. 35, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Huncks = a celebrated bear, II. *l.*, p. 10, No. 19.  
 Hundred-headed, I. *c.*, p. 19, st. 140.  
 Hunger-band, I. *c.*, p. 21, st. 165.  
 Hunger-pin'd, I. *d.*, p. 23, col. 2, l. 6; p. 25, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Hunger-staruen, II. *l.*, p. 77, l. 201.  
 Hunger-stung, I. *c.*, p. 17, col. 2, l. 35; p. 24, col. 1, l. 50.  
 Hunts-*vp*—early English air, II. *ss.*, p. 3, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Husbands, II. *l.*, p. 48, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Hy, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 70, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Hydra-headed, I. *l.*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 6; *d.*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 12; p. 26, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Hyselophonrus—*qu.* Hyselophonrus? I. *c.*, p. 6, st. 2.

## I

I = aye, I. *c.*, p. 40, st. 105.  
 Idea, I. *c.*, p. 70, col. 2, l. 3; II. *l.*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Ideots, *sb.*, II. *l.*, p. 74, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Ignis-fatuus, II. *l.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Ignobility, II. *l.*, p. 33, No. 221.  
 Ignorants, *sb.*, I. *f.*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Ignorant-great-highly-base, II. *l.*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 21.  
 Ijrke, I. *c.*, p. 46, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Ill-apaidd, ill-apaidden, II. *ss.*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 2; p. 21, col. 2, l. 236.  
 Ill-bestad, I. *c.*, p. 78, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Illiberall-liberall, II. *ss.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Illiquefact, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Imager, *sb.*, II. *l.*, p. 53, col. 1, l. 48.  
 Imbozome, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 91, col. 1, l. 51.  
 Imbroder, I. *c.*, p. 18, st. 128; p. 43, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Imbrued, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 56, col. 1, l. 43; II. *l.*, p. 82, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Immane, *adj.* = Latin *immanis*, huge, dreadful, I. *c.*, p. 73, col. 2, l. 11; II. *i.*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 52.  
 Immense, *adj.* = infinite, I. *c.*, p. 43, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Immensaible, II. *l.*, p. 52, col. 2, l. 21; *l.*, p. 51, col. 2, l. 47.  
 Immoderation, I. *c.*, p. 36, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Immure, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 44; *l.*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 32; *c.*, p. 84, col. 2, l. 21; II. *l.*, p. 53, col. 1, l. 10; *i.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 8, etc.  
 Immurde, *adj.*, II. *l.*, p. 80, col. 2, l. 21.  
 Imparadize, *v.*, I. *g.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 18; II. *l.*, p. 26, No. 33; p. 30, col. 2, l. 44.

Impassible, II. *l.* p. 27, col. 1, l. 27; p. 31, col. 2, l. 19.  
 Impe, *v.*, II. *h.* p. 8, No. 14; p. 36, col. 2, l. 20; *h.* p. 79, l. 542.  
 Impeach, *v.* = to hinder, Fr. *empêcher*, I. *a.* p. 18, col. 1, l. 5; *c.* p. 46, col. 1, l. 18; p. 51, col. 1, l. 16; II. *l.* p. 7, col. 2, l. 14; p. 42, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Imploide, imploy, I. *c.* p. 54, col. 2, l. 39; p. 92, col. 1, l. 51.  
 Importable = unsupportable, I. *d.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Improbability, I. *c.* p. 63, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Impugne, II. *l.* p. 6, col. 1, l. 35; p. 18, col. 1, l. 38.  
 Impunge, impunge, I. *c.* p. 24, col. 1, l. 47; p. 26, col. 2, l. 33; p. 102, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Inanimate, *v.* = to animate, I. *e.* p. 10, st. 43.  
 Incense, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 25, col. 1, l. 20; p. 71, col. 2, ll. 34, 41.  
 Inch-meale, I. *e.* p. 21, st. 165 = piecemeal, Cf. Tempest, ii. 2.  
 Incinderment, I. *d.* p. 26, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Incircumscrib'd, II. *l.* p. 31, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Incongruence, I. *c.* p. 82, col. 2, l. 42.  
 Incontinent, I. *a.* p. 22, col. 2, l. 25; *c.* p. 14, st. 87; p. 47, col. 1, l. 41; II. *l.* p. 64, col. 2, l. 28, etc.  
 Incorporall, I. *c.* p. 87, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Indeprouate, *adj.*, I. *d.* p. 28, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Indeuotion, I. *d.* p. 13, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Indifferencie = impartiality, I. *e.* p. 31, st. 14; p. 40, st. 104.  
 Indifferent, II. *l.* p. 8, col. 2, l. 9, title.  
 Indivine, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 57, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Indu'd, I. *c.* p. 65, col. 1, l. 44; p. 84, col. 1, l. 32.  
 Inferiors't, I. *c.* p. 64, col. 1, l. 24.  
 In few, I. *a.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 1; p. 27, col. 2, l. 19, etc.  
 Infinition, II. *h.* p. 23, No. 14.  
 Infortunity, I. *f.* p. 9, col. 1, l. 25; II. *l.* p. 69, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Ingenie, Ingeny = intellect, I. *a.* p. 10, col. 1, l. 17; *c.* p. 83, col. 2, l. 13; p. 89, col. 1, l. 12; p. 103, col. 1, l. 6; II. *l.* p. 4, col. 1, l. 27; p. 7, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Ingorge, *v.* = to glut, I. *f.* p. 7, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Ingrain'd, *v.*, ingraine, I. *c.* p. 65, col. 2, l. 11; I. *f.* p. 6, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Ingrate, I. *c.* p. 16, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Ingratuitie, I. *c.* p. 19, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Ingrave, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 69, col. 1, l. 2.  
 Ingresse, I. *d.* p. 13, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Ingrosse, *v.* = law term, and see 'engrosse,' I. *d.* p. 6, col. 1, l. 7.  
 In grosse = wholesale, opposed to retail, I. *d.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Innascibility, I. *a.* p. 17, col. 1, ll. 24, 38; p. 17, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Inne, *sb.*, I. *a.* p. 5, col. 1, l. 21; II. *l.* p. 31, col. 1, l. 6; p. 67, col. 1, l. 24; p. 82, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Inne, *v.*, I. *h.* p. 10, col. 2, l. 30; *e.* p. 48, col. 1, l. 24; II. *i.* p. 12, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Inn'd, *adj.*, I. *e.* p. 46, col. 2, l. 25.  
 Innocent, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 87, col. 2, l. 30.  
 Inofficious, II. *l.* p. 19, col. 1, l. 13.

Inorm'd, II. *l.* p. 92 on p. 9, col. 1, l. 15—See under 'Enormes.' Here = sinned prodigiously; but Davies uses it somewhat loosely.  
 Inough, I. *c.* p. 88, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Inpeaching, I. *e.* p. 46, col. 2, l. 1.  
 Insensible = not perceivable by sense, I. *a.* p. 15, col. 2, l. 41; *c.* p. 78, col. 1, l. 21; II. *l.* p. 31, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Inseparate, I. *c.* p. 47, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Inserenes, *v.*, I. *d.* p. 18, col. 1, l. 32.  
 Insolent = unaccustomed, I. *c.* p. 45, col. 1, l. 23; p. 69, col. 2, l. 45; p. 85, col. 1, l. 11; p. 102, col. 2, l. 19.  
 Intellective, I. *a.* p. 10, col. 1, l. 48; p. 11, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Interlarded, *adj.*, II. *sw.* p. 4, col. 2, l. 37.  
 Interlase, I. *a.* p. 18, col. 1, l. 50; *c.* p. 67, col. 1, l. 51; p. 98, col. 2, l. 4; II. *l.* p. 8, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Interne, *adj.*, I. *a.* p. 27, col. 1, l. 29; *c.* p. 37, col. 1, l. 45; II. *l.* p. 13, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Interpleade, *v.*, II. *h.* p. 14, No. 62.  
 Intertaine, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 41, col. 2, l. 21.  
 Intertraffique, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 61, col. 2, l. 31.  
 Intrals, I. *d.* p. 21, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Intreat, intreat, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 22, col. 1, l. 41; II. *h.* p. 64, col. 1, l. 26; *l.* p. 66, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Intreats, *sb.* = intreaties, I. *g.* p. 7, col. 2, l. 54.  
 Inveagle, I. *c.* p. 68, col. 2, l. 31; p. 81, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Inveglied, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 103, col. 2, l. 31.  
 Inward, *adj.* = intimate, II. *l.* p. 45, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Irishe, II. *h.* p. 32, col. 1, l. 32.  
 Irke, *v.*, I. *a.* p. 21, col. 1, l. 36; *c.* p. 72, col. 1, l. 17; II. *l.* p. 73, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Iry, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 74, col. 2, l. 2 = angry.  
 Isis-bearing, II. *l.* p. 87, col. 1, l. 33—the ass thought the people knelt to do him reverence.  
 Italian-hollow-heartednesse, I. *c.* p. 22, col. 1, l. 20.  
 Iterate, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 46, col. 1, l. 16.

## J

JACK-A-VALE, *gw.* = Jacke-a-lent? II. *sw.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 87.  
 Jacke-a-lent, II. *h.* p. 81, l. 124—see Nares, *s.w.*, for a full note.  
 Jack-out-of-office = Jack-out-of-doors, *i.e.* a houseless person, II. *h.* p. 41, No. 9.  
 Jacobs-staffe = pilgrim's staff, and also an astronomical instrument, I. *d.* p. 19, col. 2, l. 27.  
 Jade, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 13, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Jagges, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 77, col. 1, l. 48.  
 Jaile, *v.*, II. *l.* p. 13, col. 2, l. 3; p. 81, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Jaile-bird, I. *c.* p. 99, col. 1, l. 13.  
 Jerkins, II. *h.* p. 9, No. 17.  
 Jerks, ierkes, I. *d.* p. 13, col. 2, l. 39; p. 16, col. 2, l. 44; *e.* p. 48, col. 1, l. 39.  
 Jerse, Jersse, *sb.*—see foot note, to which I can add nothing, I. *e.* p. 45, col. 2, l. 26; II. *l.* p. 81, col. 2, l. 49.

jesture, *sb.* = behaviour, I. *c.* p. 12, col. 1, l. 39.  
 Jetstone, II. *sw.* p. 13, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Jett-couler'd, I. *c.* p. 21, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Jigges, I. *c.* p. 94, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Jim, I. *f.* p. 8, col. 1, l. 11; *c.* p. 18, st. 133.  
 Jerke, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 46, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Jobardy, ieobardie, ieobardy, I. *b.* p. 22, col. 1, l. 38; *c.* p. 48, col. 1, l. 14; II. *b.* p. 64, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Jocond, I. *c.* p. 81, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Jolly-iouisance, II. *sw.* p. 22, on Ecl., l. 46 = jollity, festivity. Spenser has it 'Songs of some *jouisance*.' Fr. *rejouissance*.  
 Joule, *v.*, II. *b.* p. 43, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Jouialist, *adj.*, II. *sw.* p. 5, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Jouialists, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 15; p. 31, col. 2, l. 3; *c.* p. 10, st. 50.  
 Jouisance—see 'jolly-iouisance,' II. *sw.* p. 19, col. 2, l. 46.  
 Joy-drowned, I. *c.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 48.  
 Joy-drunke, I. *d.* p. 4, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Joy-fraught, I. *c.* p. 99, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Joy-ravished, rausisht, I. *c.* p. 15, col. 2, l. 42; II. *l.* p. 36, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Joy-refresh, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 35, col. 2, l. 44.  
 Joy-tranc'd, I. *c.* p. 44, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Joyants = joints, I. *c.* p. 4, col. 1, l. 6; II. *b.* p. 31, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Joynt-sick, *adj.*, II. *b.* p. 41, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Jumpe, *v.*, II. *b.* p. 37, col. 2, l. 28; *b.* p. 41, l. 22.  
 Jurie, I. *c.* p. 54, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Jurke, *sb.* = jerke, I. *c.* p. 50, col. 2, l. 36.  
 Iuror, II. *b.* Epigr. 32, l. 6—here curiously = a knight of the post.  
 Justice-blades, I. *c.* p. 58, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Jybet = gibbet, II. *l.* p. 69, col. 2, l. 25.

## K

KÆSAR, keaser, kesar, keisar, I. *a.* p. 30, col. 2, l. 17; *c.* p. 32, st. 17; p. 40, st. 104; *g.* p. 6, col. 1, l. 18; II. *b.* p. 39, col. 2, l. 17; *i.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 7.  
 Kayes, *sb.* = quays, II. *b.* p. 64, col. 1, l. 46.  
 Keene-edg'd, I. *c.* p. 58, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Keene-cheek'd, I. *c.* p. 17, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Keep, to keep touch, II. *b.* p. 32, No. 210.  
 Keepe, to take keepe = to take notice, II. *sw.* p. 19, col. 1, l. 10; p. 20, col. 1, ll. 101, 113.  
 Ken, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 38, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Kerne, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 46, col. 1, l. 4; p. 90, col. 2, l. 56; II. *b.* p. 60, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Kex, I. *d.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 50.  
 Key, *v.*, II. *l.* p. 27, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Kickshawes, II. *b.* p. 46, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Kill, *sb.* = kiln, II. *b.* p. 44, No. 122.  
 Kind, *sb.*, kinde, I. *a.* p. 19, col. 1, l. 49; *c.* p. 27, col. 1, l. 34; *c.* p. 10, st. 51, p. 14, st. 88, etc. etc.  
 Kinde, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 24, col. 1, l. 13, etc.  
 Kinde-heat, *sb.* = natural heat, I. *c.* p. 35, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Kindly, I. *d.* p. 4, col. 2, l. 6; *c.* p. 34, col. 1, l. 16.

King'd, *v.*, I. *d.* p. 12, col. 1, l. 51; *c.* p. 42, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Knowen, I. *a.* p. 6, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Knowledging, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 98, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Knuckle-bones, I. *c.* p. 51, on st. 128, l. 7, = joint-bones.  
 Kon'd, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 20, st. 152.

## L

LACHETS, I. *c.* p. 51, on st. 11, l. 4. To lache or latch is = catch, and the 'lachets' would seem to be used here for the two pieces of leather of the shoe which meet over the instep, and in which the ties, thongs, or ribbons, were inserted. Latchet is used for shoe (or sandal) tie in our A. V. of N. T., for *luds*, a thong. See Richardson, *s.v.*  
 Lachrymable, I. *d.* p. 28, col. 1, l. 30.  
 Lachrymentall, II. *b.* p. 81, l. 100.  
 Lackey-like, I. *c.* p. 37, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Lad, ladd, *v.* = led, I. *b.* p. 10, col. 1, l. 28; II. *b.* p. 34, col. 2, l. 30.  
 Lanthorn, I. *b.* p. 17, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Larges, largesse, I. *c.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 13; p. 60, col. 2, l. 16; p. 67, col. 2, l. 12; *g.* p. 8, col. 2, l. 8; II. *l.* p. 6, col. 2, l. 10; p. 87, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Largs, I. *c.* p. 81, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Lash, I. *c.* p. 107 on p. 95, col. 1, l. 22 = snare—the string or cord by which beasts are held. See Halliwell and Wright, *s.v.* Cf. Richardson under 'Lurch.'  
 Latch, *v.*, II. *sw.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 77.  
 Laud, laude, *sb.*, I. *a.* p. 21, col. 1, l. 55; p. 23, col. 1, l. 41; *c.* p. 26, col. 2, l. 5, *et frequenter*—'laudes' is misprinted 'landes,' I. *c.* p. 49, col. 2, l. 36.  
 Launds, *sb.* = lawns, II. *l.* p. 18, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Lauoltaes, lavolts, I. *c.* p. 94, col. 1, l. 29; *c.* p. 30, st. 4.  
 Lauor, lauour, I. *c.* p. 6, col. 1, l. 2; p. 9, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Laurell-crowne, *v.*, II. *b.* p. 35, col. 2, l. 11; p. 45, col. 2, l. 26; *b.* p. 11, No. 30.  
 Lave, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 47, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Lawful, I. *c.* p. 80, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Leach, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 26, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Leaden, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 69, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Leaden-hap, I. *f.* p. 14, col. 2, l. 35.  
 Leaden-sprited, I. *c.* p. 10, st. 50.  
 Leading-bells, II. *l.* p. 67, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Leame, *sb.* = flash, I. *a.* p. 14, col. 1, l. 33; p. 18, col. 2, l. 31; *c.* p. 34, col. 1, l. 3; II. *l.* p. 11, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Leane-fac'd, I. *c.* p. 10, st. 50.  
 Learne, *v.* *tr.* = to teach, I. *c.* p. 29, col. 1, l. 24; p. 51, col. 1, l. 30; II. *l.* p. 36, col. 1, l. 7; p. 87, col. 2, l. 42.  
 Leasings, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 48, col. 2, l. 36; II. *b.* p. 7, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Leauer, II. *sw.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 87.  
 Lease, *sb.*, II. *sw.* p. 3, col. 2, l. 14.

Leazings, II. *l.* p. 24, No. 135.  
 Lee, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 72, col. 2, l. 9; p. 75, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Leefest, I. *c.* p. 91, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Leefull, II. *m.* p. 21, col. 1, l. 210.  
 Leeres, *sb.*, II. *m.* p. 21, col. 1, ll. 192, 210.  
 Leese, *v.*, II. *l.* p. 22, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Legate, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 78, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Legend, *v.*, II. *l.* p. 4, col. 2, l. 31.  
 Legioniz'd, *v.*, I. *d.* p. 28, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Legs, *sb.* = bows, I. *c.* p. 48, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Lemmons, II. *l.* p. 42, No. 64.  
 Lenified, *v.*, II. *l.* p. 18, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Leonine, leonyne, I. *c.* p. 56, col. 1, l. 35; II. *l.* p. 43, col. 1, l. 16; *l.* p. 53, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Let, *sb.* = hindrance, I. *l.* p. 11, col. 1, l. 7; p. 24, col. 1, l. 48, etc. etc.  
 Let, *v.* = to hinder, I. *a.* p. 7, col. 1, l. 56; *l.* p. 11, col. 1, l. 4, etc. etc.  
 Letters, *sb.* = hinderers, II. *m.* p. 10, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Leuel-coyle, II. *l.* p. 17, No. 83, l. 16,—game so named. See Nares, *s.v.*  
 Lewde, *adj.* = ignorant, II. *l.* p. 8, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Liege-land-lord, I. *c.* p. 58, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Liege, lige, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 45, col. 1, l. 48; p. 51, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Life-breathed, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 31, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Life-dispossest, I. *c.* p. 35, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Life-inspire, *v.*, I. *d.* p. 26, col. 2, l. 36; p. 27, col. 2, l. 32; II. *l.* p. 18, col. 2, l. 15; *l.* p. 16, col. 2, l. 44; p. 18, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Lift, I. *c.* p. 38, col. 2, l. 5,—read for this 'list.'  
 Lig, *v.* = to lie, II. *m.* p. 19, col. 1, ll. 1, 14, 25.  
 Light-footed, II. *l.* p. 52, col. 2, l. 5.  
 Lightnes, *sb.* = light, I. *l.* p. 9, col. 2, l. 47.  
 Lights, *sb.* = lungs—*Scotic* still, II. *l.* p. 24, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Likelyhood = likeness, resemblance, I. *c.* p. 26, col. 1, l. 22; p. 31, col. 2, l. 25; p. 41, col. 1, ll. 34, 40; p. 66, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Likelyhood = probability, I. *c.* p. 43, col. 1, l. 11; p. 58, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Likes, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 71, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Lilly-white, I. *c.* p. 8, st. 29.  
 Limbecke, I. *c.* p. 14, col. 2, l. 16; *d.* p. 24, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Lime, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 39, st. 98; II. *l.* p. 23, No. 12, l. 36; *l.* p. 90, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Limitlesse, Lymitlesse, II. *l.* p. 20, No. 104; p. 21, No. 1.  
 Limne, *v.*, II. *l.* p. 62, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Limners, *sb.* = painters, I. *a.* p. 18, col. 2, l. 51.  
 Lin, linne, lyn, *v.*, I. *a.* p. 17, col. 2, l. 23; *c.* p. 41, col. 1, l. 10; p. 43, col. 2, l. 6; p. 65, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Line, lyne, *v.* = to versify—to make lines, II. *l.* p. 11, No. 41; p. 21, No. 3; p. 37, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Line, *v.* = to cover or clothe, I. *c.* p. 40, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Ling, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 39, st. 98.  
 Lion-bold, I. *c.* p. 58, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Lithr, *adj.*, II. *m.* p. 19, col. 2, l. 37.  
 Lithr, II. *m.* p. 22, on Ecl. l. 37. See Nares, *s.v.*, for various examples; also Todd, *s.v.* = idle rather

than lazy. Still in Gammer Gurton's Needle draws a distinction, *e.g.* 'Well, and ye shift no better, ye losel *lyther* and *lasye*.' Mirror for Magistrates illustrates—'Charles . . . in his feats not *lither*.'  
 Little-great, I. *c.* p. 17, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Little-great-great-little, II. *m.* p. 4, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Little-world = microcosmus, II. *l.* p. 90, col. 1, l. 49.  
 Liue, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 32, st. 24; p. 40, st. 108.  
 Liuelesse, I. *l.* p. 26, col. 1, l. 29; *c.* p. 74, col. 1, l. 26; p. 86, col. 1, l. 5; II. *l.* p. 26, No. 34; *l.* p. 49, No. 346.  
 Liuelihood, I. *c.* p. 80, col. 2, l. 22; II. *l.* p. 51, col. 1, l. 33; *l.* p. 56, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Liuely, *adv.*, I. *c.* p. 61, col. 2, l. 1.  
 Liuely, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 16, col. 2, l. 98; p. 37, col. 1, l. 46; II. *l.* p. 56, col. 1, l. 31; *l.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 48, etc.  
 Liuelyhood, II. *l.* p. 49, col. 2, l. 7; *m.* p. 4, col. 2, l. 12; p. 5, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Liuelynesse, I. *c.* p. 103, col. 2, l. 14.  
 Liues-joy, I. *c.* p. 77, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Lofts, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 67, col. 1, l. 20.  
 Lomy, *adj.* = made of clay, I. *c.* p. 26, st. 216.  
 Longues, II. *l.* p. 11, No. 35.  
 Loobies, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 80, l. 59.  
 Long-straight, I. *c.* p. 89, col. 1, l. 14; *d.* p. 16, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Lordings, I. *c.* p. 6, st. 1.  
 Lores, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 7, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Lorrell-lad, II. *m.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 83.  
 Loue-begotten, I. *c.* p. 10, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Loue-dispose, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 68, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Louely, *adj.* = loving, II. *l.* p. 13, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Louen, II. *m.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 15.  
 Love-procuring, I. *c.* p. 89, col. 2, l. 37.  
 Losel, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 80, l. 22.  
 Losenge-wise, I. *c.* p. 93, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Luciferian, I. *a.* p. 9, col. 2, l. 38; *c.* p. 78, col. 1, l. 40; II. *l.* p. 37, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Luculent, II. *l.* p. 53, col. 2, l. 35.  
 Lullable, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 92, col. 2, l. 40; p. 95, col. 1, l. 10; *d.* p. 28, col. 1, l. 45; II. *l.* p. 56, col. 1, l. 29; *l.* p. 79, col. 1, l. 38; *m.* p. 10, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Lunaticks, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 77, col. 2, l. 28; *d.* p. 13, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Lune, II. *l.* p. 7, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Lure, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 43, col. 2, l. 6; *c.* p. 18, st. 132.  
 Luxurie, II. *m.* p. 19, col. 2, l. 59.  
 Lymmons = lemons, I. *c.* p. 93, col. 2, l. 35.

## M

MACERATE, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 76, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Mach-euill = Machiavelli, II. *l.* p. 78, l. 344.  
 Machiavellians, I. *c.* p. 35, st. 57.  
 Mad, madde, *v. tr.*, I. *c.* p. 82, col. 1, l. 42; II. *l.* p. 54, col. 1, l. 5; *l.* p. 89, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Mad-braine, *adj.*, II. *l.* p. 75, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Madding, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 72, col. 2, l. 23.

- Mad-miry** = mad-merry, II. *A*, p. 49, col. 2, l. 32; *I*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 3.
- Madrigalls**, I. *c*, p. 94, col. 1, l. 25.
- Mæstive, mestive** = mournful, sad, I. *c*, p. 31, col. 2, l. 12; *d*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 26; p. 16, col. 1, l. 37.
- Magnificke**, I. *c*, p. 96, col. 1, l. 5.
- Maine**, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 43, col. 1, l. 34; p. 91, col. 2, l. 17; *e*, p. 48, col. 1, l. .
- Maine**, *adj.*, I. *c*, p. 45, col. 1, l. 10; p. 51, col. 1, l. 9; II. *I*, p. 17, col. 1, l. 30, etc.
- Make**, *sb.* = mate, II. *A*, p. 47, col. 1, l. 51; *i*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 13; p. 10, col. 1, l. 33.
- Make**, *v.* = to compose verses, II. *sw*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 204; I. *g*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 22.
- Maker**, I. *g*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 18-22.
- Making**, *sb.* = composing, II. *sw*, p. 21, l. 232.
- Makings**, *sb.* = poems, II. *sw*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 19.
- Malcontented**, *adj.*, I. *c*, p. 72, col. 2, l. 22.
- Male-content**, I. *c*, p. 66, col. 1, l. 22.
- Malefice** = opposed to 'Benefice,' II. *A*, p. 38, No. 269.
- Mall**, *v.* = to hammer, to maul, I. *d*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 53; II. *A*, p. 35, No. 244.
- Malt-worme**, II. *A*, p. 15, No. 58.
- Mammocks**, *sb.*, II. *sw*, p. 4, col. 2, foot note.
- Mammothrepts**, I. *d*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 53.
- Man-beares**, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 25.
- Man-beast—beastes**, I. *c*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 35; p. 63, col. 1, l. 29.
- Manciple**, II. *sw*, p. 4, col. 2, l. 14.
- Man-God**, I. *d*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 5.
- Man-quellers**, I. *c*, p. 42, col. 2, l. 9.
- Mankind-woman**, II. *i*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 1.
- Mantle**, *v.*, I. *d*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 28; II. *sw*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 15.
- Manumize**, *v.*, II. *A*, p. 51, col. 1, l. 32; *I*, p. 73, col. 2, l. 41.
- Manur'd**, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 99, col. 2, l. 2.
- Margarites**, I. *c*, p. 93, col. 1, l. 48; II. *A*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 4.
- Martialist**, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 16, col. 2, l. 31.
- Martir'd**, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 97, col. 2, l. 11.
- Martire**, I. *c*, p. 24, st. 191, l. 2—misprinted 'matire.'
- Mastered**, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 53, col. 1, l. 21.
- Matacheyns, matecheines**, I. *c*, p. 94, col. 1, l. 29; *e*, p. 22, st. 177.
- Match'd** = married, I. *c*, p. 66, col. 1, l. 16, 24.
- Matchlesse**, II. *i*, title page; p. 7, col. 1, l. 18, 19; p. 13, col. 2, l. 18.
- Mate**, *sb.* = match, II. *I*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 32.
- Mate**, *sb.* = in game of chess, I. *c*, p. 59, col. 1, l. 36; II. *A*, p. 21, No. 2; *i*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 40; p. 8, col. 1, l. 6.
- Mates**, *sb.* = companions, I. *d*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 12.
- Matterlesse**, *adj.* = immaterial, I. *a*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 29; *c*, p. 86, col. 2, l. 17; II. *A*, p. 35, col. 2, l. 20.
- Maugre, maugree**, I. *a*, p. 23, col. 2, l. 17; *d*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 17; *c*, p. 26, col. 1, l. 36, etc. etc.
- Maugreal**, II. *i*, p. 17, col. 1, l. 25, = maugre all.
- Maulkin**, II. *A*, p. 44, No. 139.
- Maund**, I. *c*, p. 94, col. 1, l. 49.
- Maundy-night**, II. *I*, p. 45, col. 1, l. 2.
- Mausolus** = mausoleum, I. *I*, p. 63, col. 2, l. 8.
- Mar'd**, *v.*, I. *d*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 32; II. *A*, p. 39, col. 2, l. 3.
- Mazer**, *sb.* = drinking cup or bowl, II. *i*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 17.
- Meanders**, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 4.
- Meane**, *adj.* = moderate, I. *c*, p. 35, col. 2, ll. 37, 41; p. 51, col. 1, l. 19; II. *I*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 7.
- Meane**, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 27; p. 90, col. 1, l. 14.
- Meanely**, *adv.* = moderately, I. *c*, p. 38, col. 2, ll. 33, 35; II. *sw*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 23; p. 90, col. 2, l. 13.
- Meare, Mear**, *v.*, I. *a*, p. 16, col. 2, l. 6; *c*, p. 92, col. 1, l. 56; II. *i*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 14. 'Mere' is a boundary, limit; and perhaps the verb might come from it = to separate, part, break up into bits. In the references I had explained it as = mar.
- Meate, meat**, *v.* = to measure, I. *c*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 43; p. 16, col. 1, l. 48; p. 22, col. 1, l. 34; *e*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 1, etc.
- Mechanicalls**, *sb.*, II. *sw*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 23.
- Mechanick**, *adj.*, I. *c*, p. 52, col. 1, l. 41.
- Mediocritie**, I. *c*, p. 53, col. 2, l. 14.
- Medley**, *adj.*, II. *A*, p. 19, No. 101.
- Meds't**, *v.*, II. *sw*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 237.
- Meede**, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 52, col. 2, l. 10; *d*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 48; II. *I*, p. 28, col. 1, l. 38; p. 76, col. 1, l. 3.
- Meere, meer**, I. *c*, p. 25, col. 1, l. 15; *d*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 12 (from bottom); p. 20, col. 1, l. 49; II. *A*, p. 17, No. 81, etc.
- Meerely**, II. *i*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 30.
- Mell**, *v.* = to meddle, I. *c*, p. 86, col. 1, l. 38; *e*, p. 44, col. 1, l. 30.
- Mellie**, *sb.* = honey, II. *sw*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 19.
- Mellifluous**, II. *I*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 1; p. 19, col. 1, l. 9.
- Memorized**, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 98, col. 1, l. 24.
- Mercie-wanting**, I. *c*, p. 98, col. 1, l. 16.
- Mestive**. See **Mæstive**.
- Metaphysicall**, *adj.*, I. *c*, p. 80, col. 1, l. 5; *d*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 49; II. *I*, p. 65, col. 2, l. 16; p. 85, col. 1, l. 4.
- Metaphisickes**, *sb.* = Metaphysicians, I. *c*, p. 82, col. 1, l. 31; II. *I*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 19.
- Mete**, *v.*, II. *I*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 3.
- Mett'd** = made of metal, I. *d*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 44.
- Mettall**, I. *c*, p. 53, col. 1, l. 9.
- Mettle** = metal, I. *c*, p. 76, col. 2, l. 46.
- Mew**, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 51, col. 2, l. 44.
- Mewe**, *v.*, II. *A*, p. 21, No. 108.
- Mew'd**, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 92, col. 2, l. 16. Probably both 'mewe' and 'mew'd' are Davies's variation of 'moe,' 'mowe' = to make grimaces, faces, mouths. In the one passage he joins it with 'mop,' as is commonly done; in the other he has previously used the substantive 'mowes.' Perhaps he thus meant to distinguish between the noun and verb. See Nares in 'moe.'
- Mickle**, I. *c*, p. 56, col. 1, l. 43; II. *A*, p. 16, No. 72; *sw*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 135; p. 21, col. 2, ll. 231, 253.

Microcosme, I. c, p. 102, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Microcosmus, I. c, p. 85, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Milke-bath'd, v., I. d, p. 18, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Milke-white, I. c, p. 12, col. 2, l. 19; II. k, p. 64, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Millifold = thousandfold? I. d, p. 27, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Minde, v. = to attend to, I. c, p. 27, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Minde, v. = to remind, II. l, p. 39, col. 1, l. 44; col. 2, l. 30.  
 Minde, v. = to remember, I. c, p. 68, col. 2, l. 19; II. l, p. 54, col. 1, l. 39; p. 59, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Ming, ming, v. = mix, I. b, p. 8, col. 2, l. 45; c, p. 17, col. 2, l. 34; p. 79, col. 2, l. 38; e, p. 39, st. 92. See Nares, s.v.  
 Minion, Minion, sb. = favourite—since deteriorated, I. a, p. 11, col. 2, l. 37; b, p. 21, col. 2, l. 24; c, p. 51; col. 2, ll. 31, 34; p. 52, col. 1, l. 6; d, p. 26, col. 2, l. 1; e, p. 34, st. 45; p. 36, st. 68, etc.  
 Minionize, v., I. d, p. 26, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Mint (currant for the mint), I. c, p. 67, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Miracle-surmounting, I. d, p. 15, col. 1, l. 48.  
 Mired, v., I. c, p. 65, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Mirry, II. m, p. 4, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Mis-apaia, v., II. m, p. 19, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Mis-assaid, v. = assay, I. c, p. 39, col. 1, l. 45; II. m, p. 19, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Mis-assigne, I. c, p. 84, col. 2, l. 44.  
 Mischiefe, v., I. a, p. 30, col. 1, l. 31; II. l, p. 6, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Miscreant, adj., I. c, p. 77, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Mis-doe, v. tr. = to undo, destroy, I. f, p. 6, col. 1, l. 57; p. 12, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Mis-enroule, v., II. l, p. 64, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Mish-mash, II. k, p. 80, l. 28.  
 Misse-maze, II. l, p. 10, col. 1, l. 13.  
 Miss-referre, I. a, p. 12, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Missawes, sb., II. m, p. 19, col. 2, l. 50. Corrects the note *in loco*, where it is glossed as a verb. At end of l. 51, the full stop should be a comma certainly.  
 Misse, sb., II. l, p. 69, col. 2, l. 35.  
 Mis-song, v., II. m, p. 19, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Mis-swaying, I. c, p. 60, col. 2, l. 31.  
 Mis-ualued, v., II. m, p. 19, col. 1, l. 24.  
 Mis-ween'd, II. m, p. 20, col. 1, l. 64.  
 Mixible, I. b, p. 9, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Mixion, I. b, p. 9, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Mixtion, I. b, p. 16, col. 1, foot-note 5.  
 Moath = moth, I. c, p. 75, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Moe, mo, I. c, p. 30, col. 2, l. 27; p. 65, col. 1, l. 35; p. 68, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Moile, sb., II. k, p. 17, No. 83.  
 Moile, v., I. c, p. 38, col. 2, l. 4; II. k, p. 51, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Mole-magno, II. l, p. 63, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Molt, v., II. k, p. 8, No. 14; l, p. 20, col. 1, l. 30.  
 Mome, sb., II. k, p. 62, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Momentanie, momentary, I. d, p. 6, col. 1, l. 2; II. l, p. 48, col. 1, l. 47. 'Making it *momentary* as a sound.' See Todd's Johnson, s.v., for various

examples, distinguishing between it and 'momentary.'

Monarchize, v., I. c, p. 26, col. 1, l. 10; p. 28, col. 1, l. 47; p. 82, col. 2, l. 11; p. 104, col. 1, l. 11; II. l, p. 6, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Money-bladders, I. c, p. 92, col. 1, l. 17.  
 Money-sacke, I. c, p. 61, col. 2, l. 43.  
 Monopole, sb., I. c, p. 35, st. 52.  
 Monsterous, I. c, p. 62, col. 2, l. 5.  
 Moow, v. = to mew, confine, I. c, p. 23, st. 185. See also under 'mew'd.'  
 Mopt, v., I. c, p. 92, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Morall, v., II. m, p. 20, col. 2, l. 175.  
 Morisco-wise = like morris-dance, I. c, p. 90, col. 2, l. 21. See a Henry, vi. iii. 1.  
 Mortesse, I. c, p. 83, col. 2, l. 6; d, p. 16, col. 2, l. 1.  
 Mortified, v. tr., mortifie, I. c, p. 70, col. 2, l. 38; e, p. 44, col. 2, l. 36.  
 Mote, v. = might, II. m, p. 19, col. 1, l. 16; p. 21, col. 1, l. 197.  
 Mother-citty, I. b, p. 21, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Mother-wit, II. l, p. 18, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Motioned, v., I. b, p. 13, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Motors, II. k, p. 39, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Mounds = globe (*mundus*)—could Davies mean the ball of empire seen in our English monarchs' hands?—I. c, p. 9, st. 36, l. 1. Corrects note *in loco*.  
 Mountanetts, II. k, p. 11, No. 33.  
 Mounts, v. tr., I. c, p. 68, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Mouth-glue, II. k, p. 23, No. 12, l. 39.  
 Mowes, sb., I. d, p. 16, col. 2, l. 50; II. k, p. 20, No. 108.  
 Much-inlarger, I. g, p. 7, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Mucke, sb. = wealth, I. c, p. 70, col. 1, l. 18; II. k, p. 21, No. 112.  
 Mu'de, v. = mewed, confined, I. a, p. 19, col. 1, l. 30.  
 Muddy, I. c, p. 102, col. 1, l. 35.  
 Mum, I. c, p. 48, col. 2, l. 5.  
 Mummanize, v., I. f, p. 9, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Mumme, II. k, p. 32, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Mummies, sb., II. k, p. 44, No. 146.  
 Mummings, I. c, p. 95, col. 1, l. 13.  
 Mummy, I. c, p. 77, col. 1, l. 42.  
 Murraine-tainted, I. c, p. 44, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Muse-delighting, II. k, p. 39, No. 284.  
 Muse-immortalizing, II. k, p. 52, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Muse-man, II. k, p. 80, l. 26.  
 Mute, v., II. k, p. 43, No. 83.

## N

NATURALS, sb. = fools, idiots, II. i, p. 5, col. 2, l. 1; p. 17, col. 2, l. 29; k, p. 14, No. 53; l, p. 82, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Naturizing, I. b, p. 6, col. 1, l. 24.  
 Naught, sb., II. l, p. 10, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Naughtie, adj., II. l, p. 10, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Naves, sb., I. c, p. 97, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Near the later = nevertheless, II. k, p. 11, No. 39.

Neat, neate, *sb.* = cattle, I. *c.* p. 58, col. 1, l. 21; II. *h.* p. 34, No. 234.  
 Neat-heards, II. *i.* p. 18, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Nectar-dropping, I. *c.* p. 101, col. 1, l. 24; II. *m.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 120.  
 Nectar-drunk, I. *c.* p. 44, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Neer-suffized, II. *l.* p. 83, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Ne'r-vading, I. *e.* p. 23, st. 179. See under 'Vading.'  
 Neere, *adj.* = mean, stingy, I. *g.* p. 6, col. 2, l. 25.  
 Neere = miserly, I. *g.* p. 9, on p. 6, col. 2, l. 25.  
 Nere = nearer, I. *d.* p. 14, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Nere = never, I. *c.* p. 54, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Neesing, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 81, col. 2, l. 42.  
 Nere-dri'd, I. *c.* p. 101, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Nervy, *adj.*, II. *l.* p. 5, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Nesh, *adj.* = tender, delicate, I. *c.* p. 28, col. 2, l. 3; p. 35, col. 2, l. 47; *d.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Nestorize, *v.*, II. *l.* p. 89, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Netherland, II. *i.* p. 7, col. 1, l. 40.  
 Neut'rally, I. *c.* p. 75, col. 1, l. 41, 44.  
 Newell, II. *m.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 144.  
 Newell = novelty, as in Spenser? II. *m.* p. 22 on Ecl., l. 144.  
 New-fangled, I. *c.* p. 57, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Newter, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 62, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Nice, *adj.* = fastidious, I. *e.* p. 26, st. 215.  
 Nicennesse, I. *e.* p. 43, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Nicifinity, II. *h.* p. 30, No. 198, title of Epig.—in note, for 'nanci' read 'nauci.'  
 Nick, *v.*, I. *b.* p. 13, col. 1, l. 52; *d.* p. 10, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Nightly, *adj.* = night-like, dark, II. *l.* p. 78, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Nihilhood, I. *a.* p. 23, col. 2, l. 39; *c.* p. 75, col. 1, l. 14; II. *l.* p. 35, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Nill, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 24, col. 1, l. 44; p. 25, col. 2, l. 4, etc.  
 Nill = ne will, II. *h.* p. 39, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Nimble-winged, I. *c.* p. 64, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Nimble-witted, II. *h.* p. 9, No. 14.  
 Nine-liu'd, I. *e.* p. 17, st. 115.  
 Nis = ne is, is not, II. *m.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 81; p. 21, col. 1, l. 205.  
 No can, II. *l.* p. 28, col. 2, l. 4 (from bottom)—noticeable Elizabethan usage in repetition of question.  
 Nocents, *sb.* = innocents, I. *c.* p. 57, col. 2, l. 19.  
 Noddy = fools, II. *h.* p. 35, col. 1, l. 25; *m.* p. 13, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Nold = would not, II. *m.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 148.  
 Non-ens, I. *c.* p. 69, col. 2, l. 10; *f.* p. 6, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Nones, I. *e.* p. 49, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Non-essence, II. *h.* p. 23, No. 14.  
 Noone-stead, II. *l.* p. 83, col. 2, l. 4.  
 Not ne wot, know not, II. *m.* p. 21, col. 2, l. 233.  
 Notaries, *sb.*, II. *m.* p. 15, col. 2, l. 122.  
 Not-being, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 25, col. 2, l. 27; II. *l.* p. 36, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Notionlesse, I. *b.* p. 23, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Nought = naught, evil, I. *b.* p. 5, col. 2, l. 11; *c.* p. 26, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Noughty = naught, evil, I. *c.* p. 26, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Nouels, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 8, col. 1, l. 41.

Noy, *v.*, noye = annoy, I. *a.* p. 8, col. 1, l. 46; II. *m.* p. 21, col. 1, l. 219.  
 Noyfull, II. *m.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 106.  
 Nullified, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 43, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Numberlesse, II. *l.* p. 26, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Numerous, II. *h.* p. 23, No. 125, l. 8.  
 Nut-browne, II. *h.* p. 8, No. 5, Title.

## O

OB DURACY, I. *c.* p. 82, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Obiect, *v.* = to place before, I. *a.* p. 8, col. 1, l. 22; p. 9, col. 1, l. 36; *c.* p. 25, col. 2, l. 28, 29; p. 90, col. 1, l. 35; II. *i.* p. 13, col. 2, l. 15; *l.* p. 21, col. 2, l. 32.  
 Obliit-song = funeral song, I. *d.* p. 27, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Oblation, II. *l.* p. 65, col. 2, l. 57.  
 Obligen, II. *m.* p. 21, col. 2, l. 230.  
 Oblikelie = obliquely, I. *g.* p. 6, col. 1, l. 42.  
 Obseruance, I. *c.* p. 37, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Obtrectation, I. *c.* p. 76, col. 2, l. 36.  
 Occupy, II. *h.* p. 41, No. 10 = put out to interest, as in our English Bible, 'Occupy till I come:' (St. Luke xix. 13.)  
 Oes, I. *c.* p. 89, col. 1, l. 22.  
 O Hone, II. *h.* p. 81, l. 126.  
 Omni-parent, *sb.*, I. *d.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 19.  
 Omni-sufficient, II. *h.* p. 48, col. 2, l. 1.  
 Omnivalence, I. *b.* p. 27, on p. 17, col. 1, l. 5—from Latin *valere*, to be strong, so = omnipotent, almighty (apparently a coinage of Davies).  
 Omnivalent, *adj.*, I. *d.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 21.  
 On = one, I. *d.* p. 12, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Onelyest, I. *b.* p. 18, col. 2, l. 14.  
 Open-handed, I. *c.* p. 62, col. 2, l. 1.  
 Open-taille, II. *h.* p. 10, No. 23.  
 Oppugne, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 46.  
 Oppung, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 75, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Or, orr, *sb.*—heraldic, I. *c.* p. 45, col. 1, l. 9; II. *l.* p. 4, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Orbicular, *sb.* = world, globe, I. *d.* p. 13, col. 1, l. 46.  
 Ordurd, *v.*, II. *h.* p. 64, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Oreabound, I. *c.* p. 91, col. 2, l. 26; p. 94, col. 2, l. 54.  
 Ore-aged, I. *c.* p. 46, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Ore-canapide, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 90, col. 1, l. 43.  
 Ore-exhale, I. *c.* p. 73, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Orefolding, *c.* p. 90, col. 2, l. 24.  
 Ore-grew, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 56, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Ore-guilt, I. *c.* p. 21, col. 2, l. 30.  
 Orehang, I. *c.* p. 90, col. 2, l. 21.  
 Ore-lookes, I. *c.* p. 61, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Ore-plus, I. *c.* p. 76, col. 2, l. 31.  
 Ore-right, *v.*, II. *h.* p. 19, No. 99.  
 Ore-saw, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 55, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Ore-seene, *v.*, I. *c.* p. 40, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Ore-sight, I. *c.* p. 55, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Ore-thwart, I. *a.* p. 11, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Ore-toppe, I. *c.* p. 91, col. 2, l. 56.  
 Organicall, I. *c.* p. 65, col. 2, l. 36.



Orient, II. *l.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Orison = prayer, II. *l.*, p. 45, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Othersome, I. *a.*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 7; *b.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 24, etc.  
 Ouer-buried, II. *i.*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Ouer-fill, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 25, col. 1, l. 43; p. 28, col. 2, l. 16; p. 36, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Ouerseene, *v.*, Oreseene = overlooked, neglected? or, mistaken, deceived? (somewhat obscure)—I. *b.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 46; *c.*, p. 40, col. 2, l. 40; *e.*, p. 35, st. 49, etc.  
 Ouer-shutt, II. *k.*, p. 64, col. 2, l. 25.  
 Ouer-thwartly, II. *k.*, p. 10, No. 28.  
 Ought, *v.* = owed, II. *k.*, p. 42, No. 19.  
 Ougly, II. *l.*, p. 73, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Ougly-foule, II. *l.*, p. 41, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Out-countenance, *v.*, I. *f.*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 30.  
 Out-dure, *v.*, II. *k.*, p. 79, l. 506; *l.*, p. 89, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Out-like, *v.*, II. *m.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Out-price, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 44, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Out-rent, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 101, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Out-saint, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 63, col. 2, l. 58.  
 Out-tuft, I. *c.*, p. 90, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Over-fraight, I. *c.*, p. 76, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Over-passion'd, I. *c.*, p. 90, col. 1, l. 20.  
 Over-racks, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 77, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Overshott, I. *c.*, p. 77, col. 1, l. 25; p. 86, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Over-sway, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 72, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Over-watchful, I. *c.*, p. 77, col. 1, l. 32.  
 Owe, *v.* = to own, I. *a.*, p. 26, col. 1, l. 16; II. *k.*, p. 65, col. 2, l. 2; *m.*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 216, etc. etc.

## P

PACK-HORSE, *sb.*, I. *d.*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 40.  
 Paddocke, *sb.*, II. *m.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Painefull = pains-taking, I. *c.*, p. 54, col. 2, l. 33; p. 91, col. 1, l. 27; II. *k.*, p. 30, No. 198; p. 39, No. 281, etc. etc.  
 Paine-prest, II. *l.*, p. 11, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Paire, *v.* = to impair, I. *b.*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Pale-fac'd, I. *b.*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 35; II. *k.*, p. 76, l. 173.  
 Panaret, I. *d.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 32 = all virtuous (*πανδ-περος*), as in Joshua Sylvester (whose Glossarial Index see, *s.v.*).  
 Panch, *sb.* = paunch, I. *c.*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 34; II. *k.*, p. 34, No. 233.  
 Paper-bark, I. *c.*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 15.  
 Paper-sheets, II. *l.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Paper-stone, I. *c.*, p. 95, col. 2, l. 30; II. *k.*, p. 56, col. 1, l. 47.  
 Paper-tombes, II. *l.*, p. 67, col. 2, l. 7.  
 Papistry, I. *g.*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Pa-riall = Pair-Royal, *s.e.* 'Three cards of a sort'—(Nares, *s.v.*, pair-royal, II. *k.*, p. 38, l. 17. Other Essayes—Mortall Life, etc.)  
 Paradisian, I. *b.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 50.  
 Paragon, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 29; *d.*, p. 10, col. 2, l. 21; II. *k.*, p. 32, col. 1, l. 48; *i.*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 33.

Paravnter = peradventure, II. *m.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 162.  
 Parcel-gild, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 93, col. 2, l. 48.  
 Parchas-like = Parca, fate, II. *k.*, p. 9, No. 24.  
 Parcha's, *ibid.*, I. *c.*, p. 49, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Parduring, *adj.*, II. *m.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 140.  
 Pare, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 52, col. 1, l. 35.  
 Pare and post, II. *k.*, p. 38, col. 1, l. 31, 43.  
 Parke-pale, I. *c.*, p. 46, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Parliments, I. *c.*, p. 93, col. 1, l. 50.  
 Parrat-like, I. *c.*, p. 82, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Partezans, *sb.* = pikes, lances, I. *e.*, p. 42, col. 2, l. 37.

Particulate, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 92, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Parties, *sb.* = persons, II. *l.*, p. 89, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Partlesse, I. *c.*, p. 72, col. 2, l. 1.  
 Party-coulord, I. *c.*, p. 89, col. 1, l. 35.  
 Passing, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 23, col. 1, l. 9; p. 81, col. 1, l. 11; p. 95, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Passing-measure, *sb.*, I. *e.*, p. 30, st. 4.  
 Passion, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 28, col. 2, l. 6; *d.*, p. 11, col. 1, l. 18; II. *k.*, p. 20, No. 101.  
 Passionate, *adj.*, I. *b.*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Passion'd, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 40, col. 2, l. 19.  
 Passiuelesse, I. *a.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Pass-time, pastime, I. *c.*, p. 66, col. 1, l. 30; p. 82, col. 2, l. 32.  
 Past-price, *adj.* = priceless, I. *a.*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Patch, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 80, col. 2, l. 24; II. *k.*, p. 75, l. 65.  
 Pate, *sb.* = the head, or brain, I. *a.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 31; *c.*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 16; p. 52, col. 1, l. 41; *e.*, p. 47, col. 2, l. 32.  
 Peach't = impeached, I. *c.*, p. 55, col. 2, l. 14.  
 Peacocke's taile, I. *c.*, p. 82, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Pease-porridge-tawny, II. *k.*, p. 31, No. 200.  
 Pectorall, Pectorals, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 75, col. 2, l. 32; II. *i.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 3; *m.*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 188.  
 Pectorall, II. *m.*, p. 22 on Ecl. l. 188—a natural word to Davies as a Roman Catholic.  
 Peepe, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 56, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Peevish, I. *c.*, p. 79, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Pelfe, *sb.*, II. *l.*, p. 45, col. 2, l. 19.  
 Pell mell, I. *c.*, p. 74, col. 2, l. 18; p. 96, col. 1, l. 25; II. *k.*, p. 78, l. 358.  
 Pen-men, pen-man, I. *c.*, p. 104, col. 1, l. 32; *e.*, p. 37, st. 74.  
 Pennipotent = strong of wing, I. *c.*, p. 41, col. 2, footnote; *d.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 38; *d.*, p. 31 on p. 15, col. 2, l. 17 (from bottom).  
 People-pleasing, I. *d.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 42.  
 Perambulate, I. *c.*, p. 85, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Perbrake, I. *c.*, p. 51 on st. 16, l. 5 = parbreak, *s.e.* to vomit, *e.g.*, Pathway to Health, 'To make a man cast and perbreake. . . . Take . . . and will cause a man for to cast or perbreake.' (Nares, *s.v.*)  
 Perbrake, Perbreake, *v.* = to vomit, I. *c.*, p. 7, st. 16; II. *k.*, p. 31, No. 199; p. 75, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Perdy, II. *m.*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 191.  
 Peregall, II. *m.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 75.

- Period, II. *h*, p. 6, No. 4.  
 Periwicke = perriwig, I. *c*, p. 91, col. 1, l. 20.  
 Pertly = apertly, openly, II. *m*, p. 21, l. 180—Spenser (Shep. Cal. has 'pert' = open).  
 Pervers'd, Perverst, *v*, I. *c*, p. 26, col. 2, ll. 20, 33; p. 47, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Pester, pesterd, *v*, = troubled, embarrassed, I. *c*, p. 55, col. 1, l. 41; II. *h*, p. 76, l. 97 = trouble, load or crowd.  
 Pestered, *v*, = crowded, with play on word pest, I. *e*, p. 44, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Pestering, *v*, = loading, in a complimentary sense, I. *c*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 47.  
 Petti-botching, I. *e*, p. 44, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Petti-fogging, or fogging, *adj*, I. *c*, p. 80, col. 2, l. 24; II. *h*, p. 77, l. 229.  
 Petty-foggers, I. *c*, p. 80, col. 2, foot-note 7.  
 Petty-god, II. *i*, p. 11, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Pheere, pheare, *sb*, I. *c*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 32; II. *i*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 54; *h*, p. 57, col. 2, l. 1; *l*, p. 62, col. 1, l. 19; p. 67, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Phifes = Fifes, I. *f*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Philomus, II. *m*, p. 8, col. 1, iv., title of poem.  
 Phisnomy, II. *h*, p. 27, No. 40.  
 Pies, *sb*, II. *h*, p. 75, l. 65.  
 Piggesnie, *qu*, II. *h*, Epigr. 171 = 151, 'Biddiesnie,' a misprint for this term of endearment? See Chaucer, and later: Cf. Tyrwhitt on C. Tales, 3268, and Nares, *s.v*. Could piggesnie come from pixy, *i.e.* fairy?  
 Pight, *v*, I. *d*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 4; II. *h*, p. 57, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Pilferies, I. *c*, p. 79, col. 2, l. 9; II. *h*, p. 75, col. 1, l. 26; *l*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 48, etc.  
 Pinckt, II. *h*, p. 27, No. 4, l. 2, misprinted 'pincht,' = slashed as if with a knife and hence wrinkled.  
 Pinckt, I. *e*, p. 7, st. 13.  
 Pine, *v*, *tr*, I. *c*, p. 41, col. 2, l. 45; p. 76, col. 1, l. 23; *d*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 11; p. 18, col. 2, l. 28; II. *l*, p. 55, col. 1, ll. 10, 12.  
 Pinn'd, *v*, = fastened to, attached, I. *h*, p. 10, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Piramides, II. *l*, p. 63, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Pistles, *sb*, II. *h*, p. 78, ll. 400, 406.  
 Pitch, *sb*, I. *a*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 37.  
 Pithonist, I. *d*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 12 (from bottom)—curious masculine of 'Pythoness.' Hyde Clarke, *s.v*. = wizard.  
 Pit-man, I. *e*, p. 46, col. 2, l. 21; p. 47, col. 1, l. 35.  
 Pittillesse = unpitied, II. *h*, p. 16, No. 77.  
 Plags, *sb*, I. *e*, p. 48, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Plagu'd = exposed to the plague, II. *p*, 4, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Plague-preuenting, II. *l*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Playuy, *adj*, = infected with the plague, I. *e*, p. 47, col. 2, ll. 2, 50; p. 49, col. 2, l. 39.  
 Plaine, *v*, = to complain, I. *e*, p. 14, st. 83.  
 Plaine-song, I. *g*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Pleasance, II. *m*, p. 20, col. 2, ll. 130, 145.  
 Pleasen, II. *m*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 210.  
 Pleats, *sb*, II. *m*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Pluming, *v*, plume, I. *c*, p. 55, col. 1, l. 21; II. *l*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 35.  
 Plus ultra, I. *c*, p. 23, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Ply, *v*, = to apply, I. *c*, p. 46, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Point at, I. *c*, p. 106, on p. 11, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Point-deuice, II. *m*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 80; col. 2, l. 142.  
 Points, *sb*, I. *e*, p. 6, st. 5.  
 Poise, Poize, *sb*, I. *c*, p. 100, col. 2, ll. 16, 24; *d*, p. 17, col. 1, l. 22; p. 26, col. 2, l. 28; II. *l*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Poize, poyse, *v*, I. *e*, p. 7, st. 15; II. *h*, p. 80, l. 61.  
 Pole, poll, polle, *sb*, I. *c*, p. 93, col. 2, l. 8; *e*, p. 32, st. 18; p. 39, st. 100.  
 Polepp, II. *h*, p. 16, No. 77.  
 Poll-deed, I. *d*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Polle, *v*, pole, I. *c*, p. 52, col. 1, l. 36; p. 93, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Polymite, II. *l*, p. 63, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Poppets, *sb*, II. *h*, p. 77, l. 256.  
 Porcullized, *v*, II. *l*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 47.  
 Port, *sb*, I. *h*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 11; *c*, p. 28, col. 1, l. 48; p. 77, col. 2, l. 34; p. 96, col. 1, l. 25; *d*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 4; II. *i*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 9; *l*, p. 82, col. 1, l. 50.  
 Port-sale, *sb*, I. *c*, p. 52, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Portage, *sb*, = carriage, act of carrying, I. *d*, p. 16, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Posse, I. *c*, p. 41, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Possessen, II. *m*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 224.  
 Post, *sb*, II. *h*, p. 11, No. 38; p. 38, col. 2, l. 30.  
 Post and pare, II. *h*, p. 38, col. 1, l. 12 = a game on the cards, played with three cards each, wherein much depended on *wyng* or betting on the goodness of your own hand. See Nares *s.v*, and see references under 'Pare and post' herein.  
 Potency, I. *h*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Pouch, *sb*, I. *c*, p. 51, col. 2, l. 36; *g*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Powders, *v*, II. *i*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Powd'ring, *v*, = gun-powder, I. *g*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 36.  
 Powles, *sb*, = polls, II. *h*, p. 36, No. 197.  
 Powles-Crosse, II. *h*, p. 77, l. 250.  
 Powting, *v*, II. *h*, p. 49, No. 369.  
 Poynant, *adj*, = piercing, II. *l*, p. 63, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Practicke, practick, I. *h*, p. 24, col. 2, l. 26; *c*, p. 104, col. 1, l. 14; II. *m*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Praisefull, II. *l*, p. 65, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Pranke, *v*, II. *m*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 212.  
 Pray, *sb*, = prey, I. *c*, p. 54, col. 2, l. 19.  
 Preambulate, *v*, II. *l*, p. 84, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Predicament, I. *h*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 38.  
 Predominate, *v*, I. *c*, p. 89, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Preefe, *sb*, II. *m*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 135.  
 Preheminence, I. *a*, p. 16, col. 2, l. 10; *h*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 31; *c*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 52; p. 104, col. 2, l. 13; II. *l*, p. 35, col. 1, l. 3, etc.  
 Prehement, I. *a*, p. 24, col. 2, l. 5; *c*, p. 72, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Premanent, II. *h*, p. 48, col. 1, l. 12.

Prepotence, *sb.*, II. *l.*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 19.  
 Prepuce, *adj.*, II. *l.*, p. 29, col. 1, l. 49.  
 Præpuce, *sb.*, II. *ss.*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 114.  
 Present-future, II. *l.*, p. 49, col. 1, l. 21.  
 President, *sb.* = precedent, I. *c.*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 21.  
 Presse, *sb.* = crowd, I. *c.*, p. 72, col. 1, l. 13.  
 Prest, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 33; *d.*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 35, etc. etc.  
 Preuent, *v.*, I. *b.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 4; *c.*, p. 39, col. 1, l. 24; II. *h.*, p. 39, col. 1, l. 20, etc. etc.  
 Preuenting, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 26, col. 2, l. 34; II. *l.*, p. 47, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Pricke, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 16; p. 74, col. 1, l. 28; II. *h.*, p. 15, No. 66; *k.*, p. 46, No. 204. Prick, or preke (see Halliwell), a piece of wood in the centre of the target—so, to hit this or to aim at it.  
 Prickes, *sb.*, II. *l.*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Prill, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 49; II. *ss.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 150—doubtless connecting with 'purl,' on which see Nares, = to curl or run in circles, to eddy.  
 Prim, *sb.*, II. *h.*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Prime, *sb.* = chief—principal, I. *a.*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 36; *c.*, p. 31, col. 2, l. 48; II. *l.*, p. 58, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Prime, *sb.* (a game), I. *c.*, p. 82, col. 1, l. 12; II. *l.*, p. 25, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Print (to be in print), I. *c.*, p. 67, col. 1, ll. 32, 33; II. *h.*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 5, and p. 65.  
 Prittle-prattle, II. *ss.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 24.  
 Priuation, I. *a.*, p. 23, col. 2, ll. 25, 34; *b.*, p. 18, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Priuative, *adj.*, I. *a.*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 24; p. 23, col. 2, l. 44.  
 Prodigious, I. *c.*, p. 56, col. 2, l. 9; p. 85, col. 1, l. 37.  
 Proheme = proem, II. *l.*, p. 83, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Proiect, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 34, col. 1, l. 11; *e.*, p. 32, st. 20; II. *h.*, p. 53, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Prologus, II. *l.*, p. 27, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Prolonging = delaying, I. *c.*, p. 35, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Proplesse, *adj.* = without prop or support, II. *l.*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Propulsivity, I. *b.*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Prosequite, I. *c.*, p. 102, col. 2, l. 15.  
 Protomartire, Protomartyre, I. *c.*, p. 34, col. 2, l. 40; II. *l.*, p. 24, col. 2, l. 5.  
 Protoparents, I. *c.*, p. 23, col. 1, l. 19; II. *l.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 24.  
 Protract, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 16, col. 2, l. 17; II. *h.*, p. 45, col. 2, l. 39.  
 Protraction, II. *h.*, p. 45, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Purrs = a term of the game 'Pair-Royal' (as *supra*), but Nares cannot explain the meaning of 'Pur,' II. *h.*, p. 38, l. 34. From the context here one would think it meant a knave; though of the terms 'Pur Ceit' and 'Pur Tant' (for so they ought presumably to be read), one can only say that, like the song the Sirens sang, and the name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, they, 'though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture.' At p. 54 *is loco*, I had put = purse.

Publicke-notaries, II. *l.*, p. 4, col. 2, l. 32.  
 Publike-weale, I. *c.*, p. 60, col. 1, l. 17; p. 72, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Pues, *sb.* = pews, II. *h.*, p. 57, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Puffing, *adj.*, II. *h.*, p. 10, No. 29.  
 Puft-panch, II. *h.*, p. 46, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Puissance, I. *c.*, p. 45, col. 1, l. 37.  
 Punck, Puncke, II. *h.*, p. 10, No. 25; p. 30, No. 195; p. 41, No. 15; p. 48, No. 293.  
 Pur Ceit, II. *h.*, p. 38, col. 2, l. 1.  
 Purple, *v.*, II. *i.*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 48.  
 Purse-pinched, I. *c.*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 24.  
 Purs-strings, I. *c.*, p. 72, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Putrifactive, I. *c.*, p. 32, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Put-downe, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 82, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Pynn—pyn, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 9; II. *h.*, p. 24, No. 23.

## Q

QUAILF, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 47; *b.*, p. 22, col. 1, l. 48; *c.*, p. 41, col. 1, l. 47; II. *l.*, p. 74, col. 2, l. 30; *ss.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 35.  
 Qualitie, I. *c.*, p. 82, col. 2, l. 32.  
 Quarter-braules = caterbralls, which see. As this was the dance, the reference may be to the tunes for such dance, II. *ss.*, p. 3, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Quarters, I. *c.*, p. 91, col. 2, l. 55.  
 Quartred, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Queane, *sb.*, II. *h.*, p. 43, col. 1, l. 26; *i.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Queens-game, II. *h.*, p. 32, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Quelkchose, II. *l.*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Quell, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 76, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Quest, *sb.* = inquest, II. *l.*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 15.  
 Quests, *v.*, II. *l.*, p. 25, col. 2, l. 35.  
 Questionlesse, I. *c.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 15.  
 Quick, quicke, *adj.* = alive, I. *a.*, p. 10, col. 2, l. 50; p. 23, col. 1, l. 47; *c.*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 21; p. 28, col. 2, l. 47, etc. etc.  
 Quicken, *v.*, I. *d.*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 15.  
 Quickest, II. *i.*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 40.  
 Quicke-words, I. *c.*, p. 64, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Quippes, *sb.*, II. *h.*, p. 36, No. 245.  
 Quirkis = shifts or cavils, I. *e.*, p. 51 on st. 10, l. 6.  
 Quite, *v.*, II. *h.*, p. 49, col. 2, l. 36; *l.*, p. 16, col. 2, l. 5; p. 28, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Quittance, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 33, col. 2, l. 49.

## R

RACKET-BALL, II. *l.*, p. 54, col. 2, l. 32.  
 Radiance, I. *c.*, p. 87, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Rafter, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Raies, *v.*, II. *h.*, p. 75, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Raigne, *sb.*, I. *c.*, p. 57, col. 1, l. 35, etc.  
 Raigning, *v.* = reining, II. *h.*, p. 22, No. 11.  
 Raines, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 51, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Rake-hell, II. *i.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 15.

- Randon, *I. c.*, p. 38, col. 2, l. 42.  
 Ranking = rankling, *II. i.*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 24.  
 Rapes, *sb.*, *I. c.*, p. 8, st. 24.  
 Rapt, *v.*, *II. m.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 152.  
 Rarely, *adv.* = excellently, exceedingly, *I. f.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 25; *II. l.*, p. 54, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Rarest, *I. c.*, p. 89, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Rarnesse, *II. k.*, p. 9, No. 18.  
 Rather, *adj.*, *II. m.*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 2.  
 Rather, *II. m.*, p. 22 on Eclogue, l. 2. From Spenser (Shep. Cal., Feb. l. 83), 'The rather (*i.e.* earlier) lambs been starv'd with cold.' See Nares, *s.v.*  
 Rauine, *sb.* = greediness, *I. a.*, p. 11, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Rauishment, *I. c.*, p. 63, col. 2, l. 16; p. 93, col. 1, l. 2; *II. l.*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 39; p. 81, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Raught, *v.*, *I. b.*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 30; *e.*, p. 36, st. 68; p. 47, col. 2, l. 32.  
 Ray, *sb.*, *I. c.*, p. 50, col. 1, l. 38.  
 Reame, *sb.* = realme, *I. c.*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 38; *II. i.*, p. 17, col. 2, l. 49.  
 Reaue, *v.* = to bereave, to take away, *I. a.*, p. 28, col. 2, l. 34; p. 30, col. 1, l. 11; *b.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 48; *c.*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 26, etc., etc.  
 Reblesse, *v.*, *I. d.*, p. 26, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Re-chaosd, *v.*, *II. i.*, p. 16, col. 2, l. 25; *k.*, p. 52, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Recheere, *v.*, *I. d.*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Rechew, *v.*, *I. d.*, p. 22, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Reclus'd, *v.*, *II. l.*, p. 54, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Recognizance, *sb.* = legal term, with play on word as = gratitude, *I. d.*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Recollect, *v. tr.*, *II. k.*, p. 56, col. 1, l. 30; *l.*, p. 47, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Recoyle, *II. i.*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Recreating, *v.*, *I. c.*, p. 82, col. 2, l. 44.  
 Recrost, *v.*, *II. l.*, p. 53, col. 2, l. 44.  
 Recure, *v.*, *I. c.*, p. 41, col. 2, l. 14; *d.*, p. 28, col. 2, l. 20, etc.  
 Recurelesse, *I. d.*, p. 23, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Redolence, *I. c.*, p. 89, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Redolent, *adj.*, *II. l.*, p. 76, col. 2, l. 21.  
 Reede, *v.*, *I. e.*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Reele, *v. tr.* = to cause to reel, *I. f.*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 58.  
 Reencouragements, *II. m.*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 230.  
 Reforge, *I. a.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Refrain, refrain, *v. tr.*, *I. b.*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 36; *c.*, p. 39, col. 2, l. 49; p. 48, col. 2, l. 10, etc.  
 Reft, *v.*, *I. c.*, p. 39, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Regality, *II. m.*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 120.  
 Regencie, *I. d.*, p. 24, col. 1, l. 40; *II. l.*, p. 4, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Regiment = rule, government, *I. a.*, p. 24, col. 2, l. 4; *c.*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 1; p. 35, col. 2, l. 31; p. 45, col. 1, l. 25; *e.*, p. 49, col. 1, l. 12; *II. k.*, p. 7, No. 13, etc.  
 Reglosst, *v.*, *I. e.*, p. 6, st. 4.  
 Regreete, regreet, *sb.*, *I. b.*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 28; *II. k.*, p. 53, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Regreete, *v.*, *I. c.*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 20; *e.*, p. 8, st. 23; p. 61, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Regresse, *I. c.*, p. 86, col. 1, l. 28; *I. d.*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Relent, *v. tr.*, *I. d.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 32; *II. k.*, p. 8, No. 17.  
 Relict, *v.*, *II. k.*, p. 17, No. 79.  
 Relict, *sb.*, *II. l.*, p. 55, col. 1, l. 11; p. 66, col. 2, l. 36.  
 Relies, *v.*, *I. d.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 1.  
 Relieu'd, *v.*, *II. l.*, p. 34, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Relish, *sb.*, *I. c.*, p. 81, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Reliue, *v. tr.* = relieve, *I. c.*, p. 72, col. 1, l. 45; *d.*, p. 25, col. 1, l. 17; p. 26, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Reliues, *v.* = relieves, *II. k.*, p. 13, No. 53.  
 Remanent, *adj.* = permanent, *I. b.*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Remembered, *v.* = reminded, *II. l.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Remorce, Remorse, *sb.*, *II. k.*, p. 10, No. 33; p. 27, No. 43; *l.*, p. 17, col. 2, l. 52, etc.  
 Remorcelesse = pitiless, *I. d.*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 39.  
 Remount, *sb.*, *I. d.*, p. 16, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Remunerate, *v.*, *II. l.*, p. 31, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Ren, *v.*, rennen = to run, *I. c.*, p. 87, col. 1, l. 12; *II. k.*, p. 30, col. 1, l. 50; *m.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 114.  
 Renforce, *v.*, *I. c.*, p. 46, col. 2, l. 21.  
 Renouate, *v.*, *II. l.*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 46.  
 Renowne, *v. tr.*, *I. e.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 10; *f.*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 22; *II. k.*, p. 33, No. 223, etc.  
 Renowned, *v.*, *I. c.*, p. 53, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Renowned, *adj.*, *I. c.*, p. 97, col. 1, title of sonnet.  
 Rent, *v. in tr.* = to rend, *I. d.*, p. 17, col. 1, l. 43.  
 Repaire, *sb.*, *I. c.*, p. 65, col. 2, l. 2; *II. l.*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 16; p. 87, col. 2, l. 40.  
 Repine, *sb.*, *I. d.*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 27.  
 Repos'd, *v.*, *I. c.*, p. 28, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Repurpelled, *v.*, *II. i.*, p. 17, col. 2, l. 46.  
 Requitelesse, *I. c.*, p. 68, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Reshare, *v.*, *I. c.*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Resolved, *v.* = dissolved, *I. c.*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 21.  
 Respire, *v.*, *I. c.*, p. 24, col. 1, l. 23; p. 27, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Resplendishing, *sb.*, *II. l.*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 35.  
 Rest-refresht, *I. c.*, p. 23, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Restfull—restlesse, *I. b.*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 50.  
 Re-suncke, *v.*, *II. l.*, p. 29, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Retaile, *v.*, *I. c.*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Retire, *v.*, *I. f.*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Retire, *sb.*, *I. c.*, p. 52, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Reuisall, *II. l.*, p. 18, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Reuies, *sb.*, *II. k.*, p. 38, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Reuulsion, *I. d.*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Reuy, *v.* = re-wager, *II. k.*, p. 38, col. 1, l. 28, 35.  
 Re-water'd, *v.*, *II. l.*, p. 64, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Riffe-raffes, riffraffe, *I. a.*, p. 25, col. 1, l. 6; *c.*, p. 95, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Rigge, rig, rigg, *sb.*, *II. k.*, p. 49, col. 2, l. 37; *i.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 15; *k.*, p. 77, l. 249.  
 Rin, rinne, ryn, *v.* = to run, *I. c.*, p. 29, col. 1, l. 45; p. 32, col. 1, l. 47; *c.*, p. 37, col. 1, l. 41; *e.*, p. 16, st. 105, p. 49, col. 1, l. 51; *II. k.*, p. 9, No. 26 *bis*, etc.  
 Rince, *v.*, *I. b.*, p. 21, col. 2, l. 11; *II. l.*, p. 48, col. 1, l. 39; p. 55, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Ring, *v.* = to encircle, *II. m.*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 28.

Ringen, *v.* = to ring, to resound, II. *m*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 100.  
 Ring-hedge, I. *b*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 45.  
 Riotousnesse, I. *g*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Rivalitie, I. *c*, p. 76, col. 2, l. 32.  
 Roast (to rule the roast), see 'Roste,' I. *c*, p. 58, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Roiall-smooth-erected, I. *f*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 13.  
 Rood, I. *d*, p. 22, col. 2, l. 30.  
 Rooks, *sb.*, II. *k*, p. 81, l. 135.  
 Room-be-low, *sb.*, II. *m*, p. 13, l. 67 = prostitute (cant word).  
 Roring-boyes, II. *k*, p. 44, No. 134.  
 Rose-sweet, I. *d*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 12.  
 Roste, II. *l*, p. 82, col. 2, l. 24—to rule the roste. See 'Roast.'  
 Rogh-cast, *v.*, I. *e*, p. 43, col. 2, l. 42.  
 Rough-cast, *sb.*, I. *d*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 31.  
 Rough-hewn, II. *k*, p. 74, l. 6.  
 Rought, *v.* = raught, *q.v.*, I. *c*, p. 90, col. 2, l. 30; II. *l*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 52.  
 Rounds, *v.*, II. *k*, p. 41, col. 1, l. 29 = to whisper. *Scottic* still.  
 Routh, *sb.*, I. *f*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Rowmsome = room-some, roomy, I. *a*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 39.  
 Rubbes, rubs, I. *c*, p. 58, col. 1, l. 30; II. *k*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 27; *l*, p. 34, col. 2, ll. 19-20; *l*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 21; *m*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Rubrick, *sb.*, rubricke, II. *k*, p. 53, col. 1, l. 8; *m*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 50.  
 Rude-crude, II. *m*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 181.  
 Rue, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 41, col. 1, l. 4; p. 54, col. 2, l. 24.  
 Rue, *sb.*, II. *i*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 30.  
 Ruffe, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 44, col. 1, l. 21; II. *k*, p. 76, l. 144; p. 77, l. 278; p. 90, col. 2, l. 55; II. *m*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Ruinate, ruynate, *v.*, I. *b*, p. 10, col. 2, l. 10; *c*, p. 27, col. 2, l. 32, etc.  
 Rulelesse, I. *a*, p. 22, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Rundle, *sb.* = rounded—the picture frame of Coryat's portrait was of a roundish or oval shape—II. *m*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 86.  
 Runnagates, I. *c*, p. 61, col. 2, l. 21; I. *e*, p. 29, st. 245; II. *k*, p. 19, No. 98.  
 Runnawayes, II. *l*, p. 50; col. 2, l. 45.  
 Runt, *sb.*, II. *k*, p. 30, No. 198.  
 Ruralls, *sb.*, I. *a*, p. 24, col. 2, l. 4; p. 25, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Ruth, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 41, col. 1, l. 3; p. 88, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Rynnet, *sb.*, II. *k*, p. 26, No. 33.

## S

SABLE—heraldic, II. *l*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Sableize, *v.*, II. *k*, p. 77, l. 241.  
 Sack, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 61, col. 2, l. 43.  
 Sad, sadd = serious, I. *c*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 24; p. 37, col. 1, l. 15; *g*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 40; II. *k*, p. 24, No. 17, etc. etc.

Sad = heavy, II. *k*, p. 49, No. 362.  
 Sadly = seriously, II. *i*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 28; II. *m*, p. 3, col. 1, l. 30.  
 Sadness, II. *i*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Saint-like, II. *l*, p. 63, col. 2, l. 58.  
 Salamander, II. *k*, p. 12, No. 44.  
 Sallendine, *sb.*, plant, II. *k*, p. 14, No. 57.  
 Sallets, *sb.*, II. *i*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Salvages, II. *m*, p. 10, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Sand-blind, I. *a*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 13.  
 Sanguin, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 32, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Sanguine, *adj.*, = bloody, sanguinary, I. *c*, p. 45, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Sanguine-field,—heraldic, II. *l*, p. 83, col. 2, l. 43.  
 Sanguiner, *adj.*, I. *c*, p. 31, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Sanguinolent, I. *d*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Sans = Fr. without, I. *a*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 44; p. 15, col. 1, l. 46; II. *l*, p. 84, col. 1, l. 42; *m*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Sans-beginning, II. *l*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 42.  
 Sans-force, I. *c*, p. 53, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Sans-leaue, II. *i*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 45.  
 Sans-peere, *adj.* = peerless, I. *c*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Sapience, I. *b*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 20; *c*, p. 50, col. 2, l. 27; II. *k*, p. 39; col. 1, l. 25; *l*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 24, etc.  
 Saturnists, I. *e*, p. 10, st. 50.  
 Saue-gard, *sb.*, I. *e*, p. 11, st. 58.  
 Saw, sawes, *sb.*, I. *a*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 2; II. *l*, p. 34, col. 2, l. 38; *c*, p. 53, col. 2, l. 24; II. *m*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 2; p. 20, col. 1, l. 97; p. 21, col. 1, l. 185.  
 Scala-cæli, I. *d*, p. 26, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Scall'd, *adj.*, II. *k*, p. 27, No. 169; p. 76, l. 88.  
 Scamble, *v.*, I. *e*, p. 23, st. 183, p. 32, st. 18.  
 Scamble, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 23, st. 183.  
 Scape, *sb.* = escape, I. *c*, p. 47, col. 2, l. 27.  
 Scarfe, *v.*, I. *f*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Scarfed, *adj.* = masked, veiled, I. *e*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Scath, *sb.* = skath, I. *c*, p. 11, col. 2, l. 17; II. *l*, p. 40, col. 1, l. 15; p. 77, col. 1, l. 39.  
 Scepter'd, *v.*, I. *d*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 49.  
 Scheleton, II. *l*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 24.  
 Scite, *sb.* = site, II. *k*, p. 75, l. 25.  
 Sclander, II. *k*, p. 4, col. 2, l. 25.  
 Scoles, scholes = scales—'the dish of a balance' (Nares, *s.v.*), I. *a*, p. 27, col. 1, l. 33; *e*, p. 31, st. 14; II. *k*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 6; *l*, p. 82, col. 2, l. 46; *m*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Scoole, *v.* = to teach, II. *k*, p. 25, No. 150.  
 Sconse, II. *i*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 50; p. 14, col. 1, l. 32; *m*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Scorelesse, II. *l*, p. 69, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Scrach, *v.* = to flatter (to claw), I. *c*, p. 50, col. 1, l. 2.  
 Scraping-ritch = miserly-rich? II. *k*, p. 27, No. 169.  
 Scrat, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 44, col. 1, l. 47.  
 Scripts, *sb.*, I. *e*, p. 38, st. 82.  
 Scue-looke = squint-look, I. *c*, p. 72, col. 1, l. 25; II. *k*, p. 64, col. 2, l. 20.  
 Scummers, *v.* = evacuates (by stool), II. *m*, p. 13, l. 49.  
 Sea, the, I. *a*, p. 31, on p. 22, col. 2, l. 37—I take the

following from my edition of Southwell on St. Peter's Complaint, st. xviii. ll. 1-6:—"The old philosophy believed that the ocean filtered back through narrow chinks, and re-appeared in springs; e.g. Jerome saith (when writing on Eccles. i. 7, and giving an erroneous interpretation), "Philosophers tell, that sweete waters that runne into the Sea, be consumpt and wasted by heat of the sunne, or els they be foode and nourishing of saltnesse of the sea. But our Ecclesiastes, the maker of waters, sayeth, That they come agayne by privie veynes of the earth to the well-heades, and commeth out of the mother, that is the Sea, and walmeth and springeth out in well-heads" (Batman upon Bartholome, lib. xiii. cap. 3). Some, however, if we may judge from Batman's quotations from Isidore, combined the two views; and this would appear from the word "added" to have been that which Southwell had been taught. But besides the mother-sea or main-ocean, there had to be added, according to early Christian philosophy, the *abyssus*, the "deep" of Southwell, and of the Authorised Version, Gen. i. 2, and vii. 11: but the views as to its nature and position appear to have been vague and varied. According to some, "abyssus" is "deepnesse of water unscene, and thereof come and spring wells and rivers; for out of the deepnes come all waters, and turne againe thereto by priuy waies, as to the mother of water," as Isidore saith, lib. 13; but according to Augustine, "abyssus" is the primordial matter, made of naught, whereof "all things that hath shape and forme should be shaped and formed," and from which it would appear that either of the elements of earth or water were, according to the ordination gift of God, formed. Neither does it seem to have been settled whether this Abyss formed part of the general circulation spoken of above, or whether the hidden veins from the Sea to the well-heads were subsidiary to the hidden veins from the abyss or overflowing deep. Compare Batman, lib. xiii., cap. 3, 22, 23. (Fuller Worthies' Library)."

The following is the text of Southwell above annotated:—

'The mother-sea, from overflowing deepes,  
Sends forth her issue by divided vaines,  
Yet back her offspring to their mother creepes,  
To pay their purest streames with added gaines;  
But I, that drunke the drops of beavenly flud,  
Bemyr'd the Giuer with returning mud.'

Sea-controlling, I. c, p. 96, col. 2, l. 1.  
Sea-damming, I. b, p. 22, col. 2, l. 27.  
Seasons, misprinted 'reasons,' I. a, p. 25, col. 2, l. 20.  
Seathing, *adj.* = seething, II. l, p. 26, col. 2, l. 13.  
Seau'n-fold, I. d, p. 20, col. 1, l. 7.  
Sedges, *sb.*, II. A, p. 77, ll. 266-268.  
Seeled, *v.* = ceiled, I. e, p. 18, st. 128.  
Seisure, I. c, p. 59, col. 2, l. 10.  
Seld, I. c, p. 47, col. 1, ll. 19-25; e, p. 19, st. 144, etc.  
etc.

Selfe, I. a, p. 24, col. 1, l. 12; p. 28, col. 1, l. 43; p. 30, col. 2, l. 38, *et frequenter*,—a very favourite word with our author, e.g., selfe-motion, selfe-freedom, selfe-blindness, etc. etc.

Seller, *sb.* = cellar, II. A, p. 48, No. 290; l, p. 75, col. 1, l. 23.

Semblable, *adj.* = like, similar, I. c, p. 16, col. 1, l. 3.

Semi-god, *semy-god*, I. c, p. 16, col. 1, l. 17; f, p. 7, col. 2, l. 37.

Semi-seas, I. c, p. 70, col. 1, l. 35.

Semetry = symmetry, II. A, p. 36, col. 2, l. 16.

Sempiternie, I. c, p. 37, col. 1, l. 42; II. m, p. 21, col. 1, l. 184.

Sence, *v.* = to incense, to fumigate, II. A, p. 52, col. 1, l. 18.

Sence-confounding = sense-confounding, I. c, p. 42, col. 1, l. 1.

Seneschals, II. m, p. 5, col. 1, l. 25.

Sennight, II. A, p. 33, No. 215.

Sense-inspire, *v.*, I. c, p. 24, col. 1, l. 22.

Sense-masters, I. c, p. 81, col. 1, l. 16.

Sense-mazing, I. c, p. 90, col. 1, l. 26.

Sense-pleasing, I. c, p. 15, col. 2, l. 30; II. A, p. 31, col. 1, l. 42.

Sense-refreshing, II. l, p. 13, col. 1, l. 13.

Sense-reviving, I. c, p. 89, col. 2, l. 26.

Sense-transcending, I. a, p. 9, col. 1, l. 46.

Sense, I. c, p. 13, col. 1, l. 3. Is 'sense' a verb = feel? or should 'which' be 'with'?—construction obscure. He seems to intend a play on the words 'joy' and 'juyce' as if this were 'joys,' and perhaps 'joy' at end of the line is a verb = enjoy, and so 'possess':—

'The trees which enjoy (still have) a sense of joy past  
Send their juyce in teares, thro' their Barks.'

Against this it may be said that the Italic words and beginning with capital letters seem to be all substantives, so that 'joy' cannot well be a verb. In such case (as *supra*) 'sense' must be the verb. Nares says = expound: Halliwell, = understand: and the line means 'the trees which "sense"' (= feel, understand). Joy of past joy send, etc.,—far-fetched altogether.

Sensible, I. c, p. 78, col. 1, l. 18.

Sent, *sb.*, = scent, I. e, p. 13, st. 80; g, p. 7, col. 1, l. 43, etc.

Serene, *v.*, I. d, p. 26, col. 1, l. 35; f, p. 15, col. 1, l. 4.

Serenize, *v.*, II. l, p. 33, col. 1, l. 24.

Sermon, *v.*, II. i, p. 13, col. 1, l. 29.

Serpentine, *adj.* (serpentine wisdom), I. c, p. 56, col. 1, l. 37; f, p. 5, col. 2, l. 7.

Serpent-wise, I. e, p. 49, col. 1, l. 22; II. l, p. 21, col. 2, l. 52.

Sets, I. e, p. 7, st. 13.

Setters, I. d, p. 5, col. 2, l. 1.

Sextiplies, *v.*, I. a, p. 6, col. 2, l. 18; c, p. 6, col. 1, l. 25.

Sextiplies, *c*, p. 38, col. 2, l. 32.

Shamefaste, *adj.*, II. A, p. 40, col. 1, l. 7.

- Shamefastnesse, I. c, p. 35, col. 1, l. 47; p. 69, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Shamefull = full of shame, II. k, p. 29, No. 188.  
 Shapelesnesse, I. c, p. 67, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Sharen, II. m, p. 21, col. 1, l. 193.  
 Sheare, v., II. k, p. 56, col. 2, l. 21.  
 She-man, II. i, p. 11, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Sheene, sb., I. c, p. 63, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Sheene, adj., II. m, p. 19, col. 1, l. 11; p. 20, col. 2, l. 156.  
 Sheeten, adj. = white, like linen sheet, II. k, p. 77, l. 250.  
 Shelve, sb., I. c, p. 8, col. 2, l. 12; II. k, p. 12, No. 44, l. 34.  
 Shelves, II. m, p. 3, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Shend, v., II. m, p. 21, col. 1, ll. 184, 206.  
 Shend, II. m, p. 22 on Ecl. l. 184. Like Stubbes earlier and Browne later, Davies here uses this word as = protect, not in its usual senses of reproach, or punishing, or injuring, or destroying.  
 'Our noble queene Elizabeth in health and honour eke,  
 Good Lord, preserve to Nestor's dayes, that she thy truthe  
 may keepe.  
 From bloody hands of forraine foes, good Lord, her save and  
 shend:  
 Graunt that at all assayes she may by thee still be defend.'  
 (Stubbes' Examples, 1581.)  
 'This I must succour, this I must defend,  
 And from the wild boare's rooting ever shend.'  
 (Brit. Past., Pt. ii.)  
 See Nares, and also Halliwell, s.v.  
 Shent, v., I. c, p. 82, col. 2, l. 25.  
 Shield, v., I. c, p. 74, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Shone, v., I. c, p. 73, col. 1, l. 34; II. l, p. 71, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Short, v. = to shorten, I. b, p. 17, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Short-wing'd, I. g, p. 8, col. 1, l. 39.  
 Shot—shott, sb. = reckoning, I. c, p. 76, col. 1, l. 2;  
 II. k, p. 8, No. 2; p. 31, No. 199.  
 Shoulden, II. m, p. 20, col. 1, l. 113.  
 Shrowdly, I. a, p. 7, col. 1, l. 57.  
 Sib, II. m, p. 21, col. 1, l. 211.  
 Side, adj. = long, I. c, p. 6, st. 4—an excellent example  
 to be added to Nares, s.v., and our Dictionaries.  
 Sided, v., I. a, p. 7, col. 1, l. 2.  
 Siege, sb., I. d, p. 4, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Signiorize, v., I. a, p. 8, col. 2, l. 24; p. 26, col. 2, l. 42; e, p. 34, col. 2, l. 36; g, p. 6, col. 1, l. 2; II. l, p. 49, col. 1, l. 46; m, p. 9, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Signiorizing, adj., I. d, p. 26, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Signiory, signiorie, I. b, p. 11, col. 1, l. 26; II. k, p. 46, col. 1, l. 52; i, p. 12, col. 2, l. 11; m, p. 9, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Sigulate, I. d, p. 32, on p. 26, col. 1, l. 8—another  
 coinage of Davies. But probably a misprint for  
 'figulate' = to form or fashion as a potter (*figulus*)  
 does. The Latin verb '*figulo*' is of late use only.  
 Tertullian has it—'*figulat ita hominem Demiurgus*'  
 —an exact parallel.  
 Sike, II. m, p. 20, col. 1, l. 66.  
 Siker, II. m, p. 19, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Sik-like, Sikliche = such-like, *Scottic* still; II. m, p. 19,  
 col. 2, l. 51; p. 21, col. 2, l. 226.  
 Siled, adj. = seeled, II. l, p. 48, col. 2, l. 35. See  
 Nares under 'Seeled.'  
 Silke-Sipers—see 'sipers,' I. c, p. 7, st. 13.  
 Silke-Sipers, I. c, p. 51 on st. 13, l. 2—probably a crape-  
 like silk or 'a fine curled linnen' like silk. See  
 Nares, s.v. Cyprus.  
 Silly = simple, I. a, p. 22, col. 2, l. 48; b, p. 8, col. 1,  
 l. 42; d, p. 6, col. 2, l. 2, etc.  
 Silver-cleerensse, II. k, p. 47, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Silver-golden, I. c, p. 91, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Silver-quick = quicksilver, I. b, p. 13, col. 1, l. 48.  
 Silver-sounding, II. k, p. 31, col. 1, ll. 16, 17.  
 Simile, Simily, sb. = likeness, resemblance, I. f, p. 5,  
 col. 1, l. 13; II. k, p. 79, ll. 477, 478.  
 Simoniacke, sb., II. k, p. 29, No. 192, title.  
 Simpringly, II. k, p. 20, No. 108.  
 Sin-afflicting, II. k, p. 33, No. 218.  
 Sin-biac'd, I. d, p. 6, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Sin-correcting, II. l, p. 12, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Sin-corrupted, II. l, p. 82, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Sin-obscured, I. c, p. 38, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Sin-peruerted, I. c, p. 23, col. 2, l. 15.  
 Sin-purging, II. l, p. 12, col. 1, l. 48.  
 Sin-soiled, I. c, p. 29, col. 2, l. 39; II. l, p. 50, col. 1,  
 l. 45.  
 Sin-soothing, I. c, p. 27, col. 1, l. 2; II. l, p. 79, col. 1,  
 l. 43.  
 Sin-spurred, I. c, p. 15, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Single-trine, II. k, p. 24, No. 22.  
 Single-twisted, I. c, p. 99, col. 1, l. 30.  
 Singularity = singleness, I. a, p. 9, col. 1, l. 50.  
 Sinister, adj., I. c, p. 29, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Sinister-bends—heraldic, II. l, p. 83, col. 2, l. 44.  
 Sinke-apace, v. = corruption of 'cinque-pace.' See  
 Nares, s.v. and 'Twelfth Night,' i. 3, II. i, p. 6,  
 col. 1, l. 45.  
 Sipers, silk, I. c, p. 7, st. 13, l. 2 = cypruss, i.e. crape.  
 See Autolykus in 'Winter's Tale' (iv. 4, 221).  
 Sipers, sb. (silke-sipers), cipress, cypruss, cyprus, = a  
 sort of crape, I. c, p. 7, st. 13.  
 Sir (Sir Chaucer), II. k, p. 34, No. 288.  
 Sire—misprinted 'fire,' I. b, p. 16, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Sith, v. = sitteth, I. c, p. 21, st. 168.  
 Sith = since, I. a, p. 6, col. 1, l. 43; p. 15, col. 1, l. 8,  
 etc. etc.  
 Skarrified, v., I. d, p. 25, col. 2, l. 47.  
 Sker'd, v. = scared, I. c, p. 11, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Skill, v., I. f, p. 15, col. 1, l. 1; II. k, p. 5, col. 1, l. 45;  
 k, p. 29, No. 186; p. 57, col. 1, l. 25.  
 Skinck. The ordinary meaning of 'skinck' = drink,  
 liquor, seems inadmissible here. Could it be the  
 name of some companion-in-arms of Williams, who  
 met his death in the attack on the Spanish Achilles?  
 As Williams was famed for his hot, furious valour,  
 more than his discretion, and as it was in a mid-

- night attack that he penetrated to the tent of the Prince of Parma, it is just possible that Davies insinuates that he superadded 'Dutch courage' to his natural valour before he made this night assault, *i.e.*, that drink (= skinck), which generally leads men to shame, was in this case 'blessed' because the result was glorious. But in such case it is a singular way of praising either Williams or his dear country Cambria. I. *c.* p. 106 on p. 21, col. 1, l. 15.
- Skipp-braine, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 30, col. 1, l. 41.
- Skonce, *sb.* = skull, I. *a.* p. 11, col. 2, l. 30.
- Skums, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 82, col. 2, l. 6; II. *k.* p. 5, col. 2, l. 15.
- Slabberd, *adj.* = slobbered, I. *e.* p. 6, st. 6.
- Slack't, *v.*, II. *l.* p. 72, col. 2, l. 34.
- Slips, II. *l.* p. 5, col. 2, l. 28.
- Slippie, II. *k.* p. 6, No. 2.
- Slop, *v.*, II. *k.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 13.
- Sloppes, I. *e.* p. 51 on st. 5, l. 8. Besides breeches or trousers = lower garments. Cf. 'Much Ado About Nothing,' iii. 2, and (certainly) 'Love's Lab. Lost,' iv. 3. Sometimes with 'pair,' *e.g.* Ben Jonson, 'a pair of pain'd slops' (Cynthia's Revels, iv. 3).
- Sluce, *v.*, II. *k.* p. 75, l. 20.
- Sluttry, I. *b.* p. 18, col. 1, l. 33.
- Small-world = microcosm, II. *l.* p. 64, col. 1, l. 13.
- Smarags, I. *c.* p. 90, col. 2, l. 4.
- Smirke, *adj.*, II. *m.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 159.
- Smock, I. *c.* p. 90, col. 1, l. 54; p. 90, col. 2, ll. 12, 37, 42.
- Smock-like, I. *c.* p. 90, col. 2, l. 37.
- Smoke, II. *c.* p. 78, l. 26. So Daniel to the Countesse of Cumberland (l. 32), 'this *smoake* of wit.'
- Smooth-fac'd, I. *e.* p. 43, col. 2, l. 42.
- Smugge, *adj.*, II. *k.* p. 24, No. 136.
- Snaffle, snafle, *sb.* = bridle, I. *a.* p. 10, col. 1, l. 6; II. *l.* p. 56, col. 1, l. 33.
- Snail-like, I. *b.* p. 7, col. 1, l. 46.
- Snauffes, I. *f.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 3.
- Sodaine, I. *c.* p. 90, col. 2, l. 26.
- Soft-silken, I. *c.* p. 20, col. 2, l. 2 (from bottom).
- Soile, *sb.* = pollution, II. *k.* p. 32, col. 2, l. 21; p. 37, col. 1, l. 20; p. 53, col. 2, l. 33.
- Sol, II. *i.* p. 7, col. 1, l. 35.
- Sole, *adj.* = lonely, II. *k.* p. 42, col. 1, l. 27.
- Solacement, I. *d.* p. 19, col. 2, l. 30.
- Solacious = solacing, II. *k.* p. 12, No. 44, l. 10.
- Solder, *v.*, II. *l.* p. 69, col. 1, l. 38.
- Solennesse = solitude, II. *l.* p. 68, col. 2, l. 5.
- Somners, *sb.*, I. *e.* p. 20, st. 150 = Chaucerian Sompnours, the inferior ecclesiastical officers, = Summoner, apparitor, or officer who summoned delinquents to Ecclesiastical Courts (Shipley's Gloss. of Eccl. Terms, *s.v.*) Even the lowest posts, says Davies, are made matters of buying and selling. This corrects the personal allusion I had supposed.
- Songen, *v.*, II. *m.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 74.
- Son-hood, I. *a.* p. 17, col. 1, l. 26.
- Soot, soote, *adj.* = sweet, II. *m.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 72; col. 2, l. 154.
- Soot-meats = sweetmeats, II. *m.* p. 19, col. 1, l. 20.
- Sooth-fast, II. *l.* p. 36, col. 2, l. 29.
- Sordiditie, I. *e.* p. 21, st. 159; II. *l.* p. 19, col. 2, l. 32.
- Sorrow-furrowed, I. *c.* p. 12, col. 1, l. 10.
- Sory, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 55, col. 2, l. 9.
- Sot, sette, *sb.* = a fool, I. *a.* p. 25, col. 2, l. 44; *e.* p. 38, st. 87; *f.* p. 15, col. 2, l. 14; II. *k.* p. 79, l. 464, etc.
- Sottishnesse = foolishness, I. *a.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 50; II. *l.* p. 5, col. 2, l. 30; *m.* p. 10, col. 2, l. 6.
- Soule-afflicting, II. *l.* p. 26, col. 1, l. 11; p. 70, col. 2, l. 4.
- Soule-catching, I. *e.* p. 21, st. 160.
- Soule-charming, II. *l.* p. 4, col. 1, l. 20.
- Soule-confounding, I. *a.* p. 24, col. 1, l. 1; *c.* p. 90, col. 1, l. 21; II. *k.* p. 39, col. 2, l. 24.
- Soule-conuerting, I. *d.* p. 9, col. 2, l. 1.
- Soule-delighting, I. *c.* p. 100, col. 1, l. 22.
- Soule-enchanting, inchanting, I. *c.* p. 11, col. 1, l. 46; *d.* p. 28, col. 1, l. 46; *g.* p. 5, col. 1, l. 1; II. *l.* p. 33, col. 2, l. 11.
- Soule-feeding, I. *a.* p. 13, col. 2, l. 32.
- Soule-gladding, II. *m.* p. 21, col. 1, l. 193.
- Soule-health, I. *c.* p. 36, col. 2, l. 6.
- Soule-pain'd, I. *c.* p. 14, col. 2, l. 24.
- Soule-pleasing, I. *a.* p. 8, col. 1, l. 23; *c.* p. 26, col. 2, l. 43, etc., etc.
- Soule-ravishing, I. *c.* p. 94, col. 1, l. 17.
- Soule-ravishments, II. *m.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 62.
- Soule-refreshing, I. *d.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 13; II. *l.* p. 18, col. 2, l. 49.
- Soule-reioycing, I. *c.* p. 83, col. 1, l. 16.
- Soule-sauiing, I. *d.* p. 7, col. 1, l. 1.
- Soule-scortching, I. *c.* p. 44, col. 1, l. 35.
- Soule-searching, II. *l.* p. 12, col. 1, l. 29.
- Soule-slaying, I. *d.* p. 10, col. 1, l. 40; p. 19, col. 2, l. 49.
- Soule-staying, I. *c.* p. 15, col. 2, l. 34.
- Soule-swillings, *sb.*, I. *a.* p. 11, col. 1, l. 27.
- Soule-vexing, I. *d.* p. 15, col. 1, l. 24.
- Soule-wounding, II. *i.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 27.
- Soule-wracking, I. *d.* p. 9, col. 1, l. 25.
- Souenance, *sb.* remembrance, II. *m.* p. 19, col. 2, l. 48; p. 20, col. 1, l. 116, col. 2, l. 140.
- Soure-sweeter, *sb.*, I. *c.* p. 42, col. 2, l. 50; II. *l.* p. 83, col. 1, l. 6.
- Soust-Gurnerd, II. *m.* p. 3, col. 2, ll. 27-29.
- Sowre, *sb.*, II. *l.* p. 12, col. 2, l. 2; p. 38, col. 1, l. 2.
- Sowre, *adj.*, I. *c.* p. 96, col. 1, l. 40; *e.* p. 28, st. 238; II. *k.* p. 8, No. 20; p. 27, No. 45; *l.* p. 48, col. 1, l. 17, etc., etc.
- Sowre-sweetest, II. *l.* p. 75, col. 2, l. 36.
- Sow-like, I. *c.* p. 65, col. 1, l. 21.
- Spacelesse-space, II. *i.* p. 20, col. 1, l. 36.
- Spade, *sb.*—to call a *spade*, etc.—II. *k.* p. 18, No. 91; *m.* p. 3, col. 2, l. 4.
- Spall, *v.*, I. *d.* p. 8, col. 1, l. 2.



- Spang, I. *c*, p. 90, col. 2, l. 21; p. 91, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Sparr'd, *v*, II. *l*, p. 56, col. 1, l. 20.  
 Spectacle, *sb*. = optick glass, II. *k*, p. 9, No. 26;  
 p. 10, No. 32.  
 Sperme, II. *m*, p. 3, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Spet, *v*, II. *i*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 8, col. 2, l. 52; *l*, p. 28,  
 col. 2, l. 19.  
 Spider, II. *m*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 14—a commonplace libel on  
 the spider, than which there is not an insect more  
 marvellously gifted or interesting. It is a shame  
 thus thoughtlessly and unwarrantably to traduce  
 so admirable a little creature.  
 Spill, *v*, to spoil, I. *a*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 4; p. 25, col. 2,  
 l. 10; *c*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 5, etc., etc.  
 Spinners, I. *f*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Spiration, I. *a*, p. 17, col. 1, ll. 25, 44, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Spirtled, *v*, II. *k*, p. 76, l. 90.  
 Spittlemen, I. *b*, p. 26, col. 1, l. 24.  
 Spoile-papers, *sb*, II. *k*, p. 81, l. 130.  
 Sports, *v*, II. *l*, p. 25, col. 2, l. 43.  
 Spowle, *sb*. = spoole, II. *k*, p. 9, No. 27.  
 Spralleth, II. *m*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Sprighted, *v*, II. *m*, p. 13, l. 51.  
 Spritelesse, II. *k*, p. 36, col. 2, l. 31.  
 Spruce, spruse, II. *k*, p. 18, No. 91; p. 37, col. 2, l. 7;  
*k*, p. 63, col. 1, l. 11.  
 Spunges, I. *c*, p. 63, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Spur-gall, *v*, II. *k*, p. 76, l. 116; *m*, p. 14, col. 1,  
 l. 109.  
 Square, as any Potentate, etc., I. *g*, p. 9 on p. 6, col. 2,  
 l. 6. Cf. Herrick earlier—'A wise man ev'ry way  
 lies square' (my edition, I. p. 62); and later,  
 Tennyson—'four-square to all the winds that blow.'  
 See Aristotle (Ethics i. 11: Rhetoric iii. 11, 2) from  
 Simonides and traceable back to Pythagoras.  
 Square, *adj*, firm, I. *g*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 51.  
 Square, *v*, I. *c*, p. 48, col. 1, l. 43; *b*, p. 8, col. 1,  
 l. 54; p. 53, col. 1, l. 57; p. 56, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Square, *sb*. = out of square, II. *k*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 44;  
 I. *c*, p. 56, col. 2, l. 6; p. 59, col. 1, ll. 38, 39.  
 Square, *sb*. = breakes no square, II. *k*, p. 48, No. 307.  
 Squarest, *adj*. The allusion is to oracles being conveyed  
 in Hexameter lines ('measured syllables'), II. *l*, p.  
 6, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Squint-ey'd, I. *c*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Squire, *sb*, I. *b*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 12; p. 8, col. 1, l. 54;  
 II. *k*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 45; *l*, p. 67, col. 2, l. 19.  
 Squize, *v*. = squeeze, I. *c*, p. 46, col. 1, l. 38; *c*, p. 63,  
 col. 1, l. 46; II. *k*, p. 10, No. 33; *k*, p. 42, col. 2,  
 l. 14; p. 48, col. 2, l. 28; *l*, p. 75, col. 1, l. 22.]  
 Staidnesse, I. *f*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Staies, *sb*, I. *c*, p. 58, col. 1, l. 43.  
 Staillesse, staylesse = unstable, I. *b*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 16;  
 II. *k*, p. 25, No. 147; *l*, p. 64, col. 1, l. 45.  
 Staine, *v*, I. *c*, p. 12, col. 2, l. 10; *d*, p. 22, col. 1,  
 l. 52; II. *l*, p. 33, col. 1, l. 36; *m*, p. 7, col. 1,  
 l. 40, etc.  
 Stak't, *v*, = pierced with a stake, I. *a*, p. 11, st. 53.  
 Stales, *v*, I. *d*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Stancks, stanckes, *sb*, I. *c*, p. 32, col. 1, l. 47; II. *m*,  
 p. 4, col. 1, l. 38.  
 Staruelings, I. *c*, p. 49, col. 1, l. 35; p. 80, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Stawles, I. *d*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Steeded, *v*. = steeds, steeded = aids, aided, I. *c*, p. 74,  
 col. 1, l. 40; II. *k*, p. 51, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Steedfast, I. *c*, p. 57, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Stecke, *v*, I. *c*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Steeled, *adj*, II. *k*, p. 81, l. 89.  
 Stellifies, I. *c*, p. 102, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Steere, *v*, stere = steer, I. *c*, p. 38, col. 1, l. 47; p. 74,  
 col. 2, l. 21 = stir, move, p. 72, col. 2, l. 37; p. 73,  
 col. 2, l. 25.  
 Sterne, *sb*, I. *c*, p. 36, col. 1, l. 26; p. 45, col. 1, l. 46;  
*c*, p. 51, col. 1, l. 9; p. 59, col. 1, l. 24.  
 Sterue, *v*. = to starve, I. *c*, p. 82, col. 1, l. 14; *c*, p.  
 38, st. 85.  
 Stie, *v*, I. *c*, p. 41, col. 2, l. 28; *f*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 31;  
 II. *i*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Sties, II. *i*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 17, = mounts. Cf. also I. *c*,  
 p. 41, col. 2, l. 28.  
 Still-closed, I. *c*, p. 88, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Still-fresh-bleeding, I. *d*, p. 27, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Still'd, *v*. = distilled, II. *l*, p. 76, col. 2, l. 30.  
 Stil-green = evergreen, I. *c*, p. 94, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Stint, *sb*, II. *k*, p. 5, col. 1, l. 20.  
 Stinte, *v*. = to abate, to stop, II. *k*, p. 57, col. 2, l. 7.  
 Stirre, *v*. = steer, see Skelton (ed. Dyce, l. p. 34, l. 107)  
 'She that styreth the shyp,' I. *c*, p. 59, col. 1, l. 24.  
 Stitch, *v*, II. *m*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 200.  
 Stock-still, I. *c*, p. 100, col. 2, l. 17.  
 Stomake, *sb*, I. *f*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 16.  
 Stone, *v*, = to petrify, II. *k*, p. 17, No. 80.  
 Stone-ded, I. *c*, p. 42, col. 1, l. 43; *c*, p. 47, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Stooting, II. *k*, p. 42, No. 42.  
 Stork-like, I. *c*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 30.  
 Storm-tossed, II. *k*, p. 78, l. 371.  
 Stoure, II. *m*, p. 22 on Eccl. l. 106.—I must content my-  
 self with a reference to my Aldine Herbert for a full  
 note (*a*, pp. 17-18) on this word.  
 Straits, *v*. *tr*, II. *l*, p. 83, col. 2, l. 34.  
 Straught, *v*, I. *d*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 19; II. *k*, p. 27, No.  
 166.  
 Straue, *v*. = strove, I. *c*, p. 59, col. 1, l. 44; p. 84, col.  
 2, l. 5; II. *i*, p. 14, col. 1, ll. 29, 30.  
 Stride, *v*. = destroyed, I. *c*, p. 26, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Stroke, *v*. = to coax, to caress, I. *b*, p. 18, col. 1, l. 25;  
 II. *l*, p. 51, col. 1, l. 6; *l*, p. 69, col. 1, l. 33.  
 Strooken, *v*, II. *l*, p. 28, col. 2, l. 11.  
 Strucken, *v*, II. *l*, p. 81, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Stub, *sb*, I. *c*, p. 58, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Stutting, *v*, II. *k*, p. 47, No. 280.  
 Styll, *v*. = to distil, I. *d*, p. 24, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Suauity, II. *m*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Subchaunter, II. *k*, p. 52, col. 2, l. 56.  
 Subiacent, I. *d*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Subiective, = suitable to a subject, I. *c*, p. 102, col. 2,  
 l. 20; II. *i*, p. 18, col. 2, l. 22.  
 Subiecture, II. *k*, p. 10, No. 32.

Sub-ordain'd, I. *a*, p. 24, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Subtecture = tabernacle, covering (St. John, i. 14)—that wherein and whereunder He dwelt incarnate. This was probably a coinage of Davies's. There is a Latin verb *subtego*, *subtectus*, from which he may have formed it; but no substantive, either simple, *tectaculum*, or compound, *subtectaculum*, from which he could have adopted it, I. *d*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 39; II. *l*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Submisce, I. *c*, p. 45, col. 2, l. 23; *e*, p. 40, st. 106, etc.  
 Successe, *sb.* = succession, I. *a*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 25.  
 Sucket, I. *e*, p. 8, st. 28; II. *k*, p. 30, col. 1, l. 42.  
 Suddes, *sb.*, I. *e*, p. 21, st. 159.  
 Sugar-chest, I. *d*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Sugar-snowes, II. *k*, p. 64, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Sugar-sweete, *suger-sweete*, I. *c*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 28; II. *k*, p. 51, col. 1, l. 7; *l*, p. 44, col. 2, l. 42.  
 Sugardst, *adj.*, II. *l*, p. 69, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Sugers, *v.*, II. *k*, p. 53, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Sugred, *adj.*, I. *a*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 28; *d*, p. 23, col. 1, l. 46.  
 Suite, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 104, col. 1, l. 29; I. *c*, p. 78, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Summum ius, I. *e*, st. 212.  
 Sunne, sun-bright, I. *a*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 32; p. 8, col. 2, l. 30; *e*, p. 8, st. 27; II. *k*, p. 11, No. 37, etc.  
 Sunne-eclipsing, II. *l*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 30.  
 Sunne-like, I. *c*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 24; p. 93, col. 2, l. 5.  
 Supererogate, *v.*, I. *d*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 47.  
 Super-omniualent, I. *a*, p. 22, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Super-substantiall, I. *a*, p. 16, col. 1, l. 14; *b*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 24; II. *l*, p. 23, col. 1, l. 42.  
 Super-supererogatory, I. *c*, p. 17, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Surance, I. *c*, p. 63, col. 1, l. 2.  
 Surcease, *v.*, I. *e*, p. 18, st. 134; *g*, p. 7, col. 1, l. 53; II. *k*, p. 11, No. 41, etc.  
 Sure-slow, I. *c*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Surpentine, *adj.* = wily, II. *k*, p. 47, col. 2, l. 6.  
 Surquedry = pride, II. *k*, p. 76, l. 119; *m*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 57; p. 20, col. 2, l. 122.  
 Sustinent, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 20.  
 Suspect, *sb.*, I. *g*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 33; II. *i*, p. 18, col. 2, l. 50; *m*, p. 8, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Sutie, *adj.*, I. *d*, p. 18, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Swage, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 79, col. 1, l. 12.  
 Swan-bred, I. *c*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 37.  
 Swan-like, I. *a*, p. 30, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Swanny, *adj.*, II. *k*, p. 64, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Swash, *sb.*, I. *a*, p. 11, col. 1, l. 35.  
 Sweat, I. *c*, p. 37, col. 1, l. 41—Spenser has adopted this old Greek saying.  
 Sweet-lipt, II. *l*, p. 62, col. 2, l. 37.  
 Sweet-pricking, II. *l*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Sweete-sounding, I. *c*, p. 76, col. 1, l. 35.  
 Sweet-sowre, I. *c*, p. 51, col. 2, l. 37.  
 Swift-flying, I. *c*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 25.  
 Swift-wing'd, I. *g*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 37.  
 Swill, *v.*,—in a good sense, I. *d*, p. 22, col. 2, l. 20.

Swinck, swinke, *sb.*, II. *m*, p. 19, col. 2, ll. 37, 38; p. 21, col. 1, l. 199.  
 Swinck, swynck, *v.*, II. *m*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 137; p. 21, ll. 208, 223.  
 Swoot, *adj.* = sweet, II. *m*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 29; p. 20, col. 1, l. 82.  
 Swootly, II. *m*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 70.  
 Syder, *sb.* = cider, I. *c*, p. 23, col. 2, l. 25.  
 Synaxie, I. *d*, p. 28, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Synn, *sb.*, sin, *q.v.*  
 Synnewes, I. *c*, p. 55, col. 1, l. 33.

## T

TABBERS, tabers, *v.*, II. *k*, p. 46, No. 226; p. 57, col. 1, l. 30.  
 Tabers, *sb.*, the instrument—corrects note *in loco*, II. *k*, p. 52, col. 2, l. 10.  
 Tabring, *v.* = a-tabring, I. *d*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 48.  
 Tagge and ragge, I. *e*, p. 42, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Tall, *adj.*, I. *c*, p. 72, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Tant, *sb.*, II. *k*, p. 38, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Tantalian, II. *k*, p. 24, No. 19.  
 Taper-pointed, I. *a*, p. 13, col. 2, l. 48; II. *k*, p. 11, No. 40; *l*, p. 11, col. 1, l. 19.  
 Taper-pointed-beaming, II. *l*, p. 66, col. 1, l. 29.  
 Tarriance, I. *c*, p. 39, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Tastie, I. *c*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Tax, taxe, *v.*, taxt, I. *c*, p. 59, col. 2, l. 39; II. *k*, p. 54, col. 1, l. 13; p. 57, col. 1, l. 2.  
 Taxe-vndergrowne, I. *c*, p. 92, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Teame, *sb.*—qu. term? I. *c*, p. 26, st. 210.  
 Tearmes = to stand on tearmes, I. *c*, p. 30, st. 5; p. 31, st. 9.  
 Teene, *sb.*, II. *i*, p. 9, col. 1, l. 24; p. 16, col. 1, l. 4.  
 Teith, *v.* = to tithe, II. *l*, p. 6, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Teithing she = the tenth muse, II. *k*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 52.  
 Temper, *sb.*, I. *c*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 5; p. 42, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Temper, *v.*, I. *c*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 34; p. 31, col. 1, l. 41.  
 Temperature, temp'rature, I. *c*, p. 31, col. 1, ll. 8, 20; p. 32, col. 1, ll. 30, 31; II. *k*, p. 8, No. 16.  
 Temperer, I. *c*, p. 16, col. 1, l. 13.  
 Temp'raly, II. *l*, p. 33, col. 2, l. 14.  
 Temp'rament, I. *c*, p. 30, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Temprancie, I. *c*, p. 26, col. 2, l. 30.  
 Temp'ring, *v.* = tampering, II. *k*, p. 50, col. 2, l. 49.  
 Tempest-beaten, I. *c*, p. 59, col. 1, l. 32; II. *k*, p. 78, l. 365.  
 Tender, *v.*, II. *l*, p. 37, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Tenebrous, I. *e*, p. 20, st. 154.  
 Tent, *v.*, I. *d*, p. 13, col. 1, l. 52; p. 23, col. 2, l. 44.  
 Tenter-hook, *adj.*, II. *k*, p. 40, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Termagant, II. *k*, p. 78, l. 402.  
 Terrene, I. *c*, p. 26, col. 1, l. 19; II. *l*, p. 80, col. 1, l. 35.  
 Test, *sb.*, II. *l*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Thee, *v.*, II. *m*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 197.  
 Thilke, thilk, II. *m*, p. 19, col. 1, l. 25; col. 2, l. 43; p. 20, col. 1, ll. 81, 109; p. 20, col. 2, ll. 131, 144; p. 21, col. 2, l. 250.

- Thing of Things, I. c, p. 58, col. 1, l. 37.  
 Third-Heau'n-rapt, I. c, p. 64, col. 1, l. 44.  
 Thirling, *adj.* = thrilling, II. *ss*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 166.  
 Thorne-crowned, I. d, p. 20, col. 2, l. 41.  
 Thorned, v., II. l, p. 75, col. 2, l. 32.  
 Thought, *sb.*, I. c, p. 95, col. 1, l. 17; *e*, p. 10, st. 47; p. 11, st. 54, 55, etc. etc.  
 Thought-conceiue, v., II. l, p. 26, col. 1, l. 21.  
 Thought-wasted, II. *k*, p. 11, No. 35.  
 Thraues, *sb.*, I. *e*, p. 23, st. 185.  
 Three-pil'd, I. c, p. 12, col. 2, l. 19.  
 Threed-bare, II. *k*, p. 28, No. 183.  
 Threns = lamentations. So Shakespeare calls the closing verses of his 'Phoenix and Turtle' Threnos, I. d, p. 5, col. 1, l. 26.  
 Thriflesse, II. l, p. 88, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Thriuen, II. *ss*, p. 21, col. 1, l. 205.  
 Through-fare, I. *a*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 46; *e*, p. 48, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Throws, *sb.* = throes, II. l, p. 5, col. 2, l. 4; p. 70, col. 2, l. 14; p. 77, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Thrusters, *sb.*, II. l, p. 34, col. 2, l. 43.  
 Thunder-dent = thunder-marked, I. c, p. 29, col. 2, l. 2.  
 Thwart, *sb.*, II. l, p. 29, col. 1, l. 7; p. 84, col. 2, l. 38, p. 91, col. 2, l. 13.  
 Tice, v. = to entice, I. *e*, p. 24, st. 194.  
 Tick-tack, *sb.*, II. *k*, p. 32, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Tiffany, II. i, p. 6, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Till = to. *Scotice* still, II. *ss*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 115.  
 Timber-wormes, II. i, p. 16, col. 2, l. 37.  
 Time-beguiling, I. c, p. 94, col. 1, l. 30.  
 Time-outwearing, II. *k*, p. 62, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Tincture, I. d, p. 28, col. 2, l. 48.  
 Tincture, I. d, p. 32 on p. 28, col. 2, l. 48. 'As an individual specimen of the grotesque form holding a fine sense, regard for a moment (Donne's) words, "He was all gold when He lay down, but rose all tincture;" which means, that entirely good when He died, He was something yet greater when He rose, for He had gained the power of making others good: the *tincture* intended here was a substance whose touch would turn the basest metal into gold.'  
 —(Dr. George Mac Donald's *Antiphon*, p. 124).  
 Tise—for this read 'rise,' I. *e*, p. 32, col. 1, l. 1.  
 To forne, II. *ss*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 146.  
 Toile, v., I. c, p. 63, col. 1, l. 22; II. *k*, p. 21, No. 4.  
 Tom-boy, II. *ss*, p. 13, l. 69.  
 Too, too, I. c, p. 29, col. 2, l. 41; II. l, p. 16, col. 2, l. 18; p. 65, col. 2, l. 10; p. 78, col. 1, l. 4. See Shakespeare *frequenter*.  
 Tongs-man, tongues-man, I. c, p. 22, col. 2, l. 39; *e*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 6; *f*, p. 14, col. 1, l. 14.  
 Tooth (with tooth and naile), I. c, p. 61, col. 1, l. 34.  
 Toothsom'st, *adj.*, II. i, p. 18, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Tops, *sb.* = heads, I. d, p. 16, col. 1, l. 38.  
 Toplesse, *adj.*, I. *e*, p. 21, st. 159.  
 Torture-tyred, I. d, p. 16, col. 1, l. 13.  
 Touch, *sb.*, I. c, p. 67, col. 2, l. 7; *d*, p. 4, col. 1, l. 17; p. 13, col. 1, l. 38; II. *k*, p. 32, No. 210; *l*, p. 33, col. 2, l. 20; p. 39, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Toy, v., I. *a*, p. 14, col. 2, l. 3.  
 Toy, toies, toyes, *sb.* = trifles, I. *e*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 5; p. 12, col. 2, l. 14; *d*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 34; II. *ss*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 107, etc. etc.  
 Trade, v. = to lead? II. l, p. 37, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Traduce, v., I. *a*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 44; p. 19, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Trafficke = trade, I. c, p. 61, col. 2, l. 38.  
 Train'd, v. = drawn—stratagem implied, I. c, p. 44, col. 2, l. 15.  
 Transalpine, I. *g*, p. 7, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Transcendents, *sb.*, I. c, p. 51, col. 1, l. 29; II. *k*, p. 23, No. 12, l. 35.  
 Transluce, v., I. d, p. 26, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Translucencie, II. *k*, p. 9, No. 27.  
 Translucent, I. d, p. 18, col. 2, l. 2; *e*, p. 8, st. 27; II. *k*, p. 8, No. 15.  
 Transmigrate, v. *tr.*, I. c, p. 84, col. 2, l. 47.  
 Transmuted, I. c, p. 12, col. 2, l. 50; p. 67, col. 2, l. 37.  
 Transview, v., I. *a*, p. 9, col. 2, l. 50.  
 Transubstantiate, I. c, p. 68, col. 2, l. 27.  
 Trauell, *sb.* = travail, I. c, p. 33, col. 2, ll. 19, 21; II. *k*, p. 7, No. 11, etc.  
 Trauell, v. = to travail, I. c, p. 33, col. 2, ll. 20, 27; II. *k*, p. 42, col. 2, l. 5, etc.  
 Treble-twisted, I. c, p. 5, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Trencher-buffons, II. l, p. 6, col. 2, l. 30.  
 Trespasse, *sb.*, I. c, p. 73, col. 1, l. 22.  
 Tricke, v. = to adorn, II. *k*, p. 33, No. 218; p. 62, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Trice (with a trice), I. c, p. 94, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Tricklenesse, II. *k*, p. 45, col. 2, l. 18.  
 Trill, II. *k*, p. 45, No. 173.  
 Trimme, *adj.*, I. *e*, p. 7, st. 12.  
 Trimme, v., II. l, p. 31, col. 1, l. 23.  
 Trinall, II. l, p. 9, col. 1, l. 1.  
 Trinary, *sb.*, II. l, p. 5, col. 1, l. 13.  
 Trin-vnion, I. *k*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 37; *e*, p. 79, col. 2, l. 43; II. *k*, p. 45, col. 1, l. 6.  
 Trin-vnionhood, I. c, p. 67, col. 2, l. 48; II. l, p. 32, col. 2, l. 4.  
 Triumvirate, I. *f*, p. 15, col. 1, l. 30.  
 Troth, I. c, p. 76, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Troule, trolle, v., I. c, p. 14, col. 1, l. 21; II. *ss*, p. 13, l. 60.  
 Troy-movant = Troy-novant, I. *e*, p. 49, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Truffe, I. *e*, p. 52 on p. 48, col. 1, l. 9—*Scotice* still for 'turf.' Davies seems occasionally, besides, *v.g.*, to have studied to introduce Northern words to please King James.  
 Truffe, *sb.* = turf, I. *e*, p. 6, st. 4; p. 34, st. 46; p. 48, col. 1, l. 9.  
 Trulls, *sb.*, II. *k*, p. 36, No. 197.  
 Trusst, trust, v., I. *e*, p. 6, st. 5; II. *k*, p. 29, No. 187; p. 57, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Truth-pretending, II. l, p. 73, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Tunne (for pound), I. c, p. 61, col. 2, l. 31.  
 Turmoile, v., I. c, p. 38, col. 2, l. 1.



## V

Vade, <sup>1</sup> *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 28, col. 1, l. 13; p. 49, col. 2, l. 21. *c.*, p. 17, st. 125; II. *l.*, p. 39, col. 1, l. 27; *l.*, p. 94 on p. 65, col. 1, l. 8—In Andrew Marvell's 'Clorinda and Damon' we find this couplet:—

'Grass withers, and the flow'rs too fade,  
Seize the short joyes then, ere they vade.'

On this I annotate as follows in my edition of his Works (vol. i. pp. 126-7), 'Fade . . . vade.' Richardson is more correct, *s.v.* 'vade,' but is incorrect when, under 'fade,' he says, 'in our older writers the word is also written with a *v*—'vade.' So late a glossary as Dyce's [Shakespeare] is similarly incorrect. This passage where 'fade' and 'vade' rhyme, and the two similarly rhymed ones in the Mirror for Magistrates and Spenser, and the sense in other passages, show that they are not the same word. 'Vade' was probably suggested by the pre-existing 'fade,' and formed after its likeness, when the 'illiterate' English language was being raised to the rank of the 'literate,' and when latinate words and classical etymologies were sought for. But as derived directly from *vadere*, its meaning of passing away or perishing is generally stronger than that of 'fade.' A 'faded' leaf (as touched by Autumn's fiery finger) and a 'vaded' leaf convey two distinct thoughts, and this difference is exceedingly well expressed in the Mirror for Magistrates:—

'Beautie's freshest greene,  
When Spring of youth is spent, will vade, as it had never  
been;  
The barren fields, which whilom flower'd, as they would never  
fade,  
Inrich with Summer's golden gifts, which now been all de-  
cay'd.'

<sup>1</sup> In our own day Bourdillon has finely put thought and emotion excited by the twofold 'fading' as thus:—

## 'TWO ROBBERS.

'When Death from some fair face  
Is stealing life away,  
All weep, save she, the grace  
That earth shall lose to-day.

'When Time from some fair face  
Steals beauty, year by year,  
For her slow-fading grace,  
Who sheds, save she, a tear.

'And Death not often dares  
To wake the world's distress;  
While Time, the cunning, mars  
Surely all loveliness.

'Yet though by breath and breath  
Fades all our fairest prime,  
Men shrink from cruel Death,  
But honour crafty Time.'

(Among the Flowers and other Poems (WARD.)

And so Shakespeare (Son. 54). Nor where he uses 'vade' can 'fade' be substituted without injury to the sense and strength of the passage. Hence in K. Richard II. (l. 2) the reading of the folio, 'his summer leaves are vaded,' is to be preferred to the 'faded' of the quartos, because, as shown by the general sense of the context and by the next line, 'By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe,' the thought is that they had utterly perished, they and their belongings. It is true that in two instances 'fade' is used by Shakespeare where there is complete passing away; but this is as the result of gradual decay, and when he intends to bring in the thought of this process before us. Thus in the Passionate Pilgrim he speaks of beauty like 'A shining gloss that vaded suddenly;' but in the Tempest, where the thought, as in *Sterlinge*, clearly refers to clouds dissolving—all

'shall dissolve,  
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.'

So in Hamlet the apparition did not 'vade,' as it had to do on the stage, but 'faded [into thin air,] shrunk in haste away, (sc. ii.)] at the crowing of the cock. Another instance of the use of the two words together is, 'Thy form's divine, no fading, vading flower' (Braithwait's Strappado for the Diuell, 1615, p. 53).

Vading, *adj.*, I. *c.*, p. 23, st. 179; II. *i.*, p. 6, col. 1, l. 16; *m.*, p. 20, col. 1, l. 107.

Vaile, *v.*, I. *a.*, p. 15, col. 2, l. 11; *d.*, p. 10, col. 1, l. 31; *d.*, p. 12, col. 1, l. 38; II. *m.*, p. 20, col. 2, l. 164, etc. etc.

Vailed, *adj.*, II. *m.*, p. 19, col. 2, l. 33.

Vailes, I. *c.*, p. 6, st. 4, last line = the fells of the dogs that turn the spit, which would naturally be greasy.

Vaine, *sb.* = vein, II. *k.*, p. 5, col. 2, l. 12; p. 19, No. 100; II. *l.*, p. 10, col. 2, l. 11, etc.

Valiancy, I. *c.*, p. 99, col. 2, l. 24.

Valorous, *adj.* = valuable, with play on word *valour*, I. *c.*, p. 38, st. 86.

Vant, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 31, col. 1, l. 22; p. 40, col. 1, l. 49.

Vapored, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 87, col. 1, l. 25.

Vardingale, I. *c.*, p. 90, col. 2, l. 32.

Varifie, *v.*, I. *b.*, p. 17, col. 1, l. 30.

Varnish, *v.*, I. *c.*, p. 99, col. 2, l. 16; *d.*, p. 8, col. 1, l. 7; II. *k.*, p. 27, No. 38; *k.*, p. 31, No. 208; p. 78, l. 331.

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 Vittle, *v.*, II. *m.*, p. 13, l. 57.  
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 Chapperline, Iohn, II. *h*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 8 (from bottom).  
 Cheris, II. *h*, Ep. 182.  
 Cheyney, George, II. *h*, p. 59, col. 2.  
 Cheyny, Sir Oliver, II. *h*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 32.  
 CHRIST JESUS, I. *c*, p. 107 on p. 40, l. 42.  
 Churchyard, Thomas, II. *h*, p. 82.  
 Cinnus, II. *h*, Ep. 150.  
 Citheris, II. *h*, Ep. 166.  
 Clams, II. *h*, Ep. 288 [*sic*], p. 34.  
 Clanricard, Earl and Countess of, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 97.  
 Clapham, Henoeh, II. *h*, p. 82 on p. 80, l. 32.  
 Claphinus, II. *h*, Ep. 81.  
 Clarke, William, II. *h*, p. 67, col. 2, l. 23, N. and I.  
 Classus, II. *h*, Ep. 15.  
 Classus, II. *h*, Ep. 259, 263.  
 Clituis, II. *h*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 42.  
 Clophus, II. *h*, Ep. 27, 44.  
 Coeneus, II. *h*, Ep. 74.  
 Collophus, II. *h*, Ep. 112.  
 Colonus, II. *h*, Ep. 40.  
 Congius, II. *h*, Ep. 98.  
 Coningesby, Sir Thomas, II. *h*, p. 67, col. 1, l. 40, N. and I.  
 Constable, Sir John, II. *h*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 17 (from bottom), N. and I.  
 Corax, II. *h*, Ep. 51.  
 Cordelio, II. *h*, Ep. 100.  
 Coriat, Thomas, II. *h*, p. 66, col. 1, l. 8 (from bottom), N. and I.; II. *m*, p. 13.  
 Cornutus, II. *h*, Ep. 49, 56.  
 Cotitto, II. *h*, Ep. 188.  
 Cox, Rob., I. *c*, p. 5.  
 Cozius, II. *h*, Ep. 49.  
 Crashaw, Richard—stupidly misprinted 'Creshard,' II. *h*, p. 69, note on Ep. 284.  
 Creep, Thomas, II. *i*, p. 3.  
 Crispus, II. *h*, Ep. 42.  
 Crocus, II. *h*, Ep. 113.  
 Croft of Croft, II. *h*, Ep. 280.  
 Croft, Captains Richard, Alexander, and Edward, II. *h*, p. 62, col. 1.  
 Cumberland, Earl of, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 96.  
 Curion, I. *c*, p. 104, col. 1, last line.

## D

DACUS, II. *h*, p. 66, col. 1, l. 8, N. and I.  
 Dalia, II. *h*, Ep. 5.  
 Daniell, Samuel, II. *h*, p. 67, col. 2, l. 35.  
 Davies, James, II. *h*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 37.

Davies, Sir John, II. *h*, p. 66, col. 1, ll. 8-9, N. and I.; *ibid.* coll. 2, ll. 10-11 (from bottom), N. and I.; *ibid.* p. 68, col. 2, l. 13 (from bottom); *ibid.* p. 70, col. 1, l. 19 (from bottom).  
 Davies, John (of Middle Temple), I. *c*, p. 101, col. 2.  
 Davies, Richard, I. *c*, p. 106 on p. 9; II. *h*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 37.  
 Davies, Samuel, II. *h*, p. 71, col. 2, l. 5.  
 Dawes, Rob., II. *h*, p. 58, col. 1.  
 De-la-vale, Arthur, II. p. 70, col. 2, l. 9.  
 Decker, Thomas, II. *h*, p. 82 on p. 75, l. 142; *m*, p. 8.  
 Deeble, Nicholas, I. *c*, p. 104, col. 2, last line; *ibid.* p. 106, col. 1. Debillus. Add to note to Witte's Pilgrimage that in Microcosmos, I. *c*, pp. 102-104 on Davies's penmanship; II. *h*, p. 54 on p. 32; *h*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 18.  
 Dennys, John, II. *m*, p. 5.  
 Derby, Alice, Countess of, I. *d*, p. 31 on p. 4; II. *h*, p. 71, col. 2, l. 45.  
 Derrick (London hangman), II. *l*, p. 95 on p. 80, st. 33, l. 3.  
 Doll, Dolls, II. *h*, Ep. 43.  
 Donne, Dr., II. *h*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 32; *ibid.* l. 8 (from bottom); *ibid.* p. 67.  
 Dormus, II. *h*, Ep. 225.  
 Draccus, II. *h*, Ep. 160 [*sic*], p. 37.  
 Drayton, I. *b*, p. 27 on p. 4; *d*, p. 31 on p. 5; II. *h*, p. 71, col. 2, l. 7; *ibid.* p. 82 on p. 80, l. 66; col. 2, l. 7, N. and I.; *l*, p. 94 on p. 66, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Drusus, II. *h*, Ep. 50.  
 Dutton, Mrs. Eliz., II. *l*, p. 94 on p. 62, col. 1.  
 Dyer, Sir Edward, I. *c*, p. 106 on p. 15, col. 1, ll. 39-40; II. *l*, p. 96 on p. 81, col. 1, l. 22.

## E

EBRISCUS, II. *h*, Ep. 190.  
 Edney, M. Peter, II. *h*, p. 70, col. 2, l. 3 (from bottom).  
 Egerton, Sir John, II. *h*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 7.  
 Egerton, Lady Frances, II. *h*, p. 71, col. 2, l. 15 (from bottom).  
 Egerton, Ladies Elizabeth, Mary, and Vere, I. *c*, p. 52 on p. 50.  
 Eld, G., II. *l*, p. 3.  
 Elesmere, Lord, I. *b*, p. 27 on p. 4; II. *h*, p. 69, col. 2, l. 26 (from bottom); *l*, p. 94 on p. 67.  
 Elizabeth, Q., I. *c*, p. 106 on p. 6, *Ænigma*, l. 8; *ibid.* on p. 10, col. 1, l. 3 (foot-note); II. *m*, p. 10.  
 Erskin, Sir Thomas, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 99.  
 Eston, Sir Edward, II. *h*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 4 (from bottom).  
 Essex, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 98; II. *h*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 16; *ibid.* p. 82, on p. 75, l. 266.

## F

FARMER, Thos., II. *h*, p. 55, col. 1.  
 Faustine, II. *h*, p. 57, col. 2.

Fermors, the, II. *k*, p. 70, col. 2, l. 13 (from bottom); *ibid.* ll. 6-5 (from bottom); *ibid.* p. 71, col. 1, ll. 12-13.  
 Ferriman, Peter, II. *k*, p. 55, col. 1.  
 Fitz-leffery, Charles, I. *c*, p. 106 on p. 7; II. *k*, p. 71.  
 Flaccus, II. *k*, Ep. 118, 123.  
 Flauus, II. *k*, Ep. 207, 278 [*sic*], p. 40.  
 Fletcher, John, II. *k*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 16.  
 Florella, II. *k*, Ep. 29.  
 Florus, II. *k*, Ep. 279 [*sic*], p. 40.  
 Footes, II. *k*, p. 67, col. 2, l. 37, N. and I.  
 Formias, II. *k*, Ep. 21.  
 Fox, John, II. *k*, p. 69, col. 2, l. 8.  
 Francis, Thos., II. *k*, p. 56, col. 1.  
 Friends, private, II. *k*, p. 70, col. 2, ll. 20-1; *ibid.* l. 15 (from bottom); *ibid.* p. 71, col. 1, l. 31; *ibid.* col. 2, l. 41, *et alibi*.  
 Friscus (Frisco), II., p. 66, col. 2, ll. 17-18, N. and I., and Ep. 232.  
 Fucus, II. *k*, Ep. 114.  
 Fuller, Thomas, II. *k*, p. 66, col. 1, last line, N. and I.  
 Fuller Worthies' Library, II. *k*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 20, N. and I.; *ibid.* p. 70, col. 1, l. 14 (from bottom).  
 Fulua, II. *k*, Ep. 277 [*sic*], p. 40.  
 Fumosus, II. *k*, Ep. 148.  
 Fuscus, II. *k*, Ep. 8.

## G

GALLA, II. *k*, Ep. 177.  
 Garret, II. *k*, Ep. 271.  
 Gaulus, II., *n*, p. 4, col. 2.  
 Gellus and Gella, II. *k*, Ep. 237.  
 Gifford, Hump, II. *k*, p. 69, col. 1, l. 10.  
 Giles, Thos., II. *k*, p. 56, col. 2.  
 Glaucus, II. *k*, Ep. 4, 102.  
 Glemmam (or Glenham), Lady Anne, II. *l*, p. 96 on p. 85, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Glossus, II. *k*, Ep. 261.  
 Gorge, Sir Thomas, II. *k*, p. 67, col. 2, l. 8, N. and I.  
 Gorgonius, II. *k*, Ep. 101.  
 Gough, John, II. *k*, p. 69, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Grace, maid, II. *k*, Ep. 278.  
 Grantus, II. *k*, Ep. 28, 58.  
 Graxus, II. *k*, Ep. 32, 173.  
 Greene, Robert, II. *k*, p. 82 on p. 75, l. 85.  
 Greuill, Sir Fulk, II. *k*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 15 (from bottom).  
 Grey's Arith., I. *e*, p. 5.  
 Griffith, Justice, II. *k*, Ep. 121, 122.  
 Grillus, II. *k*, Ep. 109, 202.  
 Gripsus, II. *k*, Ep. 269.  
 Grobius, II. *k*, Ep. 234.  
 Grove, Matt., I. *c*, p. 106 on p. 11, col. 2, l. 17; *ibid.* on p. 22, l. 30.  
 Guacus, II. *k*, Ep. 54.  
 Gunter, Edm., I. *d*, p. 32 on p. 19, l. 27.  
 Gunnerd, Sir Sim. Soust, II. *n*, p. 3, col. 2.

Gurton, Gammer, II. *k*, Ep. 65.  
 Gwillim, John, II. *k*, p. 71, col. 2, l. 1; *n*, p. 69.  
 Gwin, Dr., II. *k*, p. 67, col. 2, l. 3 (from bottom).  
 Gwinne, II. *k*, Ep. 127.  
 Gyffard, Em., II. *k*, p. 59, col. 2.  
 Gyffard, John, II. *k*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 1.

## H

HACKWELL, William, II. *k*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 7.  
 Haies, Sir James, I. *g*, p. 9 on p. 4; II. *k*, p. 54 (Dedication).  
 Hal = Henry, II. *k*, Epig. 227, *et alibi*. So Shakespeare, 'Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation' (1 King Henry iv., i. 2). 'Hal has long ceased to be in use as the familiar abbreviation of Henry. We retain it, however, in the surname *Hallet*, which is the same as little Henry, as Willet is little Will and Phillot little Philip. I doubt whether the use of it was common in the age of Shakespeare' (Hunter's New Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 48). Hunter is mistaken as to its non-common use 'in the age of Shakespeare.' It is met with everywhere.  
 Hales, John, 'Euer memorable,' II. p. 71, col. 1, l. 3.  
 Hall, Bp. Joseph, II. *k*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 39.  
 Harington, Lady [Anne], II. *k*, p. 71, col. 2, l. 9 (from bottom).  
 Harington, Sir John, II. *k*, p. 67, col. 1, l. 12 (from bottom); *ibid.* p. 68, col. 1, l. 6 (from bottom).  
 Harrington, Sir John (= Baron), II. *k*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 13; *ibid.* p. 82 on p. 75, l. 32.  
 Harries, Richard, II. *k*, p. 59, col. 2.  
 Harvey, Christopher, II. *k*, p. 54 on p. 21, No. 11.  
 Harvey, Dr. Gabriel, II. *k*, p. 82 on p. 75, l. 84.  
 Haslewood, Joseph, II. *n*, p. 3, col. 1.  
 Hastings, Sir Thomas, II. *l*, p. 93 on p. 29, col. 2, l. 26.  
 Hawkins, Thos, II. *k*, p. 62, col. 1.  
 Hayes, Lord, II. *k*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 43.  
 Heath, John, II. *k*, p. 68, col. 2, last line; *ibid.* p. 71, col. 2, l. 42.  
 Helen, II. *k*, Ep. 47.  
 Henry, Prince, I. *f*, p. 15.  
 Herbert, George, I. *d*, p. 31 on p. 6, col. 1, l. 2; *ibid.* on p. 9, col. 1, l. 45; *ibid.* p. 32 on p. 19, col. 2, l. 27, *et alibi*.  
 Herbert, Lady Anne, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 97.  
 Herbert, Philip, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 97.  
 Herbert, Sir Edward, I. *d*, p. 31 on p. 4; II. *k*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 43.  
 Herrick, Robert, I. *e*, p. 51 on p. 4; *ibid.* on st. 94, l. 1; II. *k*, p. 54 on p. 46, l. 17; *l*, p. 92, on p. 5, col. 1, st. 3, l. 2, *et alibi*.  
 Heydon, Sir Christopher, II. *k*, p. 70, l. 21.  
 Heywood, John, II. *k*, p. 69, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Hierus, II. *k*, Ep. 87.

Hill, Simon, II. *h*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 36.  
 Holcroft, Henry, II. *h*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 8 (from bottom).  
 Holland, Abraham, II. *h*, p. 74.  
 Holland, Philemon, II. *h*, p. 71, col. 2, l. 23.  
 Home, the Lord, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 98.  
 Hoskins, John, II. *h*, p. 59, col. 2.  
 Howard, Lord Henry, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 98.  
 Huncks, Harry, II. *h*, p. 66, col. 1, l. 30, N. and I.

## I

IAGGARD, W., I. *b*, p. 3.  
 Jefferys, Mrs. Ioyce, II. *h*, p. 72, col. 2, l. 5.  
 Iella, II. *h*, Ep. 151 [*sic*], p. 27.  
 Iones, Inego, II. *h*, p. 67, col. 2, l. 41, N. and I.  
 Iouius, II. *h*, Ep. 88.

## J

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 Jackson, II. *n*, p. 4, col. 2.  
 James I., I. *c*, p. 106 on p. 5; II. *h*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 29, N. and I.; *ibid.* ll. 40, 44; *ibid.* p. 69, col. 1, l. 5 (from bottom); *ibid.* col. 2, l. 31.  
 James, John, I. *c*, p. 106 on p. 7.  
 Jerningham, Henry, II. *p*, 71, col. 2, l. 35.  
 Jonson, Ben, II. *h*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 17, N. and I.; *ibid.* l. 32; *ibid.* p. 67, col. 1, l. 47; *ibid.* col. 2, l. 39; *ibid.* p. 68, col. 1, l. 28; *ibid.* p. 82 on p. 75, l. 141; *ibid.* p. 82, on p. 80, l. 66; *n*, p. 4, col. 1.

## K

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 Kelley, II. *h*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 12, N. and I.  
 Kingman, Philip, II. *h*, p. 58, col. 2.  
 Kinlosse, Lord, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 98.

## L

LABERIUS, II. *h*, Ep. 78.  
 Lalia, II. *h*, Ep. 152.  
 Lapworth, Edward, I. *c*, p. 105; II. *h*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 28.  
 Lassus, II. *h*, Ep. 16.  
 Laura, II. *l*, p. 94, on p. 63, col. 1, l. 8.  
 Lawrentia, II. *h*, Ep. 68, 74, 200.  
 Leigh, Walter, II. *h*, p. 70, col. 2, l. 33.  
 Lennox, Duke of, I. *c*, p. 107, on p. 95.  
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 Linche, Richard, II. *l*, p. 96 on p. 85, col. 1, l. 31.  
 Lisle, Viscount, II. *h*, p. 69, col. 2, last line.  
 Locky, M., II. *h*, p. 69, col. 1, l. 5.  
 Lok, Henry, I. *c*, p. 107 on p. 67, col. 1, l. 63.  
 Longius, II. *l*, p. 92 on p. 39, col. 2, l. 14 (from bottom).  
 Lotus, II. *h*, Ep. 195.

Louell, Sir Francis, II. *h*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 24; *l*, p. 96, on p. 88, col. 2, ll. 12, 13.  
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 Lucy, Sir Thomas, II. *h*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 2 (from bottom).  
 Luscus, II. *h*, Ep. 140.  
 Luson, John, II. *h*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 47.  
 Lutus, II. *h*, Ep. 39.

## M

MACHIAVELLI, I. *c*, p. 106 on p. 32, col. 1, l. 43; II. *h*, p. 82 on p. 75, l. 344.  
 Magdalen College, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 101.  
 Mandrus, II. *h*, Ep. 147.  
 Mar, Earl of, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 97.  
 Marbery, Thomas, II. *h*, p. 67, col. 2, l. 21 (from bottom).  
 Marcus, II. *h*, Ep. 270.  
 Marcus, II. *h*, Ep. 35, 36.  
 Margaret, II. *h*, Ep. 231.  
 Markham, Gervase, II. *h*, p. 82 on l. 324.  
 Marriott, John, II. *i*, p. 3.  
 Marston, John, II. *h*, p. 66, col. 1, l. 18, N. and I.; *ibid.* p. 68, col. 2, l. 34; *ibid.* p. 82 on p. 75, ll. 117-19.  
 Marten, Richard, II. *h*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 12 (from bottom), N. and I. He was the hero of the famous *bastinado* by Sir John Davies. His 'Speeche' to King James is printed in my 'Dr. Farmer Chetham MS.' (Chetham Society), p. 200. Ben Jonson dedicated his 'Poetaster' to him. His name occurs frequently among the 'Mermaid' and other literary-social celebrities.  
 Masterson, Lawrence, II. *h*, p. 70, col. 2, l. 36.  
 Mauncell, Sir Robert, II. *h*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 12 (from bottom).  
 Maurus, II. *h*, Ep. 153.  
 Maurus, II. *n*, p. 103, col. 2.  
 Maynwarring, Arthur, II. *h*, p. 70, col. 2, l. 29.  
 Maynwarring, Henry, II. *h*, p. 67, col. 2, l. 6 (from bottom).  
 Melton, John, II. *n*, p. 8.  
 Menus, II. *h*, Ep. 60.  
 Mezentius, II. *h*, Ep. 92.  
 Miller, William, I. *c*, p. 106 on p. 6, col. 1, l. 27.  
 Milo, the great eater, II. *h*, p. 67, col. 2, l. 26, N. and I.  
 Milton, II. *h*, p. 54 on p. 52, col. 2, ll. 9-10.  
 Misarchus, II. *h*, Ep. 265.  
 Montgomery, Earl of (Philip Herbert—see under), I. *g*, p. 9 on p. 4; II. *h*, p. 54 (Dedication); *h*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 34, N. and I.  
 Mordicus, Sir, II. *h*, Ep. 168.  
 More, Sir Thomas, II. *h*, p. 82 on p. 75, l. 259.  
 Motus, II. *h*, Ep. 151.  
 Mountjoy, Lord, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 97.  
 Murray, Sir James and John, II. *h*, col. 1, l. 37, N. and I.

Mustolphus, II. *h*, Ep. 172.  
Mustophus, II. *h*, Ep. 179.

## N

NAPOLEON, I. *c*, p. 107 on p. 46, l. 33.  
Nash, Thomas, II. *h*, p. 82 on p. 75, ll. 65, 69.  
Naso, II. *h*, Ep. 1.  
Nefarius, II. *h*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 28.  
Nevill, Sir Henry, I. *c*, p. 108, on p. 100.  
New, Mall, and other courtesans, II. *h*, Ep. 201.  
Nigidius, II. *h*, Ep. 1.  
North, Lord, II. *h*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 39.  
Northampton, Henry, Earl of, II. *h*, p. 69, col. 2, l. 14 (from bottom).  
Northumberland, Henry, Earl of, I. *c*, p. 105 on p. 95; II. *h*, p. 67, l. 18; *l*, p. 92 on p. 80, col. 1, l. 19.  
Northumberland, Countess of, II. *h*, p. 71, col. 2, l. 43.  
Norton, Dudley, II. *h*, p. 69, col. 1, l. 28.  
Norton, Geo., II. *l*, p. 91.

## O

ORMOND, Earl of, II. *h*, p. 68, col. 1, l. 9 (from bottom).  
Ostler (actor), II. *h*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 14. He was one of the performers in Ben Jonson's 'Poetaster,' etc.  
Overbury, Sir John, II. *h*, p. 82 on p. 80, l. 74.  
Overbury, Sir Thomas, II. *h*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 31, N. and I.; *i*, p. 2.  
Owen, John, II. *h*, p. 58, col. 2.  
Oxford, Henry, II. *h*, p. 56, col. 2.  
Oxford, University of, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 99.

## P

PANTON, John, II. *h*, p. 67, col. 2, l. 11 (from bottom).  
Paris, II. *h*, Ep. 47.  
Parrham, Sir Edward, II. *h*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 19.  
Parry, William, II. *m*, p. 7.  
Pattulus, II. *h*, Ep. 243, 244.  
Peeke, Richard, II. *m*, p. 6.  
Pembroke, William, Earl of, I. *a*, p. 31 on p. 4; *c*, p. 108 on p. 96; II. *h*, p. 54 on p. 39; *i*, p. 2, and l. 32 onward; *l*, p. 69, col. 2, l. 5 (from bottom).  
Pembroke, Countess, and c. Dowager, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 96; II. *h*, p. 54 on p. 38; *h*, p. 71, col. 2, l. 50; *l*, p. 92 on p. 4.  
Percies, Sir Charles and Sir Richard, II. *h*, p. 71, col. 2, l. 30.  
Percies, Ladies Dorothea and Lucy, I. *c*, p. 51 on p. 4.  
Percy, Algernon, Lord, I. *c*, p. 51 on p. 4; II. *h*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 3.—a like playing on the name of Percy is found in Percy's 'Coelia' (1594).  
Percy, Sir Allen, II. *h*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 18.  
Percy, Sir Iosselline, II. *h*, p. 68, col. 1, l. 19 (from bottom).  
Pero, II. *h*, Ep. 57.  
Perusius, II. *h*, Ep. 71.

Philargus, II. *h*, Ep. 91.  
Phrina, Phryne, II. *h*, Ep. 18, 33, 267.  
Pigmalion, II. *h*, Ep. 72.  
Plasmus, II. *h*, Ep. 61.  
Plumbus, II. *h*, p. 57, col. 1.  
Poliphemus, II. *h*, Ep. 230.  
Popham, Sir John, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 97.  
Poynes, John, II. *h*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 26.  
Poyntz, Robert, II. *h*, p. 70, col. 2, l. 17.  
Prudence, II. *h*, Ep. 25.  
Prusus, II. *h*, Ep. 6, 192.  
Publius, II. *h*, Ep. 78.  
Puckering, Thomas, II. *h*, p. 70, col. 1, last line.

## R

RADAGON, II. *h*, Ep. 250.  
Ramsay, Allan, I. *c*, p. 106 on p. 10, col. 2, l. 7.  
Rant, Thomas, II. *h*, p. 74, 82; col. 1, l. 1.  
Rauenscroft, II. *h*, p. 70, col. 2, l. 6; *m*, p. 9.  
Redmer, Richard, II. *h*, p. 4.  
Rich, the Lady, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 99.  
Ripley, II. *h*, p. 66, col. 2, l. 12, N. and I.  
Rombus, II. *h*, Ep. 233.  
Ronta, II. *h*, Ep. 198.  
Rotundus, II. *h*, Ep. 10.  
Rowlands, Samuel, II. *i*, p. 2 on p. 4, col. 1, l. 12.  
Royden, Matthew, II. *h*, p. 55, col. 1,—a poet and friend of poets. Chapman dedicated his 'Skia Nuktos' to him.  
Rubus, II. *h*, Ep. 266.  
Rufus, II. *h*, Ep. 66.  
Rutilius, II. *h*, Ep. 197.  
Rutland, Earl and Countess of, I. *c*, p. 108 on p. 96.

## S

SALISBURY, Robert, Earle of, II. *h*, p. 69, col. 2, l. 23 (from bottom).  
Sammes, Sir John, II. *h*, p. 70, col. 1, l. 8 (from bottom).  
Samocrate, II. *h*, Ep. 1.  
Sanderson, John, II. *h*, p. 67, col. 2, l. 28, N. and I.  
Sandford, Sanford, John, I. *c*, p. 106 on p. 7, col. 1, l. 1; II. *h*, p. 71, col. 1, l. 23; *l*, p. 96 on p. 87, col. 1, ll. 21-23.  
Sanford, James, I. *c*, p. 106 on p. 7, col. 1, l. 1.  
Sardinius, II. *h*, Ep. 84.  
Sardonius, II. *h*, Ep. 289 [*sic*], p. 34.  
Saruus, II. *h*, Ep. 67.  
Seager, William, II. *h*, p. 68, col. 2, l. 12 (from bottom).  
Seton, John, II. *h*, p. 82 on p. 80, l. 25.  
Sextus, II. *h*, Ep. 257.  
Shakespeare, I. *c*, p. 107 on p. 82, col. 2, l. 11 (from bottom); *c*, p. 52, on 'The Second Table,' st. 76, l. 5; II. *h*, p. 54 on p. 43, col. 2, l. 11; *ibid.* on p. 46, col. 1, l. 15 (from bottom); *ibid.* p. 54, on p. 46, col. 2, l. 25; *ibid.* on p. 48, ll. 28-30; *h*, p. 66, col. 1, on Epig. 10, l. 1; *ibid.* on Epig.

- 31; *ibid.* on Epig. 65; *ibid.* Epig. 95; *ibid.* on Epig. 103; *ibid.* p. 67, col. 2, Epig. 159; *ibid.* p. 69, col. 1, on Epig. 280; p. 82 on p. 75; ll. 47-58; *et alibi*. See our Memorial-Introduction.
- Sharpe, Robert, II. *h.* p. 69, col. 1, l. 35.
- Sharpell, Edw., I. *e.* p. 5.
- Sherley, Henry, II. *h.* p. 68, col. 1, l. 14.
- Sherley, Sir Anthony, II. *m.* p. 7.
- Sidney, Sir Philip, etc., II. *h.* p. 54 on p. 28, 'An Amorous,' etc.; *h.* p. 66, col. 2, l. 19, N. and I.; *l.* p. 92 on p. 5, col. 2, st. 10.
- Sidney, Robert, Lord, I. *c.* p. 108 on p. 98.
- Sidney, Sir Henry, II. *h.* Ep. 79.
- Silvianus, II. *h.* p. 66, col. 1, l. 24, N. and I.
- Simonds (actor), II. *h.* p. 67, col. 2, l. 43.
- Smith, Henry, II. *i.* p. 2 on p. 8, col. 2, l. 19.
- Smith, Capt. John, II. *m.* p. 10.
- Smith, Sir Hugh, II. *h.* p. 68, col. 1, l. 4 (from bottom).
- Smith, Sir Francis, II. *h.* p. 68, col. 2, l. 17 (from bottom).
- Solus, Sir, II. *h.* Ep. 11.
- Somerset, Earl of (see under Carre, Sir Robert).
- Sommers, I. *e.* p. 51 on st. 150, l. 5.
- Sophon, II. *h.* Ep. 62.
- Sosbuis, II. *h.* Ep. 1, l. 110.
- Sotus, II. *h.* Ep. 46.
- Southampton, Earl of, I. *c.* p. 106 on p. 14, col. 1, ll. 30-50; *ibid.* p. 108 on p. 96.
- Speed, John, II. *h.* p. 68, col. 1, l. 19; II. *m.* p. 9.
- Spenser, I. *f.* p. 16 on p. 6, col. 1, l. 27, *et frequenter*.
- Starchus, II. *h.* Ep. 45.
- Stirling, Earl of (see under Alexander, William).
- Suffolke, Thomas, Earl of, II. *h.* p. 69, col. 2, l. 19 (from bottom).
- Sydley, Sir William, II. *h.* p. 70, col. 1, l. 32.
- Sylvester, Joshua, II. *h.* p. 82 on p. 80, ll. 35-6; II. *m.* p. 8; *ibid.*, p. 13.

## T

- TAMBERLANE, I. *c.* p. 106 on p. 18, col. 1, l. 42; II. *h.* p. 54 on p. 21, No. 11.
- Taylor, John, Water Poet, II. *h.* p. 82, on p. 75, l. 291; *ibid.* on p. 80, l. 103; II. *m.* p. 9.
- Thomson, James, II. *h.* p. 21, No. 12, l. 42.
- Threxus, II. *h.* Ep. 20.
- Tompkins, Nath., I. *c.* p. 106 on p. 9; II. *h.* p. 71, col. 1, l. 13 (from bottom).
- Tompson, Dr., I. *c.* p. 108 on p. 100.
- Towne, John, II. *h.* p. 69, col. 1, l. 17.
- Tracy, Sir Richard, II. *h.* p. 67, col. 1, l. 32, N. and I.
- Tracy, Ladies, II. *h.* p. 72, col. 1, l. 8.
- Tubullus, II. *h.* Ep. 136 [*sic*], p. 35.
- Turbine, II. *h.* Ep. 273-5.
- Turner, Mrs., II. *h.* p. 82 on p. 80, l. 74.
- Twiddy, Henry, II. *h.* p. 69, col. 1, l. 34.

## U

- ULALIA, II. *h.* Ep. 13.

## V

- VALENTINE, II. *h.* Ep. 3.
- Vandermast, II. *l.* p. 96 on p. 87, col. 2, l. 6.—probably the allusion was to Greene's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay (Dyce, i. p. 161).
- Vaughan, Rowland, II. *m.* p. 3.
- Venus, II. *h.* Ep. 119.

## W

- WALDEN, Theophilus, Lord, II. *h.* p. 5, col. 1, and p. 65, N. and I.
- Walgrave, Sir Edward, II. *h.* p. 70, l. 27.
- Walgrave, Charles, II. *h.* p. 70, col. 2, l. 15; *ibid.* p. 71, col. 2, l. 34.
- Wall, William, II. *h.* p. 71, col. 1, l. 5, and see p. 46, proverb 239.
- Warrock, Thomas, II. *h.* p. 70, col. 2, l. 38.
- Washbourne, Thomas, II. *l.* p. 93 on p. 39, last line.
- Welsh, Thomas, II. *h.* p. 68, col. 1, l. 21.
- Wentworth, Sir John, II. *h.* p. 71, col. 1, l. 44.
- Wharton, Sir George, II. *h.* p. 67, col. 1, l. 7 (from bottom), N. and I.
- Whitgift, John, Archbp. of Canterbury, I. *c.* p. 107 on p. 95.
- Williams, —, II. *h.* Ep. 127.
- Williams, Sir Roger, I. *c.* p. 106 on p. 19, col. 2, l. 40.
- Wingfield, Sir Edward, I. *c.* p. 108 on p. 99.
- Winter, Thomas, II. *h.* p. 71, col. 2, l. 13.
- Wolfgangus, II. *m.* p. 5, col. 1, l. 14 onward.
- Worcester, Earl of, I. *c.* p. 108 on p. 96.
- Wordsworth, William — stupidly misprinted 'Wadsworth,' II. *h.* p. 70, col. 2, l. 12 (from bottom).
- Worthies, Nine, England's, II. *h.* p. 68, col. 1.
- Wright, John, II. *l.* p. 3.
- Wroth, Lady, II. *h.* p. 70, col. 2, l. 11 (from bottom); *ibid.* p. 72, col. 1, l. 7.
- Wyer, Francis, II. *h.* p. 57, col. 2.

## Y

- YOUNG, Edward, II. *h.* p. 54 on p. 45, *Respice*, etc.

## Z

- ZANCLES, II. *h.* Ep. 65.
- Zancus, II. *h.* Ep. 184.
- Zeuxis, I. *c.* p. 107 on p. 69, col. 1, l. 47.



### III.—ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA.

PLEASANT Thomas Henry White entitles his somewhat lengthy list of errata in his 'Pilgrim's Reliquary' (1845) 'The Box of Pandora,' and has much gay badinage on his enforced confession. 'Exposed,' says he, 'somehow or another, they inevitably must be,' and so he naively adds—'and I have always profoundly revered that Machiavellian Maxim, "Ever be the first to avow such faults in yourself, as must be detected whether you avow them or not;" the Confession itself gives an air of charming Candour to your character, disarms the surliness of criticism, and drops a coquettish veil over the very Defects it professes to divulge.' Accordingly, with many a quip and crank and sparkle of wit he chattily fills some seven goodly pages with his—errata et corrigenda. Cordially agreeing with him in this further prefatory protest—'Nevertheless I cannot endure the nauseous practice of placarding the poor things upon a loose slip, like the Label on the Apothecary's Phial, more distasteful than the Draught which it indicates within—I bring all together into this place. I might place one-half at least (I opine) righteously on the Author; but Author's or Editor's they are recorded. 'Gentle Readers' will oblige themselves as well as the Editor by putting all right before reading these volumes. Certain of them are also noted in the Glossarial Index and in Notes and Illustrations. Right grateful am I that one pair of eyes has succeeded in over-seeing so many thousands of lines of verse from dingy and (usually) poorly done texts, with (relatively) so few 'slips.' Those most capable of detecting will best understand and readiest forgive one and all. If any others be chanced on, may they also be corrected with a pen—in charity!

I. a, MIRUM IN MODUM, p. 11, col. 2, l. 10, 'Winde-driu'n' should be 'wine-driu'n': p. 25, col. 1, l. 4, a word lacking—qu. 'passions'? *ib.*, col. 2, l. 20, qu.—for 'reasons' read 'seasons'?

I. b, SUMMA TOTALIS, p. 16, col. 2, l. 11, for 'fire' read 'Sire': *ib.*, l. 29, for 'sunne' read 'sonne'; but the spelling is very lax.

I. c, MICROCOSMOS, p. 13, col. 1, l. 2—Is 'sense' a verb = feel? or should 'which' be 'with'?—the construction is somewhat obscure—see Glossarial Index,

s.v. : p. 46, col. 1, l. 33, read 'jirke' for 'ijrke': p. 49, col. 2, l. 36, for 'landes' read 'laudes': p. 83, col. 2, l. 17—deficient—query add 'with' after 'kinde'?

I. d, HOLY ROODE, p. 12, col. 1, l. 15, 'on' = one: *ib.*, col. 2, l. 30—insert 'in' after 'Contraries.'

I. e, HUMOUR'S HEAU'N, p. 5, Lines by Cox, l. 2, for 'counterset' read 'counterfet': p. 6, st. 8, l. 3, after 'Band' insert 'of': p. 8, st. 21, l. 1, for 'while' read 'whie': *ib.* st. 23, between ll. 4-5 insert 'What hart so faint, that then can feare any': *ib.* st. 25, l. 7, for 'wrenching' read 'wenching': p. 9, st. 37, l. 3, after 'hold' insert 'or': *ib.* col. 2, note 3, after 'Beasts' insert 'do'—this word in the original is wrongly printed as if it were part of the text, and hence in ours it has slipped out of both text and margin: p. 11, st. 53, l. 4, for the second 'for' read 'they': *ib.* l. 7, after 'thē' insert 'be': *ib.* st. 57, l. 6, for 'Nor' read 'Not': p. 12, st. 64, l. 6, 'beware' = be ware: p. 14, st. 86, l. 7, for 'is Is' read 'it Is': *ib.* st. 91, l. 7, omit comma after 'Phusis': p. 16, st. 114, l. 5, after 'paine' insert 'me': p. 24, st. 191, l. 2, for 'matire' read 'martire': p. 26, st. 212, l. 5, read 'Summum ius': *ib.* st. 218, l. 5, for 'Will' read 'Wilt': p. 29, st. 247, l. 6, for 'with' read 'without': *ib.* col. 2, note 5, for 'praise' the original has 'praiee'—it should be doubtless 'praier': p. 32, col. 1, l. 1, for 'tise' read 'rise' certainly: *ib.* col. 2, note 5, for 'small' read 'finall': p. 36, st. 61, l. 4, for 'made' read 'make': *ib.* l. 6, for 'in' read 'it': *ib.* st. 65, l. 2, for 'Friend' read 'Fiend': p. 37, st. 71, l. 6, for first 'of' read 'oft': *ib.* st. 81, l. 2, qu.—'grazing' for 'gazing,' and foot-note 9, 'douers' = 'Drovers': p. 38, col. 2, l. 5, for 'fift' read 'list': p. 44, col. 1, l. 19, for second 'their' read 'they': p. 45, col. 1, note 2, for 'and' read 'nor': p. 46, l. 4, qu.—'enclosed'? p. 47, col. 2, l. 27, for 'argment' read 'augment': *ib.* l. 40, read 'themselues themselves': p. 48, col. 2, l. 21, for 'they' read 'then.'

I. f, MUSE'S TEARES, p. 12, col. 1, l. 13, for 'three' read 'thee.'

II. h, WITTE'S PILGRIMAGE, p. 4, 'Againe,' col. 2, l. 15, read 'Lines' for 'Liues': p. 6, col. 2, l. 4, for 'where' read 'there': p. 12, son. 49, l. 1, read 'Loue'

for 'Lone': p. 13, son. 54, l. 6, read 'thy' for 'tho':  
 p. 15, col. 2 (70), l. 2, 'Salbe' = shalbe, or shall be:  
 p. 22, son. 6, l. 8, insert 'at' after 'reason': p. 27,  
 son. 40, l. 7—a word (or words) dropt out—qu. 'but'?  
*ib.* l. 2, 'pinckt' = slashed, as if with a knife, and hence  
 'wrinkled'—for 'pincht': p. 31, col. 2, l. 41, for  
 'Meridan' read 'Meridian': p. 32, col. 1, l. 17,  
 'Faries' = Faires, *i.e.* beauties? p. 33, col. 1, last line,  
 read 'Yet' for 'Ye': p. 35, col. 1, l. 14, read 'braying'  
 for 'brayning'? *ib.* l. 48, 'too' = to, blaz on = blazon:  
 p. 41, col. 2, l. 22, for 'thy' read 'they': p. 47, col. 1,  
 l. 22, for 'Pardice' read 'Paradice.'

II. i, A SELECT HUSBAND, p. 5, col. 2, l. 5, for  
 'rise' read 'rife': p. 7, col. 1, l. 51, read 'Sconse' for  
 'Sconfe': p. 11, col. 2, l. 2 (from bottom) read 'far'  
 for 'for': p. 12, col. 1, l. 9—'with' probably omitted:  
 p. 19, col. 2, l. 29—omit 'to haue' twice inserted.

II. k, SCOURGE OF FOLLY, p. 6, col. 1, Of Iesting,  
 etc., l. 7, remove the second 'conciēt': p. 9, Ep. 8, l. 11,  
 'thee' = 'the' or 'thy': p. 12, Coryat, l. 12, read 'thy'  
 for 'they': p. 24, Epig. 132, 'Pecunia' should be of  
 course 'Pecuniæ': *ib.* Ep. 135, read 'oratio': *ib.* Ep. 141,

read 'Ware' = beware: p. 39, Ep. 278, l. 6, read  
 'good' for 'God': p. 52, col. 2, l. 4, read 'them' for  
 'then': p. 53, col. 2, l. 5,—add 'use' = frequent, at  
 end of line to rhyme with 'Muse': p. 61, col. 1, l. 10  
 (from bottom) read 'Smooth Tranquill', *i.e.* Suetonius  
 Tranquillus: p. 77, l. 277, for 'wilde' read 'vilde'  
 = vile: p. 78, col. 2, l. 35, read 'The' for 'We': p. 79,  
 last line, read 'facilia,' of course, for 'faiclia.'

II. l, MUSE'S SACRIFICE, p. 15, col. 2, l. 4, for 'Slaue'  
 read 'salue': p. 21, col. 1, l. 40, insert 'no' after  
 'haue': p. 27, col. 2, l. 24, for 'found' read 'sound':  
 p. 28, col. 1, l. 1, for 'fought'st' read 'sought'st': p. 31,  
 col. 2, l. 28, insert 'him' after 'call': p. 64, col. 1,  
 l. 53, imperfect—query to read 'returne into' or 'unto'  
 for 'to'? p. 65, col. 1, l. 27, 'so faile us' is inconsistent  
 with the sense—query 'nor faile us'? p. 66, col. 1, l. 37,  
 for 'the' read 'then.'

II. m, COMMENDATORY POEMS, p. 7, the initial to the  
 poem to Peeke should be J, which being spread out in  
 the original J has been misprinted F.

A. B. G.

END OF VOL. II.

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